### Bikini Beach: My Dumb Bikini Summer

By

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# Chapter 1: Girls Just Want to Have Fun

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Emily came home to her empty apartment. She wished she had the energy to go and do do something. When she was younger she used to make so many memories, almost every week she was up for doing something or trying something but now it seemed like everyday she would just slouch deep into her computer chair, scroll through the internet, waste her time, waste her life, and then go to sleep knowing she had to go to work the next day. That was her everyday life now and of course today was no different.

She slouched deeper into her chair, remote in one hand and a cup of green tea in the other, flipping through screen after screen in a bored malaise. It had gotten so bad that she viewed watching an actually scripted drama as an improvement so with an act of will she turned on her television and for the first time in years began flipping through he changes it had. She saw the canned laugh tracks of sitcoms, the pleasing smiles of cooks on cooking shows making dishes she knew she could copy but didn’t have the energy to, and even a few dramas that failed to bring excitement into her dimly lit apartment.

She paused momentarily on a news segment about the latest political scandal, her brow furrowing slightly at the rhetoric on screen. Politics always had a way of pulling her in, but she never did anything about it. She never actually joined an organized or made a difference, she just got madder and madder. She didn’t want to get mad tonight. She wanted something light, something that would remove at least some of her day-to-day thoughts.

Click.

The screen filled with a blaring 80's synthesizer track and the neon title “My Dumb Bikini Summer” appeared, flashing in bright pink and blue. The scene cut to a sun-soaked beach, where a group of young women, all impossibly tanned and scantily clad, laughed and frolicked in the sand. The camera panned to a bumbling guy chasing after them with exaggerated, cartoonish movements.

Emily rolled her eyes, her thumb hovering over the button to change the channel. She knew this genre well—cheesy, sleazy, and utterly ridiculous. The kind of movie where every “joke” had a misogynistic punch line and, every plot point was a flimsy excuse for scantily clad beach scenes. A relic of an era that made her cringe.

“Seriously?” she muttered to herself, shaking her head. “They really thought this was the pinnacle of comedy.”

A particularly ludicrous scene unfolded—a beach contest where the protagonist, in an attempt to impress the bikini-clad judges, ended up face-planting into a sandcastle. It was stupid, ridiculous, and problematic in all the ways she condemned.

“God, the 80s were wild,” she mumbled before getting up to turn off the TV. Just at the moment her hand was barely touching the power button, a bolt of lighting came through her open window, slammed into her TV and it felt like time was slowing down. She could see the lightening bolt. She could see the electricity travel from the TV to her finger. She could see it racing up through her veins into her mind. And she had just enough time to think, "Isn't lightening the stupidest of 1980's cliché's for something magical to happen?" before ... Blackness.

Emily's eyes fluttered open, a harsh brightness stabbing through her eyelids. She squinted against the blazing sunlight and felt a sharp grainy texture beneath her. Sand. She was lying on sand. She sat up slowly, her head spinning as the world came into focus—a vast, sun-drenched beach stretching out before her, framed by swaying palm trees and dotted with colorful beach towels and sun umbrellas.

The scene was almost too perfect, too postcard-like, as if it had been airbrushed by someone with a love for garish, oversaturated hues. Emily blinked, trying to piece together what had happened. She glanced down at herself and frowned. Her sweatshirt and sweatpants were gone, replaced by a bright pink bikini she would never, in a million years, have picked out for herself. She knew she shouldn't be, but she had always had issues with her flat A-cup chest and never wore anything so revealing because of it. She tugged at the fabric, feeling exposed and awkward, her discomfort mounting with each passing second.

A loud cheer erupted nearby, pulling her attention to a group of men tossing a football back and forth in the shallows, their laughter booming and carefree. Further down the beach, a group of women in barely-there swimsuits were engaged in an exaggerated game of beach volleyball, each spike and dive accompanied by bouncy, slow-motion physics that defied any semblance of reality.

Emily's mouth fell open. She knew this place. The music, the scenery, the people—all straight out of “My Dumb Bikini Summer.”

"WHAT IS GOING ON HERE???????" Emily shouted at the top of her lungs.

After her outburst, the festivities on the beach paused. The football splashed into the shallow water. The volleyball hit the sand with a soft thud. For a moment the perky breasts stopped bouncing, coming to rest with a slight jiggle.

Beautiful blue and hazel eyes turned to her. Only the crashing of waves could be heard for a moment.

Then the young man closest to Emily smiled and shouted, “You must be the new girl!”

That seemed to break the spell of silence and everyone got back to their games, their laughs, their jiggles.

The smiling guy approached, a tall, well toned hunk with alabaster skin that had been tanned into a gorgeous tan. His slightly darker skin made his impossibly white teeth stand out. He wore a red speedo, the sort TV lifeguards and no one else wore.

When he got close enough he didn’t have to shout over the waves, he stopped and touched one of his perfectly sculpted pecs.

“I’m Tad. I’m glad you’re here. We can use all the help we can get. If we don’t figure out how to raise half a million dollars by the end of the week, we can kiss this paradise goodbye.” Tad emphasized that last word with a flourish of his hand that a children’s theater director would have considered a bit much.

He held out his hand to help Emily up. “What’s your name, beautiful?”

Emily stared at Tad, her mind reeling as she tried to process his words. Half a million dollars? Paradise? This was straight out of the ridiculous, overblown plot of the movie she had just been mocking from the safety of her living room. The absurdity of it all made her want to laugh and scream at the same time.

“What the hell are you talking about?” Emily asked, her voice edged with frustration. She still felt disoriented, her thoughts a muddled mess of disbelief and a simmering anger at being stuck in this sexist, nonsensical world. “And why am I in a bikini? I didn’t sign up for this!”

Tad’s smile didn’t waver. He stepped closer, his sun-kissed skin glistening under the bright sunlight. “It’s Bikini Week, of course! Everyone’s gotta be in a bikini—it’s the rules!” He gave her a wink that was so exaggerated it almost made her cringe. “We’re raising money to save this beach from being turned into a luxury resort for accountants by evil developers. It’s all hands on deck!”

Emily shook her head, her annoyance bubbling over. “That is the dumbest plot I’ve ever heard,” she muttered, but Tad seemed unfazed.

“It’s not just a plot, it’s our lives!” Tad declared, striking another dramatic pose, his hand sweeping out to indicate the entire beach. “This place is a haven, a refuge, a sanctuary for fun and freedom! And if we don’t come up with the cash, it’s all gonna be bulldozed away!” His voice was laden with over-the-top sincerity, like a soap opera actor going for an Emmy.

Emily ran a hand through her hair, pushing back the stray strands that had stuck to her forehead. The heat, the sand, the ridiculous scenario—it was all too much. She needed a plan, some way to get out of this cheesy nightmare and back to reality. But Tad was still talking, his speech escalating in drama and volume.

“Think about it! The memories, the friendships, the runs on the beach that were so fun that it almost felt like we were doing it in slow motion!” He gestured grandly as if the imaginary camera had zoomed in on him. “We’re gonna put on the biggest, Bikini Car Wash Roller Disco Aerobics / Breakdancing Boombox Battle BBQ Muscle Competition Surfing Tug-of-War Jet Ski Racing Beach Side Stunting Wet-Tshirt Contest this town has ever seen!”

“Okay, Tad, listen,” Emily started, exasperation heavy in her voice. “I’m not interested in washing cars in a bikini or doing *any* of this convoluted nonsense. I just want to go home.”

Tad frowned, looking genuinely puzzled for the first time. “Home? But this is home now, new girl. And we all have to pitch in, or there won’t be a home left to save.”

“Seriously?” Emily said, rubbing her temples. “You’re really going with the whole ‘save the beach’ shtick? No, Tad. I’m not the new girl. I don’t belong here, and I’m definitely not staying.”

Before Tad could respond, a loud, upbeat synth track blared out of nowhere.

“*Attention Beach Goers!* Due to an incoming Typhoon-slash-Tsunami, all ferries, bridges, airplanes, and any other conceivable method of getting off this beach island have been canceled indefinitely.”

Tad stomped his foot in frustration. “Gosh darn, this again!” He shook his head. “I was really looking forward to trying to get you… wherever you said you were going. But I guess that settles it.” In an instant, his frown transformed back into that thousand-watt smile. “Your home is here. *Welcome!*”

With no warning, Tad pulled Emily into a tight hug, pressing her face against his muscled chest. She could feel his package pressing into her stomach. It wasn’t hard, but it was definitely… present. He pulled away just as quickly.

“Come with me,” he said cheerily. “Let me introduce you to *The Girls.* They’ll show you around. You’ll fit right in!” Tad took her hand, his grip firm, leading her toward a beach volleyball game. Just as they got close, a tall, stunning blonde at the net leapt into the air, her natural, ample breasts bouncing with her movement as she spiked the ball with surprising force—right in Emily’s direction.

In an instant, the white volleyball rocketed straight toward Emily’s chest, knocking her off her feet and flat on her back, the impact knocking all the air out of her lungs. She vaguely registered shouts of concern and the shuffle of people gathering around her as Tad leaned over and lifted her back up, steadying her.

“I’m… I’m…” Emily gasped, still a bit dazed, and her swimsuit felt unexpectedly tight. It hadn’t felt like that before. She looked down, eyes going wide. *They* were definitely bigger than they’d been before. But how?!

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Emily stared down at her chest, trying to catch her breath. Her once modest bikini top now strained against a noticeably fuller bust. She gingerly touched herself, her fingers meeting the unexpected curve. There was no logical explanation, no reasonable way for this sudden change to have happened. Yet, there it was, impossible to ignore.

Tad, noticing her bewildered expression, raised an eyebrow. “Whoa! Looks like you took that spike to the chest pretty hard, huh? I’ve seen this happen before. It’s kind of a Bikini Week thing.”

Emily blinked, completely confused. “What do you mean, ‘a Bikini Week thing’? What the hell is happening to me?”

Tad scratched his head, pecs flexing nonchalantly as if to reassure her. “Oh yeah, it’s just a bit of—what’s the word?—‘hyperpressurated dermal amplification’ or something like that. Happens all the time around here. Something about the air pressure during Bikini Week. It’s a rare phenomenon, but basically, any bumps or bruises you get can cause your chest to swell. But, you know, only in women’s chests. Some kinda weird atmospheric science thing.”

Emily’s jaw dropped. “*Hyperpressurated* what now?” She looked down at herself, the absurdity of Tad’s explanation mingling with the very real change beneath her fingers. “That can’t be real. That’s not even… That doesn’t make any sense!”

Tad nodded enthusiastically, like she’d asked him about the weather. “Oh, it’s real, alright. Totally bizarre, but it’s just one of those Bikini Week quirks. Like, the scientists said something about the barometric pressure, oceanic ions, and… uh… geothermal resonance? Yeah, geothermal resonance! That’s the one!” He pointed confidently at the sand, as if the ground itself held the answer. “Apparently, it amplifies localized trauma in specific ways. But don’t worry, it’s harmless. Just a bit of swelling!”

Emily fought the urge to scream. “So you’re telling me that the air pressure here makes women’s chests swell if they get hit? And no one thought that might be a problem worth, I don’t know, *warning people about*?”

Tad shrugged, his smile unfazed. “Nah, it’s all part of the fun! Most girls just roll with it. It’s like a free upgrade, right?” He winked, oblivious to how ridiculous and infuriating it all was. “Plus, it only happens during Bikini Week. Lasts until the end of the festivities, and then *poof,* back to normal. It’s like magic! But, you know, science magic.”

Emily rubbed her temples, muttering under her breath. “Science magic. *Of course.*”

Tad gave her a hearty pat on the back, sending her stumbling a few steps forward. “Don’t worry about it, Em! You’ll get used to it. Happens to all the new girls eventually. You’re already fitting right in!” He gave her shoulder a friendly squeeze, then started leading her closer to the volleyball net where The Girls were playing.

As they approached, the volleyball game had picked up its pace. The sun glinted off the net, casting long shadows on the sand. One of the players—a tall, statuesque blonde with effortless beauty—paused mid-serve to wave at Tad and Emily, tossing her hair back. Her bikini left little to the imagination.

“Hey, newbies!” the blonde called out, jogging over, flashing a perfect smile. “Did Tad tell you about the whole *swelling* thing?” She winked, grinning. “Happened to me my first Bikini Week, too. I hit a palm tree on the way down a slide, and *bam!*” She motioned to her ample curves, her chest bouncing slightly. “MONDO cool, huh?”

Emily stared, completely at a loss. “*Cool?* You think this is cool?”

The blonde shrugged, unfazed. “It’s all part of the experience, babe. It’s what makes Bikini Week, well… Bikini Week! Everyone’s gotta have their thing, you know? It’s like a rite of passage.”

Tad nudged Emily playfully, his smile as bright as ever. “C’mon, Em. Let’s get you in the game! Once you’re having fun, you won’t even notice. Trust me.”

Emily took a deep breath, the absurdity of her situation pressing in from all sides. If this “hyperpressurated nonsense” was real, she was trapped in a place where the rules of reality bent in the name of some eternally sunny, bikini-clad paradise. And if she was going to survive this bizarre week, she’d have to navigate these “science magic” quirks without losing her mind.

Emily sighed, her eyes narrowing as she looked around at the carefree beachgoers. “Alright,” she muttered to herself. “Let’s see what other surprises this place has up its sleeve.”

Hot sand and blindingly bright beach towels sprawled along the shore, a checkerboard of neon colors beneath the blazing California sun. Bodies everywhere—glistening, bronzed, oiled up, and basking in the rays. Young men with rippling muscles volleyed a ball back and forth, grunts and cheers mixing with the crash of waves in a way that felt surreal and yet all too tangible. This beach scene could’ve been ripped straight from a postcard, but there was something off about it, something disorienting.

Emily blinked, trying to get her bearings when a nasal, almost teenage voice filled the air, loud but somehow disembodied. “I was a math whiz, a total nerd,” it said. “But that summer? That summer, I became a king.” The voice seemed to hover around her, and Emily squinted, looking for its source. No one else seemed to notice it.

A girl in a bubblegum-pink bikini, practically spilling out of it, grinned and sauntered over to Emily “I just saw Chad! He is totally hot!” Her eyes sparkled with excitement as she looked at Emily, her head cocked in amused curiosity. "Earth to Bunny, come in!”

Emily’s brows knit together. “Uh… my name isn’t Bunny,” she said, her voice uncertain, thick with a strange unease. The girl’s eyes, rimmed in frosty blue shadow, narrowed slightly, and then her laugh sparkled out again.

“But isn't it a fun name? Don't you think it would be totes more fun to be Bunny then Emily?”

"No...” Emily muttered, rolling her eyes as she conceded for the moment. “But where did that… voice come from? The one talking about being a king?”

The girl’s mouth dropped open, and she stared at Emily like she’d suggested the earth was flat. “Voice? There’s no voice, Bunny. I mean Emily. Are you sure you haven’t been in the sun too long?”

Just as she was about to protest again, the girl perked up, her gaze darting over Emily’s shoulder. “Oh. My. God. Chad is coming this way!” Her voice dropped to a reverent whisper, her excitement barely contained. Emily turned, caught off guard by the sight of a tall, athletic man striding down the beach with a confidence that was somehow both magnetic and insufferable.

He was the picture of 80s heartthrob—tanned, toned, with blond hair carefully sculpted into what could only be described as a voluminous mullet. His red swim trunks clung just a little too snugly, and a pair of neon green sunglasses framed his face. He sauntered over, radiating the energy of a man who knew he was the center of attention, his eyes drifting over Emily in a way that made her want to smack him and laugh in equal measure.

“Ladies,” he greeted, dropping his shades just enough to give her a slow once-over. “Lookin’ trim.” He grinned, the kind of grin that hadn’t encountered rejection enough to respect it.

Emily’s lip curled instinctively, and she crossed her arms. “My eyes are up here, Chad.”

Chad blinked, the concept clearly foreign to him. He leaned back, processing her words with the effort of someone still grappling with basic algebra. “What d’you mean?”

Emily opened her mouth, but before she could explain, the girl in pink—Missy, her name had to be Missy—cut in with a giggle. “She’s just messing with you, Chad! C’mon, we need to get her out of this sun.” She grabbed Emily’s arm, her grip deceptively strong as she led her toward an oversized mansion just off the beach.

“Wait, whose place is this?” Emily asked, stumbling as they crossed the threshold.

“Oh, it’s mine!” Missy replied breezily. “Rented it with the money from my bake sale.” Emily looked around, taking in the marble floors, the cascading chandeliers, the multiple staircases. A bake sale? Emily was sure this place would cost tens of thousands to rent for the weekend, but Missy didn’t bat an eye, tugging her deeper inside.

They guided her upstairs, Chad offering her a hand with the air of someone who’d grown up in command. “You need some sleep, Bunny,” he drawled. “Take a nap, clear your head. Maybe you’ll be back to normal when you wake up.”

Emily tried to argue, but her head felt like it was stuffed with sand, her eyelids heavy as she let them steer her into a room. Her legs buckled, and the soft mattress claimed her, her mind swimming as the voices faded.

When she woke, it was dark outside, the room dimly lit by the neon glow of beach lights and the throbbing beat of loud music. She rolled over, finding a note left by her bed. Your clothes were dirty, so we sent them out. Try this!

Grimacing, she slipped into the provided outfit—a bright, skintight bodysuit that looked like it’d barely survived the 80s. She made her way downstairs, the sound of chaos intensifying with every step. Inside, the party was raging. Beer cans littered the floor, forming precarious pyramids, while girls with feathered blonde hair laughed and flipped their heads in time with the music. A kegstand contest was underway in the corner, while others cheered and chugged with fervent dedication.

Amidst it all, a disembodied voice sounded again, blending eerily with the blaring synths. “To crown a king,” it declared, “you need a night to remember.”

Emily froze, goosebumps prickling her skin. Her gaze whipped around, searching for the source, but it was lost in the crush of bodies, the smoke, and the spinning lights.

Then the doorbell rang, impossibly clear above the noise, and Chad sauntered over, throwing open the door to reveal a delivery guy with thick glasses and a stack of pizzas.

Chad squinted, looking the guy over. “Hey, you’re that nerd from my math class, right?” he asked, oblivious to the scorn in his voice.

The guy, visibly annoyed, corrected him. “It’s calculus.”

“Yeah, whatever. Say maybe you could give me this as a freebee? ” Chad said as he loomed over Wesley.

Emily clenched her fists, irritation building as she watched Chad’s smug grin, the easy way he leaned into the doorframe as if the world belonged to him. She rushed over and shoved some money in Wesley's hands.

"Sorry, Chad doesn't mean to be a dick, he just is." she said before closing the door. The guy—Wesley, according to his nametag—had a look of gratidude to her as the door closed.

"I didn't know it at the time, but I had met the love of my life." the voice over spoke once more.

Wait ... what did that mean????

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# Chapter 2: Total Eclipse of the Heart

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As he trudged back to his scooter out on the beach house lawn, Wesley wondered what it was about that Asian girl that had him snagged on her. It wasn't just that she was cute, though he supposed she was that. He tried his best not to objectify women that way, tried to fight the bad impulses that the Patriarchy had drilled into him. But a body was a body, and his responded to stimuli, and the stimuli surrounding that girl told him she was cute.

I didn't know it at the time, but I had met the love of my life, he thought to himself, somewhat jokingly.

It wasn't her modest endowment, either. That was unusual, but it seemed to be a natural gimmick of this place. The hyperpressuration would get to her soon enough. And based on how that bodysuit wrapped around her figure, she'd be fitting right into this neighborhood soon enough.

What was it?

A couple were sloppily making out on the lawn, amid crushed beer cans and cups. The woman was wearing a bikini bottom so high-cut, the strings practically came up to the bottom of her breasts. She was also, somehow, wearing rollerblades. The guy was in a pair of tight acid-washed jeans that looked vacuum-sealed against his muscular thighs, his shirt open and rippling in a wind that was blowing in the opposite direction of whatever wind was mussing his hookup's blonde hair.

Wesley stared at it for a moment. This place was fucking wild.

He couldn't help but feel some shameful envy, though. When he'd been zapped into this place, he'd found himself dotted with acne, his chest muscles so pathetic as to look concave. Despite the fact that he seemed to live in a beach town, he appeared to be the world's greatest sunbeam dodger. And the glasses. They limited his ability to do so many things. He needed them to see. But they undercut anything he said or did. Even when he said something perfectly reasonable, it came out nasally and whiny and...frankly, pathetic.

He hadn't been some kind of super-stud back home or anything. He'd been, like, just a guy. And he'd more or less been happy that way. But if he was gonna be trapped in this neon-drenched fuckfest, with its synthy backfills and its feathered haircuts, couldn't he have at least been primed to have some fun here?

"Um, excuse me." He waved a scrawny arm at the makeout couple. They pointedly did not pay attention to him.

"Excuse me, please," he tried again, internally wincing at how downright asthmatic he sounded even when he said normal things. "I need to get my scooter out of here so I can continue my deliveries..."

The makeout couple obligingly rolled out of the way--almost certainly because they were just too caught up in each other to notice him, and not because they actually obeyed. Wesley sighed. He guessed that was what happened when you got isekai'ed into an 80's movie as the town's resident nerd.

He glanced back at the stoop where he'd just dropped off Chad's order for the cute Asian girl. From that moment on, we were destined to be together, he thought, again with a certain level of self-mocking sarcasm.

What was it about her? Was it...?

His nearsighted eyes went wide as dinner plates.

She wasn't period accurate.

She was dressed in the right clothes. She had all the right signs of early-onset hyperpressuration. But there was this phenomenon when talking about period films: iPhone face. Certain actresses just couldn't be cast in stuffy English costume dramas because they just had a face that looked like it had seen a text message before.

That Asian girl had iPhone face.

He turned on his heel and sprinted back up the lawn...inasmuch as this scrawny, asthmatic body could sprint. Holy shit, he wasn't alone. Holy shit, he wasn't the only one. Holy shit, he--

His nerdy clumsiness got the better of him. Just as the house's front door opened, his ill-fitting sneaker caught on the top step and he stumbled forward--

Wesley stumbled back, hands shaking as Emily caught him by the arm, dragging him inside and shutting the door behind them with a quick, anxious glance over her shoulder. She hadn’t yet adjusted to this world; she looked as out of place here as he felt, the bodysuit she'd been given barely containing her sense of urgency.

“Oh thank god, another sane person,” she whispered, eyes wide, fingers clenched around his arm with a desperation he hadn’t felt in ages. Her voice was a mixture of relief and exasperation, low and fast. “Please tell me you know a way out of here.”

He let out a relieved sigh, finally recognizing the same disoriented panic he’d been trying to hide. “You’re stuck too?” He took in her wide, desperate eyes, realizing with a pang that she was just as trapped as he was, and just as alien to this neon-drenched insanity.

“Yeah, yeah, I got zapped in here from my living room! One minute I’m watching some trashy 80s movie, and the next—” She gestured around at the wild, hedonistic chaos of the house party unfolding around them. “I’m here. And everything’s…” She glanced at Chad, who was still standing nearby, shooting them a bemused look. “Everyone’s a stereotype! And they keep calling me ‘Bunny,’ like that’s my actual name!”

Wesley nodded quickly. “It’s like the whole place is a parody of itself, but… somehow, it’s real. I’m Wesley, by the way.”

“Emily,” she replied, giving him a tight, grim smile as she dragged him deeper into the mansion, past the gleaming marble staircase and into a quieter corner of the house. She dropped her voice to a tense whisper. “Listen, Wesley, I need to get out of here. This place—it's doing something to people.”

He shuddered, nodding. “I know. I mean, I already feel… different. Like, not just… like how I look,” he muttered, glancing down at his gangly limbs, his oversized glasses slipping down his nose. “But like it’s in my head. It’s so… weird here.”

Emily nodded emphatically. “Yes! Exactly. Like it’s rewriting us to fit in.” She shot a glance over her shoulder, as if half-expecting Chad or one of the bikini-clad girls to overhear them. “I need you to help me stay me, okay? And if we can find a way out of here, we’re going.”

Wesley gulped, nodding. “Right. But… we’ll have to blend in, at least a little. I don’t think this place will let us leave if we don’t. It’s like everything and everyone here is designed to keep us from escaping.”

She grimaced but didn’t argue, and he could see the way her fingers trembled as she adjusted the zipper of her bodysuit, still clutching it high over her chest, protecting herself as best she could from the way this place seemed to be tugging at her, urging her to loosen up, to join the party, to be just another bikini-clad girl in the background.

“Alright,” she whispered, nodding resolutely. “But let’s stick together. And if anything starts to change about me—anything weird—you tell me. Promise?”

Wesley’s face burned at the intensity in her gaze. “Promise.” He hesitated, glancing around the corner at the loud, neon-drenched crowd thrumming to an endless beat, laughter and shrieks echoing through the house. He lowered his voice, leaning in closer. “Emily, I think… I think we’re supposed to join the party. I mean, like, that’s what the place wants us to do. Maybe that’s the only way to find a way out?”

She bit her lip, visibly reluctant but nodding slowly. “Fine. But we’re getting out of here at the first chance we get.”

As they moved back toward the party, Wesley and Emily exchanged a silent look of solidarity.

Emily and Wesley entered the throbbing heart of the party, and immediately Emily felt a blush crawl up her cheeks, her discomfort sharp and immediate. This place wasn’t just a party—it was like the distilled essence of every cheesy 80s music video and sleazy nightclub rolled into one, cranked to the maximum. The walls were pulsing with pink and green neon lights, reflecting off mirrored surfaces, and half-naked bodies writhed everywhere, a haze of cigarette smoke and cheap perfume thick in the air.

Couples were practically draped over each other, groping and grinding with zero inhibitions. A pair of women in metallic bikinis stood by the DJ, bouncing and shaking to the beat, and Emily’s stomach twisted as she noticed the way every male gaze in the room seemed magnetically drawn to them. On the staircase, two guys were taking turns chugging from a bottle of tequila, only to be interrupted by a girl in a low-cut crop top, practically pouring herself over one of them as she leaned in, whispering something in his ear that made him grin with unabashed hunger.

Emily stiffened as Chad sauntered over, giving her an exaggerated once-over, his neon-green shades flashing under the lights. “Hey there, Bunny,” he drawled, leaning in close, his voice a parody of smooth charm. “I don’t think I’ve seen you loosen up yet. You’re still looking… tense.” His hand reached out to brush her shoulder, a little too familiar, his fingers lingering just a second too long.

Emily tensed, shrugging him off. “Just… taking it all in,” she muttered, shooting Wesley a desperate look. Chad’s eyes lingered on her chest, his gaze unashamedly greedy, and she fought the urge to cross her arms defensively.

“Oh, don’t be shy. It’s all about having a good time here,” Chad said, flashing his smug grin as he sidled up closer. “If you need a little… guidance, I’d be more than happy to help.” He winked, his hand moving to rest on her hip as he leaned in, his breath hot and reeking faintly of beer.

Wesley cleared his throat, stepping in just enough to break Chad’s advance, though his posture was a strange mix of defiance and nervousness. “Uh, we were just… getting a feel for the place, Chad,” he said, trying to sound casual, though his voice had a slight tremor.

Chad smirked, his eyes sliding over Wesley with a patronizing glint. “Sure, sure. But remember, this is Bikini Week. The goal’s not to think too hard, alright? Just relax, have a little fun.” He leaned even closer to Emily, his hand giving her hip a possessive squeeze before finally stepping back.

Emily shot Wesley a pleading glance, her cheeks flushed from Chad’s attention, but as she tried to gather herself, she spotted something even more bizarre across the room.

Missy, the girl in the bubblegum-pink bikini, was perched on a guy’s lap, her fingers tangled in his hair, her lips ghosting along his jawline as she whispered something that made him chuckle darkly. But that wasn’t the strange part. Every so often, as she shifted and leaned into him, she’d arch her back, exaggerating the curve of her chest as if she were presenting herself, practically basking in his attention. And he was more than happy to oblige, his hands gripping her waist, sliding down to cup her backside with a possessiveness that made Emily shiver.

“Em…” Wesley murmured, shifting uncomfortably. “I think… I think this place is designed to pull us in.”

She bit her lip, her gaze darting around at the haze of bodies tangled together in a blur of neon and flesh. There was a pull here, something that seemed to seep into her skin the longer she stayed, a voice whispering at the back of her mind to just let go, to give in to the vibe of the party, to stop fighting it.

In a corner, a kegstand was in full swing, the crowd egging on a girl whose cropped shirt rode up, revealing skin as she struggled to stay balanced, her friends cheering, “Chug! Chug! Chug!” as beer spilled down her chin. The music blared louder, and Emily realized she was tapping her foot, her body unconsciously swaying to the beat. She shot Wesley a panicked glance, feeling the tug of the rhythm taking over.

Before she could say anything, a couple near the makeshift dance floor caught her attention. The woman, dressed in a metallic thong bikini, was backed up against a guy who was nuzzling her neck, his hands roving up and down her body with complete abandon. She let out a moan that was drowned out by the synth-heavy bassline, her head tilting back, clearly giving herself over to the sensation.

Emily’s pulse quickened, her mind reeling at the surreal scene unfolding around her, her own sense of boundaries blurring as the atmosphere seemed to throb with a seductive intensity. Wesley’s hand brushed hers, grounding her momentarily.

“Emily,” he whispered, his voice barely audible over the music. “We can’t… get sucked in. We have to keep looking for a way out.”

She nodded, trying to fight off the allure of the party, but the pull was powerful, insistent, and everywhere she looked, she saw people giving in, letting themselves be carried away in a wave of reckless, unbridled hedonism.

Wesley gulped as he found himself having an embarrassingly adolescent reaction to the presence of a woman in a thong bikini--and not just any kind, but the metallic, super-high-cut type that were more common in this period. He knew it was just a garment, and that women wore clothing for themselves, not for the attentions of men. But the sight alone made his eyes zero in. It was as if he were the cameraman in this lurid skin flick, his lens lingering overlong on the taut young flesh on display.

"Out back," he declared. He could see that Emily was starting to develop a bit of a haze about her, too. Maybe this part of the party was just a trap. Too many enclosed spaces. Transformation happened because of wind pressure or something, right? So maybe it made sense to get somewhere outside, where that pressure would have a chance to dissipate.

Emily didn't seem to have responded to his words. "Out back," he tried again, straining his nerdy little voice to be heard over the blasting synth and bass. But Emily was bobbing along absently to the music. As he watched, he thought he could actually see her coming in and out of lucidity as she took in the wild displays of hot, youthful excess around them.

The pop culture of this time period reflected a desire to showcase American supremacy, Wesley tried to remind himself, with the part of his brain that remembered the existence of things like Pokémon and a Black president. Money, sex, and bodies were all mirrors of a cultural desire for status. It all changed when the Wall came down.

But it didn't seem to be working. No matter how much he tried to intellectualize his way out of this situation, his thoughts started to become more and more slippery. What was more, he was finding it harder and harder to keep ahold of those thoughts. When he tried, it almost seemed like the music of the party itself--which wasn't coming from any visible speaker system Wesley could see--started to blast that much harder.

Fuck it. This was getting too wild, too fast. They had to get outside. Instead of telling Emily where to go, he grabbed her hand with his clammy nerd fingers. He saw her jolt in surprise at his touch, but at least it meant she was here with him now. He jerked his head towards the screen door at the back of the beach house. "Come on!"

He'd expected maybe a small patio, the sort of place where smokers would gather--not that that division existed in this period. In the very least, he thought it would be quieter.

He was so, so wrong.

The beach house had a massive pool deck. The music seemed, if anything, even louder out here, as if no neighbors would ever complain about the noise. There was a dance floor cleared, so close to the pool that people ran a real risk of falling right in. On it, bikini-clad hotties gyrated and ground up against muscular, sun-bronzed studs. They danced curiously, their movements a little out of sync with the music. It was almost as if they were actors who had had to dance to nothing on set that day, and then a cheap track had been slapped onto the film in the edit later.

"Why the fuck," Wesley said to Emily in disbelief, "is there a pool deck here? I can literally see the beach!"

A big brute of a guy, his button-down straining against his muscles, effortlessly picked up his dance partner by the waist. She wore a high-cut electric blue one-piece whose top half strained against a pair of ridiculously huge, fake-looking tits. She squealed with delight, eagerly wrapping her long legs around his trim waist and gyrating her whole body up and down against his own.

And then, as one, all the dancers on the floor turned to look straight at them.

It was as if an impromptu spotlight had been thrust upon Wesley and Emily. The cute-but-not-hot new girl. The town nerd, still dressed in his dorky and ill-fitting pizza delivery uniform. He knew they looked weird in this context. But they weren't displeased to see them; if anything, they looked friendly and inviting. What could they possibly want, though?

Unless...

"Emily," Wesley said with sinking certainty. "I fucked up. I think...I think we need to dance with them!"

The dancers on the pool deck seemed to turn in unison, their gazes locking on Wesley and Emily with a mix of challenge and invitation. The lights above them pulsed, bathing everything in the kind of neon glow that blurred edges and amplified curves, making the whole scene feel surreal, like they’d stepped into a hyper-sexualized dream sequence from which there was no exit.

Emily’s fingers tightened around Wesley’s, but he could see the nervousness in her eyes flicker, then fade, replaced by a glimmer of intrigue, curiosity—even a kind of reluctant excitement. The music throbbed louder, drowning out their doubts, pulling them in. The big guy with the unbuttoned shirt—a slab of muscle, tanned and glistening—strode toward Emily, his biceps flexing with each step. His dance partner, the girl in the electric blue one-piece with impossibly exaggerated curves, practically purred as she sidled up to Wesley, a slow, teasing grin curling on her lips as she reached out, drawing him close with a soft, manicured hand to his shoulder.

“Looks like you two are the new stars of the party,” the guy growled, his deep voice rumbling in Emily’s ear as he pulled her gently onto the dance floor. She stumbled forward, nearly falling into him, his broad chest solid under her palms as he steadied her. His hands landed on her hips, strong but coaxing, guiding her into the beat as he rolled his body against hers, impossibly close. She felt her breath hitch, the heat radiating off him mingling with the warm evening air, and the tension she’d held since arriving here started to unravel, bit by bit, at his touch.

Wesley, meanwhile, tried to keep his cool as the blue-clad bombshell pressed herself flush against him, her chest brushing up against him, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination. She grinned, a mischievous glint in her eyes as she wrapped her arms around his neck, her hips beginning to move in slow, deliberate circles, her body a constant press of heat and softness that made his cheeks burn.

“You look tense, sugar,” she whispered, her lips hovering just near his ear, her breath warm and suggestive. “Just let go. Feel the music. Or feel me, whichever works.” She leaned in close, her curves molding against him, her chest pressing up as if to drive the point home, her laughter low and throaty as he struggled to keep up with her fluid, sensual movements.

Across from them, Emily was getting swept up in the rhythm, her nerves slipping away as the big guy led her into a series of steps that were less dance and more… intimate. His hands slid up her sides, fingertips grazing just beneath the fabric of her bodysuit, his hips grinding against hers in slow, tantalizing motions that made her stomach flip. Every glance he shot her was a smoldering promise, each touch lingering just a bit too long. His thumb traced over her waist, a not-so-innocent smirk on his lips as he guided her closer, his body practically engulfing hers.

“You know, you’ve got the moves, Bunny,” he murmured, using the nickname with a certain possessive charm that sent an unexpected thrill through her. Emily swallowed, glancing away to try and shake the feeling, but his grip on her waist tightened, pulling her firmly back against him.

Wesley watched, mesmerized, as Emily fell into the dance, her movements growing more fluid, more in sync with her partner’s rhythm. She seemed almost hypnotized, her body responding to each sway of his hips, every touch of his hands. And his own partner was far from passive; she grinded against him, her laughter light and teasing as her hands roamed over his shoulders, down his back, tracing the contours of his body in a way that made his skin tingle and his head spin.

“You like what you see?” she whispered, her voice a sultry purr as she leaned in, her lips brushing against his ear, her body moving against his with such sensuality it felt almost like a dare. Wesley’s face was burning, his breath coming faster as she pressed her chest against him, her nails grazing down his arms as she let out a low, satisfied hum.

“Uh… yeah, I—” he stammered, his words barely audible over the music as she looped her arms around his neck, drawing him closer.

Emily, caught in the pull of her own partner’s intensity, glanced over at Wesley, her own cheeks flushed, a dazed look in her eyes. The big guy took the opportunity to spin her around, pulling her back against him, his hands firm on her waist, guiding her into his rhythm. She felt her body respond, her skin tingling where his hands held her, a warmth spreading through her that she hadn’t felt in ages, like the music itself was taking control, making her sway, making her want to move with him.

The blue-clad bombshell wasn’t about to let Wesley off easy, either. She pressed her body firmly against his, grinding her hips in slow, deliberate circles that made his knees go weak. Her hands roamed over his chest, her touch light but electric, sending shivers down his spine as her fingers brushed along the edges of his shirt, tugging him closer. Her gaze was locked on his, a silent invitation, as she tilted her head back, her lips parting slightly, a soft moan slipping out as she moved against him.

Caught in the thrall of the music, of the heat, of the hypnotic sway of the bodies around them, both Emily and Wesley were not sure if they could keep their reservations from slipping away.

Wesley could only stare as the tight-bodied beach babe hottie gyrated up against him with the kind of body control he could expect from a gymnast. He was feeling himself get hard, no matter how much he tried to remind himself this was just a dance. How could he resist, when a girl like this was all over him?

He glanced over at Emily. The glazed-over look in the Japanese girl’s eyes had returned tenfold as the muscular hunk wrapped his hands around the waist of her spandex bodysuit and guided her through their choreo. His heart sank as he saw how compelled she seemed to be. And just because the guy she was dancing with happened to be a total hunk.

Wesley tried to push aside that thought; he couldn’t, shouldn’t be jealous of her. He’d only just met her. He didn’t own her.

But that guy was dancing with her like he did. And she…liked it?

He had to keep them from succumbing. The whole reason they’d come out here was to stop the party from getting its grip on them. As long as they were dancing with these hot 80s-tastic partners, they would only slip further and further into this dumb movie’s grasp. And that meant there was only one option for them.

Wesley forced himself away from his sizzling hot blue-clad dance partner. She reached for him, as if compelled to keep him in the dance. But staying just ahead of the pounding ambient synth’s rhythm, Wesley evaded her long-manicured hands and grabbed for Emily’s waist.

Electricity erupted through both their bodies as they touched. Their eyes met. Wesley’s acne-pocked cheeks flushed furiously. He felt more grounded back in reality, but his arousal didn’t abate even one percent. “We…” He gathered himself as best he could. “We have to dance together.”

His movements were awkward at first. His nerdy body was almost cursed to be clumsy like this. He was keeping a respectful distance from Emily, trying to fight the lust that was threatening to overtake them both. But it seemed like doing that was only hampering their ability to satisfy the scene. All around them, the others were still dancing, but with a…disappointed air?

Emily looked around uncertainly. “What is it? We’re dancing, aren’t we?”

Wesley wracked his brain. He wanted to follow Emily’s lead. They were equal partners in this, after all. He wanted to respect her in all this. But he was also feeling an uncomfortable urge. A strong one. To take lead. Like a man.

Not like a man, he corrected himself. Like a person who happens to have the right answer…and also happens to be a man.

Wesley slipped his hands around Emily’s waist. It wasn’t as impossibly skinny as the girls who were native to this movie, but it was trim and it made his heart throb with excitement. The spandex was preternaturally springy under his palms, as if it wouldn’t even absorb the nerd clamminess that cursed his grip. He began to sway with her, his hands on her waist and hips. And as the two of them danced, his movements started to become more confident. More assertive. More certain of his dancing.

He felt Emily following his lead. He felt his pulse beginning to race in time to the music. And all around them, the dancing from the others began to grow more frantic and seductive again, the hormones suffusing the neon-tinted air.

The neon lights pulsed brighter, as if feeding off the sudden energy between Wesley and Emily, the beat swelling and spiraling around them. Wesley felt his breath hitch as his hands rested on Emily’s waist, his fingers pressing into the spandex fabric that clung to her curves, holding her close as they found a rhythm together. His usual self-consciousness was melting, dissolving under the strange magic of this beachside world.

In his ear, he heard the faint, disembodied voice again, like a narrator in his own life—one who seemed disturbingly tuned in to every thought racing through his mind. “That was the summer,” the voice said, a knowing chuckle weaving through the words, “that I first realized what it felt like to lead. To have a woman follow my steps, trusting me to guide her.”

Wesley felt Emily’s breath hitch as he pulled her closer, her hands resting on his shoulders, her gaze locked on his as if searching for something. Her eyes held a glimmer of doubt, curiosity—and something else, something that made his pulse hammer harder, faster, as the music seemed to double down on its relentless beat.

The voice in his head kept going, its tone filled with that corny-but-certain wisdom: “It wasn’t that I was suddenly strong, or handsome, or all that different than before. But that night, holding her close under those lights, I understood that confidence didn’t have to mean perfection.”

Around them, the dancers began cheering, egging them on as the circle of onlookers closed in tighter, the crowd’s energy rising with a sleazy, voyeuristic thrill. Someone turned up the music even louder, and Wesley felt his inhibitions slipping away, pushed aside by the pounding synth beat and the warmth of Emily pressed against him.

“Wesley,” Emily whispered, her voice low, almost breathless, as she held his gaze. “What… what are we doing?”

He could barely think, his mind clouded by the heat of the moment, the surreal energy enveloping them both. “We’re… dancing,” he managed, his voice rougher than he expected, his hands sliding from her waist down to her hips, pulling her flush against him. His cheeks were red-hot, but he couldn’t stop; it felt like the whole scene demanded it, as if this was exactly what this strange, retro world wanted from them.

Then, as if to punctuate his thought, an impossibly gusty breeze came from nowhere, catching Emily’s hair, whipping it around her face and brushing against his cheek with a feathery touch. She laughed, a little self-conscious, but the look in her eyes was different—warmer, maybe, more open. The wind picked up again, and this time, it tugged harder at the torn edges of her bodysuit, the fabric peeling away in increments, each gust slipping a bit more from her shoulders, her chest.

“Are you seeing this?” Wesley stammered, his eyes wide as he watched in disbelief. His fingers brushed over her bare skin as the spandex rolled down, leaving her arms and collarbone exposed, a tantalizing glimpse of her skin catching the light. Emily’s own cheeks flushed a deep pink, but the magic of the dance, the crowd’s encouragement, and the strange, seductive energy of the place seemed to keep her from stepping back. Instead, she leaned in closer, her lips just inches from his, her breath mingling with his as their movements slowed, deepened.

Around them, the crowd erupted in cheers, catcalling and shouting out in excitement as the fabric slipped further, and further—until finally, with one last playful gust of wind, the bodysuit peeled away entirely, slipping down to her waist and leaving her standing there in nothing but a lacy black bra and matching underwear. Wesley’s heart pounded, his hands still on her waist as they both realized the position they were in. The crowd whistled, clapping and shouting, the energy spiraling higher as the scene seemed to transform into a heady, charged display of raw desire.

“Go for it!” someone shouted, the words ringing out loud over the music.

Wesley’s head spun, the thrill of the moment pushing him to hold her closer, his fingers trailing over her back as they swayed in time to the pulsing beat. Emily’s hands slid up to his shoulders, her breath soft against his ear as she leaned in, caught in the feverish moment just as much as he was. Wesley’s hands trembled as they slipped lower, settling on the curve of her waist, her warmth sinking through his skin, feeding his already mounting arousal.

Missy, the blonde in electric blue, wasn’t about to be left out. She sidled back up to Wesley, looping her arms around his neck from behind, her chest pressing into his back as she leaned into him, grinning with a playful, almost predatory glint in her eye. “I don’t think you’re ready for this dance, nerd boy,” she teased, her hands slipping down to his waist as she held him from behind, her body molding against his, the heat between them almost unbearable.

He tried to respond, but his voice caught in his throat, the overwhelming sensations leaving him dizzy, disoriented. Emily pressed herself closer, and Missy giggled, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek, her voice a low, sultry purr as she whispered, “Looks like you’re having a good time, after all…”

Wesley’s breath hitched as the girls both leaned into him, their bodies pressing close, the atmosphere thick with an undeniable, primal tension that sent his pulse racing. His head spun, and he barely noticed the narrator’s voice once more, amused, soft, but achingly clear in his mind.

“That night,” the voice intoned, “I knew there was no going back. And maybe… I didn’t want to.”

Wesley watched in a combination of confusion and...well, something else as the wind swept through the pool deck. It seemed, somehow, to only affect Emily. Her disappearing bodysuit had left her in the kind of black panties and bra that someone only wore if they planned for someone to see them. (In this reality, he suspected, there was no other kind of underwear to be found.) And yet, she'd seemed to be unfazed by it, only excited. When the crowd had cheered them on, she hadn't expressed any embarrassment for her state of undress; she'd simply, obediently, docilely, hooked her slender arms around the back of his scrawny pencil-neck and leaned in closer.

They're like that, a voice whispered to him, both his own and not. Before he could interrogate the words, it seemed like the voice vanished from his head. But it left behind a uncomfortable and instinctive understanding for him of what kind of people the voice had meant when it had used the word they.

He nearly jumped out of his skin when Missy's body wrapped around him from behind. Suddenly, he was a nerd that was sandwiched between two babes: one a blonde beach bunny in an electric blue one-piece that made her legs look alluring and endless. One who seemed like she was rapidly losing her fight to not become an Asian-American Airhead.

He was seized with the desire to extricate himself immediately. This was happening so fast. It was the exact opposite of what he'd intended when he'd brought Emily out here. He opened his mouth to apologize to her, to try and assure her that he still had his eye on the ball. He remembered the old world, and he was gonna get them both back to it.

But Missy was steering the two of them right now. He felt like, as the movie's resident nerd, he didn't have the narrative power to override her.

That's it, he realized. Narrative power. I need to get some, now.

Emily dancing up on him had given her some, hadn't it? She'd danced up on him, swept away by the robo-synths and whiplash snare drums, and it had completely transformed her wardrobe into impractically racy, lacy underthings. It made her look like she fit in. And it made her look like she was having fun.

He needed to get some narrative power, too. He had to go where the story wanted him to go. And if he could admit it to himself, it hadn't just been confusion he'd felt when he'd watched Emily change. He'd also felt envy.

"I'm sorry about this, Emily," he said formally.

And then he whipped around and full-on kissed Missy on her plump pink lips. He drew on the assertiveness he'd felt when he had been dancing. That newfound confidence guided his hands and his lips as people all around them gasped and whooped in surprise that such a hot piece of ass would be making out with Wesley, of all people. But Wesley resisted the urge to listen to them. Instead, he reached for the idea that he deserved to be making out with Missy right now.

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A funny thing about the law of physics was that motion transferred force, and connection transferred force from one object to another. It was perhaps one of the last properly “nerdy” thoughts Wesley would have as he felt, for the umpteenth time, the shudder of Emily’s shoves work its way through Missy’s body and down into his.

By the time Missy finally lost, she didn’t realize that she was sitting nearly three inches higher out of the water. Her tight, sculpted ass cheeks didn’t have to work has hard to balance, since Wesley’s shoulders grew slightly broader to accommodate them. When he held onto her legs to stabilize her, his biceps gently bulged with the effort…and then stayed that big when his arms relaxed again.

When he broke the surface of the water, he casually pushed his hair out of his eyes. He didn’t know it yet, but that impact had created an even more curious change than the new muscles. His face, once plain, had gained a pleasing level of symmetry. His features were still boyish, and he wasn’t model-handsome…at least, not yet. But his eyes were bluer, his nose and jawline finer, and a smile came more naturally to his straight and pearly teeth.

\*”Guess we’re still getting the hang of this ‘narrative’ thing, huh?”

Wesley took in the sight of Emily. In the span of a single sequence, she’d gone from pretty to downright gorgeous: petite, but curvy, with breasts that seemed as if they were both bolted on and yet also completely natural. The fact that she was standing there in high black panties that were literally dripping wet only enhanced the image.

“I’d say we’ve made some decent progress.” He casually planted a hand on the small of her back and started to steer her inside. “Let’s get a drink. We can, uh, talk about our next move.”

Not a polite request, like he might have worded it even an hour ago. A simple statement, delivered with an expectation of agreement.

“Why do you think you’ve just been in a bra and panties this whole time, instead of a bikini?” he asked as he guided her through the party, to the cooler. Instead of having to bump through the crowd, the partygoers seemed to naturally dance out of their way. He grabbed a beer for each of them and cracked them both. “Should we get you some new clothes?”

Emily felt Wesley’s warm hand on the small of her back as he guided her through the party. She glanced up at him, half-distracted by his new, improved features: the sharper jawline, the slight bulge of his biceps as he casually kept her close, the way he walked with a newfound confidence that looked almost natural on him.

She felt like she should pull away, assert herself, make it clear she wasn’t just going to follow along. But somehow, with Wesley’s hand pressing gently at her back and the crowd parting for them with an almost reverent respect, her reluctance faded. His steady guidance felt… nice.

He handed her a beer, the cold can a shock against her still-warm hands, and she took a sip, the fizzy liquid mixing with the heady atmosphere of the party. The lights were dimmer inside, more intimate, casting a soft glow over the mass of bodies swaying to the beat. Wesley leaned against the counter beside her, his face tilted toward she spoke to him, “I … really should get dressed don’t you think?” A quick gesture at her sopping hot wet mess of an outfit made her meaning clear.

He scanned the room, his eyes landing on a rack of clothes inexplicably draped over the back of a nearby couch, as if they were just waiting to be noticed. Among them were a pair of high-cut, frayed denim shorts that looked one size too small and a crop top so tiny it might have been intended for a doll.

Wesley raised an eyebrow, clearly pleased. “Perfect,” he murmured, grabbing the shorts and holding them up with a grin. “These would look… fant-ASS-tic on you.”

Emily stared at them, the shorts impossibly tiny, the crop top no more than a scrap of fabric. She felt a surge of resistance—this was exactly what the story wanted, wasn’t it? To get her into these ridiculously slutty clothes, have her prance around like another one of the party’s bikini-clad babes.

“Oh, come on,” he said, reading her hesitation with a little smirk. “What’s the harm? It’s not like anyone HERE is going to judge.” He leaned closer, his voice dropping to a teasing whisper. “Besides, I think they’d suit you.”

Something in his tone—something firm, almost commanding—made her heart skip. Without quite meaning to, she took the shorts and top from him, the absurdity of the situation making her laugh. “Fine. But if I end up looking like I’m in some tacky music video…”

“Trust me,” he said, leaning back against the counter with a casual smile. “You’ll look incredible.”

Emily ducked into a bathroom just off the main room, stripping off her soaked bra and underwear, her cheeks flushing at her own reflection in the mirror. She pulled the denim shorts up, the material tight against her hips, hugging her curves in a way that was both embarrassing and… weirdly flattering. She slipped into the crop top, which barely covered her chest, leaving the smooth curve of her waist exposed, the fabric so tight it stretched over her enhanced bustline in a way that was almost laughably impractical. But as she looked at herself in the mirror, she couldn’t deny she looked… hot. Really hot. Really really REALLY hot.

When she stepped out of the bathroom, Wesley’s eyes lit up, a slow smile spreading across his face as he took her in. He straightened, his gaze trailing over her from head to toe, leaving a warm, tingling path in its wake.

“Well,” he said, his voice a little rough, “I think we’ve found your look.”

Emily rolled her eyes, but she couldn’t hide the small, pleased smile tugging at her lips. “It’s ridiculous,” she said, tugging at the hem of the crop top, which rode up the slightest bit higher with every movement.

“Come on. Let’s show this party what we’ve got.”

He led her back out onto the dance floor, the music seeming to pick up right as they entered, the beat vibrating through the room. The crowd parted around them again, as if in awe of their new transformation, the energy of the party pulsing in time with the movement of their bodies.

Emily found herself swaying to the beat, her hand slipping into Wesley’s as they moved together. The tiny shorts hugged her hips with every step, the crop top threatening to ride up even further as she danced, her body responding to the rhythm, to the thrill of being seen, admired. She felt Wesley’s hand slide around her waist, pulling her closer, and she let herself lean into him, her reluctance slipping away under the weight of the music and the neon lights.

In the back of her mind, she knew the story was pulling her deeper, but with Wesley’s arm around her, his confidence feeding her own, she couldn’t bring herself to care. She was in control… even if that control meant embracing the role she was meant to play.

Everything was going according to plan. They'd played along with the narrative's desires, and now they had a certain amount of leeway to act. The partygoers weren't trying to directly interfere with them anymore, nudge them back onto the story's railroad. And what was more, the two of them had gotten to enjoy some...well, benefits. It had barely been an hour, and already he and Emily were completely different from how they'd begun the evening. He looked like he wouldn't have been out of place on the beach with a freshly waxed surfboard under his wiry, muscled arm. And Emily...well. Emily had become *distracting.*

He hadn't been pressuring her to put on that sexy little outfit just for his fulfillment. She'd been in sopping wet underwear and nothing else. She'd *needed* to get into something dry. The fact that she happened to fill it out like a porn parody of a woman was purely coincidental, and did nothing to diminish his good intentions.

That said, he thought as he gave her an appreciative look-over, it had sure felt good when she'd done what he'd said.

Now the two of them moved in perfect unison. His hands roamed her body with casual, practiced familiarity--maybe not necessarily with her body, but at least with the idea that she was far from his first hookup. And what was more, she seemed more than responsive to it. Her own hands kept finding ways to wander down to his flat, toned midsection, fingers tracing fond lines in the ridge down the center of his budding abs. Back in the real world, the two of them would have been an absolute knockout couple, the kind that drew envious looks from everyone who saw them together.

But here, in this surreal 80's meat market reality, the two were still only just above the average. All around them, men preened with huge muscles pressing against their tight tanks and button-downs. Girls knocked back beers that would somehow never send any excess fat to their wasp-thin waists or slender, tanned thighs. Tits that should have sunk underneath their own sheer weight instead openly defied gravity, seeming to support their tiny bikini tops instead of the other way around. Sweaty, young, perfect bodies all glistening with sexually charged sweat, all pressed up against each other.

The more Emily gave in to his leading, the more sensual her movements seemed to become on their own. The crop top seemed to have a natural tendency to ride up, treating him to a healthy glimpse of underboob. It was making it very, very...*hard* for him to keep focused on gaming out their next move.

Wesley leaned in, making it look like he was about to kiss her. He was vaguely embarrassed about the way his hardened cock pressed at the bounds of his thin surfer trunks; there was no way she wouldn't feel it. But he couldn't help it, right? She was a hot babe, and he was a guy, and guys got hard when they danced with hot babes. Even socially conscious, modern guys like him.

"This is still insane, and we still need to get out. But..." He reached up and tucked a strand of her silky black hair behind her ear. "...You look really pretty tonight."

It was delivered in the style of cheesy, poorly written dialogue, not at all like what Wesley had meant to say. He'd meant to discuss with her possibilities of ducking out of the party, trying to get to the edge of town, maybe looking for some kind of hole in this fictional reality that the two of them could slip out of. But when he saw the dumb beach babe Emily was turning into, he found it hard to form more cohesive thoughts.

*Dumb?* he chastised himself. *She's not dumb. She hasn't done anything dumb yet!*

*She's not, like, dumb-dumb,* he corrected himself. *She's just, you know. Dumb in that way that chicks are a little dumber compared to guys. It's why she wants you taking charge right now. She needs you.*

The thought echoed in his mind as he looked down into her Chinadoll face, her plump lips parted suggestively and *just so.*

*She needs you, Wesley...*

"We do have to get out of here." His hands slipped down from the pleasing curves of her waist to rest on her taut, round ass cheeks. "But...maybe we can stay just a little bit longer." His newly handsome face slid into a persuasive grin, the kind that a vaseline-smeared camera lens would absolutely love. "Just so we can teach that hot bitch Missy a lesson."

Emily’s pulse raced as she felt Wesley’s hands slide confidently down to her waist, then lower, resting on her ass in a way that sent little jolts of electricity through her body. She tried to keep her thoughts focused, to hang on to the clarity she’d fought for when she’d first arrived here. But Wesley’s touch had a magnetic pull, and every time he looked down at her with that sharp, newly sculpted jawline and the casual glint in his blue eyes, it grew harder to remember the serious, tactical discussions they’d meant to have.

*“You look really pretty tonight.”*

The line, so cliché and simple, echoed in her head, feeling simultaneously cliche, trite and yet … potent. Emily couldn’t help wondering just how potent Wesley was in other matters … She shook her head. He was right there, close enough for her to lean into, and the heat radiating between them—her curves pressed against his wiry, new muscles—made her cheeks flush and her breathing quicken. His gaze held a cocky challenge, the sort she’d normally roll her eyes at, but in this heightened reality, it felt both strangely fitting and irresistible.

Her hand drifted down to his midsection, fingers lingering over the hard ridges of his abs, feeling his breath hitch under her touch. And there it was—that smug grin tugging at the corner of his mouth, as if he already knew how easily she’d lean into him. But a flicker of her old self surged through, reminding her that this was *still* just some warped story they were trying to escape.

“Stay a little longer, huh?” she teased, letting a bit of her old edge slip into her voice, fighting the urge to fall fully into her new, obedient persona. Her nails trailed lightly across his skin, her hand brushing against the waistband of his trunks as she leaned in, her voice low. “What if we teach Missy a lesson… but not the way she expects?”

A sly smile played on her lips as she locked eyes with him, her gaze glinting with mischief, a spark of their real-world bond breaking through the haze of seduction. Wesley’s grin faltered for just a second as he registered the suggestion, curiosity sparking in his eyes. It was as if, for a fleeting moment, she’d pulled him out of the narrative spell that kept casting him as the cocky, confident heartthrob, back into the clever, strategic thinker she’d first met.

“Yeah?” he murmured, leaning closer, intrigued. “What do you have in mind?”

Emily stood near the snack table, her fingers grazing over the bowl of fruit, selecting a perfectly ripe banana. She glanced over at Wesley, catching his eye with a playful, knowing glint that made his pulse quicken.

Slowly, she peeled the banana, letting each section of the peel drop one by one, her gaze never leaving his. The air between them felt charged, heavy with anticipation, as if the entire party around them had faded into a blur. She lifted the banana to her lips, tilting her head slightly as she parted them, taking a slow, deliberate bite. Her lips wrapped around the fruit in a way that seemed both innocent and undeniably suggestive, her gaze flicking up to meet Wesley’s with a teasing gleam.

Wesley swallowed, feeling the heat rise in his cheeks as she continued, taking small, careful bites, her lips closing around the banana in a rhythm that left his mind spinning. Emily’s tongue darted out to catch a stray bit of fruit on her lip, and she smiled, a playful, mischievous smile that sent his thoughts racing.

Missy was strutted confidently toward Wesley, giving Emily a smug, over-the-shoulder smirk as she tossed her hair with practiced ease. And it was at that exact moment that Emily casually tossed the banana peel directly in front of where Missy was walking.

With a squeal that pierced the music, Missy’s feet flew out from under her, and she landed flat on her back in a puddle of spiked punch that someone had spilled earlier. The pink liquid splashed over her, soaking her electric-blue one-piece until it clung sheer to her skin, leaving very little to the imagination under the harsh lights.

The crowd around her burst into laughter as Missy scrambled to her feet, cheeks flushed, shooting a venomous glare in all directions. Determined to regain her poise, she spotted the DJ platform and seized the moment, hopping up onto it with all the authority of a reigning queen. She struck a pose, arching her back, throwing her arms up in a last-ditch attempt to own the moment. But as she held her triumphant stance, one of her swimsuit straps gave way with an audible snap. She gasped, grabbing the flimsy fabric as it began to slip, desperately trying to keep herself covered.

Just then, a voice yelled from the other side of the pool, “Foam cannon!” A buzzed party staffer accidentally pulled the trigger, sending a blast of thick foam straight at Missy. The sudden spray coated her head to toe, and she stumbled back, her hair collapsing under the weight of the foam. Her perfectly applied makeup began to run, mascara streaking down her cheeks, giving her a raccoon-eyed look as she sputtered and swiped at the foam.

At that exact moment someone popped a bottle of champagne nearby, and as if on cue, the cork shot across the deck, hitting Missy squarely on the rear. She let out a squeal, spinning around and rubbing her backside, but the motion sent her off balance, and she stumbled backward, tumbling into the pool with an undignified splash. Her one-piece rode up uncomfortably as she resurfaced, gasping for air and pulling at the fabric in a frantic attempt to make herself presentable.

But the disasters weren’t finished with her yet. As she climbed out of the pool, still sopping wet and barely keeping her swimsuit intact, someone (whose name might have rhymed with Shmemely) “accidentally” knocked over a bottle of spray-on tan nearby. The bronzer cascaded down onto Missy’s body in thick, dark streaks. She frantically tried to rub it off, only succeeding in smearing it further, leaving her looking like a blotchy, streaky mess.

With a final, furious glare, she stumbled toward the crowd, her movements stiff and awkward. But the DJ, who she’d snubbed earlier, had one last trick for the night. He cranked the speakers and queued up a ridiculous, high-pitched remix of an embarrassing novelty song. The sudden shift in music made her awkward attempts to strut look even sillier, her over-the-top movements syncing perfectly with the absurd rhythm. The crowd’s laughter and jeers drowned out the music, leaving Missy blushing furiously as she was forced to stumble off the deck in complete defeat.

Emily gave Wesley a triumphant grin and whispered in his ear, “"You know, they say karma’s a bitch. But today, I think it’s more of a banana peel."

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The sight of Emily's lips wrapping themselves so effortlessly and sensuously around something so long and thick and white threatened to bring Wesley straight to a new level of arousal. Even the silly, slapstick-y nature of her flirtation only served to make it hotter for him. He was suddenly conscious of the fact that he was breathing hard, his newly grown pec muscles heaving with each exhale.

If that had been the sum total of Emily's game, it would've been an excellent use of her screentime. But the Rube Goldberg-ian destruction of Missy's dignity and poise pushed things to an entirely different level. In that moment, he saw a flicker of the fully lucid girl he'd run into, his fellow castaway from a time when the hole in the ozone layer was a distant and curious memory. It was a strange thing, reconciling her with the big-tittied beach babe standing before him with a mischievous smile on her face.

"I think you just solidified your place in the narrative, Bu--babe," he corrected himself awkwardly. Babe was an unfortunate pivot, considering the two weren't an item (regardless of the electric and undeniable chemistry they felt every time skin met skin). But after a whole evening of hearing everyone else in the house call her "Bunny," the dimunitive and deeply-of-its-time name had very nearly slipped out of him.

But before he could explicate more on that idea, a fresh breeze swept through the party again. It fanned through Emily's raven-black hair with its gentle fingers, teasing it up and out in a wavy style that truly looked as 80s-tastic as a white belt or a line of cocaine on a glass coffee table. The miles of bare midriff exposed by her delicious new outfit gently shrank inward, leaving her with a violin waist and a faint, feminine definition to her soft beach bunny body. Her small, slender fingers now ended in a perfectly ostentatious French manicure.

"Hey, Blaine," whispered a dude in Wesley's ear. "You with the Asian chick?"

It took Wesley a moment to realize that Blaine referred to him. He could barely even conceive of being named something like that. It made him sound like a douchey rich guy...which he guessed was par for the course in movies like these.

"I think..."

But he stopped himself. I think was how a man started a sentence when he wasn't sure of himself. And Wesley was sure of himself, wasn't he? Sure that he and Emily belonged back in the real world, sure that they needed to get out of here, sure that their best way forward was to play along without losing their self-awareness of their place in the story. And if he was that certain of himself, then he needed to answer certainly.

"Yeah," he said.

The fit beach bum took another look at her, even as her hips grew slightly outward and forced the denim to dig not unpleasantly into her soft, supple skin. Then he held up a sun-bronzed hand. "Nice, bro."

Wesley automatically returned the high-five as the wind died down. The new and improved Bunn Emily brightened up at his approach. He liked the way she responded to him like that. "I don't think we could have possibly 'won' this scene any harder than you just won it for us now." He had no trouble giving her the credit for trouncing Missy; it had been hot as hell. But he felt an urge to reassert some ownership over her the scene...just to keep things on track. "We should get out of here while we're ahead."

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# Chapter 3: Pour Some Sugar on Me

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As Wesley held Emily’s hand to lead her away from the pulsing crowd, her fingers slipped effortlessly into his, soft and warm, her red-tipped nails grazing his skin as if designed for this exact scene. Her sultry outfit, the oversized hoops in her ears, the way her body now had that impossibly tiny waistline and those perfectly rounded hips—she looked every bit the part of the unattainable beach babe, though her amused, knowing eyes told him she was very much in on the joke.

They moved through the crowd together, his newfound confidence undeniable, and her body pressed close to his side in a way that made his pulse race. Her lips curved into a mischievous smile every time she caught him glancing down at her, his gaze helplessly drifting to her enhanced curves and the way her crop top and shorts hugged her like a second skin. It was as if the more he looked, the more the reality around them folded to accommodate his desires, reshaping her into something crafted purely for his—and the narrative’s—appreciation.

As they approached the door, Wesley squeezed her hand gently, his other hand resting instinctively on the small of her back as he pulled her close. “We’ve gotta get out of here while we still know who we are,” he murmured, his voice low and almost regretful, as if reluctantly pulling himself back to reality.

Emily tilted her head, her wide, teasing eyes meeting his. “And where are you taking me, Blaine?” She emphasized the name playfully, letting her words roll off her tongue in a way that made his stomach flip.

“Back to my place,” he replied, barely missing a beat. “Or… wherever ‘Blaine’s place’ is supposed to be,” he added, a grin tugging at his lips. He felt the thrill of the unknown, the excitement of seeing just what kind of set this story had cobbled together for him. It was like playing with fire—testing the boundaries of the narrative while it constantly nudged him toward deeper, more irreversible commitments.

Together, they left the party behind, the muffled throb of the music fading as they reached the street. The moonlight cast a silvery glow over the empty streets, bathing everything in a surreal, dreamlike haze. Wesley led her through the neon-lit night, until they arrived at a small bungalow nestled under swaying palms, its white-washed walls glowing under the fluorescent light of a single beachy streetlamp. The house was minimal, all clean lines and glass doors, as if the narrative didn’t have the budget for anything more elaborate.

He pushed the door open, feeling an odd familiarity as they stepped inside, like he’d lived there forever, even though he’d never set foot in it before tonight. And that was when he saw it—the room was empty, save for a single bed, centered under a large window. The bed’s white sheets were ruffled, like it had already been slept in, and there was a breeze blowing through the open window, rustling the gauzy curtains.

“Guess the budget’s tight,” he muttered, trying to sound casual as he took in the blatant setup. It was almost too on-the-nose, like something out of a cheap romance movie, and yet, the moment he stepped inside, the room felt as real as anything he’d ever known.

Emily looked at him, her eyes flickering with a mixture of amusement and uncertainty as she took in the one-bed setup. “No ‘Blaine’s guest room’?” she teased, her voice low, but there was a faint tremor to it, a nervousness that mirrored his own as they both stood there, silently acknowledging the setup, the way it was nudging them into a certain direction.

He chuckled, scratching the back of his neck, but didn’t take his eyes off her. “Looks like we’ll have to improvise.”

Emily bit her lip, the expression sending a jolt of heat through him as she tilted her head, taking a tentative step closer. Her hand rested on his chest, her fingers brushing lightly over the firm muscles beneath his shirt. “Improvise, huh?” Her voice was soft, a mixture of challenge and surrender, as if daring him to make the first move.

Wesley’s heart pounded, and without thinking, he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close, his hands resting on the bare skin of her lower back, where her crop top had ridden up. Her body pressed against his, soft and warm, her chest rising and falling in time with his own ragged breaths. He could smell the faint hint of coconut on her skin, feel the way her curves fit perfectly against him, as if designed just for this.

Their faces were inches apart, her lips parted, her eyes holding his in a way that left him dizzy. He leaned down, close enough that he could feel her breath on his skin, the tension between them thick, tangible, as he brushed a stray strand of hair behind her ear. She tilted her head, her eyes slipping shut, leaning into him just enough to close the distance.

His lips met hers, softly at first, hesitant, as if testing the boundary between what they wanted and what the narrative wanted. But as her lips parted, deepening the kiss, that line blurred, and he found himself pressing against her with a hunger he hadn’t expected. She responded eagerly, her arms looping around his neck, her body arching into his, her soft curves molding against the hard lines of his chest.

He lifted her effortlessly, her legs wrapping around his waist as he carried her toward the bed, the mattress dipping as he lowered her onto it, his body hovering over hers. Her hands roamed over his back, her fingers tangling in his hair as they kissed, their breaths mingling in the quiet, charged air of the room. Her lips were soft, warm, tasting faintly of the beer they’d shared, and he couldn’t help but lose himself in the feeling of her beneath him, her hands, her body, her whispered breaths pulling him deeper into the moment.

But as his hand trailed down her waist, lingering on the curve of her hip, something flickered in the back of his mind—a reminder, faint but insistent. They were here to escape, not to fall into the narrative’s trap, not to let themselves be pulled under completely. The realization brought him back, just enough to pull away, his breath ragged, his heart pounding as he looked down at her, his hand resting on her waist.

“We should… we should stop,” he murmured, though the words felt foreign, forced, as he struggled to keep his grip on the reality he’d come from. “Before this goes too far.”

Emily blinked up at him, her eyes hazy, her cheeks flushed, her lips slightly swollen from their kiss. She nodded slowly, her fingers slipping from his shoulders, though there was a lingering reluctance in her touch. “Yeah… yeah, we should,” she agreed, her voice barely above a whisper.

They lay there, caught between the world they’d known and the world they were trapped in, both of them fighting the pull of the story, the way it wanted to mold them, shape them, draw them closer until they were indistinguishable from the roles it had written for them.

But as they drifted off to sleep, Wesley felt the narrative tugging at the edges of his mind, its hooks sinking deeper, whispering promises of pleasure and adventure, of a life that would be simpler, easier if he would just give in.

Tomorrow, he knew, would be harder to resist.

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1990, Dances With Wolves. 1991, The Silence of the Lambs. 1992, Unforgiven.

This had been Wesley's mental ritual that he'd used since he'd first found himself zapped into this 80's movie. Every morning, when he'd awoken in the soft light of this sexy little beach town, he'd tried to cling to his knowledge of a different world, a world past the glossy sheen of the 80's. And the easiest thing he'd known how to recall in order to keep himself grounded were the Best Picture winners that came after.

1993, Schindler's List. 1994, Forrest Gump. 1995, Braveheart.

He groped for his glasses on his bedside table. Then he remembered that the habit, ingrained in him after a week as the town's resident loser nerd, was no longer necessary. His glasses had changed into sunglasses just that previous night when the first evolutionary wind had struck him. And then, as if remembering a dream, all the other changes came back to him, too.

1996, The English Patient. 1997, Titanic. 1998...

The memories swirled all around him. The party. The dance. The ethereal choreography. Cold beers, hot tunes, big muscles and bigger tits.

1998...

Missy, in that electric blue thong that made the space between his legs ache in the best way. And of course--

"Shakespeare in Love!" he gasped, rolling over.

Emily lay peacefully in "his" bed. Her silky black hair spilled out across her pillow like a beautiful ink stain, somehow perfectly coiffed despite a night of sleep. Her makeup was still fully applied, with nary a smear evident on her white pillow. And beneath the thin linen sheets that ruffled in the ocean breeze, her nipples were very, very clearly erect and hard.

He glanced down his own body. Sure enough, he was sporting a hardness of his own. Certainly one much, much bigger than what he was used to looking down at.

Softly, he slipped out of bed, trying not to wake her. He tried to take in the sight of his place. Modest, barebones, low-budget. Not at all suitable for a protagonist.

You're not a protagonist, he tried to remind himself. You and Emily are inmates, scheming your way out of a very sexy prison.

But then in the corner, he caught sight of something: a mirror. In something of a daze, he wandered over to it. He could hardly believe what he saw looking back at him.

The young man had wind-tousled blonde hair and bright blue eyes. His skin had a gentle tan to it. His face was boyishly handsome, and starting to gain a certain patrician symmetry to it. And his muscles...fuck. He had them. They weren't gigantic, but he hadn't realized the cumulative effect of all the night's breezes and little impacts until now. There was some eye-catching definition to them, which the bright morning sunlight only seemed to carve deeper lines into. He was wearing a pair of black briefs he didn't remember going to sleep in, and their elasticated cotton was having a hell of a time containing the morning wood that Emily had provoked out of him.

1999, he thought, admiring his reflection. He grinned as he experimented with a double-bicep pose. American Beauty.

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Emily stirred, the warm sunlight seeping through the window and brushing across her bare shoulders. She stretched languidly, half-expecting to wake up back in her modest apartment in the real world, where the air smelled of coffee and the biggest challenge of her morning was not hitting snooze. But instead, she found herself in a surreal pastel dreamscape, the scent of salty ocean air mixed with something sweet—something she didn’t remember from last night.

Her gaze fell on Wesley as he moved around the tiny kitchen in nothing but a pair of black briefs, his muscled back taut as he worked over the counter. His hair, once unruly and dorky, was tousled into something maddeningly attractive, golden in the sunlight. It hit her, all at once, that he looked almost like the kind of magazine centerfold guy she would’ve cut out in high school and tucked into her journal, back when she was a hopeful romantic with zero sense of irony.

She watched in a haze as he set down a couple of eggs with a mischievous grin, shooting her a glance over his shoulder that made her pulse skip. “Morning, beautiful,” he murmured, the words rolling off his tongue with effortless charm.

“Morning, Blaine,” she replied, amused by the goofy name this place had chosen for him. She slipped out of bed, her skin prickling with the unexpected thrill of walking barefoot toward him, feeling more self-aware than usual in her own body. Her usual pajamas had been replaced with an oversized button-up that only just grazed her upper thighs. Of course. Every step felt purposeful, magnetic, as though she were moving in time with a beat only the two of them could hear.

He held up a frying pan, waggling his eyebrows. “Hungry?”

“Starving,” she answered, her voice husky, surprised to find she meant it in more ways than one. The narrative seemed to be shifting around them, pulling them closer. Every motion, every glance was more intense, more charged than anything she’d experienced outside this bizarre world.

Wesley cracked an egg, and she watched, mesmerized, as the yolk spilled over the pan, sizzling in the butter he’d liberally spread. She found herself leaning against the counter, her eyes tracing the outline of his muscled forearms as he worked, his every movement dripping with effortless sensuality. She was sure he hadn’t known how to cook before, yet here he was, moving with an easy confidence that felt all too practiced.

“Here,” he said, holding a spoonful of honey over the pancake batter with a teasing grin. “Wanna taste?”

She smirked, letting her lips part as she leaned in. Her mouth closed around the spoon, the honey thick and sweet on her tongue. But when she met his gaze, there was nothing innocent about the way he was watching her, his blue eyes darkening. His hand moved to her wrist, his thumb brushing over her pulse, slow and deliberate.

The next thing she knew, she was helping him whip cream in a bowl, her hand over his, the repetitive motion sending a curious heat up her arm. When a dollop of whipped cream landed on her collarbone, she laughed, half-embarrassed, about to swipe it off herself. But Wesley beat her to it, his thumb moving with torturously slow precision as he wiped the cream from her skin, his face inches from hers.

“Missed a spot,” he murmured, his gaze locked onto hers. And before she knew what was happening, he was leaning in, his mouth hovering over her skin. He brushed his lips across her collarbone, capturing the hint of cream left behind, his breath warm against her skin.

Her pulse hammered in her ears, and she found herself gripping the edge of the counter, grounding herself, because her legs were starting to feel like jelly. This isn’t real, she reminded herself. It’s just the narrative pulling us in. It’s just…

But then his lips traced up the side of her neck, his breath hot and heavy as he whispered, “You taste like heaven,” and her resolve crumbled like powdered sugar. She tilted her head, her fingers trailing over his muscled chest, the warmth of his skin almost enough to make her forget why they’d been trying so hard to resist.

They were inches away from surrender when, suddenly, a flicker of a memory broke through the spell. She remembered the dim glow of her apartment, the feel of her own pajamas, the hum of the world outside the one they were in now. She pulled back, her cheeks flushed, her breath coming fast.

“Wesley,” she said softly, her voice thick with the weight of everything they’d almost done. He blinked, the same realization dawning in his eyes as he leaned back, his hand lingering on her waist for just a moment longer than necessary.

“Right,” he muttered, rubbing the back of his neck as though to shake off the spell. “We… got a little carried away.”

She couldn’t help but laugh softly. “Yeah. I think the bacon’s burning.”

Wesley shot a glance at the pan, grimacing as he rescued the charred remains with a hasty spatula swipe. But before they could even share a knowing smile, something else caught their attention—a distant sound, deep and rolling, like thunder. It was low and rhythmic, familiar in a way that tugged at Wesley’s mind, grounding him back in the surreal beach world they were in.

He frowned, glancing toward the open window. “Is that… the ocean?”

Drawn by a strange, magnetic pull, he moved to the door, Emily following close behind. They stepped outside, the sand cool beneath their feet, the morning sky a gradient of sherbet-colored clouds as they made their way down to the beach.

As they approached, the familiar figures of the town’s locals came into focus, lining up on the shore with surfboards in hand, most of them half-dressed in tank tops and swim trunks. But the girls—all impossibly beautiful and carefree, their beach-babe bodies shimmering under the early sunlight—were completely, unapologetically naked, laughing as they adjusted their boards.

A local guy with salt-streaked hair and a ripped body grinned at them, giving Wesley a nod. “Hey, Blaine! Ready for some Dawn Surfing?”

Before he could even process the question, one of the girls—a tanned blonde with a wide grin and no shame whatsoever—clapped him on the shoulder, then gave Emily an encouraging nudge toward the lineup. “Hope you’re up for it! Rule of Dawn Surfing is: boys keep their trunks, girls keep nothin’. Just makes the game more interesting!”

Emily’s jaw dropped as the girl flashed her a cheeky grin before running toward the waves, her bare backside bouncing as she dashed through the surf. Wesley turned to Emily, his brows raised in disbelief, but there was something in the air, an electric, undeniable pull that was coaxing him toward the water, daring him to play along.

He managed a sheepish smile, shrugging as he held out a surfboard toward her. “Guess we’re doing this, huh?”

Emily bit her lip, a mixture of reluctance and excitement flickering in her eyes. She could feel the narrative nudging her, telling her this was just another game to play, a rite of passage into this strange, sexy world. And despite her hesitation, a thrill stirred in her chest. This world seemed determined to push every boundary, to draw them into its glossy, seductive embrace.

“Only if you can keep up,” she shot back, surprising herself as she reached for the board, her voice playful, defiant. There was no way she’d let this place break her completely. Not yet.

Together, they waded into the water, the surf cool against their skin as they paddled out. She could feel Wesley’s presence beside her, a reassuring weight in a world that felt increasingly surreal, each wave carrying them further from reality. The locals cheered and laughed, the girls flashing sly glances at the guys, taunting them, daring them to keep their trunks safe.

And as the first wave rose behind her, she felt it—that wild, inexplicable urge to play, to dive headfirst into whatever insane challenge this world threw her way.

Emily grinned, catching Wesley’s eye, feeling the thrill of the waves, the pull of the narrative, the undeniable spark between them.

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The water lapped up to embrace Emily and Wesley as they plunged headlong into its glittering vastness. Neither one of them had surfed before this moment. Yet their bodies, once again, seemed to be telling them exactly what to do. A wave gently pulsed underneath them. Emily and Wesley’s eyes met: his round and sapphire, hers amber and exotic. A shared understanding ran through them, an undeniable instinct: *Not yet.*

"You're cheating," Emily said playfully to him. She nodded to his skimpy black briefs, which the water had plastered to him, leaving the contours of his cock quite visible in the bright morning sun. "It's gonna be, like, really hard to get those off you."

Wesley clocked her choice of words. He was still erect with desire, a leftover feeling from their electric moment in his little bungalow kitchen that even the gentle coolness of the water couldn't quell. He grinned back at her, then gestured to the soaked button-down she'd paddled out in. "You're the one who's cheating."

She shook her head. "I just wanted to be able to see your face when I did this."

Rather than unbutton it, she simply pulled it overhead and casually tossed it aside. It landed on the surf, where other assorted items of discarded beach clothing already floated. But Wesley wasn't paying attention to that. He was staring at the jaw-dropping beauty of his girl.

It wasn't like he hadn't known what Emily's body looked like now. The clothes this place gave her did everything they could to highlight it. But there was something different about just *seeing* it for himself. The brown-pink shade of her perfect little nipples, pointing proudly skyward on the ends of her inflated bustline. The alluringly hairless pussy that made his already-hard cock throb with an overwhelming desire to leap off his board and onto hers so he could take her right there in the waves.

She seemed to be able to read his mind. She smirked. "Surf's up, Blaine."

Wesley felt a big wave start to catch on his board. "Hang ten, Bunny."

Neither of them had ever been surfing before this morning. Yet they both instinctively knew exactly when to stand up and how to guide their boards as they were carried into the tide's watery embrace.

And then they were off: not just them, but all the locals, the sun lavishing light across their bare, tight bodies. Wesley was quick to steer his board clear of Emily, thinking she'd go for a quick grab. But when he looked back, she'd hared off straight for the guy who'd challenged them to dawn surfing in the first place. He hadn't expected someone to come after him right away. He tried to steer himself clear of her, but Emily's hand wrapped confidently around the loose folds of his red-and-blue striped trunks and pulled. He grinned and the other locals laughed as his bare pink cock flapped in the breeze.

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The wave surged beneath her as Emily tightened her grip on the guy’s trunks. Some part of her mind knew his name was Rad. She hadn’t known that seconds ago, but now that information was fully formed in her mind, as real as his red-and-blue trunks, that she was giving a playful yank. They slid right off, leaving his bare ass glistening in the morning light. Rad let out a hoot, his voice breaking into a carefree laugh that seemed to echo over the whole beach. He turned back to her, clearly unfazed by his sudden exposure, grinning like he’d just won the jackpot.

“Whoa, Bunny, you’re radical!” Rad laughed, throwing his head back as he kicked one bare leg over his board, his balance seemingly undisturbed. “Didn’t think you had it in you!”

“Oh, you have no idea what I have in me,” Emily shot back, her voice laced with a flirtatious tease she didn’t even recognize as her own. Something about the surf, the sun, the wild thrill of the wave made every nerve in her body light up. She spun Rad’s trunks around one finger, flashing him a mischievous smile as she slipped them on over her hips, pulling them up snug around her waist. Her flotation devices were still on full display, however.

Rad cocked an eyebrow as he eyed her, the bold red-and-blue stripes stretched tight over her curves. “Aw, Bunny,” he said, his voice full of exaggerated wistfulness, “they look even better on you than they did on me. But fair is fair, babe—I gotta get my digs back.”

Without warning, he leaned toward her, reaching for the waistband of his own trunks now clinging to her hips. Emily gave a playful squeal, shimmying her hips out of his reach and throwing herself back into the wave, paddling just ahead of him with her bare chest pressed down to the board, making a delightfully squishy sight as the salty spray cooling her skin as the locals cheered and whistled.

But Rad wasn’t giving up that easily. He pushed his own surfboard toward her, his muscular body slicing through the water like he’d been born to it, his bare ass cutting through the waves with every kick. She couldn’t help but laugh as he closed in, that all-American blond hair flying wild as he grinned back at her with a spark of mischief that perfectly matched her own.

“You can run, Bunny, but you can’t hide!” Rad called out, his voice a gleeful shout over the rolling surf.

Emily turned to glance back, her playful defiance turning into laughter when she realized he was nearly on top of her. “Maybe I don’t want to hide! Maybe I want your shirt too!” she shouted back, the words spilling out of her as naturally as the waves themselves.

They carved their way through the water, Emily leading the chase as Rad followed close behind, the two of them weaving and dodging through the other surfers. The locals cheered them on, whooping as they watched the flirtatious surf-off unfold, their laughter mixing with the sound of the waves and the distant call of seagulls.

Rad caught up with her, his hand slipping around her waist as he balanced them both, her body flush against his as they rode out the wave in perfect synchrony. His free hand reached down, his fingers hooking just inside the waistband of his trunks on her hips, his eyes glinting with playful mischief. “I’m gonna have to get these back sooner or later,” he teased, his fingers brushing further and further down the shorts Emily was wearing.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Emily replied, the words spilling out before she could think them through. She let her hands rest on his bare shoulders, feeling the strength of his muscles under her palms, her body swaying with the rhythm of the surf. “I think they suit me.”

Rad grinned, his hand slipping lower on her waist as he whispered back, “You keep talking like that, Bunny, and I’ll be giving you a lot more than my trunks.”

For a moment, they were perfectly balanced, the sun shining down on them, their bodies close, every inch of her pressed against him, bare skin meeting bare skin. She could feel his heartbeat through the warmth of his skin, the wild thrill of the surf echoed in his touch. Her breath caught, her mind fogging with the heady mix of salt and sun and the magnetic pull of Rad’s easy confidence, his boyish charm.

She barely registered it when Wesley caught up to them, grinning like a devil as he approached from the other side. His own board slid smoothly alongside theirs, and he held up a pair of neon-pink trunks he’d snagged from another surfer along the way, his grin widening as he tossed them at Rad.

“Here you go, Rad—cover up a little, yeah?” Wesley’s voice was all smug satisfaction, his blue eyes glinting jealousy as he took in the sight of Emily and Rad together. He slipped an arm around her waist, pulling her close in a way that left no room for question about who he was really here for.

Rad gave an exaggerated pout but slipped into the neon-pink trunks without a fuss, flashing them both a thumbs-up as he struck a pose on his board, drawing more laughter and applause from the crowd onshore. Emily found herself grinning, caught between Wesley’s arm around her waist and the wild, daring energy of the game.

With a final glance between them, the three caught one last wave together, Emily sandwiched between Wesley’s grounded confidence and Rad’s wild, carefree spirit, feeling more alive than she’d felt in ages. The crowd cheered as they rode the wave all the way to shore, leaving their game behind in the rolling surf.

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As they walked back from the surf, Bunny Emily was absolutely aglow. Not only did she look achingly gorgeous even in a pair of borrowed men's swim trunks, but she'd easily done the best at the Dawn Surfing game. She'd successfully yanked the trunks off the best surfer in the pack, and then she'd held onto them...and his attentions in the process.

But while Wesley understood it was good that Emily had played her role so deftly, he was bothered. The sight of her flirting so easily with Rad...it wasn't jealousy, because of course he wasn't jealous. Emily was a woman with agency and ideas, not a hot piece of ass for him to own and show off like a cheap status symbol. But when he'd watched the two of them briefly carry on in the surf just now, he'd felt a snarling instinct that, if put into words, roughly translated to, *Get your hands off my girl, bud.*

"Wesley?" Emily said brightly. "Is everything okay?"

"Yes," he replied. He was trying to think this through. There had to be a way to make this work to their advantage. "But I think the narrative needs me to be jealous of you and Rad."

Her pretty little head cocked in surprise. "What do you mean?"

He was finding the idea in real time as he spoke, his speech as halting as it was calculating. "This story's about us, right? And if we do what the story wants, it'll give us more power in the world. So I'll get more narrative power if I start getting jealous and acting like you belong to me. It wouldn't be real. Just, you know, pretend."

He said it with absolute certainty: this *was* going to be their story. And he decided to start enacting it before Emily had a chance to ask him any follow-up questions, or even agree.

He quickened his stride. He was noticing that he walked so much faster now; he was getting taller, which meant longer legs. "Hey! Rad!" Rad turned around in time to see him approach. "What were you doing, putting your hands on my girl?"

Rad's cool surfer-dude persona changed slightly as his function within the story seemed to update itself in real time. His winning smile gained a cocky edge to it that wasn't terribly different from the one Wesley had been sporting lately. "Just a little game, Blaine. We were both playing by the rules. Who knows? Maybe she liked the view on my part of the beach better."

He glanced down at Wesley's black briefs when he said that last bit, arching a teasing eyebrow. The girls on the beach all giggled and went *"Ooh!"* in perfect unison.

Wesley was immediately hit with the urge to fold under that kind of public pressure. But that wouldn't do. He had to play the role of a guy who *owned*Bunny, who *deserved* to own Emily, who didn't even question that Emily was his. The fact that Emily was right there, perfectly capable of speaking up for herself, didn't enter into the equation at all.

So he reached up and gently shoved Rad's shoulder. Behind them all, the naked girls all let out another chorus of *"Ooh!"* They loved it when the boys fought, apparently.

Rad grinned and pushed him back. Just a little bit harder. He was bigger, more muscular. Wesley had to really dig his feet into the sand to stop himself from falling over. He shoved Rad back, this time hard enough for Rad's whole muscular torso to twist one way before stopping. The light of a challenge glinting in his eye, he made to shove Wesley with all his might--

--and Wesley casually stepped out of the way.

The momentum carried him forward, his feet suddenly unstable in the sand. With a shout, he fell forward, the impact kicking up a big cloud of sand. When it cleared, Rad found himself face to face with a little crab walking sideways. The moment his eyes focused on it, its claw reached out and clamped down hard on his sun-bronzed nose. He screamed and tried to get back up, only for a passing seagull to drop a white mark straight on his face. He thrashed around clumsily in the sand, no longer looking like a serious romantic contender at all.

Wesley reached out with a toned arm and dragged Emily to his side so that she was pressed up against him, his hand clamped down on her violin-skinny waist in a clear demonstration of ownership. "How's the view down there?" he crowed, as all the naked girls pointed and laughed at the fallen Rad.

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Emily barely had time to process what had just happened. One moment, Rad was towering over Wesley with that cocky, surfer-god grin, his hand drifting to her waist like he owned the right to touch her. And then, in a whirlwind of sand and stray crab claws, he was flailing on the ground, shouting as he wrestled with a seagull’s unwelcome surprise on his face.

She blinked, stunned at Wesley’s newfound strength—and the possessive arm around her waist, pulling her against his toned side. Wesley wasn’t just defending her honor, he was staking a claim. He was holding her with an undeniable possessiveness that made her heart race and her cheeks warm. The grip on her waist felt solid, unyielding, in a way that stirred something deep and thrilling within her.

“Guess we know who the real winner is here,” Wesley murmured, his voice low and laced with satisfaction as he shot a triumphant look at Rad.

Rad stumbled back to his feet, wiping sand off his face, his nose still red and pinched from the crab’s little love bite. The girls on the beach laughed and clapped, cheering Wesley on with giggles and coy glances that left no doubt as to which guy they’d pick if given the chance. They were absolutely in love with Wesley’s newfound swagger—and, despite herself, so was Emily.

He pulled her along the beach, steering her with that same firm grip, and before she knew it, they’d arrived at a little beachside bar. The neon sign above the entrance flickered, reading “The Wet Spot” in a suggestive pink glow.

Emily stifled a laugh. “The Wet Spot?” she asked, glancing over at Wesley with an amused, raised brow.

“Guess subtlety isn’t exactly on the menu,” he replied with a grin, holding the door open for her. Inside, the bar was packed with the usual crowd: sun-bronzed guys with sculpted muscles and gleaming white smiles, and girls with hourglass bodies squeezed into bikinis that left very little to the imagination. A sign above the bar read “Drink Till You Drop…or Just Drop Your Pants,” and a menu scrawled on a chalkboard boasted cocktails;

· Sex on the Beach

· Blow Job

· Screaming Orgasm

· Wet Dream

· Dirty Girl Scout

· Sex in the Driveway

· Panty Dropper

· Deep Throat

· Quickie on the Rocks

· Naughty Schoolgirl

· French Kiss

· Body Shot

· Slow Comfortable Screw

· Multiple Orgasms

· Hot Sex

· The Red-Headed Slut

· Menage a Trois

They slid up to the bar, Wesley keeping his arm around her waist, and she found herself leaning into him a little more than usual. It wasn’t just the natural pull of his newfound confidence. She felt… soft, almost pliant, like her body was trying to fold into his as much as possible. She felt herself gazing up at him with wide, slightly glazed eyes, her own thoughts growing fuzzier and fainter the more she leaned against his solid, reassuring warmth.

She tugged on his arm. “Wesley, I’m, like… so thirsty.” Her voice sounded breathy, lighter, even to her own ears. She gave him a little pout, a pleading look she hadn’t intended but which flowed out of her all the same. The effort of trying to maintain that sharp wit and resistance she was so proud of seemed to melt away, replaced by the urge to lean into the scene, to let it carry her along like the warm waves of the surf.

“Thirsty, huh?” Wesley shot her a grin, his arm tightening slightly on her waist. “Why don’t you order us something?”

She nodded, glancing at the menu with wide eyes. Her gaze landed on a cocktail called “The Wet Dream.” The description simply read: Sweet, slippery, and guaranteed to take you for a ride.

She giggled, barely thinking twice as she flagged down the bartender. “I’ll have a Screaming Orgasm please, sir.” The sir just came out.

The bartender, a sun-bleached guy in board shorts and sunglasses, flashed her a smirk as he set down a tall glass filled with a frothy, pink drink topped with a glistening cherry. “You know the rules right?” he said as he hand waved towards a sign that Emily couldn’t read. Too many girating bodies in front of it but she was over 21 so she was sure it would be fine and nodded her head. “Then coming right up,” he said, sliding it toward her with a wink.

As she was waiting for her drink Emily watched, wide-eyed, as a tall brunette in a skintight leopard-print mini dress leaned over the bar, her bright red nails tapping on the counter as she ordered her drink.

“Red-Headed Slut,” the woman purred, a wicked smirk playing on her lips as the bartender handed her a glass filled with an amber liquid that seemed to shimmer in the dim light.

Without missing a beat, the woman downed the drink in one impressive gulp, licking her lips as if savoring every last drop. Then, with a dramatic hair flip, she strutted toward the bathroom, grabbed a bottle with a suspiciously large label that stated it was “Red Hair Dye” and with her hips swaying in a way that seemed to command attention.

Emily’s drink quickly arrived and she drunk it all down in one gulp. It was soooooooooo good! So had to have another one and signaled the bartender. This time she’d have a Panty Droper. Smirking, the Bartender placed another drink in front of her: “Feeling adventurous on multiple fronts huh?” The bright orange drink sparkled in the light, the garnish of a thin, suggestively sliced piece of pineapple perched on the rim.

Wesley raised an eyebrow, his gaze flickering between her and the drink. “You sure you’re ready for that?”

Her mind swam, the narrative pulling her along with its seductive allure, and she found herself nodding. “Mhm… it’s just… a drink, right?” She took a sip, the taste washing over her as she closed her eyes, a warm blush spreading across her cheeks.

Wesley’s hand slid up her back, his fingers tracing gentle patterns on her skin as he leaned down, his lips brushing against her ear. “Careful, Bunny. Who knows what’ll happen if you have another?”

She giggled, her inhibitions melting away as she grabbed his hand, pulling him toward a nearby table where a group of beach-goers were gathered, downing shots and competing to make the most absurdly named cocktails. One girl in a neon-pink bikini grinned as she passed Emily a drink with a little umbrella in it, a sign reading “French Kiss” stuck into the garnish.

“Try it, babe,” the girl said with a laugh. “But remember the rule!”

Emily was over 21. Why did people keep bringing up the rule? But she laughed as she raised the drink to her lips, her heart racing as she took a sip. The crowd cheered, the music thumping in time with the racing beat of her pulse, and she found herself glancing up at Wesley.

But beneath the alcohol-induced glow, something deeper gnawed at her. She couldn’t help but wonder what role she was supposed to play in this warped reality. There were so many tropes in these movies, and she felt herself sliding closer to all of them, unsure which one would ultimately claim her.

Was she meant to be the naïve new girl? The wide-eyed innocent just trying to find her footing in this shiny, exaggerated version of paradise? She pictured herself as the classic, clueless heroine, the one who accidentally stumbles into every risqué scenario and charms everyone with her purity and curiosity. She’d be the girl who blushes easily, who looks confused when the locals crack innuendos, who everyone assumes is too innocent for the world she’s in—until, bit by bit, they tease her out of her shell.

Or maybe she was supposed to be the girl in the love triangle, the irresistible center between two polar-opposite men. She glanced at Wesley, who was growing into a leading man faster than she could process, and remembered the look Rad had given her during Dawn Surfing. Was this the classic tug-of-war? The girl torn between the “nice guy” who brings out her best and the “bad boy” who brings out her wild side? Would she be the one everyone chased, fought over, only to finally choose between the two with some dramatic, life-changing kiss under a sunset?

But then again, what if she was supposed to be the good girl who goes bad? The one who, bit by bit, shed her real-world inhibitions and transformed into a sun-kissed seductress who rules the beach? She could practically see it—a montage of her learning how to use her new looks to her advantage, becoming the flirty, confident bombshell that made all heads turn. The good girl who got caught up in the wrong crowd, who learned to bend the rules and take charge, who kept her admirers at her beck and call with a single wink.

On the other hand, maybe the narrative wanted her to be the bad girl who goes good. The edgy outsider with a wild streak, reluctantly finding herself softened by the kindness of a hero like Wesley. In this version, she’d be the alluring bad influence, the girl who teaches the rules of the party but hides her softer side until he draws it out of her. Maybe she was the girl the locals warned Wesley about, the “trouble” he shouldn’t get mixed up with, the sultry siren who eventually traded her bikini for something more innocent, all because he saw something good in her.

There was also the classic role of the seductress who didn’t know her own power. She’d be the girl who, without trying, made guys fall at her feet, made other girls jealous, and turned every room she entered into her own personal stage. She’d be shy, almost oblivious, but somehow each guy would think she was winking just for him, that every laugh she shared was a secret meant only for him.

Or maybe she was meant to be the damsel in distress, the girl who kept finding herself in over her head, only to have Wesley swoop in at the last second to rescue her. She’d be the one everyone else tried to save, protect, and look out for. She’d be the girl who stumbled, the girl who got tangled up in everything from jet ski chases to bikini contests, needing a hero at every turn to bail her out.

Then again, there was the role of the party girl with a heart of gold, the girl who laughed the loudest, drank the most, and danced on every surface in sight, but deep down just wanted something real. She could be the one who everyone assumed was just in it for the fun, who showed up to every party, who loved being the center of attention, but was quietly hoping someone would see through it all and look deeper.

And what if she was meant to be the beach queen, the reigning It Girl who ruled this world and had everyone’s attention without even trying? She’d be the confident, unattainable bombshell, the one everyone knew, respected, and envied, who could turn the tide of the party with a single look. If that were her role, she’d have to lean fully into the game, becoming the master of every scene, embracing the spotlight, and making the world her own personal playground.

She was lost in her thoughts and was only pulled out of them when the bathroom door swung open, and the woman who ordered a “Red Headed Slut” re-emerged—but now, her hair was a brilliant, fiery red, styled in loose waves that cascaded over her shoulders. The color was intense, almost glowing under the neon bar lights, and it gave her an entirely new, electric energy.

Before Emily could even process the transformation, the woman zeroed in on two guys standing by the pool table. She strode up to them, sliding her arms around each of their shoulders, pulling them close as though she’d known them her whole life. The guys’ eyes widened in surprise, but they didn’t hesitate; within seconds, she was leaning in, kissing first one, then the other, her hands going down both of their pants as her mouth alternated between them with an almost greedy fervor.

Emily felt her cheeks flush as she watched, half in shock, half in desire. The woman didn’t just own the moment—she devoured it, making out with both men like she’d forgotten the entire bar was watching.

And that’s when she saw the sign, “If you order it, you have to fulfill it.”

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# Chapter 4: Hungry Like the Wolf

Wesley watched as the newly minted redhead began to sexually devour her two new friends at the pool table. The discarded bottle of Red Hair Dye lay in the corner. And just beyond her, the huge sign with the rules of the Wet Spot loomed, its terms quite clear to him now.

*Well,* he thought, setting down his own untouched drink, *good thing I didn't order the Naughty Schoolgirl.*

But Bunny. She'd had, in short succession, a Screaming Orgasm, a Panty Dropper, and enough of a French Kiss to be legally binding. It had been hot, watching her down those drinks like she meant business. It had also been hot, on a deeper level, watching her inhibitions (and if he was being honest, some of her wits) fade away as the neon alcohol flooded into her system. But now, as with all bar experiences, they had to pay the tab.

The two of them glanced around the bar. People were still carrying on, drinking and dancing. The Redheaded Slut was in the corner still, working the zipper of one man's acid-washed jeans and being a distraction Wesley actively had to work to ignore. But they could both sense the peoples' collective attention starting to drift their way, as if he and Bunny were having an increasingly audible argument and they all wanted to eavesdrop. And he sensed that the more they garnered attention, the more displeased the narrative would become. The more displeased the narrative became, the less power they would have.

He glanced down at his modest but defined muscles. At Bunny's rapidly swelling curves. They couldn't give up their power. Not now. He had to do something.

He put a controlling hand on her alcohol-flushed face. The contrast of his tanned white fingers on her light brown cheeks made something twitch alive inside of his black briefs. "Let's settle up, babe."

And then, at last, he leaned down to kiss her.

He'd planned to game out how to make this work in the narrative later. They were flirting, but later they would theoretically be able to get into a disagreement because one of them would be able to say that this kiss didn't count and the other would take offense. Or, if they were setting themselves up for a triangle with Missy, this would be fair payback after he'd made out with her last night in order to start his own personal Hero's Journey. It left them with a lot of potential options moving forward.

But he would be lying if he said he was actually thinking about that. What he was thinking about was the feeling of lightning coursing through his whole body, charged wherever Bunny's fingers roamed across it. He was closing his eyes, shutting out every detail of the bar around them and giving himself over only to the warmth and softness of her lips and the needful probing of her tongue.

He returned the tongue, savoring the phantom flavor of her drinks that lingered on her palate. They were sweet and fruity and sharp and they mingled with the scent of *girl* that filled his nostrils. It was that scent that drove his heart to race, his breaths to sharpen, his manhood to turn to steel. Her large, soft breasts pressed up against his muscles, her pointed nipples grazing alluringly against his skin.

He wanted to take her right there. He knew she would let him. He knew no one in the bar would care at all if he bent her over the barstool she was sitting on, exposing her tight and exotic snatch so he could unknot himself after she'd got him so twisted up. She would love the feeling of his hand on her back, shoving her down against the flat wooden surface to keep her steady so he could go as deep as he wanted for as long as either of them could hang on. And he was starting to paw at her hips, starting to naturally thrust his own against her body as their tongues continued to intertwine in the bridge formed by their locked lips.

And then he was back in the moment. No. He couldn't take Emily here. He wanted to. And he knew she wanted it. But to just fuck her with raw, primal abandon? That was the kind of thing that the guys native to this movie did. And he was still Wesley, just like she was still Emily.

They separated, a thin tendril of saliva stretching between the two of them. They stared straight into each other's eyes with excitement and unfulfilled desire, while all around them everyone in the bar had started cheering and holding up their drinks in salute.

One of the server girls, a Joan Jett type with black teased-out hair, tattooed arms, and a black one-piece with a plunging navel neckline, clanked a large empty beer glass on the counter. "That's one down! Two to go!"

Emily had changed out of her swim trunks before she had entered the bar. She just happened to have a spare in her purse for some reason and of course it was designed to be daring and alluring, every detail carefully crafted to highlight her body with an effortless sensuality. She wore a white crop top, the fabric thin enough to cling to her curves without hiding much of anything beneath. The top had a low, scooped neckline, dipping dangerously to reveal the gentle swell of her cleavage, and the hem cut just above her midriff, leaving her stomach bare and showing off her toned amber skin that seemed to glow under the bar’s lights. The crop top was snug, fitted to show off her frame, and every move she made seemed to make it shift slightly, adding to the tension, as though one wrong step might reveal even more.

Her shorts were equally mesmerizing—ultra-short, denim cutoffs that hugged her hips and sat low, skimming her thighs and leaving little to the imagination. The frayed edges of the shorts brushed against her upper thighs, accentuating the smooth lines of her legs and drawing the eye with every step she took. The shorts were just tight enough to highlight the curve of her backside, fitted perfectly to make her look long-legged and effortlessly sultry. The waistband sat so low on her hips that it left a sliver of her black lace panties peeking out, a small, tantalizing glimpse that hinted at something more daring beneath.

With a slow, measured exhale, Emily let her fingers drift down to the low-slung waistband of her denim cutoffs, where the frayed edges teased at her upper thighs. Her gaze never left Wesley’s, and as her fingertips hooked into the fabric, her lips parted slightly, a breathless invitation and challenge all at once. She began to slide the shorts down, the worn denim gliding over her hips, catching momentarily on the curve before slipping lower, inch by inch, revealing more and more of her toned, honey-toned skin.

Around them, the bar quieted, the hum of conversation dimming as people noticed, their gazes drawn to her. The air felt charged with anticipation, a shared tension building as eyes flicked between her and Wesley, their collective attention magnetic, inescapable. The denim slid further, exposing the tops of her thighs, the slightest edge of her black lace panties now visible—a delicate hint that made her heartbeat race, daring her, urging her to let go of any remaining inhibitions.

Wesley’s expression shifted as he watched, the playful light in his eyes giving way to something deeper, more intent. A slow smile curved his lips, one that held a promise she could feel resonating through her, his hand resting on the small of her back, grounding her while also urging her forward.

Finally, with one last, deliberate tug, the denim slipped past her thighs, falling to the floor. She stood there in her black lace panties, feeling the cool air brush against her exposed skin, every inch of her alive and aware. The delicate lace hugged her hips, its intricate patterns following the soft lines of her thighs, tapering into a slender ribbon at her waist. A tiny satin bow rested just above her hips, a sweet detail on a garment that felt both daring and powerful. The lace itself, sheer and barely-there, clung to her curves like a second skin, the fine fabric catching the neon glow from the bar’s lights, casting her skin in a warm, exotic glow.

She let her fingers trace the line of her thigh, feeling the warmth of her own skin under her touch, acknowledging the allure she had, the effect she had on those around her. Her dark, silken hair framed her face as she shifted slightly, the lace of her panties moving with her, accentuating her curves, as it slid down down her legs before coming free.

Emily quickly put back on her short shorts and then she hesitated, a coy smile playing at the corners of her lips as she reached down to pick up her discarded panties from where they lay at her feet. Her fingers traced the soft lace almost absently, feeling the delicate fabric between her fingertips, the gentle weight of it in her hands. She glanced up at Wesley, her gaze bright and daring, as a new idea took root.

With a slow, teasing movement, she lifted the panties to her hair, gathering her long, silken black locks together. She wrapped the lace around her hair, twisting it into a loose, casual ponytail. The delicate black lace contrasted against the dark gloss of her hair, the bow at the front of the panties settling just above the nape of her neck.

Her smile grew as she adjusted it, the lace barely holding her hair back in a way that was both playful and undeniably bold. She tilted her head, catching Wesley's eye with a look that was equal parts challenge and invitation, as if daring him to react.

"So… what do you think, Blaine?" she murmured, her voice low, husky, and laced with a laughter she could barely contain. "It’s just… practical, right?" She shot him a flirtatious smile, tugging lightly on the makeshift ponytail, her cheeks flushed with a mix of mischief and exhilaration.

At that exact moment, the waiter slid up to the table where Emily and Wesley were sitting, a bright orange cocktail in his hand that practically sparkled under the neon lights. He offered it to Emily with a grin, his voice smooth and cheerful. “Here you go, sweetheart. It’s on the house.”

Emily gave a quick squeak. She was already feeling SUPER tipsy and who knows what that drink would do? “Um… I don’t really need another one,” she replied, her voice already a bit slurred.

“Oh, come on,” the waiter pressed with a smile, sliding it closer. “Special just for you. We call it the … Exposition Dump.”

She shot Wesley a look, she wasn’t so drunk that she couldn’t recognize a bright neon sign flashing in red two inches from her face. Deciding to play along she shrugged, reaching for the glass. “Well… if it’s free,” she mumbled, lifting it to her lips. The drink was tangy, a burst of tropical flavors that hit her tongue with a rush of sweetness, then left her with a warm buzz that spread down to her fingertips.

Before she even set the glass down, words started tumbling out, as if the cocktail itself had loosened her mind. “Wesley, okay, so… hear me out,” she began, her eyes bright, her speech rushing forward. “I’ve been thinking about… well, everything. I mean, like, how we’re here, and it’s all, you know, perfect 80s beach town—like we’re stuck in some kinda wild movie that just won’t quit.” She laughed, then shook her head, her thoughts spilling out faster than she could keep up.

“I mean, all the scenes, right? Like, this… this whole surf contest thing with Rad? And how everything we do gets us closer to… to something, like, some… I dunno, plot twist or climax or whatever they call it.” She waved her hands as if to illustrate, her movements loose and a little too enthusiastic causing her oh so tight crop top to jiggle in all the right ways.

Wesley tried to interject, but Emily was on a roll, her voice bubbling with a mixture of excitement and bafflement. “And the girls! Did you notice how they’re, like, all the same? Tan, blonde, just super… you know, beach babes. But have you, like, noticed I’m the only… Asian girl here?"

She laughed softly, almost as if the observation was some kind of inside joke she was just now understanding. “I mean, this whole, like, beach town? It’s packed with totally hot people, but… no other Asians. Just… me.” She poked a finger at her chest as though she were making a big revelation, her eyes wide and slightly glassy as she held onto the idea.

“I dunno, isn’t that, like… kind of wrong? Like, all these movies from back then,” she rambled, gesturing vaguely around her, “they didn’t have good… um, rep-re-sent-a-tion, right? Of, like, minorities and stuff.” She shook her head, though the thought didn’t seem to bother her too much in her tipsy state. “I’m the only one here! Which means…” Her eyes widened, a gleam of excitement breaking through her tipsy rambling. “That means… maybe I’m, like, super important?”

She giggled again, her fingers tracing idle circles on the bar as she continued, her thoughts drifting somewhere between serious contemplation and drunken curiosity. “Maybe they need me here, right? ‘Cause, like… I make it, um… diverse. And that makes me… special?” Her voice grew softer, as if this realization was something she hadn’t quite acknowledged until now, but one that felt suddenly significant.

Her lips curled into a mischievous smile as she turned her gaze up at Wesley. “I wonder… do you think they’re gonna, like, use my… Asian-ness?” She leaned in, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper as if she were sharing some great secret. “I mean, all these movies always have these, like, super-exotic characters, right? Maybe they’ll give me, like, some mysterious, seductive storyline, where I’m, like, the temptress, or… or the one everyone’s, like, fascinated with ‘cause I’m different.” She grinned, the idea clearly amusing her.

“Or maybe…” she continued, her voice growing even softer, almost dreamlike, “maybe they’ll make me the one who, like, teaches everyone else about, you know… new things. ‘Cause, like, I’m exotic, right? So maybe I’m supposed to be… the one everyone’s secretly obsessed with.” She laughed, tossing her hair over her shoulder, the lace panties tied in her hair swaying with the movement.

She sighed, a dreamy smile on her lips as she leaned against Wesley, her gaze growing unfocused as she looked out over the bar, lost in her own tipsy musings. “It’s kind of funny… that I’m the only one, but… it also makes me feel… kinda… special. Like I’m… valuable to the plot, or… something.” She trailed off, her words slurring as she nestled her head against his shoulder, her hand absently tracing little patterns on his arm.

“And Wesley…” she began, her voice slurred but affectionate. She reached out and poked his chest with one delicate finger, as if reminding him—and herself—of who he really was. “Or should I say… Blaine,” she added with a laugh, rolling her eyes at the ridiculous name.

She paused, considering her words. “But… you’re not really ‘Blaine,’ right? I mean, we know that, right?” She leaned closer, her voice dropping to a whisper, conspiratorial and soft. “You’re Wesley. You’re not this… this ‘Blaine’ guy,” she continued, shaking her head as if the thought itself was too funny to take seriously.

“Like, ‘Blaine’ is the guy who would…” She trailed off, gesturing vaguely, searching for words and finding only the laughter drunken bubbliness coming up within her. “He’d just, like… waltz up to a girl and act all… possessive, like he owns her.” She laughed again, rolling her eyes, though there was a warmth in her tone, a glimmer of something appreciative.

She sighed, her gaze softening as she looked up at him. “But Wesley… that’s different. You’re… you’re you. Right?” She put her hand on his chest and tilted her head, a shy, almost vulnerable smile tugging at her lips as she studied him, as though trying to ground herself in the reality she knew they shared. For a moment, her hand lingered against his chest, her touch light but meaningful, as if trying to hold onto the real Wesley beneath all the neon lights and beachy bravado.

“Blaine,” she began, her voice rising slightly as she tried to keep her balance, leaning against the Wesley for support. “I mean Wesley. This… this whole panty dropping thing. It’s… like, totally sexist, you know? Like, the idea that just ‘cause I ordered some, um… some dumb cocktail, I’m supposed to… just go along with this… this…” she searched for the word, her brow furrowing in thought. “Like, game or whatever. Just ‘cause some sign said so. It’s, like… totally wrong…”

She trailed off, realizing she was still pressed up close to him, the warmth of his body feeling comforting, almost grounding her. Her protests felt shaky, especially with how he was looking down at her with that infuriatingly confident smile, his hand resting easily on her lower back, grounding her in this wild world that had her spinning, just a little.

“I mean… who does that?” she continued, though her voice had softened, a trace of laughter threading through it. “Some guy just tells a girl to drop her panties, and—poof—she’s supposed to just, like… do it?” She laughed, almost incredulous, though her tone was less certain, her resolve slipping under the warm glow of her own words. “It’s just… it’s crazy, right?”

But as the words left her lips, she felt an odd thrill creep over her, her cheeks warming further as she recalled the thrill of letting the shorts fall, of feeling the cool air on her skin, of watching Blaine’s—no, Wesley’s—eyes darken with admiration. It was bold, it was daring, and the truth was… it had been kind of fun.

“I mean…” she hesitated, looking away, then back up at him, a shy smile tugging at her lips. “Maybe it’s kinda crazy, but… maybe that’s what makes it fun, right? Maybe… just once, it’s kind of exciting to, you know… let go. Not worry so much about what people are thinking, or whether it’s, like… proper.”

She giggled again, her cheeks flushing as she let herself sink into the honesty, into the newness of it all. “I bet, if I’d ever actually done this back in the real world, even once, it’d have been…” She hesitated, biting her lip, her eyes flicking back up to meet his. “I dunno. Maybe a little thrilling. To be that… that bold.” Her voice dropped, softer now, barely a whisper. “Kind of like I feel now.”

Emily shook her head, setting the empty glass down with a force that sent a little shiver down the bar. Her cheeks were flushed, her thoughts spiraling faster and faster as she spoke. “What am I saying? The words that come out my mouth when I’m drunk … Wesley… I don’t know if you feel it, but it’s like this… pull, this insane pull trying to, like, rewrite me. Every time I give in even a little—like, the way I dress, the way I talk—it’s like the story gets stronger. And then I just feel this… tug, you know? Like it wants me to just lean in and let go and be, I dunno, some bubbly little bimbo or something.”

She glanced up at him, a worried glint in her eyes. “And you too, Wes. I mean, look at you!” Her gaze flicked over his toned arms and square jaw, the easy confidence he’d started to show in every stride. “It’s like every time you… I dunno, assert yourself, act like a big, muscly dude who doesn’t think too hard… the narrative rewards you. Makes you more of that guy, gives you more power over what happens next.”

Emily paused, her voice lowering, barely more than a whisper. “I don’t want to lose who I am, Wes. I don’t want to wake up one day and just… be some kind of, like, airheaded fantasy version of myself. I want to stay me. But at the same time… I feel like we have to play along. I mean, if we don’t, we’re just… trapped, with no way to change anything, no control.”

She took a shaky breath, as if steadying herself. “So… I think we have to find this, like, balance, right? We can’t totally give in and lose ourselves to this… world, to what it wants us to be. But if we push against it too hard, we might lose any power to escape, any chance to… save the beach, or whatever our role is here.”

Her fingers drifted to the lace around her ponytail, her lips quirking with a small, ironic smile. “It’s like we’re standing on a tightrope, and if we go too far in either direction, we just… fall. But maybe… maybe if we walk the line, if we’re smart about it… we can find a way.

“Whoa,” she murmured, looking down at the empty glass in her hand. “Guess that drink was, like… really something.”

—

Wesley had thought his hands were firmly on the wheel, at least as firmly as they had been planted on Bunny's tanned little ass cheeks. But as soon as the orange Exposition Dump had disappeared down her throat, the mood in the air had changed. Not for the worse; if anything, hearing her talk so much was kind of nice. Like, yeah, it was annoying that he had to sit there and listen for so long. But if she felt listened to, she was more likely to give him a good blowie later, right?

*Whoa,* he thought as the uncouth notion crossed his mind. That was an absolutely fucked-up thing for him to have thought. The level of entitlement it implied about her body, to say nothing of the idea that she was only worth listening to as a way of making her more sexually permissive...that was some grade-A knuckledragging, the kind that Wesley *knew* he was better than. It took some really messed-up, backwards thinking to look at an independent girl like Bunny and immediately imagine her kneeling subserviently before him, neon lights shimmering through her silky black hair as she bobbed her head up and down on the glistening white shaft he so generously gave her the privilege of–

*stop it stop it stop it*

Despite the plethora of distractions, he managed to make himself focus. As she talked about being the only Asian girl in town, he particularly felt that resonate with his more socially conscious, twenty-first century mindset. And when the conversation steered naturally towards what roles they were meant to play, how the story would develop because of that, he felt more and more of his old self surfacing. It wasn't like they were two different people--the reality castaway Wesley and the 80's beach bum that for the sake of simplicity he guessed he could think of as Blaine. But if he was currently maintaining a grip on his own consciousness, it was as if he'd just shifted that grip from his right hand to his left.

"First of all," he said at last, "wow."

They both laughed. He hadn't had anything to drink, not like Emily had, but her enthusiasm was infectious. It was impossible not to match her energy; her very presence was an invitation and a challenge.

"Second of all," he went on, "I think you've got the right read on it. If we're not careful, this place will absolutely warp us. Instead of people like Rad and Missy being the resident beach bullies, it'll be you and me. Just two sun-bronzed hotties who don't do anything all day except strut around in swimwear and assert their dominance over everyone, just because they can." He'd meant the suggestion as a joke, but to his own surprise he felt himself growing a little aroused by the idea. He quickly pivoted. "And obviously, we don't want to become that."

He shifted his weight on his barstool, widening his stance. Automatically, without even thinking about it, he gently pulled on Emily. With almost no coaxing at all, she crossed the gap, abandoning her own stool in favor of his lap. She felt pleasingly small and light on top of him, his arms easily enveloping her slender-yet-generous curves.

"I wasn't a loser or anything back home, but I was definitely not the first guy you'd pick for baseball," he said. He felt like he knew that much about himself, though at this exact moment further details seemed hazy. "So it's kind of scary, almost, how when I'm here I can just demand something and then it gets done. I feel this confidence to do something, take something, and then I just...make it happen. And then the narrative makes me stronger, more able to do it again. And I'm not just talking about the muscles, though those are really nice..." He flashed her a winning grin. When he saw her hand sitting idly in her own lap, he casually grabbed her wrist and planted his hand on his hairless muscular chest. He liked it when she was touching him.

"I could see how that would get addictive. I could so easily jump off the slippery slope, and then the next thing I know I'll have transformed into the exact thing I was only pretending to be. And that is...scary." Or at least, he felt like he should say it was scary. Objectively speaking, he should have been scared of the idea. In reality, it was a little hard to muster up fear about the idea of becoming more athletic, more assertive, more handsome, with a libido that wouldn't quit, living in a tropical paradise surrounded by total 10/10 babes with impossible tits and stripperiffic wardrobes.

But he was sure the existential dread would sink in soon enough if he just thought about it more.

"So I'm gonna need you to trust me," he said assertively, running a possessive hand through her soft, straight black ponytail. The panties holding it back were tantalizingly soft to his touch. "I'm not gonna, like, get addicted to this world, and I'm not gonna let you, either. You're my girl, Emily. I don't let things like that happen to my girl." He was at least dimly aware of the irony of using his utterly *male*confidence to make this proclamation. But it had to be true, right? After all, he'd said it was. And now as the man, it was his job to make it so.

"And no matter how hot you get, even if the narrative transforms you into a jaw-dropping stunner that will make all the other girls here die of jealousy," he promised her, "you'll still be you. The exact you that you need to be so we can get out of here. Back to our normal lives."

"All of that said," he noted wryly, "we do still have one issue."

She smiled lazily up at him. Her almond-shaped eyes were glazed over with alcohol--not unintelligent, but with a curious sheen of emptiness behind them that he found absolutely thrilling. "What's that?"

Wesley jerked his head towards the sign: *If you drink it, you have to fulfill it. No exceptions.* He patted her head: friendly, flirty, and a little condescendingly. "Your liberated, independent ass still drank a Screaming Orgasm."

–

Emily gave Wesley one last look, her cheeks flushed as she took a few hesitant steps away. “Just… don’t peek, okay? This is… kinda private.”

Wesley raised his hand, trying to keep a straight face. “Bunny… Em doll, come on. I promise.” But as soon as she turned her back, he found himself craning his neck to keep an eye on her anyway, curiosity getting the better of him. Emily could practically feel his eyes on her, and she knew that promise would last about five seconds.

Finding a semi-private corner, Emily took a deep breath, trying to tune out the bar’s noise and focus on herself. She closed her eyes, feeling a gentle warmth creeping over her, building slowly as she let herself relax. She put her hands down her short shorts and was just starting to lose herself in the moment, when—

“Ho! Hot coffee!” a waiter yelled, nearly spilling a tray of steaming mugs right in front of Wesley, who stumbled backward in surprise, completely blocking his view of her.

Weley groaned, maneuvering around the waiter as he tried to catch another glimpse. “You’ve got to be kidding…”

But by the time he cleared the coffee fiasco, Emily had shifted slightly, her eyes closed, face flushed as she leaned into her own space. Wesley tried not to let the distraction ruin the moment. He edged around a neon-lit arcade machine that had “HEART-THROB” blinking in pink letters at the top, leaning over it to get a glimpse. But just as he found an angle, a disco ball dropped from the ceiling, spinning directly into his line of sight, throwing fragmented beams of light across the room and into his eyes.

“Who even installs a disco ball over a bar table?” he muttered, shielding his eyes.

Peeking around the other side of the disco ball, he found her again, looking completely blissed-out as she leaned against the wall. He edged left, craning his neck—only for a massive cotton candy machine to roll past, its pink fluff towering like a sugar cloud between him and Emily. The man operating it gave Wesley a thumbs-up and a huge grin.

“Want a taste, bro?”

“No, I don’t want a taste,” Wesley muttered, darting around the machine only to be blocked yet again. This time, a group of breakdancers spun into his way, dropping to the floor in synchronized moves that took up the whole floor space. Wesley tried to step around, but one of the dancers threw himself into a freeze-frame handstand, legs spread wide, cutting off any view of Emily.

“Move it, man!” Wesley said, exasperated.

He’d barely managed to get another peek when a huge surfboard display was wheeled in by two girls in bikinis, one of whom gave Wesley a wink as she leaned casually on the board, blocking his sight yet again.

“Dude, it’s the new Hang Ten model!” one of the girls said, patting the board.

“Right, great,” Wesley replied, dodging around them to finally get a clear line of sight. But, of course, at that moment, the entire power in the bar flickered off, plunging the room into pitch-black darkness. Wesley groaned.

“Oh, come on!”

And in that complete darkness, which was odd given that it was still before noon, some part of Emily finally felt free to let go. She leaned back, feeling her rhythm pulse around her like a living heartbeat.Her cheeks felt flushed and she could almost feel the room spinning with the energy of the night, carrying her away. Her breath caught as an unexpected, fierce wave of pleasure swept over her, tightening every nerve. One hand gripped the edge of the table as a rush of heat spread through her, like a spark setting her whole body alight.

With each pulse of that sensation she played faster and faster with her kitty. Wait … her kitty? She stifled a laugh at the thought. She’d always been emphatic about using the correct terms, always arguing that there was nothing wrong with the word “vagina.” If anything, she'd been the type to roll her eyes when people insisted on all those cutesy euphemisms.

But now… “kitty” sounded kind of… cute? *Is that so bad, though?* she thought. There was something strangely satisfying in letting go a little, letting herself be cute, playful, even a bit flirty. *Maybe it doesn’t have to be all or nothing,* she reasoned with a small smile, as her fingers flicked faster and faster.

Her breath grew shallower, each exhale coming out in quick gasps. She felt her muscles tense, her body curling instinctively as the warmth rolled through her, electrifying every inch of her skin. It felt almost surreal—the way her senses magnified, every touch, every beat, sending another delicious ripple of sensation through her. Her back arched, and she felt a whisper of a moan escape her lips, so soft and unrestrained that she almost didn’t recognize her own voice.

Her skin tingled, the sensation spreading outwards from her cheeks to her shoulders and down her arms, until every part of her felt alive, almost as if the very air around her was charged. The sounds in the room blurred into a soft hum, her world narrowing down to that deep, shuddering pulse building within her, growing stronger with each passing second. Her unused hand dug into the fabric of the chair, seeking something to ground her, anything to hold onto as the intensity rose to a dizzying crescendo.

As she surrendered to the feeling, a burst of euphoria washed over her, filling her with a lightness so complete that she felt almost weightless, adrift on a wave of pure release. A shudder ripped through her, and with it came a low, breathy scream, raw and uninhibited, filling the quiet corner a bar with a sound she could barely recognize as her own. It echoed through the bar loudly and almost proudly.

“OOooooooooaaaaaaaaAAOAYESYESooooooooAohgawdohgawdohyesysysysysysywoewoewoewoeOYESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSAaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!”

And then, with one final, quivering breath, she sank back into her seat. As Emily caught her breath and the lights flickered back on and she saw the faces of women from all around the bar turned toward her, each one different yet bound by the same playful expression of amused envy.

There was the blonde in a neon-pink bikini top, her voluminous hair teased to gravity-defying heights, her makeup a glossy mix of bright pinks and blues, the color of her lips shimmering as she smirked at Emily. Next to her was a statuesque brunette in a skin-tight leopard-print dress, dark curls cascading over her shoulders, red nails tapping rhythmically on her cocktail glass as she watched with a knowing, sultry grin.

Across the bar, a girl in a cutoff tank and ripped jean shorts, with a carefree, California surfer-girl look, leaned in with her friend, a petite woman in an electric-blue crop top and high-waisted acid-wash jeans. Both of them had bronzed skin and bright-colored scrunchies in their hair, and their eyes sparkled with a mix of mischief and curiosity, as if they’d just seen a secret unveiled.

In a booth nearby, a group of girls with matching pastel swimsuits and oversized sun visors sat in a giggly huddle, each of them styled like they’d walked straight out of an aerobics video. They whispered among themselves, one of them dramatically adjusting her legwarmers as they exchanged glances, winking at Emily as they raised their drinks to her in mock cheers.

Closer to the bar, an edgy-looking girl in black fishnets and a leather miniskirt leaned back, her dark eyes lined with thick kohl, red lipstick smudged just slightly from hours of dancing. Beside her, another girl dressed in a shimmering silver one-piece with shoulder pads and a slicked-back ponytail gave Emily a look of admiration, nodding in approval with a slight, impressed smile.

The most striking of all was a woman in a sequined halter dress, her platinum blonde hair cascading in waves down her back. She wore oversized sunglasses, even indoors, and clutched a martini glass as she watched Emily, one eyebrow quirked with a slow, appraising smile.

Together, they all turned to each other with wide grins, and in perfect harmony, declared, “I’ll have what she’s having.”

Emily's cheeks flushed with a mixture of embarrassment and laughter as she realized in her attempt to remain private she had become the center of attention.

Her eyes met Wesley’s gaze from across the room. She felt a rush of exhilaration at the sight of his smile, a knowing warmth in his eyes that somehow made the moment feel even sweeter. For the first time since arriving in this strange world, she felt a little more herself—free, alive, and unburdened by anything except the thrill of the here and now. “Get a good view?” she said with a wink.

Wesley threw his hands up in the air, defeated. “I swear, this place is rigged.”

Emily stifled a laugh, raising an eyebrow as she gave him a playful nudge. “You’re just mad because you missed the show.”

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She leaned on him all the way back to his beachside bungalow.

Granted, some of that was the alcohol. Or rather, a lot of it was the alcohol. She'd downed four drinks in short order, and then enjoyed the equally intoxicating experience of fulfilling their inherent promises. It had been breathtaking--whether the French Kiss he'd directly benefited from, the Screaming Orgasm that the narrative had cheekily teased him with, the Exposition Dump that had provided tantalizing clarity, or the Panty Dropper that...

...that...

It was hard for him to focus, looking at her ad hoc scrunchie and knowing what it really was. Knowing that underneath her painted-on denim cutoffs, she was wearing absolutely nothing. It made him downright hungry in a primally masculine way. And the energy between them that had started at breakfast time, then carried through surfing and morning drinks, only felt more potent now.

On the boardwalk, the little beach town was fully awake. Three girls skated by on the boardwalk, each of them wearing a bikini in one of the three primary colors. A handsome meathead let his dog lead him along by its leash, even as it leapt up and tugged at the spandex workout shorts of a passing babe. A group of handsome young jocks were tossing a football back and forth between them, energetically playing even though their actions in no way actually resembled the sport of football. Along a boulevard with neon-painted shops, a group of girls trooped along with bags laden heavily with new clothes. Missy marched at their head, giving Emily a pointed glare before turning her elegant little nose up in the air and heading on.

When they arrived back at his bungalow, however, they saw something they hadn't seen since either of them had arrived in this movie: formalwear.

There were two of them. One was a professional woman whose broad-shouldered grey skirtsuit appeared to be struggling to contain a generous and obviously fake bustline. She was walking around the perimeter of Wesley's bungalow, seemingly taking measurements. The other was a handsome, sinister man with swept-back hair that was just this side of not being a mullet. He wore a drapey pinstriped grey suit and a Wall Street-style contrast collar, complete with a tie that would've looked appropriately sized for an elephant. He was talking into a blocky cell phone that was approximately the size and weight of a baby seal, leaning against a black limousine.

He perked up when he saw Wesley and Emily approach. "I'll call you back," he barked into his phone. "Actually, on second thought, I won't. You're fired." He hung up, slammed the phone's antenna down into its brick of a body, then set it down on the shiny black trunk of his parked limo. "Hello there!" he said with an unconvincing attempt at joviality. "You must be the tenants!" He grinned at Emily in particular.

"Uh, no," Wesley said. "I own the place." He hadn't before they'd come home from the party last night. And yet somehow, he knew he did. He pulled Bunny tighter against his body. "It's mine."

The man seemed to understand Wesley's implication, but wasn't at all cowed. "Actually, that's where you're wrong. Two words, pal: eminent domain. You all done there, Charlotte?"

"Just finishing up, Mr. Pearson." The woman returned dutifully to his side, her chestnut blowout fluttering sharply in the beach breeze. "The measurements are exactly to spec. It should be an easy teardown job."

Emily did a full-on double-take. "Teardown for what?"

"Like I said." The oily man, Mr. Pearson, grinned. He also directed his reply to Wesley, almost immediately discounting Emily as a participant of the conversation. "Your deal for this land has been superseded. I've bought up your parcel--this whole beach, actually." He stuck his hands in his pinstriped pockets with mocking nonchalance. "Yessir, this time next summer all of this will be a nice summer getaway for hardworking accountants in the city. None of these partying beach bums or anything like that." He acknowledged Emily at last with a pleasant nod. "Though I wouldn't mind if you stuck around, Tokyo Rose."

"You...you can't do that," Wesley growled.

"Actually, pal, five hundred thousand bucks says I can do whatever the fuck I want here," said Mr. Pearson. He eyed them up and down. "And right now, I want everyone out by the end of the week, unless you people have five hundred thousand and one bucks lying around. Charlotte, do they seem like the kind of people who have five hundred thousand and one bucks lying around?"

"No, Mr. Pearson, they don't."

Mr. Pearson produced a cigarette from a gold case in his breast pocket and lit up. "Well, you heard the lady."

-

Emily could feel Wesley’s tension the second she stepped out of his grasp. His arm had been tight around her waist, possessive even, and when she peeled away, his whole body stiffened. She could almost hear his internal groan as she took her first step toward Mr. Pearson, swinging her hips just a little more than usual.

Good. Let him squirm. It wasn’t like she wanted to flirt with this sleazy corporate caricature, but if distracting him kept them one step ahead of the narrative, then she’d do it. Besides, she thought with a smirk, watching Wesley’s jaw clench as she pushed her hair over one shoulder, he looked soooooooo hot when he got jelly!

“Mr. Pearson,” she purred, keeping her voice light and sugary as she approached. His sharp gaze slid down her body like he was appraising real estate, lingering far too long on her shorts. Gross. But predictable. “That’s such a big... number you’re throwing around.”

“Big beach, sweetheart,” Pearson replied with a grin that made her want to roll her eyes. “Takes big numbers to make big things happen.”

Wesley stayed put. He had to. He knew the rules just as well as she did: keep the narrative moving. She could feel his frustration like a physical force. She glanced back, catching his furrowed brow and twitching jaw, and resisted the urge to laugh. He looked like he was seconds away from grabbing her and dragging her back to his side. Instead, she gave him a quick wink before turning back to Pearson, laying a hand lightly on his arm. “And who are you sweetheart?” he said in between moments of biting his cigar. Which Emily just realized wasn’t even lit.

She bit her lower lip, tilting her head just enough to let her ponytail swing over her shoulder. “I’m Bunny! Just a girl who loves this beach… and doesn’t want to see it disappear.”

He smirked, smoke curling from his lips. “Is that so? Well, sweetheart, love doesn’t pay the bills. But I’ll tell you what—stick around, and maybe we can work something out.”

Emily giggled, her cheeks dimpling in a way that was far more coy than innocent. She stepped closer, brushing past him just enough that her bare arm grazed his. “Oh, Mr. Pearson,” she said, her tone dripping with faux admiration, “you’re so… decisive. A man who knows what he wants. That’s rare, isn’t it?”

Pearson’s grin widened, his ego visibly inflating under her attention. “You’ve got a good eye, doll. Most people can’t appreciate that about me.”

“Oh, I appreciate it,” Emily breathed, her voice low and intimate as she toyed with her ponytail, wrapping the lace panties tighter around the base. “And I appreciate men who take charge.” She leaned in, her chest brushing his arm as her lips curved into a playful smile. “It’s… inspiring.”

Even as she was busy flirting with all her heart Emily could -hear- Wesley’s teeth grinding as he watched her. His grip on the edge of the bungalow’s doorframe was so tight that his knuckles turned white. Her words, her touches—hell, even the bounce of her step—were doing more than distracting Pearson. They were lighting him up like a bonfire on a moonlit beach.

Emily kept her smile bright and sweet as a summer day during … well during Bikini Week … and she reached up to adjust her ponytail. The lace scrunchie—God, was that really my panties?—caught the sunlight as she tugged it loose, letting her dark hair tumbled over her shoulders. She saw Pearson’s eyes flick to the movement, and she tilted her head coyly.

But she couldn’t be embarrassed. She needed to keep Pearson distracted. So when her scrunchie—panties, whatever—slipped from her fingers, she let it fall. “Oops,” she said, bending at the waist to pick it up. She heard Pearson’s sharp intake of breath as her shorts rode up, leaving absolutely no doubt about the fact that she wasn’t wearing panties underneath.

“Oops! Oh, I’m so clumsy!” she exclaimed, bending at the waist to pick it up.

The movement was slow, deliberate. Her cutoffs clung to her hips, the frayed edges riding high as she leaned forward. Her crop top shifted, exposing even more of her taut stomach. Pearson’s eyes locked onto her ass with the intensity of a man hypnotized. “Thank you Panty Dropper drink!” some corner of her mind thought.

“Need a hand?” he offered, his voice gruff.

Emily gave a soft laugh. “I always need a hand from a big strong man.” And as he reached down to pick her up, she ‘accidentally’ pulled him over so he fell directly into her, his face faceplanting hard into her chest. “Oh!” she cried, falling into him with a thud.

As as his face was between her chest, just as she hoped, that science-magic started to do its thing and she could see the soft swell of her breasts flattening momentarily against the fabric of his suit jacket. She gasped, her body tensing as a strange warmth spread through her. The sensation was electric, radiating outward from her chest in waves that made her breath hitch. It wasn’t just warmth—it was growth. Her crop top grew tighter, the fabric straining to the breaking point as her C cup breasts, already looking very large on her tiny thin frame, began to swell, rounding out with each passing second and zooming up to DD’s which looked absolutely unreal on her sleek thin Asian body.

Emily’s cheeks flushed as she felt the fabric stretch further, her nipples pressing visibly against the thin material. The sensation was bizarrely thrilling, and though she tried to focus on the task at hand, she couldn’t help but glance down.

“Bikini Week science,” Pearson said matter-of-factly, his eyes lingering shamelessly on her newly enhanced assets. “Gotta love it.”

Emily giggled and jiggled as hard as she could and leaned her head closer so her lips were near his ear. “It’s… amazing,” she whispered, her voice dripping with flirtation. Her fingers trailed along the lapel of his jacket until she reached a document and pulled it out and put it in her back pocket. Just as she hoped, the sensation of being between two pairs of lucious expanding breasts was enough to distract him. “But you know what’s even more amazing?”

“What’s that?” he asked, his voice thick with interest.

“This beach,” she replied, her tone sweet yet sly. “It’s a paradise. And it deserves someone who truly appreciates it.”

Taking his cue, Wesley finally intervened and grabbed her, rather roughly, and separated her from Mr. Pearson. “And this beach isn’t going anywhere,” he growled, his voice low and dangerous. “Not while I’m here.”

Emily blinked up at him, her heart racing. For a moment, she could almost believe the act was real.

Pearson narrowed his eyes, his grin returning. “We’ll see about that.”

As the developer and his assistant walked away, Wesley’s arm still wrapped protectively around her waist, Emily glanced up at him with a sly smile. “Jealous much?”

“Not jealous,” Wesley muttered, though the tension in his jaw said otherwise. “Just keeping the narrative going.”

“Mm-hmm,” Emily teased, her voice light as she leaned into him. “Whatever you say, Blaine.”

Once the developers were fully out of view Emily quickly spread the papers across her lap, scanning each page with practiced speed.

Her fingers hesitated for a moment, and the world around her seemed to fade as a memory surfaced.

Fluorescent lights buzzed overhead. The office was silent except for the rhythmic hum of a copier in the distance. Emily sat at her desk, a mug of lukewarm coffee forgotten beside her, and her monitor aglow with rows of data. A thick binder of contracts and reports sat open before her, the edges marked with neon tabs she’d meticulously applied.

“Emily, can you take a look at this?” someone had asked—her boss? A coworker? She couldn’t remember now. But again, she could hear the words "Emily, can you take a look at this?" The words echoed again, sharper now, the voice faceless yet cutting. Another task, another weight to carry, another expectation she hadn’t signed up for. Her chest had tightened then, the sterile scent of the office mingling with the acrid bitterness of her forgotten coffee, making her stomach churn. The pressure was relentless, every day on a treadmill she couldn’t step off.

She remembered the quiet suffocation of it all—the constant, insidious demand to perform. The cloying niceness of her coworkers, the kind that barely masked competition and quiet disdain. The way her boss would glance at her binder, full of her meticulously placed neon tabs, and offer a nod of approval that felt more like a leash tightening around her neck.

Deadlines loomed over her like a storm cloud, papers piling up, her inbox an unending river of requests and queries. Each one came with the expectation of a solution, a response, an answer only she could provide. She had become a receptacle for everyone else’s problems, a machine expected to churn out efficiency without complaint.

Lunch breaks were hurried, the same sad salad eaten at her desk while she stared at the clock, counting the minutes to five o’clock like a prisoner scratching lines on the wall of a cell. But even when five came, the relief was hollow. She’d drag herself home, her shoulders hunched from hours at her desk, her mind still spinning with spreadsheets and to-do lists. She’d collapse onto her couch and stare blankly at the TV, too drained to even care what was on.

Her weekends weren’t hers either—laundry, grocery shopping, catching up on emails she couldn’t finish during the week. Every Sunday night, the dread crept in, a cold, gnawing pit in her stomach that whispered, “Tomorrow it starts again.”

She shook her head. Had it really been like that? Had it really been that bad? If it was, why was she trying so hard to get back … that?? It couldn’t have been like that. Could it?

She pushed the thought out of her mind and flipped through the pages, her finger tapping lightly against her lip as she worked. “This clause doesn’t match what’s in the environmental compliance report,” she murmured. “They’re trying to push through development on unstable land.”

Her breath hitched as she skimmed further before quickly summarizing what she read to Wesley. “The land wasn’t being taken just for development. The beach was at risk due to erosion and pollution, and the proposed resort project couldn’t go forward if someone donated $500,000 to stop the erosion and pollution.” She skimmed the report further. “Yea … apparently half a million is all it would take to completely stop all erosion and all pollution on every inch of this coast … whatever coast we are on that is.”

Wesley stared at her for a moment, his expression unreadable. Then, finally, he grinned. “I can’t believe you figured that out.”

Her cheeks flushed, but she shrugged it off. “Yeah, well, someone’s gotta keep their brain in this game.”

She had gone somewhere just now. Wesley didn't know exactly where. But for just a moment, there had been a faraway look in her eyes. Not the pleasant emptiness he'd come to recognize in the strutting beach babes who paraded freely around this little town that somehow seemed to be both in California and New England. No, in that momentary lapse he had glimpsed measures of...despair? Dread? Emotions that had no place in an 80's skin flick like this.

I'm seeing her, he realized. The real Emily, before anything else that happened here.

He'd obviously given thought to the real world; it was where they were trying to get to. But in those fleeting seconds, he realized he'd actually not given very much thought at all to real-world Emily. Who was she out there? Did she even look like the cute-but-normal Asian chick he'd met when he'd run into her at the beach house party before? The nerdy, shrimpy Wesley she'd met sure as hell hadn't been the guy he was out there in the real world.

As they made their way back into his bungalow, he found himself admiring the changes her roleplay had gained her. She now had what he could only crudely think of as "stripper tits," even if they actually fell closer to the median range of the girls in this town. And her legs were now so skinny, there was almost a thigh gap for him to admire. He was pretty sure the 1980's predated that whole concept, or at least the specific phrase. It would be fun watching her introduce it to the gals here, give them a whole new thing to be insecure about.

But a selfish part of him couldn't help but feel like he'd been missed out. He'd been playing his role too, hadn't he? He'd become jealous and possessive of Bunny, just like he was supposed to. And while it was happening, he'd felt a certain amount of tension building in that ethereal way that the narrative seemed to provoke. Yet it had kind of...dissipated. Like losing a sneeze right at the finish line.

It must be waiting for something specific, he told himself. It must be something big.

"So the stakes really are just that simple?" he said after Emily laid out the terms. "We really just need five hundred thousand and one dollars, and all this can go away?" He couldn't help but laugh. These movies were silly, even when they were being serious. The assertive, manly part of his mind immediately went to work. He was a natural problem-solver. So if he and the other people of this beach town pooled their funds, then surely...

His thoughts screeched to a halt. And they were replaced by a question: What the hell am I doing?

This place was fake. It was a fictional reality contained within the realm of a thumbnail on the Tubi app on his TV. It didn't exist, and it would exist even less once he and Emily found their way out. Raising five hundred thousand dollars was hard; Wesley knew because back in the real world he'd certainly never managed it. So why put themselves through that when all of this was going to fold up like a singularity anyway?

They should use this time, he knew, to redouble their efforts on getting out. The narrative was definitely favoring them now...Bunny especially, he thought as he gave her sunlit cleavage another appreciative glance. They almost certainly had the leeway to figure out a path back to reality. It just made sense. Especially now, when the townspeople would be distracted trying to stop Pearson on their own.

Except.

Except even if this place wasn't real, it felt real. The warmth of its sun and the coolness of its waters felt real. The calling gulls and the blasting synth music from every corner sounded real. And Emily...Emily most definitely felt real. With her neck bared for his lips at breakfast, her tongue wrapped around his inside the Wet Spot, the triumphant and divine figure she had cut last night astride the big lunkhead's shoulders when she'd beaten Missy at chicken-fighting. All that felt real. And the moment it felt real, it felt like something worth fighting for.

His blue eyes met hers. "We need to raise that money, babe. Pearson is an asshole. We can't just let him win." He took her hands possessively into his own. They were warm from her time in the sun. And her golden yellow skin had gained a nice dimension of tan from the morning's adventures. "I'm not totally sure where we'll get it from when this place seems to be cut off from the outside world and all the people who could donate money to the community. But I bet when the time comes, the narrative will give that to us. We just have to provide a way for it."

His mind raced with potential solutions. A wet t-shirt contest. A bikini pageant. A sexy carwash. Admittedly, almost all of the ideas involved young, sexy babes wearing next to nothing and preying on the irresistible lust of men. But that was a sacrifice Wesley was willing to make.

# Chapter 5: Let’s Get Physical

The two wandered down the beach in search of the next challenge the beach would present them. It was alive with the thrum of activity, the golden sand dotted with booths and challenges designed to titillate and amaze. But nothing caught Wesley’s attention quite like the glowing sign over the booth they now approached: “Flex Fest: Instant Buff Magic!”

The scene around the Competition” pulsed with raw, electric energy as Wesley and Emily edged closer to the newest spectacle of Bikini Week’s science magic.

The competition wasn’t just any ordinary flexing booth. No, this was a full production, complete with makeshift gym equipment, glowing protein dispensers, and an array of outrageously beautiful “scientists” in lab coats so tight and cropped they barely qualified as clothing. Each "scientist" carried trays of neon-colored protein shakes, their every movement calculated to draw the eye.

Contestants lined up at a series of weights, their bodies trembling with anticipation as they prepared to take on the increasingly heavier barbells that waited for them. The rules were simple: lift as much as you could, chug a protein shake handed to you by a science babe, and then… let Bikini Week’s infamous science magic take over. With every rep and every drink, their bodies swelled visibly, their muscles surging in size before the crowd’s cheering eyes.

Emily stood rooted to the spot, her amber eyes fixed on the stage. She wasn’t blinking. Her gaze darted from contestant to contestant as a wiry man stepped forward and gripped a modest barbell. One of the science babes, a voluptuous blonde with a megawatt smile and impossibly tanned skin, sidled up to him with a glowing orange shake in hand. As soon as the man chugged it down, he began lifting heavier and heavier weights. And that’s when the transformation began.

It started slow—his biceps trembling under the strain of the lift, veins popping along his forearms. Then, with a sudden jolt, his shoulders expanded, his chest ballooning outward as if filled with helium. His back broadened, the tight tank top he wore stretching to the brink of destruction as his thighs thickened like tree trunks beneath him.

“Holy shit,” Wesley muttered under his breath.

But Emily? Emily wasn’t saying a word.

Her amber eyes were locked on the newly transformed guy, her lips parted slightly. She wasn’t gawking like the others in the crowd, though. No, Emily was composed—too composed. Her nails traced lazy patterns against her bare midriff, her breathing just a little uneven. She tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear, a coy move that made Wesley glance over at her with suspicion.

“You okay, Bunny?” he teased lightly, but there was a flicker of curiosity in his tone.

Emily snapped out of it, blinking as if caught in the act. “What? Yeah. Totally fine.” She smiled, her cheeks a little pink. “It’s just… interesting, isn’t it? The, uh, science-magic.”

Wesley raised a brow. “The science-magic?”

“Yes! It’s… fascinating.” Emily gestured toward the booth, her movements a little too hurried. “You know, like, how does it even work? The lights, the… the... whatever’s happening in there.” She trailed off, her gaze wandering back to the next contestant—a lanky teen nervously stepping inside.

This time, the science babe was a curvy brunette with glasses perched provocatively on the bridge of her nose. She leaned in close as she handed the boy his glowing pink shake, her ample cleavage almost spilling out of her barely-there lab coat, and the boy began to pump and pump and pump.

Emily’s jaw tightened, her eyes narrowing as the boy pushed and strained. The results were instantaneous—his wiry frame exploded outward, pecs inflating like balloons, deltoids rounding out into perfect spheres. His swim trunks clung desperately to his thickened thighs, threatening to rip as the crowd erupted into cheers.

Emily shifted on her feet, her bare thighs brushing together. She adjusted the waistband of her shorts, her fingers lingering on the frayed edges as though they needed fixing. Wesley couldn’t help but notice how fidgety she was. Her tongue darted out to wet her lips, her gaze locked on the teen as his silhouette swelled inside the chamber. When he finished moments later, his lankiness was gone, replaced by broad shoulders and bulging thighs that strained against his too-tight swim trunks.

Emily exhaled audibly, her hand fanning her face.

Wesley chuckled. “You sure you’re not overheating or something?”

“What? No, I’m fine! It’s just … really hot right now” she said quickly, her voice a touch higher than usual. She tried to play it cool, but the way her fingers toyed with the edge of her crop top betrayed her. Emily shot him a look, her cheeks flushing deeper. “It’s… impressive, okay? You don’t see stuff like this every day.”

Wesley smirked. “You wanna give it a try?”

“What? Me? That wouldn’t be right. I—” Emily paused, caught off guard by the question. She laughed nervously, her fingers brushing against his arm. “I mean, maybe you should. It’d be... fun.”

“Fun, huh?” Wesley leaned closer, his grin widening. “You really think I need it?”

“No! Of course not!” Emily said, a little too quickly. Her fingers squeezed his bicep lightly, as if testing him. “You’re already, like… great. But it’s for saving the beach, right? Given this world, imagine how much money you could raise if you looked like…” She trailed off, her gaze drifting back to the last contestant, who was now flexing for the cheering crowd.

Wesley stared at her, his grin fading slightly as realization dawned. “You’ve got a thing for muscles, don’t you?”

Emily’s eyes snapped to his, wide and defensive. “What? No! That’s ridiculous!” she said, but her voice was already betraying her. She paused, visibly flustered, then straightened her posture, as if drawing on some deeper reserve of intellectual strength. “Okay, listen,” she began, her tone shifting into a practiced rhythm, the kind she might’ve used during a particularly heated college debate.

“Muscles, like, in the cultural sense,” she started, gesturing broadly, “are a construct of the white supremacist patriarchy. They’ve been weaponized for centuries to enforce ideals of dominance, oppression, and control, you know? Think about it—the way media glorifies this hyper-masculine ideal. It’s all tied into this toxic framework that equates physical power with societal power.”

Her hands moved as she spoke, her words spilling out faster, almost like she was trying to convince herself as much as him. “It’s designed to keep certain groups at the top, Wesley. Like, you see it in colonization, right? Western ideals of beauty and strength? Muscles were fetishized to represent superiority. It’s this visual shorthand for dominance, for ownership, for—”

Her voice faltered for just a second, and her gaze flickered toward the booth again. A new contestant started to lift —a wiry guy with a confident swagger. Emily caught herself staring a beat too long as the neon lights swirled around his silhouette, his frame ballooning outward. In time to the pump of the weights his shoulders stretched wider, his chest expanded like a sculptor had carved it from marble, and his arms thickened with veins that pulsed visibly beneath his sun-kissed skin.

“—for control,” she continued, though her voice had softened slightly. She crossed her arms tightly, as though trying to physically contain the fluttering in her chest. “I mean, it’s obvious, right? The way it’s used in advertising, in sports, in movies. It’s all about projecting this unattainable image of power. It’s exclusionary. It marginalizes anyone who doesn’t fit the mold.”

Her lips pressed into a thin line, but her words kept tumbling out, almost involuntarily. “And yet...” She hesitated, her gaze shifting, her tone dropping slightly, “there’s… something primal about it, isn’t there? Like, it taps into this base instinct, this… this evolutionary drive to recognize strength as, you know, protection. Capability. A... presence you can’t ignore.”

She cleared her throat, suddenly looking anywhere but at Wesley. “But that’s the problem, isn’t it?” she pressed on, her words gaining a frantic edge. “It’s manipulative. It’s reductive. It reduces people to their bodies. But at the same time…” Her gaze flicked back to the contestant, now striking a pose for the cheering crowd. Her eyes lingered, just for a moment, on the ripple of his biceps as he raised his arms triumphantly. “…it’s also... a language. A way of... communicating something... visceral.”

Emily caught herself again, blinking rapidly as though trying to reset her thoughts. “But it’s all shallow,” she concluded hastily, her arms crossing even tighter over her chest. “Totally shallow. It’s designed to appeal to the lowest common denominator, to reinforce these outdated power dynamics. And that’s... that’s not something I’d ever... personally... endorse or anything.”

Wesley watched her, his grin growing wider with every word.

“What?” she snapped, her face glowing red.

“Nothing,” he replied smoothly, his hands slipping into his pockets as he leaned back against the booth. “Just thinking about how you’ve clearly never thought about this before.”

Her mouth fell open. “I—! That’s—! You—!” She huffed, flustered, then turned away with a dismissive wave. “Shut up, Wesley … or should I just call you Blaine now?”

“You’re blushing.”

“It’s the sun!”

“We’re in the shade and you were also biting your lip, Bunny.”

Emily’s face turned a deeper shade of crimson. “Shut up!” she muttered, shoving him lightly. But she didn’t pull away from his arm.

“Alright, alright,” Wesley said, still grinning. “But I’m starting to think you’d really like it if I stepped in there.”

Emily hesitated, her gaze flickering to the booth, then back to him. She bit her lip again, her fingers fidgeting with the edge of her crop top. “I mean… it couldn’t hurt to try, right? For.. for saving the beach?”

Wesley tilted his head, studying her. “You’re really into this, aren’t you?”

Emily huffed, crossing her arms. “Can we just drop it?” But the way she avoided his gaze, the way her body leaned just slightly toward the booth, said everything.

Wesley laughed, ruffling her hair. “Fine, Bunny. But if I ever do it, you’d better be ready for what comes next.”

Emily’s breath hitched, her eyes flickering to his chest for just a moment before she quickly looked away. “I think I will be…” she mumbled, her voice softer than before.

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Emily was giving off…interesting mixed signals to Wesley. On one hand, there were the signals of her mouth and mind. They told him she thought of muscles as patriarchal, oppressive, and shallow. She certainly probably didn’t think much of the artificial way these were gained, when the most positive interpretations of musculature were supposed to be emblematic of hard work.

But then there were the signals of her body. Her wandering, fidgeting fingers. Her flushed cheeks. Her shallow breaths. The ease with which he could prod at her and be rewarded with the sight of her cute face, all flustered and defensive. How much of that was this place’s effect on her, he wondered? How much of it was the real Emily, either poking through the artifice of Bunny or else melting down into it to create some fascinating new alloy?

“Well, that’s settled, then.” Casually, he began to stroll around to the front of the Flex Fest booth, hands in his pockets with exaggerated nonchalance.

“Wait!” Emily burst out, following him. “What’s settled?”

“You’re right. It’ll give us an edge in fundraising. And besides,” he added, gesturing to the toned six-pack he hadn’t had as a nerdy loser yesterday, “I think the narrative was pushing me in this direction anyway. If it’s offering us a nice, easy fast track, who am I to argue, right?” But while he kept his tone light and teasing, he felt a thrill of excitement run through him at the thought of what might come next.

Emily’s hands wrapped around his forearm. She looked up into his eyes with fond concern. “I just don’t want you to feel like I’m forcing you to do this, Blaine.”

Wesley smiled down at her. “Bunny,” he said with the simple confidence of a man, the confidence a man earns just by *being* a man, “you can’t force me to do anything.”

He gave her a peck on her softly sculpted cheek before stepping up onto the stage, where the mad scientist gals were cavorting about with their vials. Their tits were nearly spilling out the tops of their ridiculous labcoat costumes. “Hey,” he said to them. “I want to take a shot at it.”

The crowd cheered as if this was some exciting new development, and not just the latest iteration of the same thing that had been happening for the last few demonstrations. Wesley happily soaked up their applause anyway. At the very front of the crowd, Emily was watching up at him with–admiration? Excitement? Concern? Her face was hot, but sometimes it did verge on inscrutable.

“Right this way, hot shot,” simpered one of the mad scientist girls. She tottered along on neon-green heels, leading him to the display of weights. He chose the heaviest dumbbells he thought he could manage and attempted a few bicep curls. The beach winds from last night had given him improved performance in that category, but not enough. After only a few, his muscles were already throbbing in protest.

The first scientist girl was about to offer him a bright orange serum when the big-titted blonde scientist stopped her. “Hang on. If my calculations are correct, I think this is the formulation for you.”

Wesley looked at the formula she’d just handed him. The angry red vial had a label that literally read, “Main Characters Only.” He glanced down into the audience where Emily was still watching him. This was his last opportunity to go back. And for half a second, he considered it. This would represent a daunting change, after all.

But it would also give him the power he really needed to make it further along. And then they could get out. Which was what they both wanted.

So he grinned at her, and then drank down the red formula in a single gulp.

A jolt of vitality hit his system. He’d never done cocaine before, but he had to imagine this was what it felt like. The gain in energy was both immediate and immense. With the singlemindedness of a machine, he immediately set down the dumbbells he’d selected and instead jumped up nearly thirty pounds apiece. Recalling what he remembered from high school gym class, he began to furiously pump out curl after curl.

With each rep, his biceps began to swell. The lines defining their boundaries etched themselves more and more deeply as subcutaneous fat was abruptly burned for fuel, or perhaps just violated the laws of physics by disappearing from the universe entirely. Rapidly, his bicep was shifting from a rounded shape to one with a defined slope and peak, veins increasingly visible beneath his tanned skin. And with each countermotion, his triceps grew to compensate, working in concert to stretch the tensile strength of his short sleeves to their limits.

He wasn’t directly working out his delts or his pecs, but they were growing, too. With each heaving breath, his chest muscles inched outward in every direction, the graceful lines becoming increasingly obvious beneath his shirt as their mass began to strain each button. His deltoids weren’t just broadening, but rounding out like fucking cannonballs that flowed elegantly into the increasingly slanted traps that gave him a thick, powerful neck.

His lats all but exploded, rapidly redefining his silhouette from a gentle trapezoid into a sharp triangle. All along the side stitches of his shirt, seams began to come apart, peeks of tanned skin increasingly visible as strained thread zigzagged across it and the large panels of fabric drifted apart like continents.

These weights were too light. He needed more. He set them down with an almighty *clang* and jumped up another fifty pounds. He was curling over a hundred pounds in each hand now. But he couldn’t stop. He just couldn’t.

The memory was not really a memory, because he didn’t recall *living* in it or *inhabiting* it. But it was a feeling: powerlessness. The world was big and complex and it was so easy to do wrong, be wrong. He recalled feeling adrift, wondering what a man’s place in this world could possibly be. And specifically, a man like him? One who was mindful and thoughtful and tried to be respectful?

But in the iron, there was power and purpose. There was a clearly defined role: to be the strongest. To be the *best.* To win against that asshole Pearson, and then to win at everything else he put his mind to. To get what was his, what he deserved. And, he thought with a fleeting glance at Bunny down in the crowd, to keep it and use it.

So with a masculine grunt, he lifted anew. The sweat trickling down his brow and body wasn’t the ugly sweat of hard exertion; it was the glowing sweat of a magazine ad, glossy and unattainable. Though he was doing absolutely nothing to work on his legs, he felt them rapidly expanding just the same. His quadriceps and hamstrings achieved beautiful separation, his calves becoming bigger than some mens’ biceps. And they were growing longer, too, because he was growing taller. The shorts he’d worn this morning were now increasingly short on him, even as his muscles threatened to tear their seams, too.

He grinned as he felt every seam he was wearing stretch within an inch of its life. Yes. He wanted this. Yes. He deserved this.

Yes. This was him.

At that acceptance, that realization, his shirt and shorts sundered as he let loose a triumphant, masculine roar.

The tatters of his clothes fell off him in tatters, revealing a body that surpassed any other at the demo so far. His six-pack had become a hyper-defined eight-pack, framed on each side by a fully realized adonis belt. His pecs bulged out like a shelf of pure muscle, separated by a canyon-like ridge. His thighs were as thick as watermelons, his biceps like footballs, his back a vast and tanned ocean of sculpted muscle.

And there were other ancillary changes. His tan had deepened, while his blonde hair had brightened slightly. As Wesley looked down at his body, he watched the hairs on his legs and arms disappear entirely, leaving him hairless and gleaming. His face had grown movie-star handsome, while still remaining boyish and youthful rather than steroid-rugged. His glutes had swollen so powerfully that they had swallowed his black briefs, turning them into a de facto thong. And their front strained with the bulk and girth of a heavy white cock that yearned for release.

He looked down at his new self in disbelief. And then, rapid acceptance. This was who he’d always been. Even when he hadn’t looked like it.

As the crowd erupted in rapturous excitement, he grinned cockily down at Emily and flexed every muscle of the new Blaine.

The moment Blaine—no, Wesley, though his new form seemed to demand a name as grandiose as the body that now bore it—descended from the Flex Fest stage, Emily could feel her resolve cracking like the seams of his clothes. The crowd’s cheers still thundered in her ears, the adoration for this new sculpted god almost palpable. Yet none of it compared to the way her own heart pounded as she watched him approach, each step radiating confidence and power.

His muscles didn’t just move; they flowed, a symphony of sinew and strength that seemed to play in harmony with the pounding synth music of the beach. His shoulders were broad enough to block the sun, each deltoid rounded to perfection, the definition so sharp it looked as though it had been chiseled by the gods themselves. His pecs jutted out like a proud shelf, the deep valley between them glistening with a sheen of sweat that caught the light just so. Every inch of him screamed masculinity, strength, dominance—and it was doing dangerous things to her composure.

Emily folded her arms tightly across her chest as he drew closer, her legs crossing as though she could physically hold herself back. Her lips pressed into a thin line, her eyes darting up and down his form, trying to look unimpressed while clearly failing. She forced a scoff. “So… I see you’ve gone full-on toxic masculinity now. Great. Love that for us.” Her voice wavered on the last word, and she cringed inwardly at how unconvincing it sounded.

Blaine smirked, his boyish charm now paired with a devastating confidence that made her knees weak. “Toxic? Really? I feel fantastic.” He flexed casually, lifting one arm to strike a bicep pose that made the muscle swell to mountainous proportions. A thick vein snaked along the peak, pulsing slightly, and Emily’s breath hitched audibly despite her best efforts to stay composed.

“Y-Yeah, well,” she stammered, her cheeks flaming, “just because it’s… aesthetically pleasing doesn’t mean it’s not a tool of, of oppression!” She waved a hand vaguely at him, though her eyes betrayed her, lingering on the ripple of his abs as they contracted with his movements. “I mean, do you even know how many women have been, like, conditioned to find… that attractive?” Her finger pointed at his chest, which rose and fell with his steady breaths, each pec flexing faintly with the motion.

Blaine raised an eyebrow, his smirk widening. “This?” he asked, placing one massive hand on his chest and giving it a deliberate squeeze. The muscle tensed under his grip, the motion so exaggerated it looked almost obscene. “You mean these big, oppressive pecs right here?”

Emily’s resolve shattered. “Okay, yes, fine!” she blurted, throwing her hands in the air. “They’re—ugh—they’re amazing, okay? But that doesn’t mean I’m impressed! I’m just… I’m acknowledging the… craftsmanship.” She bit her lip, her eyes glued to the deep line running between his pecs, glistening and inviting. “It’s like… like admiring a sculpture. A really problematic sculpture.”

She took an unsteady step closer, her gaze flicking over his body. “Like… your deltoids, for example,” she said, her voice softening despite herself. “They’re just so… perfectly round and… and they connect so seamlessly to your …” Her fingers twitched at her sides as if resisting the urge to reach out. “It’s like… like a damn marble statue.”

“Uh-huh,” Blaine said, his voice dripping with amusement. “And what about the arms?”

Emily’s breath caught as he raised his arm again, his bicep bulging with exaggerated slowness. The peak rose higher and higher, the skin stretched taut over the muscle, veins webbing across its surface like a roadmap to every sinful thought she was trying desperately to suppress.

“They’re… excessive,” she said weakly, her voice trembling. “I mean, who even needs arms like that? It’s just… impractical. And—and patriarchal! Like, why do you need biceps that are… that are…” Her voice trailed off as she stepped even closer, her gaze locked on the muscle before her. “…that big?”

Blaine chuckled. “Maybe it’s to carry stubborn little bunnies like you around when they get all worked up.”

Emily’s cheeks flamed. “You are insufferable,” she hissed, though the words had no heat. Her hands twitched again, and before she could stop herself, she reached out, her fingers brushing lightly against the peak of his bicep. The warmth of his skin was intoxicating, the solid mass beneath it making her head spin. “It’s just… so firm,” she murmured, her voice barely a whisper. “Like granite… but warm.”

Blaine flexed, and Emily let out an involuntary squeak as the muscle swelled under her touch, pressing into her palm. Her fingers instinctively traced the curve of his bicep, following the thick vein that pulsed with each beat of his heart. “I mean… it’s for understand the science-magic of this place, right?” she mumbled, her words tumbling out in a flustered rush. “Like, I have to… to understand how it’s possible. For… educational purposes.”

“F-A-P purposes, huh?” Blaine said, his voice teasing. He flexed again, and Emily gasped, her other hand flying up to cup the muscle. “And what’s the lesson so far?”

Emily didn’t answer. Her hands were everywhere now, trailing over his shoulders, brushing against his pecs, pressing lightly against his abs. Each muscle was firm and unyielding, the definition so sharp it felt like tracing the edges of a masterpiece. Her lips parted, her breaths shallow and quick, as her fingers lingered on the ridges of his eight-pack.

“And these…” she whispered, almost to herself, her hands splaying across his abdomen. “It’s like… like they’re carved out of… out of…” She paused, her gaze hazy as she tried to find the right words. “Out of pure… oppressive… masculinity.”

Blaine grinned. “Oppressive masculinity, huh? Sounds like you’re into that.”

“I am not into that!” Emily snapped, though the way her hands caressed his muscles betrayed her. She hesitated, her gaze dropping to the deep V of his adonis belt. “But… maybe I need a closer look. You know. For… academic …. reasons.”

Without waiting for an answer, she leaned in, her tongue darting out to trace the edge of his abs. The salty tang of his sweat made her shiver, and she let out a soft, involuntary moan as she tasted him. “It’s just…” she murmured between licks, her voice breathless, “it’s for science-magic reasons… I … I’m just trying to see if you’re giving off pheromones that make me feel this way … and stuff.”

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Veronica Valmont adjusted the diamond-studded strap of her liquid silver bikini, her reflection gleaming in the mirrored panel of the Flex Fest booth. The lights caught every curve, every perfect angle of her figure. The bikini left almost nothing to the imagination, the metallic fabric catching every spark of sunlight and reflecting it like a spotlight directly onto her. This was her moment to SHINE!

She’d timed it perfectly. As Wesley—no, Blaine—emerged from his muscle-enhancement transformation, looking like a chiseled Greek god, Veronica would glide into the scene, all sensual allure and effortless command. The contrast would be irresistible: his raw masculinity in contrast to her sophisticated seduction. And then the girl would choose and choose rightly.

And… and … It HAD to work this time!

She tilted her head back, her cigarette burning low between her fingers, though she hardly needed its heat. Her body was already alive with fire—an inferno sparked by thoughts she couldn’t control, couldn’t name, though they centered around one girl.

And for some reason that girl was no longer Candy.

Candy had been her plan, perfect in every glossy, shallow way. The blonde with the kind of curves that demanded attention, her playful giggles and eager, pliable nature practically begging Veronica to take her apart piece by piece. Candy had been a game, an indulgence, someone Veronica could toy with and leave breathless, begging for more. She’d seen it so clearly—the way it would play out, the way she’d unravel Candy until the girl was nothing but a shell of her former self and would actively WANT to surrender to Veronica’s command.

But now Candy was somewhere inside, sulking and draped over some interchangeable Tad or Chad or Brad, and Veronica had almost forgotten about her. Instead she was out here, pacing the boardwalk, her thighs clenching, her chest tight with an ache that wouldn’t ease. Her cigarette trembled in her fingers as her mind betrayed her, wandering back—inevitably, uncontrollably—to Emily.

Emily, who wasn’t supposed to matter.

Emily, whose dark, straight hair had fallen like a silken curtain over her golden skin, framing eyes wide and sweet but sharp with an unexpected mischief. Emily, who wore denim cutoffs so short they were practically against the law, and a crop top that rode up every time she moved, teasing the soft, taut skin of her stomach. Emily, who had fumbled through a bikini contest earlier with a shy smile and an awkward charm that had left the crowd—and Veronica—hanging on her every goddamned move.

Veronica closed her eyes, exhaling slowly, the memory of Emily’s scent still clinging to her senses. Coconut, sunlight, and something faintly floral, mixed with the salty tang of skin kissed by hours in the sun. It had hit Veronica like a drug, heady and intoxicating, during a moment that hadn’t meant anything. Or shouldn’t have. Just a brush of her hand against Emily’s arm, a fleeting connection, and yet she’d felt the warmth of it lingering, searing, long after Emily had turned away.

She pressed her palms hard against the railing, the wood biting into her skin, trying to hold onto something solid while her mind betrayed her again. She pictured Emily laughing, that sweet, breathy giggle that made Veronica’s chest ache. She imagined the way her body might tremble if Veronica stepped closer, let her fingers ghost over that soft, sun-warmed skin, let them dip lower, under the edge of those ridiculous cutoffs, teasing the wetness she knew would be there, waiting, aching.

Fuck.

Emily wasn’t supposed to be her type. Veronica craved blonde bombshells, girls who radiated confidence, who knew how to use their bodies like weapons, who could meet Veronica’s intensity head-on and make her burn for it. Emily wasn’t that. Emily was smaller, softer, a quiet force that unsettled Veronica in ways she didn’t know how to name. And ASIAN! The only Asian Veronica could remember seeing in this town … ever! But maybe that was why she couldn’t stop thinking about her. Why every stolen glance, every shy smile, every casual brush of skin against skin felt like it was pulling Veronica closer to the edge.

Her lips parted, the cigarette forgotten, her breath hitching as her mind conjured the image of Emily beneath her—those wide eyes darkened with want, her body arching into Veronica’s hands as she slowly, deliberately stripped her bare. She imagined the way Emily might gasp when Veronica kissed the delicate line of her throat, let her lips trail lower, lower, her hands gripping Emily’s thighs, spreading her sweet tight yellow pussy open and then —

Veronica bit down on her lip hard enough to taste blood, her thighs pressing together as the heat between them grew unbearable. She wanted—God, she wanted—Emily. Wanted to see her blush, hear her breath catch, watch her melt as Veronica unraveled her with slow, calculated precision.

At the muscle growth booth, Emily would be smiling, oblivious to the storm she was stirring in Veronica’s chest. Maybe she was laughing with Wesley (No… it was Blaine now … why was that so fuzzy to her?). Emily’s gaze would be lingering a second too long on the line of his jaw or the curve of his arm. But Veronica had seen how Emily looked at GIRLS! She HAD seen it; the way Emily’s eyes flicked, curious, intrigued, when she thought no one was watching.

“She could look at ME like that,” she thought with an intensity like gasoline on the fire. Veronica straightened, her dress clinging to her in the night air, her lips curving into a slow, wicked smile. She had decided then, the moment electric with possibility. Candy would have been easy. Emily would be a challenge.

And Veronica had never been able to resist a challenge. It was just why did it have to be this difficult? Nothing was going as it was supposed to..

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She almost heard a sound in her mind as she began to flashback to all her failed attempts so far…

Doododoloodooodldodoldodlododldododldooo

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Veronica Valmont stepped into the shadowed corner of *The Wet Spot*, her sequined black dress clinging like a second skin to every sinful curve. She adjusted the neckline, tugging it just a touch lower, enough to reveal the tops of her creamy, perfect breasts. A strand of her platinum blonde hair fell artfully across one eye as she angled her body just so, leaning against the wall with one long leg peeking through the dramatic slit of her gown. She smirked, watching the crowd, waiting for her moment.

But instead of gasps or admiring whispers, there was nothing.

No one even turned.

Veronica’s painted red lips twitched in irritation. She scanned the bar and spotted Wesley and Emily laughing by the jukebox, completely oblivious to her dramatic entrance. She’d been practicing that pose for hours.

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And then there had been the dawn surfing incident

Doododoloodooodldodoldodlododldododldooo

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She’d stood on the boardwalk in a flowing black silk robe, the kind that parted scandalously with every gust of sea breeze. Beneath it, she wore a daring black one-piece with a plunging neckline that nearly kissed her navel. She’d been the picture of sultry mystery, perched like a predatory bird, waiting for the exact moment to descend the steps and approach Wesley and Emily.

But just as she began her slow, dramatic descent, Emily had burst into laughter, clutching Rad’s stolen surf trunks in one hand while striking a victory pose atop her board. The crowd’s roar drowned out Veronica’s heeled footsteps entirely. Her carefully orchestrated reveal had been reduced to an unnoticed specter in the background.

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### And then there had been the pool party fiasco

### Doododoloodooodldodoldodlododldododldooo

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She’d slipped out of her electric-blue cocktail dress with theatrical flair, revealing a scandalously sheer mesh bikini that left little to the imagination. Her long legs shimmered as she stepped into the pool, every movement slow and deliberate.

Her plan had been simple: wade to Wesley, dripping water and allure, and deliver the kind of line that would make him hers instantly. Something like, *“Looks like the water isn’t the only thing wet around here.”*

But before she could even get halfway, Emily had “drowned.” The crowd’s focus had shifted entirely to Wesley leaping into the pool, and Veronica’s smoldering walk had been completely ignored. She’d ended up treading water awkwardly in the background.

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### And then there had been the bikini party boondoggle

### Doododoloodooodldodoldodlododldododldooo

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Her pièce de résistance had been a black string bikini that was almost criminal in its design. When she stepped onto the stage, she’d unfastened the top’s halter ties just enough to suggest it might fall at any moment. She’d even used her lipstick to write *“Call Me”* across her thigh, the red letters blazing against her pale skin.

But Wesley had been too busy coaching Emily through her awkward runway walk to notice. The crowd had gone wild for Emily’s nervous little giggle as she tripped onstage and accidentally ripped Missy’s sash in half.

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But this time at the Muscle Flex would be DIFFERENT!

Veronica stepped into the crowd's edge, the air thick with the scent of sunscreen and sweat. Her hips swayed with hypnotic precision as she approached the muscle growth booth. Every step was calculated, her heels clicking against the wooden planks of the boardwalk like a metronome of temptation. She reached the spotlight zone, and—

“Oh my God, he’s doing it!” someone shouted.

All heads turned away from her, including Wesley’s, as a wiry, bespectacled guy lifted a massive dumbbell above his head. The crowd erupted in cheers as the “science magic” kicked in, his spindly frame bulging with new muscles. The sight of his swim trunks splitting along the seams drew howls of laughter, and the crowd pressed forward to watch him strike clumsy poses, utterly oblivious to Veronica.

She froze, her sultry smirk faltering.

“Okay,” she muttered under her breath. “Improvise.”

Veronica turned her back to the booth and bent over as if to pick up something she’d “accidentally” dropped, her silver bikini bottom riding up scandalously. The move was guaranteed to catch Emily’s eye—or anyone’s eye.

But instead of appreciative murmurs, she heard—

“Whoa, check out that seagull fight!”

The crowd surged away, pointing at a pair of gulls squabbling over a discarded corn dog. They flapped and cawed, wings and mustard flying everywhere, completely stealing the show.

Veronica’s fingers curled into fists at her sides.

She stood upright, flipping her platinum hair over her shoulder with a dramatic flair that should’ve turned heads. Still nothing. Her teeth clenched, and a faint vein pulsed at her temple.

Time for the nuclear option.

She sauntered onto the stage, positioning herself directly in front of the crowd. She stretched languidly, arching her back as if basking in the sun, her silver bikini gleaming like a beacon. Slowly, deliberately, she untied one side of her bikini bottom, letting it dangle precariously.

“Oops,” she purred loudly, her voice dripping with feigned innocence.

No one noticed.

Instead, there was a loud “WHOMP!” as someone at the smoothie bar accidentally spilled an entire vat of a glowing protein shake, sending a fluorescent tidal wave cascading across the boardwalk. People screamed and scrambled to avoid the mess, leaving Veronica standing on the stage, her seductive tableau utterly ignored.

She stomped her heel.

“WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO GET SOME FUCKING ATTENTION AROUND HERE?!” she shrieked.

She grabbed the nearest weight and hoisted it over her head in a move that would’ve been impressive—if anyone had been watching. Instead, a vendor’s cart collapsed in the distance, sending a cascade of beach balls rolling toward the crowd. People laughed, scooping up the balls and throwing them around like children at a carnival.

“YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!”

In her frustration, Veronica hurled the weight toward the sand. It landed with a muffled thud, completely anticlimactic, as one of the Flex Fest “scientists” sidled up to her, smiling brightly.

“Ma’am, would you like to participate in the muscle-enhancement demonstration?”

Veronica gaped at her. “Are you serious right now?”

The scientist cocked her head, unperturbed. “We have a new pink serum for participants looking to enhance their thighs. It’s been very popular.”

Veronica’s eye twitched. “Enhance. My. Thighs?”

“Yes, ma’am. Or you could—”

“NO! I don’t need your stupid serum! I’m trying to—UGH!” Veronica spun on her heel, storming off the stage, her silver bikini gleaming like a lighthouse of rage.

She stopped in front of a mirror near the booth, her reflection mocking her. She looked perfect. She looked better than perfect. She looked like a goddamned sex goddess dropped onto this stupid beach to rule it.

So why wasn’t anyone looking at her?

Her lip trembled, then firmed into a sneer. “Fine,” she hissed to her reflection. “You want to ignore me? Go ahead. But when this beach burns, don’t come crying to me.”

With a dramatic flourish of her silver bikini, she stomped away—right into a volleyball net.

“SON OF A—!”

Her legs tangled in the net as the ball plopped unceremoniously into the sand beside her. The crowd cheered for the accidental point.

Veronica sighed, sprawled in the sand, her silver bikini shining like a broken star. "I hate this beach," she moaned. And somewhere in the distance a beach musician played a sad trombone.

—

Tad stared blankly at the volleyball in his hands, the surf crashing lazily behind him. His chiseled jaw clenched as he scanned the nearly empty beach, his usual easygoing grin replaced by a furrowed brow. Next to him, Candy—her name as fitting as her glittery pink bikini and bubblegum-popping demeanor—was reclining on a lounge chair, her improbably long legs stretched out in front of her.

The sun glinted off her golden skin, but even her natural radiance couldn’t distract from the sheer aimlessness they both felt.

“I don’t get it,” Tad muttered, tossing the volleyball in the air and catching it. His golden blonde hair shimmered in the sunlight, perfectly tousled in a way that seemed to defy all natural physics. “This morning, I woke up ready for, like, the most epic volleyball game ever. You know, dives so sweet they could almost be in slow motion,, sweaty pecs, girls cheering. Classic stuff.”

Candy glanced over at him, sliding her oversized sunglasses down her nose to reveal sparkling blue eyes that were perpetually just a little wide, like she was constantly surprised by everything. “So why didn’t you, like… just do it?” she asked, her voice syrupy and sweet, though tinged with confusion.

Tad gestured around them. “Because nobody’s here, Candy! An epic game isn’t EPIC if NO ONE IS HERE, right? It’s just me... hitting a ball... alone.” He huffed, spinning the volleyball between his hands. “I even tried getting a group together earlier. I was all, ‘Yo, dudes, who’s up for some gnarly spikes?’ But everyone just kinda… drifted off. Like, they weren’t into it.”

Candy pouted, twirling a strand of her platinum blonde hair around her finger. “That’s, like, totally weird. You’re Tad. People always wanna hang out with you.”

“Exactly!” Tad said, his tone rising with frustration. “And you—you’re Candy. You’re supposed to, I don’t know, bring the bubbly vibes. Get the party started. But lately, it’s like…” He trailed off, gesturing vaguely at her.

Candy sat up straighter, arching her back in a way that made her already impressive cleavage strain against her bikini top. “What? What is it?” she asked, her glossy lips forming a perfect pout.

“I dunno,” Tad said, scratching the back of his neck. “It’s like… you’re not sparkling the way you used to.”

Candy gasped, clutching her chest dramatically. “Tad! That’s, like, the worst thing you’ve ever said to me.”

“I’m sorry! But…I’m also serious!” Tad insisted. “When’s the last time you started a pillow fight, huh? Or, like, jumped into the pool just so everyone could see how great your boobs look when you come up out of the water? That’s your thing, Candy. You’re the queen of sexy-but-totally-innocent fun. But now, it’s like you’re just… sitting there.”

Candy looked down at herself, frowning slightly. “I mean, I did try to do that thing where I squirted sunscreen all over myself earlier,” she said, her voice dipping into a sulky tone. “But I just got all gooey … and not in a sexy way. Nobody even noticed! Usually, the boys are, like, all over me when I do that.”

Tad threw the volleyball to the ground, his frustration boiling over. “That’s what I’m talking about! Something’s off. It’s like the whole vibe of this place is… broken.”

Candy nodded slowly, though her gaze was fixed on her own chest as she adjusted her bikini top. “Do you think it’s, like… us?” she asked, a rare flicker of self-awareness in her voice. “Like, maybe we’re not hot enough anymore?”

“Impossible,” Tad said immediately, flexing his biceps for emphasis. “Look at me. I’m peak Tad. And you—well, you’re Candy. You’re perfect. It’s not us. It’s…” He paused, struggling to articulate the strange feeling that had been gnawing at him for days. “It’s like the energy’s been… sucked out of our world.”

Candy tilted her head, her expression blank but curious. “Do you think it’s, like… aliens?”

Tad sighed. “No, Candy. It’s not aliens.” He squinted out at the horizon, his square jaw tightening. “But something’s definitely changed. It’s like… we’re not important to Bikini Week anymore.”

Candy’s head snapped up, her oversized sunglasses sliding down her nose. “What? Don’t be ridiculous, Tad. We’re, like, totally important.”

“Are we, though?” Tad gestured at the empty court and the boardwalk beyond it. “Where is everyone? Why isn’t there a crowd here watching me practice my spikes? And why haven’t you done... you know... one of your things yet?”

Candy blinked, her fingers tightening on her hair. “My things?”

“You know!” Tad waved his hand vaguely. “Like, you accidentally trip and end up flashing everyone, or your top gets caught on something, or you do that thing where you walk out of the water, and everyone just stops and stares.”

Candy frowned, her nose wrinkling adorably. “I can’t just make that stuff happen, Tad. It’s supposed to, like, happen naturally.”

“Well, it’s not happening now!” Tad groaned, sitting down heavily on the sand. “And when’s the last time someone asked me to pose for a beach calendar? Or challenged me to a volleyball match? It’s like we’re... I don’t know, just here.”

Candy leaned forward, resting her chin on her hand. “Okay, yeah. It does feel kinda... weird. Like, remember last night at the bonfire? I was dancing, and... nobody even noticed.”

Tad nodded solemnly. “Yeah. And I was showing off my pec bounce. Nothing. Not even a single cheer.”

“Maybe it’s Them,” Candy asked with real fear.

“Them?” Tad asked, raising an eyebrow.

“You know. Them. That new guy and that girl he’s always with. What are their names again? Wes and... Emmy? Emily?”

Tad snorted. “What, them? Come on. That guy was a total nerd last week, and that girl...” He trailed off, frowning. “Actually, she’s kind of hot now. Did you see her during that chicken fight? Those... those things of hers nearly knocked Missy off the guy’s shoulders. Yea … Yeah! Now that you mention it did you notice how everyone keeps staring at them? Like, everywhere they go? It’s like... they’re the ones everyone’s watching now.. Emily was, like, nobody last week, and now she’s got every guy staring at her like she’s the hottest thing since Jessica Rabbit.”

Candy pouted, crossing her arms over her chest. “Ugh, her boobs aren’t as big as Jessica’s.”

Tad nodded fervently. “Exactly. And yet, somehow, she’s stealing all the attention. It’s like the attention has shifted to them.”

Candy furrowed her brow, a rare moment of thoughtfulness crossing her face. “So… what do we do?”

Tad fell silent, his jaw tightening as he stared out at the ocean. After a moment, Candy reached out and touched his arm, her nails skimming over his bronzed skin. “Hey,” she said softly, her voice uncharacteristically serious. “Maybe... maybe we just need to remind everyone why they used to watch us.”

Tad looked at her, his brow furrowing. “How?”

Candy bit her lip, a slow, mischievous smile spreading across her face. “Well, we could, like... do something. You know, together. Something that’ll get their attention.”

Tad’s eyes lit up, a grin tugging at the corners of his mouth. “Yeah. Like what?”

Candy stood up, brushing the sand off her legs, and stretched, her arms arching over her head in a way that made her curves stand out even more. “I dunno. Something sexy. Something fun.” She glanced at the volleyball net, then back at him. “How about we play a little game?”

Tad’s grin widened. “You’re on.”

They moved to the net, Candy tying her hair back in a high ponytail that swished enticingly with every step. Tad handed her the ball, his fingers brushing hers for just a moment longer than necessary. She tossed it up, testing its weight, before serving it over the net with a surprising amount of force.

“Not bad,” Tad said, diving to save it. He popped the ball back over the net, and Candy leapt to meet it, her lithe body stretching in a way that made Tad momentarily lose focus. The ball hit the sand behind him, and she let out a victorious laugh.

“Point for me!” she said, twirling in place. “Come on, Tad. You’re not gonna let me win that easy, are you?”

“Not a chance,” Tad shot back, grabbing the ball. They kept at it, their movements growing more animated, more playful, as the game went on.

Candy’s bikini top slipped slightly as she lunged for the ball, exposing just a hint of skin. Tad couldn’t help but stare, and she noticed, a sly smile tugging at her lips. “See something you like?” she teased, tossing the ball back to him.

“Maybe,” Tad replied, his voice lower than usual. He served the ball hard, forcing her to dive for it. She hit the sand with a laugh, her hair spilling out of its ponytail and her bikini bottom riding up just enough to draw attention.

Candy stood up, brushing herself off, and tossed her hair over her shoulder. “Think that got their attention?” she asked, glancing around.

Tad followed her gaze, but the boardwalk was still mostly empty. He sighed, running a hand through his hair. “I don’t get it. We’re doing everything right. Why isn’t anyone watching?”

Candy shrugged, though her smile faltered. “Maybe... we just need to try harder.”

Tad nodded, determination hardening his features. “Yeah. Let’s make them look. Let’s remind everyone why we’re the best damn thing to ever happen to Bikini Week.”

Soon Tad and Candy were standing at the edge of the boardwalk, their gazes drifting over the beach as they tried to brainstorm a new plan. The volleyball game had fizzled, their usual charm had fallen flat, and the uneasy sense that something was *off* had only grown stronger.

“We need something big,” Tad said, pacing back and forth. His golden hair caught the sun perfectly, but not a single passerby stopped to admire it. “Something wild, something... unforgettable. The kind of thing everyone talks about for weeks.”

Candy twirled a strand of her hair around her finger, her lips pouting thoughtfully. “Like... what? Should we, like, climb onto the roof of the surf shop and do a backflip into the ocean?”

“That’s it!” Tad’s eyes lit up. “That’s the energy we need! Let’s do it.”

The two of them raced to the surf shop, their movements full of the kind of exaggerated excitement that should have drawn a crowd. But when they reached the roof and Tad stood at the edge, arms spread like a daring stuntman, the energy fell flat.

“Here we go!” Tad shouted, his voice ringing out over the beach. He leapt off the roof, expecting to land in a dramatic splash in the ocean below. Instead, he landed awkwardly in knee-high water, splashing around like a flailing toddler. Candy slid down a nearby ladder to join him, but by the time she got there, he was just standing there, dripping wet and scowling.

“That was it?” she asked, her voice filled with disbelief.

“I don’t get it,” Tad muttered, trudging out of the water. “That should’ve been *epic.*”

Candy followed him, brushing sand off her legs. “Okay, maybe stunts aren’t our thing. What about... I know! A spontaneous dance-off! People *love* a good dance-off.”

Tad nodded, his spirits lifting slightly. “Yeah, yeah, we can work with that. Let’s do it!”

They made their way to a small platform near the boardwalk, where a boombox sat abandoned. Candy turned it on, blasting a lively, bass-heavy beat, and they both launched into their best moves. Tad threw in some impressive breakdancing spins, while Candy’s hips swayed hypnotically, her body moving in perfect rhythm to the music.

But no one stopped to watch. The people walking by barely gave them a second glance, and the few who did just looked confused.

Candy slowed her movements, her confidence wavering. “Why isn’t anyone joining in?”

Tad stopped mid-spin, his arms dropping to his sides. “This doesn’t make any sense. Are we invisible or something?”

“No,” Candy replied, crossing her arms over her chest. “They can *see* us. They just don’t... care.”

The two stood in silence for a moment, the music from the boombox still playing faintly in the background. Then Candy’s eyes lit up again. “I’ve got it! A food fight! Those are always fun and messy and, like, super chaotic.”

“Genius,” Tad said, grabbing her hand. “Let’s hit the snack shack.”

A few minutes later, they were armed with a pile of burgers, fries, and milkshakes. Tad started it off by lobbing a fry at Candy’s forehead. She squealed in mock outrage, grabbing a milkshake and hurling it at his chest.

Within moments, they were covered in food, laughing as they threw ketchup packets and burger buns at each other. But instead of escalating into the messy, wacky chaos they’d imagined, it just felt... sad. A few bystanders stopped to watch, but their expressions were more bemused than entertained. One old man muttered, “Kids these days,” before wandering off.

Candy wiped a glob of mustard off her boobs, her shoulders slumping. “This isn’t working either.”

“Okay, okay,” Tad said, trying to stay upbeat. “We’ll go bigger. Let’s stage a daring rescue!”

Candy perked up slightly. “Ooh, like a lifeguard thing? Someone drowning?”

“Exactly! Let’s fake it.” Tad grabbed her hand and dragged her toward the water.

Candy waded in up to her waist and began waving her arms dramatically. “Help! Help! I’m drowning!” she cried, her voice shrill.

Tad ran in after her, scooping her up in his arms with a heroic flourish. “I’ve got you!” he declared, carrying her back to shore.

But as they reached the sand, the only reaction they got was from a small child who pointed at them and said, “Mommy, why is that lady pretending to drown?”

Candy groaned, burying her face in her hands. “This is so lame.”

Tad sighed, setting her down gently. “Okay, what’s next?”

Candy thought for a moment, then gasped. “A wardrobe malfunction! Those always get attention.”

“Perfect,” Tad said, his eyes gleaming.

Candy grabbed the string of her bikini top, tugging on it as if it were about to come undone. She leaned forward, giggling as she prepared to make a dramatic show of “accidentally” losing her top.

But just as she tugged, the knot refused to budge. She pulled harder, but the string stayed firmly in place. “What the...?” Candy muttered, yanking at it with both hands.

“Uh, maybe it’s a sign,” Tad suggested, watching her struggle.

Candy finally gave up, her cheeks flushed with frustration. “Even my *bikini* won’t cooperate! This is ridiculous!”

Tad sat down beside her in the sand, staring out at the ocean. “What are we doing wrong, Candy? This is *our* week. Our beach. Our moment. Why isn’t anything working?”

Candy sighed, leaning against him. “I don’t know, Tad. I just... I feel like something’s missing..”

The hours passed and soon the empty beach held a strange stillness as the sun dipped lower, painting the horizon in soft hues of amber and pink. Tad and Candy sat together in the sand, the earlier sense of futility lingering in the air. Candy sighed, shifting closer to him, her glittery bikini catching the waning light.

“This feels… weird, right?” she murmured, her voice softer than usual. Her fingers toyed with a loose thread on her top, her nails painted the same bubblegum pink as her lips.

Tad glanced at her, his sculpted features etched with rare vulnerability. “Yeah,” he admitted, his deep voice quieter now. “Like we’re not enough anymore.”

Candy’s eyes met his, and for the first time, the usual spark of playful vanity was replaced with something raw. “Maybe it’s not about them,” she whispered, her voice trembling slightly. “Maybe it’s about us.”

Their bodies moved instinctively closer, the lingering silence between them thick with unspoken emotions. Tad's hand trembled slightly as he brushed his fingers against Candy's jaw, the warmth of her skin igniting a spark he hadn’t felt in what seemed like forever. The weight of the day, the emptiness of it all, dissolved in that simple touch.

Her gaze met his, blue eyes wide with vulnerability but flickering with something primal. She didn’t speak; she didn’t need to. Candy shifted, leaning forward until their lips met in a kiss that was hesitant at first, like testing the waters of a tide they couldn’t fight. But as soon as Tad felt the soft, sugary press of her lips against his, the dam broke.

The kiss deepened, his strong hands gripping her hips, pulling her into him. Her glittery pink bikini top slid askew as his touch roamed upward, fingers skimming over her ribs until they brushed the full swell of her breasts. Candy gasped against his mouth, her fingers tangling in his sun-kissed hair. Every nerve in her body came alive, electric, sparking under his touch.

“Candy,” Tad murmured, his voice low and rough with need.

She whimpered softly, arching her back as his lips trailed down her neck. Her bikini top slipped loose entirely, baring her golden skin to the cool evening breeze. His kisses grew hungrier, tracing the curve of her collarbone and down to the sensitive peaks of her breasts. She shuddered as his tongue flicked over her nipple, his other hand kneading her flesh with reverence and fervor.

Their breathing quickened, synchronized, as if their hearts had found a new rhythm together. Candy’s hands explored Tad’s body, her fingers worshiping every ridge of his sculpted chest and abs. His muscles tensed under her touch, his golden skin hot and smooth. She’d always known he was beautiful, but now, with his body pressed against hers and his desire so palpable, he seemed godlike.

Tad’s hands slid lower, grasping the ties of her bikini bottoms and tugging them free. The fabric fell away, leaving her bare under the fading sunlight. His gaze swept over her, drinking in every curve and hollow, every glistening inch of her body. “You’re perfect,” he breathed, his voice reverent.

Candy felt alive for the first time in ages, every inch of her skin hypersensitive to his touch. She reached for the waistband of his trunks, pulling them down to reveal his hardness, his arousal proof of his overwhelming need for her. He pressed against her, the head of his cock teasing her slick entrance, and she moaned softly, her nails digging into his shoulders.

“Tad,” she whispered, her voice trembling with anticipation. “Please…”

He pushed into her slowly, stretching her, filling her. Candy cried out, her head falling back as her body adjusted to the delicious fullness. Tad groaned, his hands gripping her thighs as he began to move, his hips rocking in a steady, deliberate rhythm. Every thrust sent a shockwave of pleasure through her, her body arching to meet his.

The world around them faded away. The empty beach, the silent boardwalk, the lack of an audience—all of it became irrelevant as they lost themselves in each other. Their movements grew frantic, desperate, as if they could banish the emptiness with the intensity of their connection. Candy’s cries filled the air, her pleasure unrestrained, and Tad’s deep groans followed, his voice heavy with passion.

Her body tightened around him as her climax approached, the tension building until it snapped like a wave crashing against the shore. She screamed his name, her nails raking down his back as she shattered beneath him. Tad followed seconds later, burying himself deep inside her as he found his release, his body shaking with the force of it.

They collapsed onto the sand, their bodies tangled and slick with sweat. The sound of their breathing mingled with the rhythmic crash of the waves. For a long moment, neither of them spoke, their hearts pounding in unison.

Candy turned her head to look at Tad, a lazy, sated smile on her lips. “That… that was everything,” she whispered.

Tad chuckled softly, brushing a strand of hair from her face. “It was more than everything. It was you. It was me. It was us.”

She curled into his side, her head resting on his chest. The warmth of his skin, the steady beat of his heart, made her feel whole in a way nothing else ever had. They didn’t need the crowds, the attention, the validation. In each other, for the first time in what felt like forever, they’d found something real.

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The ocean’s salty breeze was powerless in the heat of the moment, failing to cool the air that crackled with tension. Behind the gleaming black limousine, Pearson lit his cigar with a smirk that spoke of power bought, sold, and taken at will. His gold lighter snapped shut, his eyes narrowing as he turned his attention to Charlotte. She stood a few paces away, the sharp tailoring of her suit doing little to hide the swell of her hips, the curve of her ass that defied the rigid professionalism she tried so hard to exude.

"Charlotte," he barked, stepping closer, his voice low and heavy with dominance. "How’s my empire coming along? Got this beach wrapped up in a neat little bow yet, or do I need to start cracking the whip?"

Charlotte’s fingers fumbled on the clipboard, betraying the composure she fought to maintain. Her skirt clung tightly to her thighs, the hem teasing her knees, but it was her trembling voice that really gave her away. "There are still negotiations ongoing, Mr. Pearson," she stammered, her lips parting in a nervous breath. "The locals are resistant, but we’re working on it."

"Locals?" He laughed sharply, tossing his cigar to the gravel. "Locals are ants under my boot, Charlotte. I didn’t put you in that pretty office so you could waste my time whining about ants."

He stalked toward her, the gravel crunching underfoot, his presence a wall of pressure. When he reached her, he ripped the clipboard from her hands with the ease of a man who expected no resistance and threw it onto the car hood without a second glance. "You’re supposed to be handling this. Are you telling me you can’t keep up, sweetheart?"

Charlotte barely had time to catch her breath before his hand shot out, grabbing her by the crotch, her pussy if she was being blunt, and pulling her flush against him. The motion was rough, unapologetic, his palm splaying possessively against her lower stomach. "What’s wrong, Charlotte?" His voice dropped to a growl, his lips brushing her ear as his fingers slid lower, teasing the edge of her skirt. "You seemed pretty damn eager to prove yourself back when you begged me for this job."

She gasped, the sound soft but sharp, as his fingers gripped her firmly, his hold unapologetic as he pressed her hips to the car.

Pearson’s grin widened, predatory, as his fingers slid further up Charlotte’s skirt. The fabric strained against the motion, the tailored material clinging to her curves as though resisting the invasion. But he was stronger, more determined, and the skirt yielded under his persistence. His fingers brushed the edge of her panties, the silk damp with a heat she couldn’t hide, and he chuckled darkly.

“Ah, there it is,” he murmured, his voice dripping with satisfaction. “All that fire in your eyes, all that fight—you want to play the ice queen, but your body? Your body knows exactly where it belongs.”

“Mr. Pearson,” she whispered, her voice barely audible, a fragile tremor in the air between them. “This… this is unprofessional.”

"Unprofessional?" Pearson mocked, his grin widening as his hand slid up the curve of her hip, fingers curling possessively over her waist. "Let me tell you something about professionalism, Charlotte. It’s a word losers hide behind when they can’t handle the real world." His hand yanked and actually managed to rip the thin fabric of her panties. "Do you think Trump got where he is by playing nice? Hell no. He became a huge developer, just like me, by being a man who takes what he wants, who knows power when he sees it and doesn’t waste time asking for permission." Charlotte’s breath hitched, her mind spinning as she tried to process his words, his touch, the sharp, almost hypnotic cadence of his voice. His palm slid down, his fingers curling beneath the edge of her skirt to trace the bare skin of her thigh. "Power isn’t given, sweetheart," Pearson continued, his tone low and dangerous, his lips curling into a smirk as he watched her struggle to maintain composure. "It’s taken. Owned. Just like this beach will be. Just like you are. So if you want to talk about right and wrong now, sweetheart? Well… you didn’t seem so concerned when you walked into my office in that tight little number, batting those big eyes and offering me ‘whatever it takes.’”

Her cheeks burned, the memory of her desperate job interview flashing through her mind. She had needed this position, fought tooth and nail for it, and now here she was, her own words turned against her in the most humiliating way.

“You promised you could handle the heat, Charlotte,” Pearson growled, his hand tightening on her hip, pulling her hard against the bulge pressing insistently against his slacks. “So don’t start whining now. You wanted to play in the big leagues? This is how the game is played.”

She shuddered, torn between the indignation boiling in her chest and the traitorous ache building between her legs. His hand moved lower, rough fingers brushing against the slickness that betrayed her, and she gasped, her hands clutching his suit jacket for balance.

“See that?” he sneered, his tone dripping with triumph as he slid a finger between her folds, teasing her mercilessly. “Your mouth says one thing, but this—” He pressed his finger deeper, making her cry out, her body arching into him despite herself. “This says something else entirely.”

Charlotte’s head tipped back, her lips parting in a soft moan she couldn’t stifle. Pearson’s other hand tangled in her hair, tugging sharply to expose the vulnerable line of her throat. He leaned in, his breath hot against her skin as he growled, “You’re mine, Charlotte. Every inch of you. So stop pretending you don’t love every second of this.”

Her legs gave out entirely, and Pearson caught her, his grip unyielding as he pinned her against the car. His hand moved faster now, his fingers stroking her with a confidence born of experience, pushing her closer and closer to the edge. Her protests dissolved into gasps and whimpers, her body betraying her again and again as it responded to his touch as he began to slide his finger in and out of her pussy faster and faster.

“That’s it,” he purred, his lips brushing her ear as her breathing quickened, her hips bucking against his hand. “Let go, sweetheart. Show me how much you want this.”

Charlotte’s mind swirled in a haze of humiliation and desire, her body trembling as the tension coiled tighter and tighter within her. She clung to Pearson, her nails digging into his jacket as the wave finally crashed over her, her moan spilling into the humid air.

Pearson smirked, his hand slowing but never leaving her, his touch a possessive reminder of the control he held over her. “Good girl,” he murmured, his voice thick with satisfaction as he leaned back to admire the flushed, disheveled woman trembling in his grasp.

“Now,” he said, his tone shifting back to business as he straightened her skirt with a mockery of care, “get your ass back to the office and fix this beach deal. Unless you’d prefer I show you what happens when I really lose my patience.”

Charlotte swallowed hard, her cheeks burning as she nodded, her legs unsteady as she stepped away. Her voice was barely above a whisper as she replied, “Yes, Mr. Pearson.”

He chuckled, lighting another cigar as he watched her retreat, his eyes gleaming with triumph. “That’s what I thought.

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Blaine felt an overwhelming desire to turn and smirk right at the camera.

He also felt all kinds of other things: the sweet sensation of Emily's eager tongue running worshipfully up and down the veiny new abs he had just sprouted. Her hands, unable to keep themselves off his hard new contours no matter how vocally she protested otherwise. The warmth of the beach town sun on all the wide, wide expanses of exposed skin he now boasted, since his shorts and his shirt were little more than a distant memory.

The more she drank him in, the more she started to flush in that way Asian people got when they'd had one beer. Bright red in her cheeks and ears, a faint shimmer of aesthetically pleasing sweat on her forehead. On a primal, almost animal level, he could smell her desire mingled with the scents of salt, seafoam, and artificial coconut sunscreen.

"I don't think pheromones could make you do that, babe," he said with casual ownership. Yet Emily kept sniffing and licking his body. And it felt...more than nice. Nice was a perfectly adequate word, or even a pleasant one. But this experience transcended such plain descriptors. This felt right.

But they had a lot going on. And if she kept carrying on like this, he was going to have to do something about it. Right here in fucking public.

Casually, he grabbed a fistful of her silky black hair. He tugged on her head with enough force to be strong without tearing any of her hair out. Despite his newfound strength, he felt the urge to treat her delicately. Like she was a fragile little porcelain chinadoll. "That's enough for now," he said in a low, male voice that allowed zero room for disagreement. Not that she would offer it up. He knew his Bunny would hear and obey. She was good for that.

When she did listen, his handsome face split into a cocky grin. He found himself effortlessly channeling the kind of charmers these movies had, only ramped up to eleven. "Looks like you do enjoy being oppressed, after all."

His footfalls were both unusually heavy and strangely graceful as he adjusted to piloting this new body. The vantage point was different, too; he'd gained the better part of a foot from his time in the chamber, easily the most of anyone who had undergone the transformative process. Emily was now recontextualized down to the bottom of his shelflike pecs, practically a living toy. There was a time, not too long ago, when he would've shied from such a base thought. But the role demanded he think of her that way, didn't it? To be protected and cared for...but also used and maybe occasionally, under certain parameters, abused.

"I know we could wait for the wind to blow us into new outfits," he said, "but I think it's time we invoke another classic trope: a clothes shopping montage."

He had to admit, he didn't really have a specific outfit in mind for himself. If anything, he kind of liked how he looked right now, out in a pair of briefs that his sheerly overdeveloped muscles had basically transformed into a de facto thong. This was such an interesting artifact, he thought dimly, of 80's masculinity. It hadn't been afraid of things like spandex, or soft-focus adoration. Maybe the homophobia had been so prevalent that people back then just hadn't realized how easily that sort of thing could loop around from hyper-hetero, straight into gay.

But as he shepherded his little companion along, Blaine sure as fuck didn't feel fucking gay.

He grinned mischievously as he thought of something. "Hey," he rumbled to Bunny. "You're going too slow." And then with absolutely zero effort, he scooped her up into his overmuscled arms and carried her along without a single faltering step. He laughed off her halfhearted protests. The sheer strength in his muscles made it clear to Bunny that she wasn't going anywhere, not unless he wanted her to.

And eventually, he enjoyed the sensation of her giving in as her deliciously skinny arms wrapped around his thick, muscular neck.

The boutique they found was a classic 80s relic—neon signs flickering above racks of pastel spandex, fishnet tops, and high-cut swimsuits that practically screamed *Miami Vice meets Malibu Barbie.* Blaine carried Bunny effortlessly inside, setting her down with a grin that made her knees weak and her heart race. The boutique's staff, a mix of outrageously attractive women in skintight aerobics wear and tanned dudes with mullets and gold chains, greeted them with enthusiastic, perfectly synchronized "Welcome!"

"Alright, Bunny," Blaine said, his massive hands resting casually on his broad hips. "Time to see what this place has to offer. Let’s get you something that screams ‘Save the Beach’ while also whispering ‘I look so hot doing it.’"

Emily tried to retort, but her words faltered as a busty brunette in a teal unitard approached with a tray of shimmering tubes. "New make-up?" the woman cooed, holding up a neon-pink lipstick. "It's permanent! Guaranteed to stay flawless, no matter what you're up to."

"I—uh, no thanks," Emily stammered, backing up a step.

"Come on," Blaine urged, stepping behind her and gently but firmly guiding her toward the cosmetics station. His hands settled on her slender shoulders, the sheer size of them making her feel tiny in the best—and most frustrating—way. "Give it a shot. Think of it as a part of the montage."

Emily huffed but relented, letting the teal unitard woman get to work. She dabbed and blended with almost surgical precision, her neon-bright brushes a blur of color. When the woman finally spun Emily around to face the mirror, her jaw dropped.

Her lips were painted a glossy, candy-apple red, full and pouty, shimmering under the boutique's fluorescent lights. Her eyelids glittered with a mix of pink and gold shadow, accentuating her almond-shaped eyes. Long, thick lashes framed them perfectly, curled upward in a way she couldn’t have achieved even with her best mascara. A hint of blush dusted her high cheekbones, and her skin glowed like she’d spent hours in the sun without a single blemish or hint of sweat.

"I look like...a doll," Emily murmured, touching her cheek in disbelief.

"You look perfect," Blaine corrected, his voice low and appreciative as his eyes roved over her face.

She turned to argue, but he was already pulling her toward the racks of clothes. "Now for the outfits. Let’s start with…this one."

Emily hesitated before stepping out of the dressing room, clutching at the edges of the outfit as if trying to cover herself up. Blaine’s approving whistle made her cheeks burn even hotter.

The first outfit was a *micro* mini dress in metallic gold, the fabric clinging to every curve like liquid metal. The neckline plunged daringly low, exposing an expanse of her chest that she wasn’t sure she’d ever shown in public before. The hem barely brushed the tops of her thighs, and when she moved, it shimmered like molten gold. Paired with clear platform heels, the look was unapologetically bold—and undeniably slutty.

"You look like a million bucks," Blaine said, leaning against a rack with his arms crossed, his biceps bulging distractingly.

Emily shot him a glare, but the way his gaze traveled over her body sent a thrill through her.

Next was a neon-pink halter top and matching booty shorts. The top tied behind her neck and left her back completely bare, save for the thin string of the halter. The shorts sat impossibly low on her hips, the waistband dangerously close to showing more than she intended.

As she adjusted the outfit in front of the mirror, Blaine appeared behind her, his reflection towering over hers. "This one’s fun," he said, his hands bracing on the counter on either side of her, caging her in.

Emily swallowed hard, her pulse racing as his heat radiated against her back. "It’s…barely clothing."

"Exactly," Blaine replied with a grin.

The final outfit was the most outrageous: a fishnet bodysuit layered over a hot-pink bikini that was barely there. The netting clung to her body like a second skin, the bikini beneath doing little to hide her modesty.

"Okay, this is too much," Emily protested as she stepped out, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Too much?" Blaine asked, his blue eyes sparkling with amusement. "I think it’s just enough."

Finally, they reached the dressing room again, Emily clutching an armful of clothes she wasn’t sure how she’d been talked into trying. Blaine followed her inside, claiming he needed to "help her decide," though the playful smirk on his face said otherwise.

The dressing room was small, the air thick with the scent of fresh fabric and a faint trace of Blaine’s aftershave. His sheer size dominated the space, his broad shoulders nearly brushing the walls as he leaned casually against the mirror.

Emily tried to ignore him as she sorted through the clothes, but his presence was impossible to ignore. Every time she moved, she brushed against him, her smaller frame dwarfed by his towering, muscled form.

"You sure you’re okay in here?" Blaine asked, his voice low and teasing.

"I’m fine," Emily replied quickly, though her trembling hands betrayed her.

But when she tried to shimmy out of the fishnet bodysuit, the zipper snagged. She cursed softly, tugging at it, but the fabric wouldn’t budge.

"Need help?" Blaine offered, already stepping closer.

"No! I can—"

Before she could protest further, his hands were on her hips, steadying her as he gently tugged at the zipper. The heat of his touch seeped through the thin fabric, making her breath hitch.

"There," he said, his voice softer now, almost a whisper.

Emily turned, her face inches from his, the confined space amplifying the tension between them. Her heart raced as she looked up at him, her gaze snagging on the sharp lines of his jaw, the glint of amusement in his blue eyes.

For a moment, the world outside the dressing room faded away, leaving only the two of them in this charged, intimate bubble.

"Blaine," Emily began, her voice barely audible.

He didn’t answer. Instead, he leaned in just slightly, his hands still resting on her hips.

Emily’s breath caught, her pulse pounding as she fought the magnetic pull between them. But as his lips hovered just above hers, she let out a soft, shuddering sigh, and—

"Emily!" a voice called from outside the dressing room, breaking the spell.

Emily jolted back, her cheeks flaming. "Coming!" she called quickly, fumbling with the pile of clothes.

Blaine smirked, stepping back just enough to give her space while still filling the room with his presence. "This place really is rigged," he said with a grin. “Now, just put on my favorite outfit, Bunny. We’ve got a beach to save!"

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# Chapter 6: Pretty in Pink

When Emily finally exited the changing room--ladies loved their clothes shopping--she had chosen the very first outfit, the indecent micro dress that shimmered like a dragon's hoard. She looked like...well, honestly, she looked like a trophy. A beautiful little thing to be put up on display. A walking, talking set of bragging rights. And based on the way it silhouetted her long legs and her swollen bustline, there was a lot to brag about.

"I can't believe this is your favorite," she murmured, unsure of where her embarrassment at the outfit and her self-consciousness about Blaine's attentions began. It wasn't that she didn't *like* Blaine's attention. Increasingly, she found it invigorating, as much a sign that she was doing something right as the cosmic hand of the narrative itself reaching out. But it was wrong to pin so much on the attentions and approvals of some man, wasn't it?

Only...Blaine wasn't just some man. For one thing, he was her partner in this enterprise to get themselves free of the 80's pocket reality. And for another, just, like, look at him. He wasn't *built* like other men. The serum at the Flex demonstration had transformed him into a towering, swaggering beach stud, armored in three hundred and fifty pounds of muscle without a single ounce of fat to mar him. Just looking at him made her mouth water in ways that she, theoretically, should have been better than. He was becoming a throwback to an older, more simplistic version of masculinity: the biggest, bestest guy got to do what he wanted, when he wanted to do it, to whomever he wished to do it to.

Beneath the shiny fabric of her microdress, her traitorous little cunt twinged at the thought.

Blaine, for his part, had chosen a new outfit: a neon magenta speedo with random crisscrossing lines of pastel teal. It was as if someone had managed to compress an entire decade's visual aesthetic into barely one square foot of spandex, and then wrap it around a single man's middle. When Emily gave him an amused little smirk, he simply smirked back. "What, you think you girls get to have all the fun? If I've got a body that looks like this, I sure as hell want to see it. Besides, you fucking love it."

And with a controlling swat to her ass, he directed her towards the front of the store.

A hot chick--was there any other kind in this town?--practically leapt out of a rack of neon spandex. "Emily!" she said again. "Hi! It's me, remember? Veronica?"

Blaine frowned. He didn't really remember seeing this chick around town at all. And he was pretty sure he had the proper memory for a good piece of ass, which this bikini-clad hottie definitely was. Its strappy silver design absolutely screamed for attention, which Blaine was all to happy to give it. Dimly, he mused about how complementary the two even were--silver and gold.

"Ohmygosh, how funny for us to run into each other like this!" Veronica went on with a laugh that rang just a little bit hollow. There was an intensity to her eyes that Blaine categorized with a certain misogynistic certainty as "crazy." The kind that was maybe a bit tedious to deal with when you had to, like, hang out with them and stuff, but almost always translated into fun energy when it was time to get naked.

Once upon a yesterday, that train of thought would have at least raised a flag--both for its casual sexism, and for the fact that even a pre-nerd Wesley had never experienced such success with women that he could so freely categorize their bedroom habits as related to him. But Blaine fundamentally didn't believe that any woman was unattainable. Blaine fundamentally believed that every woman was his, whether they knew it yet or not.

"I don't think we've met," he said, enjoying the new, slightly lower register of his enhanced voice. His hand swallowed hers as he shook it. "I'm Blaine. Emily and I are, like, new to this beach."

"V-Veronica Valmont," she replied. "And we've definitely met! Loads of times! At dawn surfing, and at the party, and at the Wet Spot just now, and..."

Blaine and Bunny exchanged a quizzical glance with each other. "Not ringing any bells," Blaine said casually. He was being pleasant because she was hot, but he was annoyed that she'd interrupted his fun in the dressing room. His new body was practically suffering from testosterone poisoning. He wanted to get the full scope of what it--he--was capable of.

"Anyway, I was totally wandering through this store on my own and I just happened to see you guys completely by coincidence, and at the same time I found this flyer!" It looked as if it had been nowhere near this store, if the outside sun-bleaching was any indication. But on the flyer itself, text screamed:

WET T-SHIRT CONTEST CASH PRIZE

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Emily blinked as she took the flyer from Veronica, her manicured fingers brushing against the edges. The bold, garish letters announcing WET T-SHIRT CONTEST CASH PRIZE practically screamed off the page, matching the over-the-top aesthetic of the boutique they were in. She could feel Blaine’s massive presence behind her, his heat radiating as he leaned in over her shoulder to read the flyer too.

“A wet t-shirt contest, huh?” Blaine’s voice was a low rumble, teasing and confident, as if he already knew exactly how this was going to play out. His hand settled on the small of Emily’s back, possessive but steady. “Sounds like a chance to raise some of that money we need.”

Emily flushed, her mind racing. A wet t-shirt contest? Seriously? She glanced back at Blaine, her eyes narrowing as she tried to gauge his expression. The smirk he gave her was maddeningly unreadable—was he joking, or was he seriously considering this as a solution to their Pearson problem?

Her gaze dropped back to the flyer. The prize money was substantial, sure. But the thought of stepping up on a stage, soaked and on display for everyone, sent a mix of dread and… something else rippling through her. She glanced down at her microdress, the way the gold shimmered against her skin. It was already barely there, barely decent. And a wet t-shirt contest? That was a step beyond.

No way, she told herself. Absolutely not.

“Emily,” Veronica said, her voice honeyed and sweet, but with an edge that Emily couldn’t quite place. “You’d be perfect for this. I mean, you’ve already got the look.” Her gaze dipped pointedly toward Emily’s chest, where her new, generous curves were barely contained by the microdress.

“I don’t think so,” Emily replied quickly, her cheeks flushing even deeper. She stepped back, brushing against Blaine’s solid frame in the process. His hand moved, settling lightly on her hip, and the casual intimacy of it made her heart race. “I’m not exactly the wet t-shirt type. It’s like …. Soooooooooo problematic! Like totally problematic.”

“Really?” Blaine asked, his voice teasing. He leaned down, his lips close to her ear as he added, “Because I think you’d win by a landslide.”

Emily turned to glare at him, but the heat of his gaze made her stomach flip. He wasn’t even trying to hide the way his eyes roamed her body, taking in every curve and angle. The attention was electric, thrilling in a way that she couldn’t quite rationalize.

“This is ridiculous,” she muttered, shoving the flyer back toward Veronica. “We’ll find another way to raise the money. Something that doesn’t involve... this.”

“Why not?” Veronica pressed, her smile too wide, too eager. “It’s for a good cause, right? Saving the beach?” She tilted her head, her blonde hair catching the light. “Besides, it’s not like you’d be doing it alone. Blaine could compete too. They don’t say it’s just for girls.”

Emily blinked. “What?”

Veronica gestured to Blaine, who was still standing confidently behind Emily, his muscled arms crossed over his massive chest. “I mean, look at him. He’d kill it. Wet t-shirts aren’t just about cleavage, you know. They’re about the whole …. Package. Don’t you think Blaine has a great package?” Her eyes raked over Blaine with a boldness that made Emily’s stomach tighten.

“Bunny,” Blaine said, his smirk widening as he turned Emily slightly to face him. His hands rested lightly on her shoulders, his grip firm but not forceful. “Think about it. You and me. Tag team. We could blow everyone else out of the water.”

Emily shook her head, her ponytail swishing as she tried to collect herself. “I’m not—this isn’t—I mean, it’s just—ugh!” She huffed, crossing her arms over her chest, which only served to push her cleavage up further. “You’re not serious, are you?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?” Blaine asked, his tone infuriatingly casual. His hands slid down her arms, his touch warm and steady. “We need the money, right? And it’d be fun. You said it yourself—sometimes it’s okay to let loose a little. To play along.”

“That’s not what I meant,” Emily muttered, though the memory of her own words made her falter. She glanced at Blaine again, his towering, perfect form, the way his speedo clung to him like a second skin. He looked like he belonged in a competition like this, like he could own the stage without even trying.

And then there was her. Emily—smart, serious, responsible Emily. She’d spent so much of her life trying to be the opposite of what this world wanted her to be. She wasn’t the kind of girl who entered wet t-shirt contests. She wasn’t the kind of girl who let herself be ogled and objectified. She wasn’t the kind of girl who—

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It was High School. Her real High School. She was sitting at the back of the cafeteria with her tray balanced precariously on her knees. Her lunch—a sad, soggy PB&J and a bruised apple—lay untouched. Around her, the cacophony of high school life raged on: cheerleaders giggling at the popular table, jocks tossing French fries at each other, cliques forming like impenetrable islands in a vast sea of noise.

Emily was on an island of her own, but not by choice.

She glanced down at her notebook, pretending to write something. She wasn’t. She was doodling—random, meaningless lines that filled the page but didn’t do much to fill the aching void in her chest. The silence around her was deafening. No one sat next to her. No one talked to her.

She remembered trying, again and again. It always went the same. She’d approached a table of girls she vaguely knew from some class.

“Hey, can I sit here?” she’d asked, her voice trembling with the kind of hope that felt like a dare.

One of the girls had glanced up, her perfectly glossed lips curling into a polite but distant smile. “Oh, sorry, Emily,” she’d said, her tone dripping with insincerity. “We’re kind of full.”

The table wasn’t full. There was an empty chair right there.

The words changed time by time. But never the outcome. Every Time she’d mumbled something incoherent and walked away, cheeks burning, her vision blurring as she fought back tears.

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Later, at home, she’d stared at herself in the bathroom mirror. She’d never been one for makeup, but that night she’d rummaged through her mom’s drawer, smearing on a little eyeliner, a swipe of lipstick. She’d tried smiling, tried looking confident. But the reflection staring back at her looked awkward, unfamiliar. It wasn’t her.

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In college, things had been…better, she supposed. She’d had a few friends, study groups, people to sit with at lunch. But she’d always felt like an afterthought, a placeholder. Guys didn’t ask her out. When she developed a crush on a boy in her chem lab, she’d spent weeks psyching herself up to talk to him.

When she finally did, he’d smiled at her—not unkindly, but dismissively. “Oh, hey, Emily. Uh, sorry, but I’m actually into someone else.”

“Someone else” turned out to be her roommate: blonde, bubbly, and effortlessly popular.

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Her thoughts faltered as Blaine leaned in closer, his presence overwhelming. “Bunny,” he said softly, his voice low and coaxing. “What’s the harm? It’s just a contest. And who knows? You might like being popular.”

She looked up at him, her heart pounding. His blue eyes were piercing, his smirk both infuriating and irresistible. She hated how easily he got under her skin, how he made her question things she’d always been so sure of.

“Maybe….” she said finally, her voice barely above a whisper.

Blaine grinned, his hands giving her shoulders a gentle squeeze. “That’s my girl.”

Veronica clapped her hands together, her smile practically glowing. “Perfect! I’ll sign you up. It starts in five minutes!” And with that, she sauntered off, leaving the flier fluttering in Emily’s hands.

Emily barely had time to process Veronica’s parting words before Blaine glanced at the flyer, his cocky grin sharpening. “Five minutes? Bunny, we gotta move.”

“What?! No, I—wait!” But Blaine didn’t wait. With an effortless swoop, he picked her up as if she weighed nothing, her legs dangling awkwardly as he strode out of the boutique and toward the contest location.

“Blaine!” she hissed, her hands instinctively gripping his broad shoulders. His muscles shifted beneath her palms, hard and unyielding, and she hated how much she **didn’t** hate the feel of them. “Put me down!”

“You’ll thank me later,” he replied smoothly, the confidence in his tone brooking no argument.

The *Wet T-Shirt Contest* was already in full swing by the time they arrived. A small stage had been set up on the beach, surrounded by a crowd of eager onlookers. The sound of 80’s synth-pop blared from nearby speakers, the upbeat rhythm mingling with the roar of the ocean. A neon banner overhead declared, *“Wettest Wins!”* in flashing pink letters, and a lineup of contestants was already forming at the edge of the stage.

Emily’s heart sank as she took in the scene. Every single contestant was blonde, blue-eyed, and impossibly tanned, their sun-kissed skin practically glowing under the afternoon light. They all wore identical white t-shirts—thin, fitted, and clearly designed to become transparent the moment they touched water. Paired with the high-cut bikini bottoms each girl wore, the shirts left almost nothing to the imagination.

And then there was Emily. She glanced down at herself, feeling more out of place than ever. Her golden-amber skin stood in stark contrast to the pale, bronzed tones of the other girls. Her long, dark black hair, still tied back with the makeshift ponytail holder made from her panties, was a far cry from the voluminous, teased-out waves the blondes were sporting. Even her makeup, bold and permanently applied thanks to Bikini Week science magic, only made her more strikingly different.

Blaine set her down gently, his hands lingering on her waist for a moment before he stepped back. “Look at you,” he said, his voice low and admiring. “You’re gonna steal the show.”

“I’m not doing this,” Emily muttered, her cheeks flaming. She tugged at the hem of her microdress, suddenly hyper-aware of how small it was. “This is insane.”

“Bunny,” Blaine said, his tone coaxing as he stepped closer, “you’re already here. Might as well have a little fun.”

“Fun?” she echoed, her voice rising. “This isn’t fun, Blaine! This is—this is—” But her words faltered as one of the event organizers approached, handing her the required white t-shirt and directing her toward the changing area.

Emily sighed, realizing there was no backing out now. With one last glare at Blaine—who looked entirely too pleased with himself—she grabbed the shirt and disappeared behind the makeshift curtain.

When she emerged, the transformation was stunning. The white t-shirt clung to her petite frame like a second skin, the hem brushing just below her hips. The fabric was already semi-transparent, teasing the golden glow of her skin beneath it. Emily’s black lace panties—still tied around her ponytail—stood out starkly against her amber tone.

She tugged nervously at the hem, acutely aware of how the shirt emphasized every curve and line of her body. Her slim waist, the soft swell of her hips, the full, perky curves of her chest—all of it was on display in a way that made her feel both exposed and... powerful?

Her dark hair, sleek and glossy, tumbled down her back in striking contrast to the light, airy waves of the blondes around her. Her almond-shaped eyes, framed by the dramatic eyeliner and shimmering eyeshadow of her bimbo makeover, sparkled with a mix of apprehension and determination. And her lips—full, pouty, and painted a bold red—stood out like a beacon, drawing every eye to her.

Emily glanced at the other contestants, feeling a pang of self-consciousness. They were all gorgeous in that classic, all-American way, their blonde hair and blue eyes perfectly suited to the beachy, sun-drenched setting. But Emily? She was the outlier. The exotic one. The only Asian girl in a sea of blondes.

The announcer’s voice boomed over the speakers, drawing the crowd’s attention. “Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the *Wet T-Shirt Contest!* Let’s meet our lovely contestants!” One by one, the girls were introduced, each stepping forward to cheers and whistles from the audience.

When it was Emily’s turn, she hesitated, her heart pounding in her chest. But then she felt Blaine’s hand on her lower back, steadying her, urging her forward.

“You’ve got this,” he murmured, his voice low and confident.

Taking a deep breath, Emily stepped onto the stage. The crowd’s reaction was immediate. There was a collective murmur of surprise, followed by a wave of cheers that seemed even louder than before. She felt every eye on her, the weight of their gazes making her skin prickle.

“Contestant number seven, Bunny!” the announcer called, and the crowd erupted again.

Emily forced a smile, her cheeks burning as she waved to the audience. The other girls gave her sideways glances, their perfectly plucked brows furrowing in faint annoyance. She didn’t fit the mold, and that clearly didn’t sit well with them.

The music blasted from the speakers, and the first spray of water hit her from the side of the stage. The cold burst against her skin made her gasp, her back arching involuntarily as the wet fabric clung even tighter to her curves. The crowd went wild, their cheers rising to a fever pitch as Emily began to move.

The icy cascade of water down Emily's front sent a shiver through her, but not of discomfort. No, this was something far more visceral. The crowd roared its approval as the shirt plastered itself against her body, highlighting every curve of her now impossibly ample chest. For a moment, she forgot the competition, forgot the audience, and simply reveled in the sensation.

Her massive tits bounced and jiggled with every slight movement, and she couldn’t help but giggle. Is this what it feels like? she wondered, her thoughts giddy. No wonder girls in these movies love this stuff. These things are...fun!

She gave an experimental shimmy, feeling the weight shift, and her wet shirt pulled taut with a delightful little snap over her erect nipples. She laughed outright, unable to resist cupping her boobs in her hands and giving them a playful squeeze. They filled her palms completely, and the soft, heavy weight was intoxicating.

“What do you call them?” she murmured to herself, the thought blooming in her mind like a silly little flower. “Boobs? Tits? Jugs?”

And then it hit her: a song. A ridiculous, upbeat, synth-heavy song about breasts, running through her mind as though the narrative itself had planted it there.

“These are my ta-tas!”

She couldn’t help but laugh at her own improvisation, swaying her hips and giving an exaggerated bounce as the imaginary beat thrummed in her head.

“My fun bags, my rack…”

And soon enough the beat wasn’t imaginerary. A full band had somehow come into view and was playing a boppy upbeat tune as she sang to the crowd.

As the sultry beats of "These Are My Tatas" began to pulse through the speakers, Emily’s every movement radiating raw, unfiltered sensuality. Her soaked shirt clung tightly to her curves, teasing the crowd with the faint outline of her pert nipples, now prominently visible under the wet fabric. She licked her lips slowly, savoring the taste of the moment, and let the first verse roll over her like a tide.

“Sunshine’s high, and I’m feelin’ fine…” she crooned, swaying her hips in slow, deliberate circles. She slid her hands up her body, fingers grazing over her drenched, taut stomach, then tracing the swell of her breasts. She gave them a playful squeeze, her grin wicked as she turned toward the crowd and arched her back, thrusting her chest forward to the beat. The wet t-shirt left nothing to the imagination, and Emily reveled in the eyes glued to her every move.

When the lyrics hit "Got my cherries in place, and my coconuts too," Emily leaned forward, cupping her full breasts and bouncing them in time with the beat, her grin cheeky and unapologetic. “You like that?” she teased, her voice barely audible over the roaring crowd. She gave her chest a little jiggle, biting her bottom lip as if daring them to beg for more.

As the chorus thundered through the air, Emily threw her head back, running her hands up her torso before gripping the hem of her soaked shirt. She didn’t pull it off but teased the motion, raising it just enough to show the undersides of her breasts, glistening with water and sunlight. She leaned in close to the edge of the stage, giving the front row a tantalizing view as she shook her chest in their faces, laughing when the cheers grew deafening.

“From pillows to knockers, each one's sittin’ proud,” she sang, her voice low and sultry. Emily rolled her hips, turning so her ass faced the crowd, and bent low, grinding to the beat with slow, exaggerated movements. Her soaked shorts clung tightly to her cheeks, each shimmy making the fabric ride up further, revealing the curve of her flushed, perfect skin. She looked over her shoulder, giving a wink before standing back up with a fluid, seductive arch.

By the time the second verse hit, Emily wasn’t just dancing—she was performing a striptease in all but name. She stepped to the side of the stage, grabbing the pole holding the overhead lighting rig, and began to swing herself around it, her breasts bouncing freely with every turn. “My girls by my side, they’re in high demand,” she sang, grinding her hips against the pole before letting her body drop low, her thighs spread wide as she dipped into a crouch. She slid back up slowly, one hand caressing the pole and the other running down the front of her soaked shirt, tracing the curve of her cleavage.

When the bridge began, Emily turned her performance into a daring spectacle. “My twins are my treasure,” she purred, lifting her shirt just enough to show off the lacy edge of her bra. The crowd gasped, and she threw her head back, laughing as she popped the clasp with a swift flick of her fingers. She didn’t remove the shirt entirely but let it slip further down, teasing the barest hint of what lay beneath.

She strutted back to the center of the stage for the final chorus, her hips swaying with exaggerated sensuality. “Got my headlights on, and there’s no lookin’ back,” she belted out, twisting her body in a way that sent her chest bouncing wildly. She reached down, grasping her shorts, and yanked them up tighter, the motion accentuating the plump curve of her ass as she gave it a playful smack.

With a final flourish, Emily dropped to her knees, arching her back and thrusting her chest upward as she belted out the last line: “With my chest held high, I am wild and free.” She ended on all fours, her wet shirt clinging obscenely as she tossed her hair back, looking over her shoulder with a sly, inviting smile that was quickly interrupted by the DJ.

“Alright, folks! Time for the Wet Bomb Blitz! Show your love for your favorite contestant by tossing a water balloon their way! Let’s see who can handle the heat!”

The crowd cheered wildly, clutching brightly colored balloons in every imaginable hue. The contestants on stage exchanged nervous glances, their bodies tensing as they braced for the onslaught.

Emily’s pulse raced. She was no athlete, no jock like Blaine—but something in her clicked. Maybe it was the years of reflex-heavy tasks like catching a falling coffee mug at work or dodging overcrowded subway doors. Or maybe it was something deeper—something tied to her heritage.

The water balloons streaked through the air like bursts of liquid desire, and Emily stood poised in the center of it all—a seductive dynamo ready to steal the show. The announcer’s voice had barely faded when the first balloon sailed her way, a glittering arc of chaos and fun. She moved instinctively, her body taut and electric, catching it with a motion so fluid it seemed choreographed.

Instead of tossing it away, she pressed it against her chest, her full, perky breasts rising to meet the cool, wet projectile. The impact was soft yet loud enough to draw the crowd's gasps and whistles. Her tight, white T-shirt turned sheer instantly, clinging to her curves and revealing the lacy outline of a bra that seemed far more decorative than functional.

With a sly smile, Emily smashed the balloon between her breasts, the water bursting out like a sensual cascade, soaking her further. Every bead of water seemed to kiss her skin, highlighting her almond complexion, her flushed cheeks, and the proud peaks of her nipples, now visible through the wet fabric.

The crowd erupted into cheers and laughter, and Emily basked in the attention, her confidence growing with each tossed balloon. Another came her way, this one a little higher. She let it sail toward her before catching it deftly between her chest and the curve of her arm, the motion emphasizing the bounce and jiggle of her soaked, supple figure. She made a show of bursting it slowly, her hips swaying with deliberate allure as the water streamed down her toned stomach and onto her thighs.

A new balloon streaked in, this one faster, aiming for her face. She ducked low, her long, dark hair flying out like a silken wave, and caught it with one hand. Her other hand joined in, pressing the balloon downward into the valley of her cleavage. She arched her back slightly, the action pulling her drenched shirt tight against her body, and gave the crowd a sultry wink as she popped it with a squeeze.

“Goddamn, Bunny!” Blaine yelled from the sidelines, his voice carrying over the roars of the crowd. His grin was electric, his boyish charm amplifying his awe. “You’re killing it, babe!”

Emily smirked, meeting Blaine’s gaze briefly before spinning to dodge another incoming balloon. This one she slapped back toward the thrower, her movements quick and commanding. It exploded mid-air, showering a nearby contestant who shrieked in dismay. Emily laughed, her voice carrying over the chaos—a sound that was equal parts mischief and dominance.

Other balloons kept coming, and Emily caught them all, her body an irresistible blend of grace and playfulness. One she trapped between her thighs, squeezing it until it popped with a suggestive splatter that drenched her toned legs. Another she caught on the curve of her ass, twisting her hips in a way that had the crowd howling with appreciation before she pressed it against her backside and popped it with a deliberate shimmy.

The other contestants? They were no competition. Their fumbling attempts to catch balloons only highlighted Emily’s sensual precision. They were drenched, defeated, their soaked figures limp and uncoordinated next to Emily’s powerful energy. Each failure from the others only sharpened the spotlight on her.

The announcer’s voice rang out at last, though it barely cut through the noise of the crowd. “And the winner, by unanimous acclaim… Bunny!”

Emily stepped forward, her every movement oozing satisfaction. The oversized check they handed her seemed laughable compared to the raw heat and attention she’d commanded, but she held it up triumphantly, her grin infectious. Her shirt, clinging tightly to her chest, left little to the imagination, and she didn’t mind in the slightest. She gave a playful jiggle of her shoulders, sending droplets flying, her confidence absolutely radiant.

As Blaine swept her into his arms, lifting her off the ground, she threw her head back in a laugh. His lips brushed her ear as he murmured, “You’re the hottest thing this contest’s ever seen. And I’m not just talking about today.”

Emily’s eyes glimmered as she wrapped her arms around his neck, pressing her soaked, chilled body against his warm, hard frame. “Then what are you gonna do about it?” she teased, her voice low, sultry, and full of promise.

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Blaine didn't remember leaving the wet t-shirt contest. He knew that he and Bunny had to have, because how else could they have gotten back to his place so quickly? But none of the journey processed in his mind. All he knew was that now they were back at his place, as if the film had simply cut straight to the next scene. Wesley might have quibbled with this, both on the basis of internal logic and foundational storytelling. But Wesley was a fucking nerd who didn't get his dick wet. Blaine had no issues with cutting straight to the chase.

He certainly had no issues with the soft, slow synth that piped into the beach house from everywhere and nowhere. The late afternoon sun hung low in the sky, spilling red-golden light through the open window and the fluttering curtains. A strange sort of seafoam haze descended on the place, giving the home--his home--a natural sort of soft focus.

He didn't carry her across the threshold like a princess. He had her slung over his shoulder, one muscular arm propping her up. He was quietly in awe of how easily he could take control of her now if he wanted. There was something almost caveman-like about the tableau: find hot girl, knock her over head, drag her by her hair back to cave. Certainly, he found his thoughts and instincts increasingly clouded by primal urges when he might otherwise have been thinking strategically about his place in the narrative.

Only...this was a natural place in the narrative, right? Otherwise it wouldn't be happening.

He set her down with a gentleness that was at odds with his ridiculously swollen frame. As if he were showing her that she wasn't just some bitch to be used...though a crude part of him acknowledged that she was that. But she was also special. Precious. His. To be protected at all costs because she was unique.

"You know," Blaine rumbled in his new deep voice, "you were incredible up there. Really, really..." He tried to think of a more incisive compliment, but the snarl of hormones and misdirected bloodflow allowed for only one word to fully form. "...hot."

And she was. Even now, her t-shirt clung to her alluringly, her nipples inviting and erect as they begged him to play.

His huge form eclipsed her as he stepped in close. She was so small, he had to scoop her back up off the floor so he could begin to plant possessive kisses on the side of her neck. "It was so hot," he repeated, "seeing you be the fucking beach queen up there, Bunny." A small line of kisses, traced from shoulder to ear. He leaned in closer, his voice low and his breath warm. "Popular looks right on you."

Underneath her ass, she could feel the twitch of his cock as he held her in place. His muscles made her feel so small and weak. He was big and strong, and at any point he could have used that strength to do whatever he wanted to her. But he was holding himself back. Demonstrating the sort of restraint that was itself exciting and dangerous, because it held the promise of more.

He pressed her up against the wall, using it to brace her in place. With one hand, he continued to support her, enjoying the way that the beach had tightened up her lusciously toned ass. There was absolutely no spare fat there, no jiggle at all. She was rapidly becoming the exemplar of 80s cocaine-thin beauty, a starving model...except with glorious, glorious tits.

He had to touch them. He'd held off for too long. Time to give this movie its R rating.

The wet fabric initially resisted his strength. So he twisted harder against it, and was rewarded with the glorious noise of cheap cotton completely giving way before his unstoppable white muscles. The wet, heavy halves of her shirt fell aside, revealing...not breasts. Not boobs. These were tits. Glorious, pert, gigantic, gravity-defying. Nipples the richest, most inviting shade of pink-brown, in perfect little points that the beach had refined seemingly to make his eyes and his cock happy.

His big hand reached for one, enjoying the feel of its size and weight in his palm. And he began to squeeze.

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Emily had barely caught her breath before Blaine’s big hands were on her. Warm, calloused, and completely unyielding, they cupped her bare breasts like they were the prize he’d been working for his whole life. Her skin prickled under his touch, her nipples hardening further against his palms. Her breath hitched, her head falling back against the wall as an involuntary moan escaped her lips.

Oh God, she thought, what is wrong with me? These boobs are so—so— She couldn’t even finish the thought before Blaine’s thumbs brushed over her nipples, sending a bolt of pleasure straight through her.

Her boobs weren’t just big; they were ridiculous. Huge, heavy, gloriously soft, yet somehow impossibly perky. The kind of breasts that defied physics, the ones that only existed in the glossy centerfolds of 1980s pin-up magazines. And now, they were hers. Her body’s most obvious proof of Bikini Week’s science-magic meddling—and they were perfect.

“Blaine,” she managed to gasp, her voice high and breathy, her hands gripping his shoulders for balance. “I—oh—this is—”

His grip tightened slightly, his fingers sinking into her flesh as he gave her tits a firm squeeze. Her whole body responded instantly, a shudder rippling through her that made her legs clench around his hips. Goddamn it, focus, Emily! she scolded herself, but every nerve in her body seemed hellbent on focusing solely on the sensation of Blaine’s hands on her chest.

“You feel that, Bunny?” he rumbled, his lips brushing her ear as he kneaded her breasts with a possessive intensity. “These tits of yours… Jesus, they’re unreal. Soft as silk, heavy as sin.” He dragged his thumbs over her nipples again, savoring the way she gasped and arched into his touch. “Bet they’d be even bigger if someone hit you hard with a volleyball right to the chest again.”

Emily laughed, the sound half-nervous, half-giddy. “Don’t even joke about that,” she said, though the idea sent a little thrill zipping through her. Would they grow bigger? Could they? She imagined them swelling even more, rounding out to some cartoonish, impossible size that would make heads turn wherever she went. They’re already huge, she thought, biting her lip. Ridiculous, massive, impossible… and I love them.

Her old self would’ve hated this. She would’ve been mortified at the idea of being ogled for her chest, for becoming the center of attention just because she had a pair of tits you could land a jet on. But now? Now she was buzzing with a kind of confidence she’d never felt before. People weren’t ignoring her. They weren’t dismissing her. They were looking at her, wanting her, worshiping her.

And the crazy thing? She liked it. She really liked it.

“I mean, it’s so problematic, right?” she babbled, her voice breathless as Blaine’s hands worked her over. “Getting attention just for my boobs? That’s, like, super sexist and shallow and—ohhh God, do that again!”

Blaine smirked against her neck, his thumbs circling her nipples in slow, deliberate motions that made her toes curl. “You were saying?”

Emily’s breath hitched, her thoughts scattering as he pinched her nipples gently, then rolled them between his fingers. Pleasure shot through her like an electric current, and she let out a soft, high-pitched whine that she barely recognized as her own.

“Shut up,” she muttered weakly, though her body betrayed her by arching into his touch. “I’m just saying—it’s, like, super shallow to be this popular just because of—because of my—ohhhhh, yes—”

“Your massive rack?” Blaine finished for her, his tone teasing as he gave her breasts another firm squeeze. “Your funbags? Your chesticles? Your flotation devices?”

“Yes,” she gasped, her cheeks flushing bright red. “Exactly that. I shouldn’t—I mean, I don’t—I—” Her words dissolved into a moan as Blaine bent his head and flicked his tongue over one of her nipples, his lips warm and soft against her overheated skin.

She shouldn’t like this. She shouldn’t like being popular for something so superficial. She shouldn’t like the way people stared at her tits like they were works of art. She shouldn’t like the way Blaine’s hands molded and worshiped them like they were his favorite toy.

But God help her, she did.

Blaine grinned wickedly, his hands sliding to the underside of her breasts, lifting them as if testing their weight. “At this rate, you’ll have to start carrying them around in a wheelbarrow.”

Emily giggled, though it turned into a breathless moan as his fingers trailed back to her nipples, pinching and teasing them until her whole body felt like it was on fire. “I’m just saying,” she panted, her head falling back against the wall. “If they’re gonna keep getting me this much attention… maybe it’s worth it.”

Her laughter was cut short as Blaine’s lips captured hers in a hungry, heated kiss. His hands never left her chest, his fingers working her over with a skill that left her gasping and squirming against him.

She was lost in the sensation, her mind blank except for the overwhelming pleasure radiating from her chest. Blaine’s hands were everywhere—lifting, squeezing, kneading, teasing. Her body was electric, every nerve alight as he worshiped her with an intensity that made her knees weak.

Her hands moved of their own accord, sliding into Blaine’s blonde hair and pulling him closer. “Maybe…” she murmured, her voice trembling with pleasure, “Maybe if this is how it feels to be shallow… maybe, just maybe, I should lean into it more.”

And then—

Blaine chuckled against her skin, his breath warm and teasing as he nipped lightly at her nipple. “Oh yeah? Thinking about going full bimbo on me, Bunny?”

The words hit Emily like a slap across the face.

Thinking.

About.

Going

Full.

Bimbo.

On.

Me.

Bunny?

For a moment, she thought she’d misheard him. But then she saw Blaine’s cocky grin, felt the possessive way his hands molded her, and the reality of his question crashed over her like a tidal wave. Her body, still alight with pleasure from his oh so tempting touch, froze mid-arch. The raw, unfiltered desire that had consumed her just seconds ago collided violently with something deeper—something she recognized as her own self, her own identity.

Full bimbo? The phrase echoed in her mind, sharp and grating. The absurdity of it clawed its way through the fog of lust that had clouded her brain. Was that what he thought she wanted? What he wanted for her? She glanced down at herself, her wet shirt hanging in tatters, her nipples still tingling from the heat of his touch, her newly grown breasts heavy and undeniably magnificent.

For all that she’d indulged in the thrill of her own transformation, for all that she’d enjoyed the way people looked at her now, this—this wasn’t her. It couldn’t be. Could it?

Her hands shot to Blaine’s chest, pushing him away with more force than she thought she could muster against his towering frame. His hands dropped from her breasts as he stumbled back a step, his expression shifting from smug confidence to confusion. “Bunny? What’s—”

“Don’t,” she cut him off, her voice sharp and trembling. Her chest rose and fell with quick, shallow breaths as she stared at him, her eyes wide and searching. “Don’t call me that. Don’t call me Bunny.”

“What?” Blaine blinked, his brow furrowing as he straightened, his hands instinctively reaching out for her again. “I was just joking—”

“No.” Her voice cracked, but she steadied herself, shaking her head as she backed away from him. “No, you weren’t. You—” She swallowed hard, her throat tight. “You think this is what I want? To just... to just turn into some—some...” She gestured wildly at herself, at her exposed chest, her ruined shirt, her glistening skin. “Some fantasy? Some... bimbo for you to...to grope and—and own?”

“Emily—” Blaine’s voice softened, his hands dropping to his sides. For the first time since his transformation, he looked... unsure. But the sight of his broad, impossibly muscled frame only made her anger flare hotter.

“No!” she snapped, her voice rising as tears stung her eyes. “This—this isn’t me, Blaine! I’ve been trying to play along, trying to... to survive in this insane world, but this?” She gestured again, her movements frantic. “This is too much. I can’t—I won’t—” Her voice broke, and she choked back a sob, spinning on her heel and heading for the door.

“Emily, wait!” Blaine called after her, his voice tinged with desperation. He moved to follow, but she whipped around, her eyes blazing.

“Don’t follow me!” she shouted, her hands clenched into fists at her sides. “I need—I need to think. Alone.” She turned again, this time not looking back as she yanked open the door and bolted out into the bright, humid afternoon.

The streets of the beach town were alive with their usual chaos: rollerbladers weaving between sunbathers, bikini-clad girls giggling as they passed volleyball games, music blaring from every corner. But Emily barely registered any of it. Her bare feet pounded against the boardwalk as she ran, her chest heaving with every ragged breath. The sun beat down on her, the salty air sticking to her skin, but she didn’t stop.

She couldn’t.

Tears blurred her vision, but she kept moving, the world around her a neon blur of colors and noise. She didn’t know where she was going, only that she needed to get as far away as possible—from Blaine, from the bungalow, from everything this bizarre, hyper-sexualized world was trying to turn her into.

Her mind raced with conflicting thoughts, her body betraying her with every step. She could still feel the phantom heat of Blaine’s touch on her skin, the way his hands had made her feel alive, desired, powerful. But she could also feel the weight of his words, the insidious implication that her worth here was tied entirely to her transformation. To her tits.

The thought made her stomach churn.

She rounded a corner and stumbled into a quieter stretch of beach, the noise of the town fading behind her. Collapsing onto the sand, she buried her face in her hands, her body trembling as the tears finally spilled over.

Who am I here? she wondered, the question echoing in her mind. What am I becoming?

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# CHAPTER 7: Sharp Dressed Man

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The Wet Spot pulsed with life, a kafkaesque kaleidoscope of neon lights and pounding synth music that seemed to vibrate through the floorboards and into the bones of everyone inside. The air was thick with a heady mix of spilled cocktails, coconut suntan lotion, and cheap cologne, blending into a sensory assault that was as much part of the experience as the music itself.

Mr. Pearson was at the epicenter of it all, lounging in a semicircular booth upholstered in garish zebra print that seemed to glow under the blacklight. He was a study in sleaze: his gray pinstripe suit was just a shade too shiny, the buttons of his shirt undone far enough to reveal a nest of chest hair adorned with a chunky gold medallion. His gelled-back hair gleamed, and his grin was the kind of smirk that promised nothing good.

Surrounding him were a parade of women, each dripping with excess.

To his left, Legwarmers Laurie leaned into him, her bubbly laugh cutting through the music. She was all blonde curls and bright eyes, her hair teased into a halo of impossible volume. A neon pink one-piece swimsuit hugged her slender frame, every curve accentuated by the high-cut design that made her legs seem to go on forever. The leg warmers on her toned calves sparkled faintly with embedded glitter, and she swung one leg over the other as she popped a strawberry between her breasts and pushed it towards Pearson’s lips.

“Careful, sugar,” she cooed, her voice high and airy, “don’t bite too hard. These babies are imported.”

To his right, Sapphire Stiletto was the perfect contrast: icy and aloof, a modern femme fatale. Her jet-black hair was slicked back into a tight, high ponytail, accentuating the sharp angles of her face and her piercing blue eyes, which surveyed the room with calculated indifference. She wore a silver miniskirt so short it was almost a belt, paired with a cropped leather jacket that framed her bare, taut midriff. A martini glass dangled from her fingers, the electric-blue liquid inside catching the light as she swirled it lazily.

“Imported strawberries? How gauche,” she murmured, her voice low and dripping with disdain. She leaned into Pearson just enough for her breath to tickle his ear, her cold, polished tone belying the heat of her body pressed against him. “Though I suppose...a man of your...appetites … is always hungry for something nice and juicy.”

Pearson laughed, his gold tooth glinting in the light. “Oh, Sapphire, you know me too well. Nothing better than a taste of the berry.”

On the dance floor, Trish and Tiff stole the show. Identical twins with matching see-through leotards, they moved in perfect synchronization, roller skates flashing under the club’s strobes. Their toned legs flexed with every spin and dip, their glossy red hair flowing like twin waterfalls of fire. They circled each other like orbiting planets, their movements fluid and hypnotic, drawing the attention of everyone nearby.

“Hey, Mr. Pearson!” Trish called, her voice sweet but loud enough to cut through the music. “How about a spin?”

“Or maybe you’d prefer a . . . double dip?” Tiff added, her tone matching her sister’s, her wink exaggerated enough to send a ripple of laughter through the nearby crowd.

Pearson tilted his head back and roared with laughter, the cigar between his fingers leaving a faint trail of smoke in the air. “Later, ladies, later! Business before pleasure, though I can guarantee you...we’ll get to the pleasure soon enough.”

The twins blew him identical kisses before twirling back into the crowd, their moves so suggestive it left no doubt in anyone’s mind what kind of “pleasure” they had in mind.

At the edge of the booth, Bambi perched precariously on the table, her gold prom-dress shimmering like molten metal. Petite and doe-eyed, she had the kind of youthful innocence that was clearly cultivated, her every movement calculated to exude an alluring naivety. Her heels were absurdly high, and her legs, though shorter than the others’, were sculpted to perfection.

“More champagne, Mr. Pearson?” she asked sweetly, leaning forward to refill his glass. The angle of her pose gave him a view down the plunging neckline of her dress, the tops of her pert, small breasts rising and falling with her breath.

Pearson grinned, his hand snaking out to rest on her thigh, fingers brushing just under the hem of her dress. “Don’t mind if I do, sweetheart. Keep it coming. I’ve got a long night ahead.”

The women giggled and fawned over him, their voices blending into a symphony of flirtation and coy admiration. Pearson soaked it all in, basking in the attention like a king holding court.

Yet beneath the bravado, there was something hollow in his eyes, a shadow that not even the pulsating lights could disguise.

“Ladies, ladies,” he said, waving his cigar in the air like a scepter. “You know why I keep you around? Because you’re the best this world has to offer. The finest of the fine.” He leaned forward, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. “And in this world, that’s all that matters. Being the best. The richest. The most desired.”

The women tittered their agreement, but Pearson’s smirk faltered for just a moment. He downed the rest of his champagne in one gulp, slamming the empty glass onto the table.

“And you know what the biggest shame about that is?” he continued, his voice growing darker, more bitter. “It’s all bullshit. Utter empty meaningless bullshit.”

The laughter died away, the women exchanging confused glances.

Pearson’s grin returned, but it was forced now, a thin veneer over something more desperate. “But hey, that’s what makes it fun, right? Living in the moment. I mean it’s not like this is going to go on and on and on and on and on and last for a literal eternity, right? RIGHT?”

For a moment, his gaze drifted, not to the women around him, but to the far corner of the room, where a flickering neon sign read “No Exit Here.”

His laugh was loud and brash, but the shadow in his eyes deepened.

“Now, who’s ready for round two?” he barked, grabbing a fresh bottle of champagne and popping the cork with a flourish. The women cheered, their confusion giving way to the intoxicating pull of his charm.

But as they leaned in closer, vying for his attention, Pearson’s gaze lingered on the sign, a crack in his facade. A haunted look in his eyes revealing the truth he couldn’t escape any more than he could escape this town.

As if on cue, as if exactly on cue, The Wet Spot erupted in chaos. A DJ, shirtless save for a neon pink bowtie, leaned into his turntables with a wild grin. “Ladies and gentlemen, you know what time it is!” he roared into the mic, his voice distorted by enthusiasm and cheap equipment. “It’s Reverse Limbo Time!”

The crowd erupted into cheers as surfboards, pool noodles, and inflatable palm trees were hastily shoved into position to create an impromptu obstacle course. Two bikini-clad blondes—dubbed The Limbo Twins—began frantically spinning hula hoops lit with sparklers while doing handstands. Their synchronized giggles rang out like a manic melody as they balanced on roller skates.

“Let’s see how low we can go…while still getting high!” the DJ continued, pulling a confetti cannon out of nowhere and firing it directly into the crowd.

A shirtless bartender began flipping bottles like a circus juggler while patrons hollered for increasingly ridiculous drinks. One guy in a muscle tee screamed, “I’ll take a Sex in the Driveway! Extra umbrellas!” Another hollered for a cocktail served inside a hollowed-out coconut and that the hollowed-out coconut had to be served inside of a hollowed out pineapple.

The bar's aquarium exploded.

The reason didn’t matter; it was just one more layer of mayhem. Tiny tropical fish flopped helplessly onto the dance floor as people screamed and danced in the rising puddle. From the debris emerged a woman in a bedazzled wetsuit, holding a live lobster aloft like some kind of glittering oceanic queen. “Dance-off!” she bellowed, and before Pearson could even process it, the lobster was wearing sunglasses too.

“Pearson!” a scantily clad bouncer roared, his pecs glistening with inexplicable baby oil. “You’re the judge!”

“Oh, for the love of…” Pearson muttered, tugging at his collar. His gold medallion felt tight. Like really really tight.

The Reverse Limbo began, contestants contorting themselves over bars raised higher and higher, performing flips and backbends while trying not to spill their neon cocktails. At least three people spontaneously burst into flame, only for the sprinkler system to rain down multi-colored water.

And all of it was aimed at Pearson.

A cheerleader in a metallic miniskirt grabbed his hand and tried to drag him toward the surfboard. “Come on, Mr. P! You’re the limbo king!”

“No, no, no,” Pearson growled, wrenching his arm free. “I’m not doing this again. Not tonight. Just… just not tonight OK?”

A disco ball descended from the ceiling, but instead of spinning, it exploded into a shower of glittering miniature basketballs. A group of jocks immediately began a pickup game, dunking the tiny basketballs into martini glasses while shouting, “Pearson! Get in here! Show us your moves!”

“Pass!” Pearson barked, sidestepping a waitress who had somehow ended up wearing stilts.

Everywhere he turned, the narrative pulled at him with its absurd, irresistible gravity. He narrowly avoided a bikini-clad girl carrying a tray of tequila shots balanced on her head. “Mr. Pearson!” she called, spinning in circles like a deranged carousel. “Tequila for the king of the deal!”

King of the deal.

That one nearly got him. He could feel the hook digging into his brain, trying to reel him into yet another scene where he would have to chug tequila, negotiate a billion-dollar deal, and somehow end up with a group of precocious all pissed at him by sundown.

No. Not this time.

Pearson’s eyes darted to the exit. His heart raced as he calculated the steps. The door was a beacon, glowing faintly with freedom, but the path was a minefield of lunacy.

A roller-skating waitress careened past him, her tray of flaming cocktails spinning wildly. He ducked just in time, feeling the heat as one of the glasses ignited the wig of a nearby dancer. The flaming dancer didn’t scream; she pirouetted like an Olympic figure skater, spinning faster and faster until the flames extinguished themselves in a burst of sparkles.

“Pearson! Dance-off with me!” she shouted.

“Rain check!” he called, using the distraction to slip behind a velvet rope.

But something wasn’t giving up.

Two bodybuilders appeared, one on either side of him. They carried an oversized briefcase emblazoned with the words BIGGEST BUSINESS DEAL EVER in glowing letters. “Mr. Pearson,” one of them said in a deep, booming voice, “the future of capitalism depends on you signing this.”

Pearson didn’t even slow down. “Tell The Capitalism it can wait!”

He sidestepped a conga line of synchronized swimmers, ducked under a flying pair of sequined platform shoes, and narrowly avoided tripping over a live parrot wearing a tiny Hawaiian shirt.

At last, he reached the door. His hand grasped the handle, and for one fleeting moment, he thought he was free.

But then, a voice called out from behind him.

“Pearson!”

It was Legwarmers Laurie, holding out a golden surfboard shaped like a dollar sign. Her wide, sparkly eyes brimmed with adoration. “Don’t you want to win the beach?”

For a heartbeat, he almost turned back.

But then, with a guttural growl, and more willpower than he thought he still possessed, he yanked the door open and stepped into the night.

The muffled chaos of the bar faded behind him, replaced by the soothing sound of waves crashing against the shore. The cool night air hit his face as Pearson stepped into the rain, its warm patter against his suit jacket. The deluge slicked his hair back even further, if that was possible, tracing rivulets down his face, but it couldn’t wash away the exhaustion that clung to him like a second skin.

But he’d done it—escaped, at least for a moment.

Pearson leaned against the side of the building, his breath ragged. His gold medallion felt heavier than ever, like a noose made out of iron that was dragging him down to the dirt and choking him at the same time. He wanted to take it off. But he couldn’t quite do it. He stared at the distant horizon, where the moonlight danced on the waves.

It was calm. There were no bonfire parties. No late-night bikini volleyball games erupting out of nowhere, punctuated by saxophone riffs. No impossibly handsome lifeguards posing shirtless against the backdrop of a gorgeous sunset as they kissed the shy out of town girl for the first time.

It was just the waves, endless and unbothered. Peaceful waves. Calm waves. Tranquil waves lapping against the shore like they didn’t give a damn about the chaos behind him. For the first time in what felt like decades, Pearson didn’t feel like he was being watched, applauded, or propositioned.

“Just a few minutes,” he muttered to himself. “Just a few goddamn minutes.”

It wasn’t perfect though. The downpour was warm—too warm, like the rain in this town always was, less a cleansing force and more like a jilted lover’s insistent touch, overfamiliar and inescapable. It glistened on his skin, making him look more like a music video antagonist than a man in turmoil. He paused under the awning of the club, taking in a long, shuddering breath.

Pearson had four glorious long and slow breaths where he did nothing but stare out at the rain-soaked waves when a flicker of movement caught his eye. It was subtle at first, a shadow darting through the sheets of rain illuminated by the occasional flicker of neon from the distant boardwalk. Then she emerged—a figure both ghostly and painfully vivid, her dark hair plastered to her skin, her bare form glistening under the silver sheen of the downpour.

Emily—no, Bunny—was running, her golden-brown skin kissed by the rain, shining with each step as if she were made of liquid bronze. Her curves, impossibly lush yet sculpted with precision, moved with a hypnotic rhythm, her full breasts swaying with each hurried stride. The rain slicked every inch of her, turning her into a moving work of art, the water tracing paths over the swell of her hips, down the dip of her waist, pooling briefly in the hollows of her collarbone before cascading down in rivulets.

Her long legs, lean yet soft, splashed through puddles, the muscles flexing subtly with her strides, the drops of rain flying up like tiny diamonds in the air. Her nipples, taut from the chill, stood proud and shameless against the storm, a visual contrast to the vulnerable flush that warmed her cheeks. And her hair—normally sleek and controlled—was a wild, drenched cascade that framed her face, accentuating the wide-eyed panic and defiance in her almond-shaped eyes.

As she darted closer, he noticed the faint shiver that trembled through her frame, a combination of the rain’s chill and whatever desperate emotion was driving her forward. She didn’t look like a girl running from something—she looked like she was running from everything. The universe itself. And yet, she was unearthly in her beauty, her vulnerability turned into a weapon as sharp and mesmerizing as the lightning cracking across the sky behind her.

Pearson’s hand tightened against the doorframe, his gold medallion digging into his chest as he leaned forward, unable to look away. She was a vision. A fantasy. A punishment. A reminder. All at once.

He cursed under his breath, torn between rushing forward and staying exactly where he was and just staring at the uncaring tide for a few breaths more. But he could feel a lecherous tug urging him toward her, whispering promises of romantic tension and opportunistic innuendo.

“Bunny—Emily,” Pearson began, holding his hands up in mock surrender as he took a cautious step closer. “I swear, I just trying to—”

“Oh great,” she interrupted, her voice dripping with sarcasm. “I’m naked, and you’re the first person I run into. Because the universe just loves throwing me into the sleaziest, creepiest setups possible.”

Pearson stared at her for a moment, his cigar poised midair. He felt his cheek muscles pushing a smirk on his lips, coiling cheesy one-liners in the back of his throat. He resisted, jaw tightening as he forced his expression neutral.

Emily stared at him, waiting for a response. When none came she looked genuinely surprised and said “You could at least be a gentleman and give me your jacket,” to his blank face.

“Sure sweetheart, take it before you end up on a billboard for the next all nude water park,” he said in between cigar chomps.

As Pearson slipped the jacket off his shoulders and draped it over Emily, the weight of it seemed disproportionate, heavier than a normal coat ought to be. The leather was slick from the rain but warm from his body heat, carrying an almost intimate trace of his presence. The moment it settled on her bare shoulders, Emily flinched, not from the chill of the air but from an unexpected sensation.

Beneath the soft, rain-slicked leather, the jacket began to hum faintly. Emily froze, her dripping hair plastered against her neck as she stared at Pearson in wide-eyed confusion. The warmth that spread through her wasn’t just from the heat trapped inside the garment—it was localized, pulsing, and undeniably deliberate.

“Oh, for the love of…” Pearson groaned, realization dawning too late. “I forgot—this is the executive massage jacket.”

“The what?” Emily demanded, her voice shrill, though she didn’t immediately shrug it off.

The jacket’s inner lining wasn’t just leather and padding; it was threaded with what felt like dozens of tiny, precise nodes, each one springing to life with rhythmic pulses. They moved in coordinated waves, traveling up and down her back, over her shoulders, and—

“Oh my God!” Emily gasped, her voice rising as the jacket’s mechanisms found her chest. The built-in massage units cupped her breasts like invisible hands, kneading gently but insistently against the soaked fabric of her arms crossed tight to her chest.

Pearson raised his hands defensively, a look of exasperation mixed with embarrassment crossing his face. “It’s not what it looks like!” he insisted, though even to him, the words sounded absurd.

Emily’s breath hitched as the massage nodes focused on her sensitive skin, the pressure perfectly calibrated to be soothing yet maddeningly intimate. Her nipples, already taut from the rain and chill, pressed against the now-moving fabric as if the jacket itself was conspiring against her. Every knead, every roll of the jacket’s mechanical touch sent a shiver down her spine, not entirely unpleasant, and she fought to keep her composure.

“Y-you forgot you had a grope coat?” she snapped, her voice shaking. She clutched the edges of the jacket as if trying to wrestle it off, but it seemed to be locked on to her too tight to discard it outright.

“It’s not—it wasn’t supposed to be perverted!” Pearson retorted, running a hand through his rain-dampened but still impossibly slicked back hair. “It’s a luxury item! For executives with—back pain!”

The massage nodes moved lower, rolling in rhythmic circles along her ribs, then up again to her shoulders, as if the jacket itself had a mind, or a script, of its own. Emily’s skin tingled where the warm pulses met the rain’s cool slickness, creating a dizzying contrast that left her cheeks burning.

“Take it off!” she demanded, though the words lacked conviction.

“Believe me, I would if I could!” Pearson barked, fumbling to find some kind of off switch. “This stupid thing never had a manual override—it’s designed to run on autopilot until the massage is done!”

Emily bit her lip as the jacket’s inner mechanisms began to change patterns, the pulses shifting to slower, deeper rolls. Her breath hitched, her chest rising and falling with each new sensation. She hated how good it felt. Hated how her body seemed to betray her, leaning into the warmth and rhythm.

“You… you didn’t think to warn me?” she managed, her voice trembling.

Pearson exhaled sharply, taking another drag of his cigar. “I forgot. Really. It happens,” he said vaguely, his eyes scanning the darkened street. “Things here have a way of slipping through the cracks. Some details get... forgotten.”

Emily’s glare hardened. “You’re blaming this world for you being a creep?” Before he could respond, Emily closed her eyes for a moment, her fists gripping the edges of the jacket like a lifeline. “This… this is the stupidest thing I’ve ever experienced,” she muttered, though the faintest tremor in her voice betrayed her.

Pearson sighed heavily, his shoulders slumping. “Welcome to my world,” he said dryly, his tone tinged with genuine exhaustion.

“And what does that mean?” Emily replied with a calculating gleam in her eye.

Pearson hesitated. He turned his gaze to the rain-slick pavement, the orange glow of the streetlamp refracted in the puddles. “Doesn’t matter,” he muttered.

“It matters to me,” Emily pressed, stepping closer despite the jacket’s invasive hum.

Pearson exhaled sharply, raking a hand through his damp hair. “You wouldn’t believe me if I told you.”

“Try me,” she countered, her arms tightening around herself as the rain began to let up.

Pearson’s lips twitched, caught between a grimace and a smirk. “Ever hear the phrase ‘the golden touch?’”

Emily blinked. “Like, King Midas?”

“Sure,” he said, stepping back into the shadowy edge of the streetlamp’s light, his face half-obscured. “Let’s go with that. Everything I touch turns into... this.” He gestured vaguely at the town around them—the neon lights, the perpetual heat, the endless parade of bikinis and bleached smiles. “It starts simple. A suggestion here, a shortcut there. But before you know it...” He trailed off, his eyes flicking toward her. “It’s all there is.”

Her brows furrowed, confusion flickering across her face. “Are you saying you... built this place?”

“No,” he said quickly, too quickly. “But I have been here longer than anyone else and I know how it works. And it doesn’t care who you are, Bunny. It doesn’t care what you want. It wants you to play your part. And it’s very very good at getting you to play your part.”

Emily shifted, the massage jacket’s vibrations fading, just a little. “That’s a lot of words to say, ‘I’m not the bad guy,’” she said, though her tone lacked its earlier venom.

Pearson’s smirk returned, faint but bitter. “I didn’t say I wasn’t the bad guy. I am. Just not the one you think I am.”

She stared at him, her anger cooling into something more introspective. The rain had stopped entirely now, leaving her bare legs glistening in the lamplight. “If you know so much about this place,” she said carefully, “then why don’t you fight it?”

Pearson laughed again, but it was a hollow, bitter sound. "Easier said than done. You think I haven't tried? Every time I take a step back, this place just... changes me more. Turns me into a sleaze, makes me sign another deal, throw another party. Hell, I can't even try to be a nice guy for once and give you my jacket without—" His expression hardened, his jaw tightening. “You don’t fight a town like this,” he said, his voice low. “You survive it. And if you’re lucky, you learn how to use it before it uses you up until there is nothing left of the old you.”

Emily’s lips parted, as if to argue, but she hesitated. Some part of her was wanting to close the gap between them, to turn this moment into something charged and intimate. She resisted, her fists clenching in the oversized sleeves of the jacket. “You don’t have to let it win,” she said finally, her voice barely above a whisper.

Pearson chuckled, the sound dark and humorless. “Tell me that again when the saxophone stops playing.”

She glanced upward, the faint strains of Careless Whisper mocking her from nowhere. Her shoulders sagged, but her resolve didn’t break. For a moment, neither of them moved, the weight of her words hanging in the humid, rain-soaked air.

And then, as if on cue a woman's voice purred out from the shadows of the bar's side alley.

"Well, well, if it isn't Mr. Big Shot."

Pearson turned, his cigar clamped between his teeth as he surveyed the source. She stepped into the light, the rain clinging to her like liquid silk. She was every sexy 80s cliché rolled into one: high-cut bikini bottom that rode impossibly high on her hips, a cropped mesh top that clung transparently to her full, impossibly round breasts, and stiletto heels that somehow didn't sink into the rain-slick ' pavement. Her hair was teased to gravity defining heights, like a goddamned castle.

Pearson groaned inwardly. "What now?" he muttered.

She leaned against the wall, her legs crossing in a way that was both impossibly casual and blatantly provocative. "You're not leaving the party already, are you? You didn't even say goodbye." Her lips were painted a glossy red that matched her nails, and her voice dripped with innuendo.

"Lady, I don't even know your name," Pearson replied, trying to keep his tone neutral, though he could feel something tugging at the edges of his thoughts.

"Sandy," she said with a playful pout. "But you can call me whatever you want, Mr. Big Shot."

Of course her name is Sandy, Pearson thought, exhaling a plume of smoke. He turned to go back to talking to Emily, but Sandy wasn't having it. She stepped forward, placing a manicured hand on his chest, her fingers brushing over the drenche bric of his tailored shirt.

"You're all tense," she cooed. "You need to relax."

Pearson tried to step back, but Candy pressed against him, her body flush with his, her chest rising and falling in time with her exaggerated breaths. He felt her nipples grow hard against him through the thin fabric of her top, and his jaw clenched.

"Look, sweetheart," he said, trying to edge around her, "I'm in the middle of conversation with Ms… What did you say your last name was Emily?-"

And then it happened.

She slipped-or at least, it seemed like she did. One of her stiletto heels caught a slick patch of pavement, and she pitched forward, her hands grabbing for the nearest anchor-which just happened to be Pearson's belt buckle.

"Whoa!" Pearson shouted, his hands instinctively reaching out to steady her.

But the motion just made things worse. Candy's hands slipped lower, fumbling at the waistband of his pants, and before either of them could react, her face was inches from his crotch, her wide, startled eyes meeting his.

The world seemed to freeze for a moment, the rain pounding around them as Candy's wet hair clung to her flushed cheeks. From any angle, it looked like she was on her knees for a very specific reason.

"Oh come on…" Pearson muttered, his face a mixture of frustration and embarrassment. He reached down to help her up, but instead of a simple hand up, his fingers brushed against the edge of her top, pulling it upward just enough to expose the undercurve of her breasts.

Candy gasped, her chest heaving as she stumbled back onto her feet. "Oh my God," she breathed, her voice quivering. "You're so... forward."

"You know goddamned well I'm just-!" Pearson started, but she was already fumbling with his zipper.

Emily watched the spectacle until she couldn’t take it any more and with a face twisted with disgust she stared at Pearson, her almond-shaped eyes narrowing. The rain continued to patter around them, turning the scene into a surreal, rain-soaked parody of romance. She was drenched, shivering, and humiliated—and now she was supposed to watch some slut blow her biggest enemy.

“Unbelievable,” she snapped, yanking the massaging jacket tighter around her glistening, rain-soaked shoulders. “You’re disgusting, Pearson. Absolutely disgusting. I don’t care how stuck you say you feel. You don’t get to act like… this!”

“It’s not what it looks like!” Pearson stammered, but even he knew how lame that sounded. He turned briefly to glare at Sandy, who was still on her knees. “You slipped, didn’t you? You’re always slipping, right?!”

“Sure,” Emily shot back, her voice dripping with sarcasm. “And you’re always ‘helping.’” She gestured at the dripping, disheveled woman with her breasts exposed and her tongue hanging out of her mouth. “That was a real gentlemanly move, Pearson.”

“It’s this goddamned town!” he protested, his voice rising as Emily’s glare deepened.

“Save it!” Emily interrupted, throwing up a hand. Her cheeks burned, both from anger and from the lingering humiliation of the jacket’s invasive groping earlier. “You’re just another sleazy guy who can’t keep his hands—or anything else—to himself.”

Pearson clenched his teeth, frustration bubbling over. “That’s not fair!”

“Oh, yeah? Life’s not fair, right?” Emily mocked. Her bare feet splashed through a puddle as she turned on her heel, storming away into the neon-streaked night. “Enjoy your bimbo, I’m done!”

She disappeared into the rain, her golden skin glowing faintly in the dim street lights as the shadows swallowed her.

Pearson stood motionless for a moment, the rain dripping from his hair and onto his pinstripe suit. His cigar had gone out, but he still clenched it between his teeth like it was the only thing tethering him to reality. “Fuck,” he muttered under his breath.

“Well,” Sandy purred, the sharp tips of her nails begging to unzip him. “That went well.”

Pearson sighed heavily, not even bothering to brush her off this time. “Oh, shut up.”

But Sandy didn’t shut up. She looked up at him with her big hungry eyes and in a teasing whisper that he could somehow hear over the rain she said, “She’s gone now, Mr. Big Shot. Why don’t you let me… help you let go of some of that frustration?”

"Not now," Pearson grunted, not even turning to face her. He lit another cigar, letting the sharp tang of the smoke cut through the heady dampness of the air.

Sandy wasn’t so easily deterred. "Come on, Mr. Big Shot," she cooed, her fingers unzipping him more and more. "You really want to think about this or you want me to help you... take your mind off things?"

He hesitated for a beat, his shoulders slumping. He was tired. Tired of fighting what was going to happen anyways, tired of pretending he wasn’t part of it. He was stuck here, wasn’t he? And wasn’t this what the world expected of him anyway?

Pearson sighed deeply, his shoulders slumping. "Yeah," he muttered, his voice heavy with resignation. "Why the hell not." He turned to her with a smirk that didn’t quite reach his eyes. "You’ve got all the finesse of a freight train, but I’m not exactly in a delicate mood. So give me a Blowie. That’s what you’re good for, right?"

“Oh yes, Mr. Big Shot,” she purred, her voice dripping with need. “And I’ve been such a naughty little slut tonight. I need you to put me in my place.”

Pearson smirked cruelly, unbuckling his belt with deliberate slowness. “You really are pathetic, aren’t you?” he sneered, pulling out his cock. It was thick, veined, and already hard, the tip glistening in the dim light. “Just a desperate little whore, begging to be used.”

“Yes, sir,” Sandy moaned, her breath hitching as she gazed up at him. “I’m your whore, your filthy little cum dumpster. I’ll take anything you give me.”

He grabbed her hair roughly, pulling her head back and forcing her mouth open. “You better mean that,” he growled. “Because I’m not holding back.”

“I don’t want you to,” she whimpered, her tongue darting out to lick the tip of his cock. “I deserve it. I deserve to choke on your cock like the worthless slut I am.”

Pearson didn’t waste another second. He shoved his cock into her mouth, forcing it past her lips and down her throat in one brutal thrust. Sandy gagged, her throat spasming around him, but her hands immediately flew to his thighs, gripping him as if to hold him closer.

“Fuck,” Pearson muttered, his smirk widening as he started to move, his hips snapping forward with ruthless force. Her mouth was hot and wet, her throat tightening around him as she took him eagerly, moaning like she couldn’t get enough.

“You love this, don’t you?” he sneered, yanking her hair to make her look up at him. Her mascara was already smearing, black streaks mingling with the rain on her flushed cheeks. “Being on your knees, choking on my cock like the desperate little whore you are?”

Sandy tried to answer, but he was thrusting too hard for her to form words. Instead, she moaned around him, the sound vibrating along his length and driving him even deeper. Drool poured from the corners of her mouth, mixing with the rain as it dripped onto the ground beneath her.

“Look at you,” Pearson spat, gripping her hair tighter as he shoved himself to the hilt. Her nose pressed against his stomach, her throat bulging obscenely as she took all of him. “Fucking pathetic. You’d let me ruin you out here in the rain, wouldn’t you? You’d let everyone see what a filthy little cum dump you are.”

“Yes!” Sandy gasped when he finally pulled back enough for her to breathe. Her voice was hoarse, trembling with raw need. “I’d let everyone watch. I want them to see me gagging on your cock. I want them to see what a useless, dirty slut I am!”

Her words only spurred him on. He slammed back into her mouth, using her throat with ruthless precision. Her moans grew louder, more desperate, her hands clutching his thighs as she rocked forward to meet his thrusts. She gagged and drooled shamelessly, tears streaming down her face as she gazed up at him with worshipful eyes.

“You’re disgusting,” Pearson growled, his cock twitching as he neared his climax. “A filthy, worthless little hole. Say it.”

“I’m disgusting,” Sandy choked out when he let her speak, her voice cracking with effort. “I’m your worthless little cum hole. I’m nothing but a slut for you to use however you want!”

“Damn right,” he snarled, his movements growing faster, harder, as his control slipped. Sandy’s throat clenched around him as he buried himself to the hilt one final time, his cock throbbing as he came.

Hot, thick spurts of cum flooded her throat, and she moaned with pure bliss, swallowing greedily. Her body trembled as she took every drop, her lips stretched wide around him. When he finally pulled out, her mouth was a mess of spit and cum, a string of it clinging to her swollen lips.

“Thank you, sir,” she whispered breathlessly, licking her lips clean. “Thank you for treating me the way I deserve.”

Pearson sneered, tucking himself back into his pants. “You’re damn lucky I even bothered with you,” he said coldly. “Now clean yourself up and get out of my sight.”

“Damn but the medallion felt like it was so incredibly tight around his neck, tighter than it had ever been before,” he thought as he zipped up.

Sandy grinned up at him, her face a ruined, filthy mess, and nodded eagerly. “Anything for you, Mr. Big Shot,” she said, her voice trembling with satisfaction.

Pearson turned without another glance, his shoulders slumping slightly as the rain continued to pour around him. Even as the heat of the moment faded, the weight of everything he couldn’t escape returned with a vengeance, pulling him back into the night.

He heard the saxophone stop playing. But Emily wasn’t around to tell him to keep fighting. So he didn’t and just allowed himself to walk back into the bar. And somewhere deep inside, behind the smirk and the gold medallion and the leering tone, Pearson hated himself just a little more.

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# CHAPTER 8:Two Tickets to Paradise

# 

The Wet Spot was alive with chaos, the thrum of synth-pop pounding against the walls as bodies pressed together under the pulsating neon lights. Val, the queen of the bar, was the picture of effortless sensuality, commanding attention as she worked her magic behind the counter.

Her snow-white-skin, a rarity in this town, gleamed under the lights, her toned arms moving with a dancer’s grace as she mixed drinks and bantered with the crowd. Her glossy cherry-red lips curved into a perpetual smirk, and her piercing green eyes held a challenge no one could quite meet. A cropped tank top tied just beneath her generous, perky breasts bared her toned stomach, and her cut-off shorts clung to her shapely hips like a second skin, showing off legs that seemed to go on forever.

Tonight, she was over it. Over the endless leering gazes, over the ridiculous antics of the bar’s patrons, over the constant grind of being Bikini Week’s most coveted bartender.

And then, a whispered legend reached her ears: a drink called Paradise Pass.

They said it wasn’t on the menu, wasn’t even real. But if you made it, and if you drank it, you could escape. Escape Bikini Week, escape the endless grind of serving up debauchery, escape the never-ending parade of fake smiles and exaggerated flirtation.

Val was intrigued. And she was desperate.

Reaching beneath the bar, she pulled out a series of rare and glowing bottles, each one shimmering with an unnatural light. Her fingers moved with precision, pouring, mixing, shaking, her caramel skin gleaming under the flashing lights as she worked.

“Careful with that one, sweetheart,” came a low drawl from the corner of the bar.

Val’s head snapped up, her green eyes narrowing as she spotted Pearson leaning against the bar, cigar in hand. He was as slick and smug as ever, his tailored suit hugging his broad shoulders, the glint of his gold medallion catching the light.

“You again,” Val said, her tone flat, unimpressed.

“Me again,” Pearson replied smoothly, his smirk sharp and knowing. “I couldn’t help but notice you’re trying to whip up something special. Something dangerous.”

Val rolled her eyes, turning her attention back to her shaker. “I don’t need your input, Pearson. Don’t you have some poor girl to harass?”

Pearson took a long drag from his cigar, exhaling a plume of smoke that curled lazily in the air. “I’m serious, Val. You don’t know what you’re messing with. That drink—”

“—is my ticket out of here,” she interrupted, slamming the shaker down on the bar and fixing him with a glare. “And I don’t need advice from the guy who runs half the sleaze in this town.”

Pearson’s smirk faltered, replaced by something almost like concern. “That drink doesn’t give you a pass out! You think you’re escaping, but all you’re doing is throwing yourself to the wolves.”

Val scoffed, grabbing a tall glass and pouring the shimmering liquid into it. It glowed like a sunset trapped in a glass, swirling with hypnotic colors. “Spare me the cryptic warnings, Pearson. You’re the villain here. Of course, you’d want to keep me stuck.”

“Villain?” Pearson’s voice dipped, his smirk returning but tinged with bitterness. “Yeah, maybe. But even villains get tired of the same old song and dance.” He leaned closer, his voice dropping to a low rumble. “This isn’t a game you want to play, Val. Walk away.”

Val’s jaw tightened as she stared him down. “You don’t scare me, Pearson. And you sure as hell don’t get to tell me what to do.”

Before he could respond, she lifted the glass, the glowing liquid catching the light as she raised it to her lips. “Here’s to my escape,” she said with a defiant smirk, and then she drank.

The liquid was cool and sweet at first, sliding down her throat like silk. But then came the heat—a rush of fire that spread through her body, making her toes curl and her breath hitch. Her skin tingled, and her heart raced as her vision blurred slightly.

Pearson stepped back, exhaling heavily as he ran a hand through his slicked-back hair. “And so it begins,” he muttered, shaking his head.

Val blinked, trying to steady herself, but the heat in her veins intensified, radiating outward in pulsing waves. Her skin seemed to glow under the neon lights, her caramel tone taking on a faint shimmer.

The first touch came from her right—a hand brushing her bare arm. She turned, startled, only to find another hand sliding over her waist, then another grazing her thigh.

“What the hell?” she breathed, her voice trembling as the crowd around her seemed to shift, closing in.

“You wanted to be the pass, sweetheart,” Pearson said grimly, stepping back further into the shadows. “Now you ARE the pass. Hope you enjoy the freeuse lifestyle, at least in this bar.”

The hands multiplied, exploring, caressing. Someone pulled the knot of her tank top free, the fabric falling loose to reveal the full swell of her breasts, her taut nipples pressing against the thin fabric. Another hand slid under the hem of her shorts, tracing the curve of her hip as her body betrayed her, arching into the touch.

“No,” she gasped, her voice barely audible over the pounding music and the cheers of the crowd. “This isn’t—this can’t—”

But it was.

The bar roared with approval as the crowd claimed her, their touches becoming bolder, their hands sliding over every inch of her exposed skin. Her protests were drowned out by their laughter and cheers, and the heat in her veins turned to fire, consuming her completely.

And Pearson, standing just outside the chaos, lit another cigar. “I warned you,” he muttered under his breath, watching as the crowd surged around her. But his voice was lost in the noise, and Val was lost to the bar.

Val’s pulse thundered in her ears, her entire body humming like a live wire. The world around her dissolved into sensation—the heat of the crowd, the sultry rhythm of music pumping through the bar, the electric crackle of hands sliding across her bare skin.

A gasp spilled from her lips as the blonde's cherry-red mouth moved against the curve of her neck, teeth grazing softly before biting down just enough to make her hips jerk in response. Her nails raked along Val’s thighs, tugging the skirt higher, revealing skin that burned under the attention of the room.

“God, you’re beautiful,” the surfer whispered, his strong hands slipping beneath the curve of her hips to lift her onto the bar. Bottles clinked behind her as she leaned back, arms outstretched in surrender. Her head tilted, the black waves of her hair cascading against the illuminated glass shelves.

“You love this, don’t you?” the blonde purred again, her voice husky and dripping with wicked delight. Her nails scraped along Val's thighs as she kneeled between them, her mouth finding the taut plane of Val’s stomach, planting kisses as she made her way lower.

Val’s breath hitched, a thrill of anticipation tightening her body. She arched into the blonde’s touch, her legs parting instinctively as fingertips teased against her inner thighs, coaxing gasps from her lips. The blonde’s tongue darted out, leaving a slick trail that made Val’s head spin.

The crowd around them roared, their energy feeding into the fire consuming her. Hands reached out to caress her arms, her sides, her legs, their heat mingling with her own. She moaned unabashedly, every touch igniting her nerves like sparks catching dry tinder.

"Take your time," the surfer murmured, brushing Val’s hair from her face. His ocean-blue eyes held hers, a teasing glint in their depths. He leaned down, capturing her mouth in a slow, deliberate kiss that stole the breath from her lungs.

Behind him, another figure loomed—a tall, dark-haired man with an edge of danger in his sharp features. His lips curved into a smirk as his hand slid up Val's leg, his rough palm igniting a delicious friction against her sensitive skin.

Val couldn’t tell who to focus on—the surfer’s intoxicating kisses, the blonde’s expert tongue tracing patterns across her thighs, or the stranger’s confident grip on her waist. Her head spun with the overload of pleasure as her body trembled, her moans growing louder, more wanton.

From the corner of the room, Pearson’s jaw tightened as he watched. His fists clenched at his sides, but he stayed rooted in place, the neon glow of the room throwing his figure into sharp relief. His eyes burned with something unreadable—a mixture of fury and fascination as he bore witness to Val’s transformation into a figure of unrestrained desire.

For her part, Val had no thoughts of resistance left. Every laugh, every cheer from the crowd urged her on, made her want to give them more. She let herself drown in their worship, reveling in the power it gave her as hands and mouths explored every inch of her willing body.

In that moment, Val wasn’t just alive—she was the pass to paradise.

# 

# CHAPTER 9: Every Breath You Take (I’ll Be Watching You)

# 

The rain pelted Emily's bare shoulders as she darted through the alley, her breath ragged, her feet splashing in puddles. The grope coat lay discarded behind her, a humiliating memory she couldn’t bear to keep touching her skin. She crossed her arms tightly over her chest, the cool night air kissing every inch of her exposed, golden-brown skin. She was drenched, her hair plastered to her face in dark, inky strands, her body trembling from a mixture of cold and frustration.

“I just need something to wear,” she muttered to herself, darting into the nearest shadowed doorway.

Inside, she found an abandoned beachside boutique. The display rack was a joke—a lineup of fluorescent spandex, glittering mesh, and bikini tops so small they could double as eye patches. But beggars couldn’t be choosers. Emily rifled through the racks, her fingers snagging on neon strings and sequined fabrics.

“Seriously?” she whispered, holding up a gold micro-dress that shimmered under the flickering fluorescent light. It was absurdly short, with a neckline that plunged all the way to her navel. The back? Nonexistent. But it was all she had. With a defeated groan, she pulled it on.

The dress clung to her like a second skin, the wet rainwater making the fabric mold to her curves. The sequins shimmered with every movement, and the skirt rode dangerously high on her thighs. Her breasts, still swollen from earlier misadventures, pressed boldly against the plunging neckline, the fabric struggling to contain her.

“Goddamn it,” she muttered, tugging at the hem to no avail.

A soft, mechanical hum broke through her thoughts. Emily turned, startled, to see an old jukebox in the corner, its neon tubes pulsing faintly in the dim light. She took a cautious step back, but before she could bolt, the jukebox sprang to life. The neon tubes flared brilliantly, casting the room in an eerie, colorful glow.

A sultry, breathy voice spilled from the speakers, accompanied by a low, pounding synth beat.

**(Verse 1)***Welcome to paradise, where the rules are hot,  
Every little move you make ties you up in a knot.  
Rule number one: show your skin, don’t be shy,  
The less you wear, the higher you’ll fly.*

Emily’s stomach dropped as the lyrics wrapped around her like a teasing whisper. She glanced down at her barely-there dress and felt a flush of heat creep up her neck.

“No,” she said firmly, her voice cutting through the sultry music. “No, I’m not doing this.”

She turned to leave, but the door wouldn’t budge. It wasn’t locked, but her fingers couldn’t seem to grip the handle.

**(Pre-Chorus)***Rule two’s a tease: bikinis must stay tight,  
But if they slip, it will be a real fun night!  
Rule three? Oh, honey, it’s quite a scene—  
A splash in the pool makes your outfit obscene.*

The music grew louder, the voice sultrier. Emily stumbled back, her heel catching on a loose floorboard, and the dress’s hemline rode up higher. Her reflection in a nearby mirror caught her eye. The sequined fabric sparkled like it belonged on a Vegas showgirl, and her drenched hair clung to her face in a way that was maddeningly sensual.

“Stop it,” she hissed, yanking at the dress, but her hands faltered as the jukebox’s hypnotic beat pulsed through her. Her hips started to sway, unbidden, in time with the rhythm.

“No! Goddamn it!” she shouted, slapping her hands to her sides.

**(Chorus)***Bikini Week, where the waves take control,*

*Every laugh, every cheer, is the law of your soul.  
Let your body talk, don’t you dare play coy,  
In this neon dream, you’re everyone’s toy.*

Emily staggered forward, desperate to drown out the music. She reached for the jukebox, intending to pull the plug, but her fingers brushed the buttons, and the voice purred louder.

“Rule four,” it crooned, “embrace the attention. You’re made to be seen.”

Suddenly, the neon light around the jukebox shifted. Holographic projections of bikini-clad women filled the boutique, their bodies perfect, their movements impossibly sensual. They danced around Emily, their laughter mingling with the lyrics.

One of the holograms reached out as if to touch her, its translucent hand grazing her shoulder. Emily shivered, the sensation somehow real despite its intangibility.

**(Verse 2)***Rule five’s alive: the more you strut, the more they stare,  
Every glance is a prize, so shake it, don’t care.  
Rule six: oh, darling, if you get hit just right,  
Your chest gets bigger—what a glorious sight.*

“Shut up!” Emily screamed, spinning to face the jukebox. But the holograms only swayed closer, their shimmering forms mirroring her every move. Her breath hitched as one of them knelt beside her, adjusting the strap of her dress in an overly intimate gesture.

“Stop this,” she begged, her voice trembling. “I’m not like you.”

The hologram tilted its head, its lips curling into a knowing smile.

**(Bridge)***If the rain starts falling, your shirt turns sheer,  
That’s just the magic; there’s no shame here.  
Rule eight’s divine: let your hips do the talking,  
In Paradise, babe, there’s no such thing as walking.*

As if on cue, a trickle of rainwater from her hair slid down her neck, tracing her collarbone before slipping between her breasts. Emily’s body betrayed her, a soft gasp escaping her lips as the sensation mingled with the pulse of the music.

The holograms laughed—a light, tinkling sound that felt like it came from inside her head. Emily’s hands flew to her ears, but it did nothing to block out the seductive melody. She dropped to her knees, her thighs squeezing together as the music vibrated through her core.

“No,” she whispered, her voice barely audible. “No, I won’t give in.”

**(Final Chorus)***Bikini Week, oh, don’t fight the ride,  
Let the rhythm take you, let the rules decide.  
In this paradise dream, there’s no wrong or right,  
Just bodies and freedom, under the moonlight.*

The jukebox’s voice softened, growing almost tender.

Emily clenched her fists, her nails digging into her palms as she fought to regain control. She pushed herself to her feet, her legs trembling. With a defiant glare at the jukebox, she turned and ran—straight into the rain-drenched night.

Behind her, the holograms dissolved into the air, their laughter echoing long after they vanished. The jukebox dimmed, but its haunting melody continued, lingering like a phantom in the storm.

# 

# CHAPTER 10: Leader of the Pack

# 

Blaine was…

It was a difficult thing to quantify. Words should have sprung to his head so easily to complete the sentence. After all, he was just describing himself, wasn’t he? Yet the concept of himself was proving increasingly elusive. He had been a man, and then a nerd, and then a surfer dude, and now a roided-out beach stud. He’d cycled between them all in rapid succession. And at every single stage of that development, that version of him had felt utterly real.

Now, he was even more confused. Moving onto one stage of development usually meant letting the previous ones fall by the wayside. But Bunny’s burst just now had done something strange to his neurons. Suddenly, he found himself wrestling with four different versions of himself at once.

He had had the hot Asian babe right where he wanted her. She’d been swooning over him, wet for him, ready for him. Then, sudden as a storm at a beach, it was over. And he was left not just unfulfilled in the department of horniness, but also feeling…bad? She’d overreacted at being called a bimbo, and it was definitely overreacting, but maybe he shouldn’t have said it?

Nah dude, she’s totally just PMSing or something, came one voice.

She doesn’t appreciate you denigrating her like the rest of this regressive setting, insisted a second.

Shut up, nerd, chorused the other voices inside him.

It was all giving him such a headache. How could all these versions of himself be true? And if they were equally true, then what had he done, diving so headlong into this new version of himself? What reality was possible if he–?

A beach ball soared through his open window, smacking him upside the head. He staggered back into the wall, his huge body heavy enough to make the whole beach shack shake, it seemed. And the impact only added to that; though slight, Bikini Week rules still applied to all impacts, and sure enough another ten pounds of muscle sprouted across his body, evenly distributed across all the major groups to turn him into a serious slab of blonde, all-American beef.

Blaine grumbled. He should’ve known the narrative wouldn’t appreciate existential philosophizing on its watch. In fact, he was probably dancing on dangerous territory, even thinking a phrase like “existential philosoph–”

A second beach ball soared through the window and beaned him right on the head again. Another ten pounds of muscle pushed his veins even closer to the surface beneath his sun-tanned, cancer-free skin. His calves now looked bigger than his old self’s biceps.

He staggered to the window. A whole group of beachgoers were playing volleyball, even though elsewhere on the beach it was raining. It was as if the continuity on this cheap 80’s movie was as slapshod as its other production values. “What just happened?” he called to them, annoyed.

“Sorry, Blaine!” said Mimi, a long-legged brunette with a coy demeanor. “We accidentally knocked our beach ball out of bounds, and then our do-over with our backup beach ball accidentally followed the exact same trajectory as the first one!”

“What’re the odds?” Blaine grumbled.

Mimi frowned thoughtfully. “No, I’m pretty sure two is an even number…”

Her redheaded friend Ginger nudged her aside. “Come out and play with us, beefy boy!” she called with the kind of spunky, in-your-face attitude that was bound to get this exact clip of her character taken out of context and turned into a meme in about thirty years.

So that’s where that gif is from, thought a voice inside him.

Shut up, nerd, came the others.

Blaine considered this. He knew he should be racing off after Bunny. He didn’t like his best gal storming off like that. Didn’t like her being mad at him. He was the coolest guy on the beach, right? People were supposed to like the coolest guy on the beach. It felt bad that she didn’t.

You’re supposed to run off after her because you’re her partner, came that annoying voice. Help fix things, so the two of you can escape back to reality. Remember? Divert some blood back to your brain and remember.

He knew the annoying voice was right. He really did.

But the beach ball court had hot girls.

As he enjoyed the afternoon-and-then-evening of beach ball, he had a fucking blast. Every single time the ball came to him, he went horizontal in a dive, regardless of its practicality. His new body was incredible at this game, even when theoretically his bulk should have been at odds with the required agility. And the whole time, he was being adored.

The guys loved it, even when he scored on them. They were always high-fiving him, tossing him beers, subtly deferring to him in conversation. The girls were hanging all over him between plays, re-upping the tanning oil on his gleaming muscles, taking turns openly ogling the contours of his speedo over the top rims of their sunglasses. The synth vibes were tight, the neon sunset was hot, and he felt like the center of all of it.

No. Felt was a qualifier. He was the center of all of it.

This is what it does, said the voice–was it Wesley? Was it whatever sad sack had come before? It seduces you by giving you exactly what you want.

And then what? asked Blaine as he dove sideways into the sand again, his huge body gouging a correspondingly huge divot in it.

And then you lose yourself!

And then what? asked Blaine as one of his bros helped him up, their muscular forearms clasping each other’s in an of-the-time display of masculinity that was so heterosexual it almost accidentally looped back around to being gay.

And then you forget who you really are!

But who is who I really am? Blaine thought.

The beachball whizzed straight for his head.

Blaine’s thickly muscled arm shot out and caught it singlehandedly. All the other players erupted in rapturous applause for such a sweet, clutch catch.

As Blaine headed back to the house in the dark, he found himself turning back to Bunny. He wanted to go after her. He felt like he needed to take care of someone so delicate and cute. And he liked her. He really did. It wasn’t just that she was hot, or that she had huge boobs, or that he thought she would look good with her tight little exotic lips wrapped around the base of his massive white cock, though all of those were true. She had been resourceful, playful, witty, and eager to please him–maybe the most important trait of all, if he was being honest.

He didn’t understand her, though. He didn’t understand whatever crisis she was having. Yeah, this place had changed him. No question about it. But who was to say those changes weren’t for the better. It wasn’t just that the old version of him wasn’t hot, or strong, or good at sports, or able to pull off the bold fashion statement that was a high-cut neon magenta speedo. It was that the old version of him wouldn’t have just up and joined a spontaneous game of beach ball. Or been bold enough to casually flirt with a hot girl, even if it was just an excuse to put a possessive hand on her ass. Or be a front-row spectator at a wet t-shirt contest, where all the girls were having a wonderful time.

Maybe he couldn’t understand what Bunny was going through, he realized. For one thing, girls were way more emotional than logical, rational guys like him. But for another, this place definitely treated her differently. So he couldn’t go after her and tell her he understood her hesitation to give into the pleasures of being the hottest bitch on the beach.

But he could tell her that he wanted to understand. He could tell her that he wanted to help her.

It was settled, he decided. He would change into a new look–he wasn’t sure what clothes might fit him, or if he was just going to slap on some kind of going-out speedo and call it good. But then he would head off to the rainy part of the beach and figure out whatever was troubling Bunny’s cute little head.

But his light was on when he arrived home. He wasn’t exactly afraid; he was huge and strong now, and he also knew this Wasn’t That Kind Of Movie. But he was still wary as he crossed the threshold.

He saw the glimmer of the gold microdress first. His heart and his cock jumped for joy in unison: Bunny was back! Good. He could talk to her. Figure out what was going on with her. And then they could get back to where they were.

Anything you want to add there, genius? he asked his annoying voice.

No, no, it replied. We can escape after you resume that.

But when he opened his mouth to greet Bunny, the rest of her came into view: her glorious, obviously fake tits. Her makeup, now much more party-girl than professional. Her chestnut hair, teased sky-high by the joint power of Ronald Reagan and God Himself.

Blaine pointed a huge finger at her. “You’re…the business chick,” he said. He hadn’t meant to sound dumb, but it was getting easier by the second.

“Charlotte,” she said with a winning smile. She held up two beers, fresh from his fridge. “I thought we got off on the wrong foot at our meeting earlier this afternoon. I wanted to take some initiative and have another chance to introduce myself to you.” She offered one of the beers to him, then gently guided him to his couch.

And then sat right next to him on it.

She must be doing this to try and seduce me into signing over my property early, Blaine realized as she began to talk some business talk with her hand on his bare, muscular thigh. That’s actually a surprising amount of thematic depth for a film like this, putting me in a position to question what’s real and then setting me against a woman who’s either pretending to be turned on by me or actually turned on by me, increasingly unsure of which is–

A beach ball thudded against the window.

“I shut the window earlier,” Charlotte added smoothly. “I hope you don’t mind.”

# 

# CHAPTER 11: Spin Me Right Round

# 

Charlotte’s lips hovered a breath away from Blaine’s impossibly thick, straining cock, her cherry-red lipstick practically trembling with anticipation. Her heart was racing, her skin tingling with a delicious combination of nerves and determination. Her manicured fingers rested delicately against his granite-hard thighs, and she could feel the heat radiating from him, the sheer *massive maleness* of his presence almost overwhelming.

Her lashes fluttered as she tilted her head, and just as her lips began to get closer and closer to fully closing down on Blaine’s glorious manhood—

RECORD SCRATCH.

“You’re probably wondering how I got here,” Charlotte voice said, to no one in particular. “Well, let me take you back a few hours. It’s a doozy.”

*“Well…”*

Charlotte had spent the morning in the passenger seat of Mr. Pearson’s ludicrously long limousine, sipping a martini and jotting notes on her clipboard while he barked orders into his oversized cell phone. His words were blunt, domineering, and filled with the kind of smug satisfaction that came naturally to a man who saw himself as the apex of capitalist evolution.

“And if the beachgoers don’t clear out voluntarily,” Pearson was saying, “we’ll just offer them *incentives*. Everyone’s got a price.”

Charlotte’s pencil skirt rode higher up her thighs as she shifted in her seat, tapping her pen against her lip. “Incentives” was Pearson-speak for “coercion,” and she would need to make sure the language in his contracts remained both ruthless and legally airtight.

Her job was to follow orders. Always orders. No deviation, no thinking for herself. And certainly no personal desires. *Desires,* she thought wryly, crossing her legs. *Not part of the job description.*

But then the target changed. Blaine, the golden Adonis whose biceps she swore had grown between glances, had intrigued Pearson in a way few others ever had. “Charlotte,” Pearson had said as they measured Blaine’s bungalow earlier, “take a personal interest in this one. He could be…useful to our plans.”

And now here she was, with Blaine shirtless beside her, the couch groaning under the combined weight of his massive muscles and her impossibly curvaceous frame. His nearness was intoxicating in a way she hadn’t anticipated. The clean, salty musk of his skin, the way his chest rose and fell like a sculpted bronze statue brought to life, and the raw heat radiating from him made it nearly impossible to think straight.

“Drink up,” she said, her voice syrupy and low as she handed him a beer. Her fingers lingered on his as he took it, the smallest touch sending an electric thrill down her spine. She crossed her legs, letting the slit of her pencil skirt reveal just a hint more thigh, and leaned in closer.

“I wanted to apologize for being so… abrupt earlier,” she purred. “Sometimes I can get a little too focused on my work.” Her nails lightly trailed up and down his arm, marveling at the sheer size and hardness of him.

Blaine took a swig of the beer and shrugged, his smirk lazy. “Hey, no problem. I get it. You’re just doing your job or whatever.”

His casual dismissal sent a thrill through her.

She shifted closer, her blazer straining against her chest as she reached for her own drink. The movement was deliberate, designed to draw his eyes to the deep valley of her cleavage. Sure enough, Blaine’s gaze flicked downward, his smirk widening ever so slightly.

“You know,” Charlotte said, running a finger along the rim of her martini glass, “you’re… different from the other people around here.”

Blaine raised an eyebrow. “Oh yeah?”

“Mm-hmm,” she murmured, her hand drifting to his thigh. She leaned in, close enough for him to feel her breath on his neck. “They’re all so… simple. So predictable. But you…” She let her nails lightly scrape against his skin. “You’re something special.”

His cocky grin told her she was playing him perfectly. “Well, yeah. I mean, look at me.”

Her laughter was low and melodic. “Oh, I’m looking,” she said, her hand sliding higher. She trailed her fingers across the hard ridges of his abs, her touch feather-light. Her lips parted as she admired his body, her carefully controlled façade slipping just enough to let her genuine awe show.

*Focus, Charlotte.*

“Tell me,” she said, her voice dropping to a whisper, “what’s it like being so…” Her hand brushed against his pec, marveling at its warmth and density. “…perfect?”

Blaine chuckled, leaning back against the couch. “It’s pretty awesome, not gonna lie.”

She tilted her head, her lips curving into a sly smile. “I bet it is.” Her fingers played with the edge of his speedo, teasing the elastic as if daring him to stop her. “Must be hard, though. Being wanted by everyone. Everyone wanting a piece of you.”

Her words hung in the air like a challenge. Blaine didn’t respond immediately, but the way his jaw tightened, the way his breathing deepened, told her she was winning.

“Charlotte,” he said finally, his voice rough. “What’s your angle here?”

She hesitated for half a second—long enough to feel his eyes on her, his presence dominating hers in a way that left her breathless. She was supposed to be in control here, supposed to be seducing him for Pearson’s benefit. But sitting this close to him, feeling the heat of his body, her carefully constructed plan was crumbling.

Her lips hovered near his ear, her voice trembling just slightly. “No angle,” she whispered. “I just… can’t help myself.”

Her confession hung in the air, raw and vulnerable. She wasn’t lying—at least, not entirely. Blaine didn’t reply with words. Instead, he shifted, his hand sliding around her waist and pulling her onto his lap as easily as if she weighed nothing.

Charlotte gasped, her hands bracing against his chest. She could feel his heart pounding beneath her palms, steady and strong, and her breath hitched as she looked up into his eyes. The world seemed to narrow, the space between them charged with an energy she couldn’t ignore.

“You’re playing a dangerous game, Charlotte,” he murmured, his lips so close to hers that she could taste the beer on his breath.

Her smile was slow, seductive, and just a little desperate. “Maybe I like danger.”

Charlotte barely had a chance to breathe as Blaine’s strong, calloused hand gripped the back of her head. His other hand, still gripping the beer bottle, rested casually on his thigh, as if this moment were no more demanding than a regular Sunday afternoon. But the pressure of his grip spoke of something darker, something raw, a primal assertion of dominance that sent a thrill coursing down her spine.

“Danger, huh?” Blaine’s voice was a low growl, his lips curling into a predatory smirk. His fingers grabbed her hair, and began angling her head downward until her lips were perilously close to his bulging cock, the head straining against the thin fabric of his speedo. The heat of him, so close and so impossibly overwhelming, made her breath catch.

“Prove it, then,” he said. His tone was teasing, but his eyes burned with a ferocity that left no room for refusal.

Charlotte’s hesitation melted into determination as her trembling hands slid up Blaine’s thighs, her breath shallow, anticipation coiling tight in her chest. The weight of his gaze burned into her, a challenge she intended to meet head-on.

Her fingers hooked under the elastic band of his speedo, the damp fabric strained to its limits by the massive girth beneath. She tugged it downward slowly, the tease intentional, revealing inch after glorious inch of his cock. It sprang free, thick and heavy, the head flushed an angry red and glistening with a bead of precum. The sight made her mouth water, and she couldn’t help the small, needy sound that escaped her lips.

Blaine leaned back further into the couch, one arm draped lazily over the backrest as though this were nothing more than an amusing show put on for his pleasure. His smirk widened as he watched her, his confidence radiating an almost oppressive intensity.

Charlotte licked her lips, her head dipping closer. She kept her hands to herself, a deliberate choice, letting the moment stretch and simmer. Her lips parted slightly, her breath warm against his shaft, her tongue darting out to taste the air between them as her face drew near. Slowly, achingly slowly, she leaned in, her lips brushing the very tip before opening further to engulf him.

Her lips closed fully around the head, warm and soft, as her mouth sealed perfectly without a single touch from her hands. She held him there, unmoving, savoring the moment, the weight of him resting on her tongue. Her eyes flicked up to meet his as she gave a soft, involuntary moan, her body trembling with the effort of restraint.

My mouth was a perfect O and a mere centimeter away from beginning to vigorously suck his manhood when ….

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# Charlotte’s mouth was a perfect O and a mere centimeter away from beginning to vigorously suck on “my” manhood and then…

[Record Scratch]

“You’re probably wondering how I got here.”

The voice is normal. Smooth, maybe a little self-deprecating, but not nasally or super macho. Just a normal everyday voice, the kind you’d hear and then forget what it sounded like two seconds later.

“The first thing you need to know is that I didn’t start out here as Wesley. I mean, yeah, sure, I was technically always *Wes,* but Wesley? The awkward, bespectacled nerd with a heart of gold and a pocket full of pencils? No, sir. That guy was born when I first got pulled into this godforsaken neon dreamscape.

Before all this—before the pastel skies and impossibly perky boobs bouncing through every frame—I was just Wes. Regular old Wes. A guy who did a perfectly fine office job, nothing to hate but nothing to love either. The kind of guy whose weekend plans involved frozen pizza and grinding out one more prestige level in some online shooter. My biggest adventure was ordering Thai food instead of my usual burger.

But then, one night, I fell asleep on my couch. Or at least I think I fell asleep. I remember zoning out to some low-budget 80s flick on Tubi called *My Dumb Bikini Summer*. The plot was as thin as the women’s swimsuits: a beach town, a big evil developer, and a ragtag group of misfits saving the day through sexy hijinks. Standard stuff. I’d been half-watching, half-scrolling my phone, when something... *shifted*.

The TV went weird. The colors bled together, and the sound warped like a cassette tape left out in the sun too long. I thought, *Great, my cheap-ass Roku is finally dying.* I was reaching for the remote when the screen flared bright white.

And then? Nothing.

Or at least, no couch. No living room. No *me* as I knew myself.

When I came to, I was standing on a beach. Not just any beach, mind you—this was a beach straight out of a dream. Or a nightmare, depending on how you feel about bikinis, big hair, and synth music that never stops. The sand was blindingly white, the ocean turquoise and glittering like a Lisa Frank folder come to life. Everywhere I looked, there were girls. Gorgeous girls. Bikini-clad girls. And dudes, too, though they all looked like they’d just stepped off the cover of a romance novel or a protein shake ad.

Hey, maybe I’m dreaming. I thought Maybe I’m on some new streaming service trying to relive the glory of 80s cheese.’ But no. This is real. Well, as real as anything can be in a world where the primary exports are coconut oil and bad decisions. I didn’t choose this. I didn’t want this. And yet... here we are.

Because when I looked down at myself I didn’t see Wes.

No, what I saw was a string bean of a guy in high-waisted shorts, a button-up shirt patterned with tiny surfboards, and glasses so thick they could’ve been NASA prototypes. My body felt...weird. Lankier than I remembered. My shoulders were narrow, my arms scrawny. I reached up and felt my face: no beard stubble. My skin was baby-smooth, and my hair was combed into an unflattering side part.

And then it hit me: *I was Wesley.*

No, I didn’t *know* it right away. Not consciously. But it was like the narrative just *slid* me into place, wrapped me in a character like a second skin. The realization didn’t come in a thunderclap—it was more like a slow, dawning horror.

There was sand beneath me. Sun above me. And a woman—no, a *goddess*—standing over me, her skin bronzed and gleaming, her string bikini defying physics as much as modesty. She was smiling like she knew every secret I’d ever had, and her voice—God, her voice—dripped with syrupy sweetness as she leaned down and said, “Kind of scrawny for Bikini Week, ain’t ya sugar?”

And just like that, I was no longer Wes-the-average-Joe. I was Wesley-the-Nerd.

The next thing I knew, this goddess of bronzed perfection was helping me to my feet—or rather, hauling me up with one hand like I weighed nothing more than a feather. My legs wobbled, partly because the sand was soft, but mostly because I was acutely aware of her cleavage hovering dangerously close to my face.

“Y-you mean me?” I stammered, inwardly cringing at the nasal edge to my voice. Great, I thought. Not only did I look like an extra from *Revenge of the Nerds,* I sounded like one too.

“Who else, sugar?” she replied, giving me a once-over that was equal parts pity and amusement. “You’re cute in a... scrawny, hopeless kind of way.”

Hopeless. Great.

Before I could muster a reply—or even a coherent thought—a football whizzed past my head, missing me by inches. It hit the sand with a soft *thunk*, and when I turned, there was a group of guys straight out of a protein shake commercial jogging toward me. Each one was shirtless, glistening with just enough sweat to make their muscles pop without looking gross, and laughing like they didn’t have a care in the world.

“Hey, nerd!” one of them called, pointing at me like he’d spotted a rare species in the wild. “You gonna throw that back, or just stand there and calculate its trajectory?”

The group roared with laughter. I bent down to pick up the ball, hoping to at least throw it well enough to salvage a shred of dignity. But the moment I gripped it, I knew I’d made a mistake. The ball felt weirdly heavy, like it was filled with sand instead of air. I wound up, threw as hard as I could...and it went about five feet before plopping back into the sand.

The laughter doubled. Tripled. It was a rolling wave of mockery that seemed to echo endlessly along the beach. My face burned hotter than the sun overhead.

“Don’t mind them,” the bikini goddess said, patting my shoulder. Her hand lingered a second too long, and I had the sudden, inexplicable urge to flex—not that there was anything to flex. “They’re just jealous ‘cause they peaked in high school.”

“Yeah, that must be it,” I muttered, adjusting my glasses. The glare of the sun was bouncing off the ocean and blinding me, which only added to my disorientation. “Uh, where...where am I, exactly?”

The goddess tilted her head, her smile faltering for the briefest moment. “You’re at Bikini Beach, sugar. Where else would you be during Bikini Week?”

Bikini Week. The words clanged in my head like a bell, impossibly loud and absurdly out of place. *Bikini Week.* It sounded like something out of a bad reality show or a straight-to-video comedy. And yet, as I looked around, the phrase fit.

There was something about the place—the colors too vibrant, the waves crashing in perfect rhythm, the girls all impossibly hot, the guys all ripped like Greek statues. It was like walking into a live-action cartoon where every cliché was cranked up to eleven.

And then there was me. Scrawny, awkward, and somehow dropped into the middle of it like the universe had decided I was the punchline to some cosmic joke.

“So, uh...what happens during Bikini Week?” I asked, genuinely afraid of the answer.

“Oh, you know,” she said, twirling a lock of her impossibly shiny blonde hair. “Parties. Contests. Dancing. Surfing. Basically, whatever it takes to win the title of Bikini King or Queen.”

“King or Queen?” I repeated, trying not to sound like I was choking on the words.

She nodded, her smile turning sly. “Yeah. Big prize, too. Enough cash to do whatever your heart desires. But, uh...” She leaned in closer, her perfume intoxicating and her chest dangerously close to brushing against me. “You might want to hit the gym first, sugar. Just a suggestion.”

And with that, she sauntered off, her hips swaying in a way that was almost hypnotic. I stood there, staring after her, my mouth slightly open as I tried to process what the hell had just happened.

And that was just my first transformation! I’d double dip and become Blaine soon enough! The thing you have to understand is that it wasn’t all at once. If it had been, I might’ve fought harder. Might’ve realized sooner. But no—it was gradual. It was subtle. Like sand slipping out from under your feet, one grain at a time, until suddenly you’re drowning in the tide.

I remember the first change, back when I was Wesley. **Wesley-the-Nerd**, the guy I woke up as in this crazy world. I’d been so confused. I mean, yeah, I’d seen this kind of character in movies before—the awkward guy with glasses, the butt of every joke until he gets a girl to see the “real him.” But knowing the trope didn’t make being the trope any less humiliating.

And yet, the narrative had me on rails. I bumbled my way through that first encounter with Missy—because of course her name was Missy—my cheeks burning as she laughed at me. I don’t even remember what I said, just that it was pathetic, like a script I hadn’t agreed to but couldn’t stop reciting. And then, slowly, right after I met Emily, things started... changing.

The first time I noticed something off was during surfing lessons. Missy’s beefcake boyfriend—**Rad**, I think—had shoved me into the sand, laughing as I flailed like a drowning kitten. It should’ve been humiliating, and at first, it was. But then... something shifted. The sand was warm against my hands, gritty and rough, but instead of feeling weak, I felt... annoyed. No, more than that—I felt *determined*.

I stood up, and suddenly, I wasn’t just a nerd anymore. My shoulders squared off. My voice, which had been trembling and high-pitched, came out deeper, firmer. “Why don’t you back off?” I said, and I’ll never forget the look of surprise on Rad’s stupidly handsome face.

That was the first time I felt it. The narrative. It wasn’t just pushing me into embarrassing situations anymore—it was building me up. My chest puffed out. My back straightened. And Rad didn’t shove me again that day.

After that, things escalated quickly. I started working out—well, I *thought* I was working out. Push-ups on the beach, lifting weights at the outdoor gym, you name it. But now I’m pretty sure none of it actually mattered. The *real* transformation wasn’t in my muscles, but in my mind.

The first time I noticed my arms in front of a mirror and thought, *Nice.* It wasn’t like me to think that way, but the narrative didn’t give me much choice. I was becoming Blaine.

It wasn’t long before Wesley felt more like a memory than a person. I’d swapped out my glasses for sunglasses, my button-ups for Hawaiian shirts, and my timid demeanor for cocky confidence. But the real kicker was how *good* it felt. Being Blaine wasn’t just easy—it was *fun*.

And then there was Bunny.

God, Bunny. Or Emily, as she *really* was. When I first met her, she was like a lighthouse in the storm—normal, grounded, a reminder of who we were and what we were trying to escape. But even then, I could see the cracks forming.

Her hair, shiny and perfect. Her skin, always glowing. And those tits—God help me, those tits. They weren’t like that when we started, right? No way. But the narrative kept... *enhancing* her. And what was worse? She seemed to like it.

Which brings me to now. Me—or Blaine, I guess—on the couch with Charlotte. Her nails raking against my thigh. Her lips hovering over my cock. And all I could think was how wrong it felt. How I have to fight it.

Not because I didn’t want her. God, I wanted her. The way she looked up at me, her fake tits practically spilling out of her too-tight blazer, her lips painted with cherry-red lipstick—it was everything Blaine was supposed to want. And I’d be lying if I didn’t say I wanted it too.

Charlotte’s lips parted, her breath warm against the swollen head of my cock. I could see the gloss on her lips, the way her tongue darted out to wet them, and my body was screaming for her to just *take me already*. But in the back of my mind, something was fighting. A tiny, screaming voice—my voice.

*This isn’t you,* it whispered. *But it’s not fair. Especially for Emily.*

We’ve teamed up out of necessity—two outsiders trying to resist the narrative. But we might not be a team anymore. Because she’s still out there, fighting the narrative. And here “I” am about to have “my” cock sucked by a gorgeous girl.

### Charlotte’s mouth is a perfect O and a mere centimeter away from beginning to vigorously suck on “my” manhood and then…

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### Charlotte’s mouth was a perfect O and a mere centimeter away from beginning to vigorously suck on Blaine’s manhood and then …

[Record Scratch]

“You’re probably wondering how I got here.”

The voice is nasally. Raspy. A bit annoying. The kind you’d hear and then instantly think less of the person for having it.

You’re probably wondering how I got here, “A disembodied voice”, floating in the recesses of Blaine’s increasingly swole mind, fighting for dominance over the ever-growing tide of biceps, speedos, and neon sunsets. Believe me, buddy, I’m wondering the same damn thing. But hey, let’s rewind a bit, shall we?

The first thing you need to know is that I wasn’t always a disembodied voice. Once upon a time, I had a body. A body with glasses, acne, and the kind of wiry frame that suggested I’d lose in a fight with a stiff breeze. I wasn’t anyone’s dream guy, but I was someone. Now? I’m just... words.

And not even good ones.

I’m exposition, baby. You’re welcome.

Bikini Week wasn’t supposed to go like this. I’d always imagined it was my shot, my moment. I mean, every nerd knows how this goes, right? You’re the underdog. The overlooked nice guy with a hidden spark of wit, charm, and maybe even a six-pack under the right lighting. You’re supposed to get the girl. The brainy one. The one who sees you for who you are beneath the Coke-bottle glasses and social anxiety.

That was the deal. That’s the story.

It all started to go bad a few days ago—or, uh, however time works in this ludicrous, soft-core hellscape. That’s when Blaine showed up.

Let’s back up. I don’t want to talk about Blaine yet. I want to talk about Emily.

She wasn’t like the others. No neon bikinis, no surgically improbable curves, no hair that defied the laws of physics. Just a normal girl in a world that seemed to punish normalcy like it was a crime. She stumbled onto the beach wearing jeans—jeans, for God’s sake—and a hoodie.

I was standing on the boardwalk when I saw her. Or rather, when I narrated her arrival. That’s all I do now—narrate. I thought she might be different. She looked around, her almond-shaped eyes wide with confusion, her dark hair whipping in the sea breeze like some kind of rebellious flag against the tyranny of this town.

“She wasn’t like the others,” I said to myself, which was also to you, apparently. “No neon bikinis, no surgically impossible curves, just a girl trying to make sense of this place. I thought maybe she’d see me.”

But then the science-magic kicked in.

Oh, you don’t know about the science-magic? Okay, let me explain. Bikini Week isn’t just any beach to. Think tanning booths, but instead of UV rays, it’s... whatever the opposite of body neutrality is. You walk in a five, you leave a ten. That’s just the way it is. It might take a long time, it make take no time at all, but it always happens.

Emily lasted about thirty-six hours before it got to her.

First, it was the hair. Straight, shiny, cascading down her back like she’d stepped out of a Pantene ad. Then her waist, shrinking so fast I swore I could hear a tape measure snapping. Her chest swelled like someone had hit "maximize assets" on a video game character creation screen.

It was horrifying.

It was…

Well, it was kind of hot.

Look, I’m not proud of it. But this place does things to you. It rewires you. You can’t spend more than five minutes here without noticing every curve, every jiggle, every breathy giggle. It’s like the town pumps pheromones into the air along with the scent of coconut sunscreen.

So, yeah. I noticed.

And then Blaine-to-Be noticed her.

Blaine didn’t just walk into my body during Bikini Week.

No, Blaine *bench-pressed* his way in. He came striding down the beach like he owned the place—which, let’s be real, he might as well have. All golden hair, tanned skin, and abs you could use as a cheese grater.

“Blaine didn’t just walk into Bikini Week,” I narrated bitterly. “He bench-pressed it, flexed at it, and claimed it as his own.”

# Ok, let’s talk about Blaine for a second—the hulking meat suit I’m currently trapped in. He didn’t used to be Blaine. He used to be me. But then came the muscles. The pecs. The speedos that leave nothing to the imagination. It’s like a cosmic joke I’m the punchline to. And the worst part? It’s working. Blaine's got it all now: the body, the babes, the bros who toss him beers like they’re endorsements in a mid-budget commercial. And let’s not forget the high-octane beach ball montages. But me? I’m still here, floating somewhere in the back of his mind, like a ghost haunting a gym bro. I watch it all unfold, powerless to stop it. And trust me, there’s a lot to watch.

You know how in every movie about a hero’s journey, there’s always a moment when the protagonist realizes they’re losing something? Their innocence, maybe. Or their sense of self. Usually, it’s handled with a teary-eyed monologue, violins swelling in the background, maybe a meaningful gaze into the distance.

That’s not what this is.

This is a front-row seat to my own slow-motion annihilation.

And it’s all because of her.

Charlotte.

She’s kneeling there, her cherry-red lips an inch—maybe an inch—from my cock. Her perfectly manicured nails graze my thighs, each tiny touch sending ripples of heat through my—through our—body. She’s staring at me—at Blaine, at us—with this look in her eyes like she’s about to devour me whole.

And God help me, I want her to.

No. He wants her to.

Blaine’s wants are all-encompassing, overwhelming. They seep into every corner of my mind, so loud and visceral they drown out my own thoughts. I can feel the pull of her breath against the swollen, flushed head of my cock. I can feel her lips parting, the slick heat of her mouth so close I can almost—

Stop.

I tell myself to stop. I scream at myself to stop. But I can’t move. I’m watching, a spectator in my own body, and the guy in the driver’s seat—the guy who used to be me, but isn’t anymore—is leaning back like he’s settling in for the best blowjob of his life.

“Relax,” Blaine says—or I say. My voice, but not my words. It’s a low, cocky rumble now, oozing with the kind of confidence Wesley never had. “Take your time, babe. I’ve got all night.”

No, you don’t!

I want to claw my way back to the surface, to shake her off, to tell her to stop. But Blaine’s body doesn’t respond to me anymore. It’s not mine. Not really.

It started small, the way these things always do.

I didn’t even realize I was a character at first. Not until I met Bunny—Emily, I mean. She was the first person who looked at me like I was real.

But even then, it wasn’t enough to hold me together.

The changes came in waves. First, it was the glasses. Then my shoulders started to square off. My back straightened. My voice dropped half an octave. I grew a foot. Maybe a foot and a half. And the muscles. Ah lord, the muscles after muscles!

By the time I realized what was happening, it was already too late.

The next time I saw myself in the mirror, I wasn’t Wesley anymore. I was Blaine. Broad shoulders, golden tan, chiseled abs—the kind of guy who didn’t just walk down a beach, he owned it.

And it felt...good.

That’s the worst part.

It felt so damn good.

The power. The confidence. The way people looked at me—at him. The way Bunny started to look at me.

I told myself it was just for the narrative. That I could still get us out of here. But with every passing day, Blaine grew stronger, louder. He wasn’t just taking over my body—he was taking over my mind.

And now, here I am. Watching as Charlotte’s lips hover over Blaine’s cock—my cock—and some part of me thinks that this is my last shot at escistence. Some part of me knows, and it doesn’t know how it knows, that if she takes him in, if she does this, it’s over.

There won’t be a Wesley anymore.

Just Blaine.

Charlotte’s lips part, her breath warm against the sensitive head. Her tongue darts out, just barely grazing me, and I feel Blaine’s body twitch in response. His—my—cock is swollen, hard, throbbing with need.

I want to scream.

I want to beg.

But Blaine just smirks, his hand sliding into her hair to guide her closer.

“Let’s see what that mouth can do,” he says.

And I’m still here.

I’m still watching.

Still feeling.

But I know I won’t be as soon as those lips start to grip. There has been too much change piled on too much change. One she gets to acting like a turbovac, I’m history.

### Charlotte’s mouth is a perfect O and a mere centimeter away from beginning to vigorously suck on Blaine’s manhood and then…

Charlotte’s mouth was a perfect O and a mere centimeter away from beginning to vigorously suck on MY manhood and then…

[Record Scratch]

“You’re probably wondering how I got here.”

The voice is a deep, confident, rumbling bass that matches the sheer force of the words behind it. It’s the kind of voice that commands attention, the kind that makes lesser men wilt and women drop their defenses. It’s self-assured and cocky, but in that way where you know it’s earned.

It’s me. Blaine. And yeah, I’d be wondering too if I were you.

Let me paint you a picture, babe. The sun always shines here. The waves crash in perfect rhythm, like the universe’s metronome keeping time to my every move. The sand? Soft as silk. The air? Warm enough to tan your skin but cool enough to keep the sweat sexy.

And me? My name is Blaine. Don’t wear it out—though, if you’re lucky, you can scream it.

I’m not just living in this world. I’m owning it. Because here at Bikini Week, it’s survival of the sexiest, and I’ve been the alpha since day one.

Not that I wasn’t always alpha material. Somewhere in the recesses of my memory, there’s a whisper of some guy—a dweeb, maybe—who didn’t have this jawline, these abs, or this God-tier confidence. Can’t say I relate.

I remember my first day like it was yesterday. Stepping onto the sand felt like stepping into destiny. The babes couldn’t take their eyes off me, their gazes trailing down my body like they were mentally undressing me. Not that I blame them.

And then of course there was her Bunny.

Her name’s Emily, but let’s be real—“Bunny” suits her better. Tight little package, big brown eyes, and a wit sharp enough to cut glass. She strutted onto the beach like she owned it, even though everyone could tell she was fighting to keep up.

She had this spark in her, this resistance that made her even hotter. A challenge. I like challenges. It’s fun to watch them crumble.

And I saw her crumble during the Flex Fest: Instant Buff Magic!” I consider that my real birth day. Imagine perfection walking up on stage. Now imagine that perfection gets even more perfect. That was me.

The crowd went wild when I grabbed those weights. I mean, who wouldn’t? Every curl made my biceps swell, veins popping like roadmaps to my godhood. Then came the serum.

BAM.

It hit me like a tidal wave. Muscles on muscles. Chest so broad I could’ve cast shade for the whole beach. Legs like tree trunks, carved out of marble. And my abs? Let’s just say there’s a reason they call it an *eight*-pack.

The best part? The reaction. Every bikini in the crowd got tighter. Every dude stood in awe. And Bunny? Her eyes went wide, lips parted like she couldn’t decide whether to cheer or climb me like a jungle gym.

And Bunny wasn’t just a knockout. She was a goddamn showstopper. Especially in a wet t-shirt.

Picture this: her, on stage, water streaming down her golden skin. Her shirt clung to her like it was painted on, highlighting every curve, every soft, sexy line. She moved like the music was in her veins, hips swaying in a rhythm that made the crowd lose their collective minds.

Did I teach her to let loose? Maybe. But don’t let her hear me say that. She’s got this cute little stubborn streak that makes her think she’s in charge. Adorable, really.

Enter Pearson, the so-called big shot in the pinstripe suit. Guy’s got all the charm of a used car salesman and twice the grease. He swaggers around like his money means something here, like anyone cares about business deals when the only currency Bikini Week deals in is sex appeal.

I hate to admit it, but there’s something about him. He’s like a cockroach—hard to squash, always crawling back. But he’s no match for me. When Blaine’s on the beach, no one’s looking at some sleazy suit.

Especially not now when Charlotte’s mouth was so damn close I could feel her breath, warm and slow, ghosting over the swollen, aching head of my cock. God, it felt good. The anticipation, the control. It was all mine. She was mine. Hell, the whole goddamn beach was mine, if I wanted it to be.

And I *did* want it.

Everything in this moment, in this place, was exactly how it was supposed to be. Me, Blaine, golden king of the shore, carved out of muscle and swagger, with a chick like Charlotte kneeling between my massive thighs, her cherry-red lips open and waiting. She was perfect: tits so big they strained her blazer, legs crossed just enough to tease, her hair done up so high it practically touched the gods. And that look in her eyes? That look said she knew she was out of her league, but she wanted to play the game anyway.

I loved that look.

My cock twitched against her lips, heavy and pulsing, the head already slick with need. She hadn’t even touched it yet, not really, but my whole body was alive, every nerve on fire. My massive hand rested on her head, fingers tangled in her thick, shiny hair, holding her steady—not forcing, not yet, just *there*. She’d come to me. They always came to me.

And they always would.

I flexed my thighs against Charlotte’s soft hands, watching the way her painted nails trembled as they slid up the granite-hard ridges of my quads. I was a fucking mountain under her touch, her small hands dwarfed by my mass.

“You like that?” I asked, my voice low and rough.

Charlotte looked up at me, her lips parted, her tongue darting out to wet them. She nodded, just barely, her breathing quickening as her gaze flicked from my face to my cock.

Yeah, she liked it.

And I liked that she liked it.

I liked *all of it*. The power, the control. The way my body filled the space around me, big and broad and unshakable. The way the light hit my glorious white skin, making every muscle pop, every vein stand out. The way my speedo stretched to its absolute limit, barely containing the cock that Charlotte was so goddamn close to wrapping her mouth around.

She moved in, her lips ALMOST brushing the head. My breath hitched, my hand tightening in her hair. She gasped softly, her cherry-red lips parting further, her tongue flicking out to taste me.

“Yeah,” I murmured, my other hand resting on the back of the couch as I leaned back. I was spread out, massive, owning the space and the moment. “That’s it, babe. Take your time. Show me what you’ve got.”

She was trembling now, her breath warm and shallow, her fingers curling against my thighs as she steadied herself. Her lips hovered over me, her eyes flicking up to meet mine. God, those eyes—wide, dark, framed by lashes so thick they cast shadows. She was nervous, sure, but there was something else there, too. Something hungry.

*Good girl.*

I felt it then—this surge inside me, this certainty. I was Blaine. Not just a name, not just a body. A force. A presence. The guy every dude wanted to be and every chick wanted to be with. I could see it in Charlotte, see it in the way her eyes drank me in, in the way her lips parted further, her tongue running along the underside of her teeth as she leaned in.

This was it.

She was about to take me in, to wrap those perfect, glossy lips around my cock, and there’d be no going back. Not for her, and definitely not for me.

Because this was who I was now.

Who I’d always been, really.

And I couldn’t fucking wait.

The rest? You’ll have to stick around for that. Because if you think this world revolves around anything other than me, you’re dead wrong. Bunny might think she’s going to change and Pearson might think he’s pulling the strings, but trust me—this story ends with Blaine on top. Literally, if I have anything to say about it. And I do.

Charlotte’s mouth was a perfect O and a mere centimeter away from beginning to vigorously suck on MY manhood and then…

Charlotte’s mouth was a perfect O and a mere centimeter away from beginning to vigorously suck on Wes’s manhood and then…

**[Record Scratch]**

“You’re probably wondering how I got here.”

I have one of those voices. You know the kind—playful enough to catch your attention but with a bite that makes people second-guess how cute I really am. It’s the voice that narrates my internal monologue as if life itself were my personal B-Movie. Which it has become.  
  
The names Emily, although everyone calls me Bunny to my face. I’ve been through a lot lately and if I were to tell you everything that happened to me so far it would take about 68986 words so let’s skip that and get to where I am right now, shall we?

My latest crazy adventure had just ended and I had figured it out. Everything! I knew exactly what I had to do in order to escape Bikini Week, forever, and I was busting my ass running through the streets when I saw saw it: a street sign at the fork in the road ahead.

Resolution Ridge →

With no better option, I bolt toward Resolution Ridge, hoping the name isn’t just a cruel tease. Maybe, just maybe, it’ll mean an end to all this madness.

The next sign points to the left and hits me like a slap in the face: Endgame Enclave. NO! God no! If I got to the endgame right now I’ll be lost forever!

I dart right. The air changes the second I cross the threshold. The rain grows warmer, like it’s wrapping itself around me, intentional in its touch. The streetlights flicker, not erratically, but in a way that feels deliberate, suggestive. Every sign I pass seems to whisper at me:

“One More Dance Cabaret.”

“Blissful Eternity Motel.”

“Fuck this,” I hiss, shoving the thought aside as I keep running.

And then, finally, the hill comes into view: Denouement Heights.

That’s where Blaine lived now and at the base of his driveway, the street sign delivers one last blow:

Where It All Comes Together Manor.

My lips curl into a scowl. “Subtle,” I bite out through gritted teeth.

I raise my hand and pound on the door, “Blaine!” I shout, my voice cutting through the storm. “I’ve figured it out! I’ve figured it all out. I know what we have to do now! You have to fuck me! And just not a little! You have to fuck me like you’re trying to destroy me. Like it’s the only thing that matters. You have to ruin me, Blaine. Completely. Break me, mark me, fill me with every last drop of you. And you have to do other things to me to! You have to do every dirty naughty thing you’ve ever wanted to do with me!”

No one answered. It was like they were distracted by something. So I burst through the door. Oh, and I should have probably told you what I was wearing when I did so.

Two gleaming coconut shells, polished to an unnatural, almost obscene sheen, cradle my breasts, their taut curves straining visibly against the edges. The strings barely holding it together look ready to snap at the slightest provocation, as if they’ve been deliberately frayed to tease that possibility. My nipples are hard and obvious against the inside of the shells, a combination of the cool air and the unrelenting, insidious pressure of this absurd outfit.

Over that, the fishnet bodysuit clings like it’s been painted onto me. The black mesh outlines every dip and swell of my body, leaving nothing to the imagination while still somehow managing to seem scandalously incomplete. Ripped in strategic places—across my stomach, my thighs, even my back—it offers glimpses of skin that gleams gold under the overhead lights.

The paint. It’s everywhere. A shimmering golden sheen streaks my skin, applied so unevenly it looks more like a fevered lover’s desperate handiwork than anything intentional. My arms, my legs, my collarbone—they’re all painted, but smudged, as though hands had run possessively over me, leaving trails of missing color.

And then there’s the sash. "#1 Milkers" it says, in obnoxiously sparkling pink letters that seem to mock me with every move. It digs into my waist, cinching tightly enough to draw attention to the curve of my hips, but loose enough to swing with my every step like an infuriating badge of honor.

A tiara perches at an awkward angle atop my head, cheap plastic glitter catching the light in ways that only amplify the absurdity.

And the name tag. God, the name tag. "I’m On The Lick List." The ink is smudged and streaked, but somehow still legible. It clings stubbornly to the golden expanse of my chest, right over my heart—or where my heart should be, if it weren’t buried beneath layers of humiliation.

Even my legs—long, tanned, toned from a lifetime of being on the move—aren’t spared the spectacle. The fresh Queen of Hearts tattoo mocking me every time I catch a glimpse of it in passing reflections.

And my lips. Perfectly painted red, as if to underline the farce. Parted just enough to show the sheen of my teeth as I try to catch my breath, they’re somehow still sultry, still inviting. Even in defiance, my body sells the fantasy.

It was quite an outfit, but then I’d had quite the adventure before I saw…

Charlotte’s mouth was a perfect O and a mere centimeter away from beginning to vigorously suck on MY manhood and then…

So I said, “And I can work that in too!”

**Charlotte’s mouth was a perfect O and a mere centimeter away from beginning to vigorously suck on Buff Beach God #6237’s cock and then…**

**[Record Scratch]**

The voice cuts in, smooth as butter and twice as greasy, with a timbre honed from decades of cigars, whiskey, and fast-talking deals. It drips with self-assured charm, the kind that convinces you to sign contracts you really shouldn’t. This isn’t the voice of an everyman—it’s the voice of a closer, someone who always gets what they want.

“The name’s Pearson. That’s Mister Pearson, if you want to keep things formal. Titles like that don’t mean much here, though, do they? Nah, here it’s all tans, tits, and testosterone. A one-way ticket to body oil purgatory. But out there? Out there, I used to be somebody. Ever watch a flick so cheesy, you could taste the nachos? Hear a title so bad it made you groan, but you still sat through the whole damn thing? Well … you’re welcome. What can I say? Someone’s gotta make those flicks, and for a while, that someone was the guy talking to you now.”

There’s a pause, like he’s deciding how much to say, before pressing on.

“Now, I’m not saying I invented the beach movie. That was a golden goose long before I got in the biz. But I might’ve been the guy who grabbed the golden egg, dunked it in neon paint, and added just enough soft-focus to make you forget there wasn’t a plot. You’ve probably seen *Babe Watchers,* *Spring Break Blitz,* and *Babe Watchers 3: Tidal Thrust,* you know, the *classics.*

“Oh, and I’m just curious … it was never that big . . . but did you ever watch a little flick called … *My Dumb Bikini Summer?* Let me be clear, I am not saying I made it, Plausible deniability is my middle name. Or it used to be, before all this. I’m just curious if you SAW it, you know, \_out there\_when it was just a movie? ”

“Because this is like someone took every bad idea I ever put to celluloid, cranked it up to eleven, and trapped me in the director’s cut from hell. And here’s the kicker—I can’t even *fix* it. No rewrites. No reshoots. Just me, stuck in a wet speedo that barely clings to my dignity.”

A sharp exhale, the kind that carries more weight than he wants to admit.

“See, when I woke up here, I thought it was just another pitch meeting gone sideways. Maybe I’d hit the blow too hard after some investor called my masterpiece ‘tasteless drivel.’ Wouldn’t be the first time. But no. This wasn’t some fever dream cooked up by bad shrimp cocktails and worse regrets. This was real. Too real.”

He chuckles dryly.

“The sand felt like it was straight out of an over-budgeted tourist ad. The ocean? Perfect turquoise, like someone hit the saturation slider and called it a day. And the people? Let me tell you, I’ve cast hundreds of ‘em—bronzed, toned, surgically enhanced—but these folks? They made every actress I ever put in a bikini look like background extras.”

The humor in his tone fades, replaced by something heavier.

“And then I looked down. Big mistake. Wet speedo, pale legs, and a gut that hadn’t seen a crunch since ’03. My cigar? Limp and soggy, like the universe’s punchline to my little joke of a life. I should’ve laughed. Hell, I probably did. But it wasn’t funny. Not really.”

“The town wastes no time letting you know who’s boss. Before I could blink, a volleyball nailed me in the head, and some bronzed Adonis laughed like he’d done me a favor. That’s how Bikini Week says hello—by reminding you just how much you don’t belong.”

His voice tightens, like he’s gripping the reins of a runaway thought.

“That’s when it started to click. This wasn’t my story—not entirely. I wasn’t calling the shots. Someone else was, and they’d dropped me in the middle of a world I thought I knew. But here’s the twist: I didn’t. Not like this. The tropes, the clichés, the slow-mo volleyball matches—they weren’t just set dressing. There were rules beyond the rules.”

A beat of silence, long enough to feel like he’s weighing every word.

“But hey that’s all just plot right? And what about the characters? That’s what people really care about, right? Well, at this point I think we can all agree that the star supreme of our little tale has got to be Emily. Or Bunny. Depends on who you ask. Or when you ask.

Because when she showed up, she didn’t fit. Jeans, hoodie, sneakers—practical, functional. A girl built for weather, not weathered wood boardwalks. She stood out, and not in the usual ‘main character’ way. More like she didn’t get the memo that this was supposed to be paradise.”

His tone softens, almost reflective.

“She fought it. Hard. You’ve got to admire that kind of resistance. The way she glared at the sky, like she could stare down God—or whoever’s running this neon nightmare—and walk out untouched. But this place doesn’t let you walk out. It pulls you in, sands down your edges, and buffs you until you shine like everyone else. Bunny didn’t stand a chance.

First, it was the hair. Then the waist. Then her funbags. Her gozongas. Her tatas. Her rack. Am I being clear enough? Because by the time the town was done, she didn’t even look like Emily anymore. She was Bunny. Fully, completely. But not quite willingly. Close. She wants it more than she admits, but not enough to give up everything for it.”

The wistfulness fades, replaced by disdain.

“And then there’s Blaine. Or Wesley, back when he was just another extra in the narrative’s wide shot. Dweeb. Awkward. The kind of guy who made me think, ‘This kid? He’s the lead? Sure, why not.’ But the town got to him quick. Didn’t even give him time to realize what he was losing. Now he’s Blaine—King Blaine, Golden Blaine, Alpha Blaine. And Wes? He’s not going to even be in the credits anymore if things keep going the way they are. And Blaine couldn’t be happier about that.”

The voice sharpens, urgency cutting through the cynicism.

“That’s the thing about this place. It doesn’t just change you. It makes you complicit. It makes you *want* to change. To fit. To win. And once you start wanting it, the game’s over.”

He exhales again, the sound heavy with weariness.

““And then there’s me. Pearson. The villain of the week in a town that eats heroes for breakfast and villains for dessert. Bikini Week, the crown jewel of unreality. The place where good triumphs over evil, but only if the evil’s good enough to make it fun. And guess what? That’s where I come in.”

The voice softens, the smirk fading into something heavier.

“See, the first time I washed up here, I didn’t get it. Took me a while to figure out the script: the beach HAD to be in danger, it had to ALWAYS be in danger. All so the golden boys and bikini queens could save it. And someone had to be the bad guy who was doing it.”

A beat.

“No reason that someone couldn’t be me.”

There’s no self-pity in the voice, just a resigned shrug.

“Think about it. If the beach is paradise, you need a snake in the garden. Otherwise, it’s just a bunch of pretty people staring at each other in the sun, and trust me, even that gets old. So I played the part. The developer. The schemer. The guy who’s got plans to pave paradise and put up a parking lot, or whatever metaphor keeps the plot rolling. And yeah, it’s a thankless gig—tossed into the sea, buried in sand, hit in the face with more pies than I care to count—but it kept me in the game. And for a while, I was okay with that.”

The voice darkens, the humor fading.

“Because here’s the deal: as long as I gave Bikini Week what it wanted, I got something out of it. My schemes? They always worked just enough to keep me afloat. My bank account? Never empty. And the lifestyle? Let’s just say, when you’re the bad guy in a place like this, there are perks. Penthouse parties, bottomless mai tais, and more bikini-clad hangers-on than you can shake a scheme at. But it wears on you. Decades of playing the same part, watching the same heroes win, even if they have different faces, knowing the end before the story even starts.”

A sigh, heavy with years of exhaustion.

“I thought about quitting. More than once. But there’s no out for someone like me. You don’t just walk offstage during Bikini Week. So I schemed. I played the role, kept my edge sharp, and bided my time. And for all those years (decades? Keeping track of time when it is always always Bikini WEEK is like finding a virgin on your casting couch; not impossible just unlikely), I have been watching and studying.

Yeah, that’s right. Since day one I’ve been trying to figure out the rules. The plot. The ending. Because every story has one, and thanks to my endless study I know that this one’s barreling toward us faster than I can keep up. Blaine? He just wants more. And Charlotte? She’s playing the long game, the seduction game. The kind of game where no one really wins. And Bunny—sorry, Emily —wants out.

You know I spotted her during her most recent little adventures and for a moment, just a moment, I thought she’d crack it. Thought she’d find the door out.”

A chuckle, bitter and knowing.

“She didn’t, of course. Nobody does. Instead, the town got its claws into her, like it always does. The hair, the curves, the new name—Bunny. I’ve seen it a hundred times, but with her, it hit different. Made me think, if someone like her can’t break free, what chance do the rest of us have?”

The voice hardens, determination rising to the surface.

“That’s when I made my choice. She was fighting to escape, sure, but escape wasn’t the answer. Not for her. Not for Blaine. And not for me. No, what this place needs isn’t another hero trying to break the rules. It needs someone who understands the game, someone willing to rewrite the script without tearing the whole damn stage down.”

The smirk returns, sharper now.

“So I did what I do best. I schemed. And when Bunny’s latest escapade landed us in that colossal fubar, I knew it was time to act. We both had revelations that day, her and me, but we came to very different conclusions. She thinks the way out is to break the system, burn it to the ground. Me? I know better. The system doesn’t need breaking; it needs bending. And I’m just the guy to bend it.”

The urgency rises, his voice quickening.

“Which brings us here. Emily screaming her lungs out, Blaine ready to lose what’s left of himself, and Charlotte proving that even here, there’s such a thing as too much enthusiasm. And me? Listen, I’m not what you’d call ‘beach ready’ these days. Too many meetings, too much scotch, not enough gym time. And it’s worse because I’m in a speedo—wet, saggy, and a shade of blue that screamed, ‘This guy peaked in 1977.’ My gut is out, my legs pale enough to blind a man, and my cigar—my last cigar—was soggy as hell.

But I’m still crashing through the window, wet speedo and all, because if someone doesn’t stop this trainwreck, there won’t be anything left to save. Because I’m the guy who’s seen enough bad endings to know one when it’s coming. And this? This is the baddest of bad ending and the budget for reshoots to make it a happy ending is getting smaller by the minute.

I smashed through the window with all the grace of a collapsing deck chair, hitting the floor in a sprawl that could only be described as tragically comedic. My middle-aged limbs splayed out like a defeated starfish, stiff and uncooperative, as though even they were protesting my decision to get involved. The effort of hauling myself upright felt Herculean, my joints creaking audibly under the strain.

And then there was the speedo. Wet, sagging, and clinging to my hips in a way that suggested gravity had declared war on my dignity. The pale expanse of skin it failed to cover glowed like a beacon of misplaced confidence, a stark reminder that I had no business being in a place designed for the perpetually bronzed and effortlessly toned.

But the cigar? Oh, the cigar stayed put, clenched defiantly between my teeth. I don’t care how soggy it is. I was going to make a spectacle of myself, at least I’d do it with some semblance of style.

“Don’t listen to her, Blaine! She’s got it completely backwards! You can’t fuck her! If you do, you’ll doom us all!”

**Charlotte’s mouth was a perfect O and a mere centimeter away from beginning to vigorously suck the cock that would kill the nerd and then…**

**[Record Scratch]**

[Record Scratch]

“You’re probably wondering how I got here.”

Her voice is dripping with honeyed intent, a melody of practiced poise and raw desperation.

“Veronica Valmont,” she purrs, as if the name alone should be enough to summon attention. “The vixen. The femme fatale. The queen of subtle chaos and whispered promises. That’s who I should be. But instead…”

A pause. A sigh. A chink in the armor.

“Instead, I’m hiding in a bathroom, waiting for my big moment like some forgotten extra in my own damn story.”

“It’s quite the story, isn’t it? A femme fatale storming out of the shadows, ready to save the day—or ruin it, depending on your perspective. It looks so seamless, so natural, doesn’t it? Like I was born for this. But let me tell you a secret: I wasn’t. Not even close.”

There’s a pause, a weight to her next words, as if she’s tasting them for bitterness.

“See, when I first showed up here, I wasn’t this. I wasn’t Veronica Valmont. I was... I was in the background. Quiet, mousy, the kind of girl who fades into the shadows even when she’s trying to be seen. Back in the real world, I was the girl in the office no one remembered to invite to lunch. The one who’d hover near conversations, too scared to join in, but too lonely to walk away.”

Her voice wavers, but only for a moment before regaining its sultry strength.

“And then, one day, I wasn’t in the real world anymore. I woke up here, face-down in sand so golden it hurt to look at, surrounded by people so beautiful they didn’t seem real. I thought it was a dream at first. A strange, impossible dream. But then I realized... this wasn’t about me. No one noticed I was there. No one even looked at me. I was a prop. An extra.”

A bitter laugh escapes her, low and dangerous.

“Do you know what it’s like to be invisible in a place like this? Where everyone is shiny and loud and... important? Where every girl gets a montage and every guy gets a hero moment? It was unbearable. I tried. God, I tried to find my place. I tried to smile, to laugh, to flirt. But no one noticed. No one cared.”

Her voice lowers, tinged with something darker.

“Until one day, I got my chance. A lucky break, if you want to call it that. Some doe-eyed ingénue tripped over her own two feet and spilled a tray of drinks on the town’s reigning king of the beach. He turned, furious, and there I was—standing there, unseen, unnoticed, just like always. And something clicked.”

A pause. The memory seems to light her words with a dangerous spark.

“I stepped in. I sauntered up to him, slow, deliberate, my heart pounding so hard I thought it’d burst. I placed a hand on his chest, tilted my head, and purred, ‘She’s not worth your time, darling. But I might be.’ And just like that, I wasn’t invisible anymore. I wasn’t the mousey girl everyone forgot. I was... someone.”

There’s a long exhale, as if she’s savoring the memory.

“That moment changed everything. It was like the town finally saw me, finally gave me a part to play. And oh, what a part it was. The femme fatale. The seductress. The woman who walks into the room and makes everyone forget whatever they were doing. And I was good at it. Better than I ever thought I could be. The looks, the attention, the power—it was intoxicating. I didn’t want to go home. Why would I? This was so much better.”

But then her tone shifts, a thread of unease weaving through her words.

“And it was good. For a while. But then... Bunny showed up.”

Her voice tightens, frustration bleeding into every syllable.

“Bunny. Sweet, innocent Bunny. The town loved her immediately, of course. She didn’t even have to try. She stumbled into the narrative like it had been waiting for her, and suddenly everything revolved around her. The beach was hers. The boys were hers. Even Blaine—golden, perfect Blaine—couldn’t take his eyes off her. And me? I was left in the shadows again, watching as my part got smaller and smaller.”

Her words come faster now, laced with growing desperation.

“I tried to get in. I tried to make myself part of her story. But every time I stepped in, I was pushed aside. Every time I tried to seduce Blaine or outshine Bunny, the town ignored me. There I was, perfectly poised to take center stage. A cigarette holder in one hand, a martini glass in the other, legs that went on for days. I was born to be the sultry third act twist.”

Her voice tightens, betraying a hint of bitterness.

“But the script? It didn’t see me. Didn’t want me. There was background noise. Again. A lounge singer with no lounge. A sexy silhouette lurking in the shadows while all eyes were on that insipid Bunny and her predictable ‘reluctant bombshell’ transformation. And Blaine? Don’t get me started. He’s a walking Ken doll with the personality of a protein shake.”

“At first, I thought I could force the spotlight. Stalk the beaches. Turn every head. I played every trick in the book. The lingering glance. The accidental brush of fingers. The slow lean into a chaise lounge. But nothing stuck. It was like the narrative had blinders on, focused only on Bunny, Blaine, and the occasional bit of comedic relief from that sad sack Pearson.”

She lets out a low, throaty laugh, a sound more bitter than amused.

“Even the nerd got more attention than me. Wesley. Wesley! All awkward limbs and apologetic smiles, like a deer perpetually caught in headlights. But you know what? That’s when it hit me.”

Her voice lowers, conspiratorial now, a dark excitement flickering behind every word.

“Wesley wasn’t just the nerd. He was THE nerd. The archetype. The one character who might actually see me. Think about it. The femme fatale and the underdog. It’s a classic pairing, isn’t it? I seduce him, he tries to resist, and together we can be whatever want! He saves me from being just another pretty face, and I save him from…well, whatever oblivion Blaine is dragging him into.”

Her tone softens, almost wistful.

“For the first time, I saw a way in. Not as the bombshell or the antagonist. But as his. His love interest. His muse. His… salvation.”

“But, of course, my plan wasn’t without its complications. Bikini Week doesn’t do subtlety. You don’t get the slow burn. You don’t get to plant seeds and watch them grow. No. This place demands spectacle. Drama. Which means I had to be ready to swoop in, perfectly timed, perfectly poised, with just the right amount of cleavage and moral ambiguity.”

Her fingers tap against something unseen—a phantom martini glass, perhaps. Her voice becomes a touch more defensive, as if justifying herself to an invisible audience.

“Do I like Wesley? Sure. I mean, he’s kind of adorable in that clueless puppy-dog way. And yeah, maybe I feel a little bad for him, trapped in Blaine’s gym-toned subconscious. But this? This is about survival. About finding my place in this ridiculous narrative before I … well what do you think happens to those without a part to play, hmmm?”

“And so, I waited. I knew where he’d be. The bathroom next to Blaine’s tacky ‘Where It All Comes Together Manor.’ Because of course Blaine needs a manor. And of course the bathroom is the one place nobody looks. It’s where the forgotten characters linger, waiting for a sliver of plot to stumble their way.”

She shifts, her voice taking on a theatrical lilt.

“And so there I was, crouched in the shadows, adjusting my dress and my smirk, listening to Pearson’s gruff bellowing and Bunny’s hysterics, counting down the seconds until my cue. The room was electric—charged with bad decisions and over-the-top innuendo. It was perfect.”

Her tone sharpens, dripping with triumph.

“And there it is … my que!”

The bathroom door slams open and the faint scent of overpriced perfume wafting out alongside her words.

“Don’t listen to them, Wesley! I’m the one you need to fuck! It’s the only way you’ll live!”

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# CHAPTER 12: In the Heat of the Moment

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Emily’s chest heaved as she leaned against the door, every nerve electrified from her wild flight through Bikini Week. The world seemed to spin around her, the surreal excess of the manor's decor—a fountain gushing what looked like piña colada, walls adorned with framed speedos—tilting with the rhythm of her racing heart.

And then, she looked down at her outfit one last time before Blaine responded. It was so strange but of course in this mixed up crazy world it made sense why she was wearing it. It had all started when

Dodododolo

Doooodlooooo

Doloollodododooododood!

Emily’s breath came in sharp, ragged gasps as she bolted down the rain-slicked streets of the surreal town, the grope coat still clinging to her like a second skin. The jacket’s invasive mechanisms pulsed and kneaded her body relentlessly, leaving her torn between frustration and a shameful, unwelcome heat that refused to be ignored. Every attempt to tear it off had been met with resistance—either by the coat’s unnervingly strong seams or by the way her own body seemed to betray her with momentary hesitation.

“Come on, come on!” she growled, her fingers clawing at the fabric as she ran. Finally, as she stumbled into a deserted alley, the coat’s mechanisms slowed, the pulses fading as if the thing had sensed it was being abandoned. Emily seized the opportunity, shrugging out of the wretched garment and tossing it onto the ground with a cry of triumph.

And then she froze.

The rain, still warm and strangely comforting, trickled over her now-naked body, highlighting every curve. Her nipples tightened against the cool droplets, and her skin flushed with the realization that she was completely exposed. She crossed her arms over her chest, cheeks burning as she glanced around for cover, but the streets were empty.

“I just need to find something—anything,” she muttered to herself, stepping carefully out of the alley and back onto the neon-lit main drag.

The music of the town’s ever-present saxophone faded, replaced by a low, rhythmic drumbeat in the distance. Drawn by the sound, Emily followed it, her bare feet splashing through puddles as she wound her way toward its source. The beat grew louder, more insistent, until she stumbled into an open clearing that looked like something out of a fever dream.

A massive bonfire roared in the center, casting flickering shadows across a crowd of people dressed in what could only be described as a some tired prop department assistant’s idea of tribal attire; Grass skirts, gaudy feathered headdresses, and painted patterns adorned their bodies, the bright colors made more garish by the firelight. Their skin was uniformly pale, their faces shining with sweat and enthusiasm, and they swayed in time with the drumbeat like participants in some absurd luau-meets-cult gathering.

Before Emily could back away, one of them spotted her.

“Behold!” cried a woman wearing a necklace of oversized shells, her painted face lighting up with a kind of manic glee. “She has returned!”

The crowd turned as one, their eyes locking onto Emily. She froze, caught like a deer in headlights as the crowd surged forward, their chants growing louder.

“Vol-ump-tu-ous! Vol-ump-tu-ous!”

Emily’s heart pounded. “Wait, what? No, no, I’m not—”

“Silence!” A man wearing an elaborate feathered headdress stepped forward, his hands raised as if to calm the crowd. “You cannot deny your divine form, oh Vol-ump-tu-ous. Your return was foretold in the sacred coconuts!”

Emily blinked, her mind racing as the crowd closed in around her. Their eyes were fixated not on her face, but on her chest, which she belatedly realized was larger than any of theirs. The intensity of their gazes sent a strange thrill through her, and she shook her head as if to clear it.

“I think you’ve got the wrong girl,” she tried, but her voice was swallowed by the crowd’s fervent cries.

The man in the headdress gestured to two women, who stepped forward holding an elaborate garment—a gleaming coconut bra. The women approached her reverently, their painted hands trembling as they reached out.

“Wait!” Emily protested, but her words were ignored as the women began their work. Their hands brushed against her skin as they adjusted the straps, their fingers lingering just a moment too long. Emily shivered at their touch, her cheeks burning hotter as the bra was fastened securely around her chest.

The crowd let out a collective sigh, their chants taking on a breathy, almost lustful tone.

“Vol-ump-tu-ous... Vol-ump-tu-ous...”

The headdressed man stepped forward, holding a carved wooden chalice filled with a glowing, amber liquid. “Drink, O Goddess,” he intoned, his voice heavy with reverence. “Accept this gift, and bless us with your bounty.”

Emily eyed the chalice warily. “What is it?”

“It is the Nectar of Abundance,” the man replied, bowing his head. “It will awaken your divine essence.”

Emily’s pulse quickened. She knew better than to trust this bizarre cult of faux-islanders, but the crowd’s expectant gazes pressed down on her like a physical weight. She glanced at the liquid, its golden glow almost hypnotic.

In the end she didn’t have a choice as hands roughly began to spill the liquid down her throat. The crowd fell silent, their collective breath held as Emily gulped down the nectar to avoid choking. The liquid was sweet and warm, sliding down her throat like honeyed fire. A strange heat blossomed in her chest, spreading outward in slow, pulsing waves.

The effect was immediate.

Her breasts, already full and prominent, began to feel heavier, warmer. She gasped, her hands flying to her chest as the sensation intensified, her nipples tingling beneath the coconuts. The crowd erupted in cheers, their chants reaching a fever pitch.

“Vol-ump-tu-ous! Vol-ump-tu-ous!”

Emily stumbled, her knees buckling as the heat in her chest became almost unbearable. She looked down, her breath hitching as she realized her breasts were swelling, the coconuts struggling to contain her expanding curves. Her nipples throbbed, a strange pressure building behind them that left her dizzy and weak.

“What... what’s happening to me?” she gasped.

The headdressed man smiled, his painted face glowing with triumph. “The Nectar awakens your gift, oh Goddess. Soon, you shall bestow upon us the sacred milk of Vol-ump-tu-ous!”

“What?!” Emily’s voice was high-pitched with panic, but the crowd’s cheers drowned her out. Hands reached for her, stroking her arms, her legs, her now-swollen chest as the pressure within her grew unbearable.

Emily’s mind raced. She needed to get out of here—now. Luckily the crowd’s fervent adoration was intoxicating, a heady mix of fear, pleasure, and power that made them hesitate.

And that hesitation was all she needed.

—

Emily's bolted forward and managed to push through the chaos of the ceremony, her body slick with sweat, milk, and the faint sheen of oil from the earlier anointing. The chants and drumbeats of the “tribe” echoed behind her, growing louder with each desperate step. Her bare feet slapped against the polished stone as she darted toward the massive ceremonial vat at the heart of the ritual.

The vat loomed ahead, a gleaming monument to their milk-worshiping madness, filled to the brim with frothy white liquid. Emily’s chest heaved, her own absurdly adorned figure barely contained by the too-tight coconut bra they’d strapped onto her. She could feel every movement of her body in the ridiculous outfit, every jiggling motion magnified by the sheen of milk still dripping from her skin.

She didn’t have time to think. Gripping the edge of the vat, she threw her weight against it with a feral growl, tipping the massive container just as a roar of protest erupted behind her. Milk surged over the edge in a tidal wave, cascading onto the smooth floor in a slippery deluge.

Emily was swept along with it, her legs giving way as the force of the milk carried her down a shallow incline carved into the temple floor. The world blurred around her, milk spraying into the air as she slid on her back, her hands flailing for purchase but finding none.

The rush of liquid propelled her through an open archway and out into the open air. She crashed to a halt in a sprawling, bustling farmer’s beach market, the chatter of vendors and the scent of fresh produce an abrupt contrast to the humid intensity of the ritual site.

She lay there for a moment, drenched and trembling, milk pooling around her. Her chest rose and fell in sharp gasps, her coconut bra half-dislodged and barely clinging to her body. As she pushed herself up onto shaky elbows, she became acutely aware of dozens of pairs of eyes locking onto her.

The farmer’s market shimmered under the warm glow of a golden sunset, strings of lights crisscrossing above bustling booths and colorful tents. Everywhere Emily looked, cheerful people milled about, clutching oversized produce and sampling freshly baked pies. The air was rich with the scent of roasted corn, sweet strawberries, and churned cream.

It would have been idyllic if not for the fact that Emily was soaked to the bone with milk, her ripped coconut bra clinging to her heaving chest, and every single person in sight was now cheering as if she were a rockstar.

“She’s here! She’s *finally* here!” shouted a man with suspenders and a cartoonishly large straw hat, his voice booming through a megaphone. “Ladies and gentlemen, the Dairy Queen herself, right in the nick of time!”

Emily’s lips parted in disbelief as two women in gingham dresses—matching down to their lace-up boots—descended on her like doting hens.

“Oh, bless her heart, she’s been working so hard!”

“Look at her! A true vision of bounty!”

Before Emily could muster a protest, the women grabbed her by the arms, guiding her up a set of wooden steps toward a grandstand that loomed above the crowd. The platform was adorned with garlands of daisies and sunflowers, crates of milk bottles, and a rustic throne draped with cream-colored velvet.

“Wait, I think there’s been a mistake!” Emily tried to explain, but the words were swallowed by the thunderous applause.

Someone thrust a glittering sash over her shoulders, the bold words "#1 Milkers" emblazoned across it in shimmering gold letters. The sash was gaudy, oversized, and utterly impossible to ignore as it settled against her milk-drenched chest.

Before Emily could process the ridiculousness of the situation, a microphone was shoved in her face. “Tell us, Dairy Queen, how does it feel to be so *giving*?”

“I—what—” Emily stammered, her face flushed as the crowd leaned in eagerly, hanging on her every syllable.

“Words can wait!” cried one of the gingham ladies, brandishing a silver contraption that gleamed ominously in the sunset. It was an elaborate hand pump, its polished cups attached to delicate, translucent tubes.

The crowd erupted into cheers and wolf whistles as the device was unveiled. Emily’s heart pounded as she eyed the contraption, her legs wobbling in protest.

“No, no, no,” she tried again, raising her hands in defense. “This is a mistake! I’m not—”

But her words were drowned out by the enthusiastic din. Hands guided her gently yet insistently toward the velvet throne, where she was seated with alarming efficiency. The chair’s plush cushions cradled her body, and as the gingham-clad women fussed over her, Emily realized with growing horror that escape was utterly out of reach.

“Now hold still, dear,” one of the women cooed, adjusting her sash. “This part requires a delicate touch.”

Emily flinched as the cool, rounded cups of the pump were pressed against her breasts. The slick suction settled into place, and her body stiffened as the first gentle pulse began.

A shuddering gasp escaped her lips.

The rhythmic tugging was warm and oddly soothing, each pulse sending jolts of sensation that made her toes curl against the platform’s wooden slats. Her protests dissolved into incoherent murmurs as the suction coaxed her body into responding, her nipples growing hypersensitive under the steady attention.

“Oh!” she whimpered softly, her back arching involuntarily.

The crowd’s cheers turned deafening.

“She’s perfect!”

“Such a natural!”

“Look at her go!”

Emily’s cheeks burned as she gripped the arms of the throne, trying desperately to focus on anything other than the rising tide of pleasure coursing through her. She wanted to be mortified, to fight the absurdity of the situation, but the constant wave of praise crashed over her like a drug.

“She’s so generous!”

“Now we can make all the ice cream the beach needs!”

Her chest heaved as the pump’s rhythmic pulls became more insistent, coaxing creamy white liquid into the tubes. The sight of the milk flowing was surreal, hypnotic, and maddeningly satisfying in a way Emily couldn’t quite process.

“You’re giving so much,” one of the gingham ladies whispered, her voice reverent as she adjusted the pump. “You’re a sight to see!”

Emily’s head lolled back, her breaths shallow and uneven. A faint moan slipped past her lips, her body betraying her completely as the pleasure of the suction mingled with the crowd’s endless adoration.

—

As Emily reclined in the chair, the rhythmic pull of the pump and the raucous cheers of the crowd washing over her like a warm tide, her mind wandered—back to the real world, the life she had tried so hard to hold on to.

There had been no cheers there. No applause. No signs proclaiming her the best at anything.

She remembered high school vividly—sitting in the back of the class during awards ceremonies, clapping politely as the same golden kids were called up to the stage for honor rolls, track meets, scholarships. No one ever called her name. Not for straight A’s, not for Most Improved, not even for Perfect Attendance.

College hadn’t been much different. She was smart—smarter than most, if she was being honest—but that only seemed to make people resent her. Group projects had been nightmares of thankless labor, Emily doing all the work while everyone else slacked off. The presentations would go off without a hitch, and her group would bask in the professor’s praise. But Emily? She never got the credit.

Her family, too, had been distant. Not cruel, just…indifferent. Her achievements were brushed off with the same dispassionate acknowledgment as a weather report. "Oh, good for you." "That's nice." Her parents were proud of her, sure—but in the abstract, vague way they might’ve been proud of a successful stranger.

Even her relationships—what few she’d had—had felt one-sided. She was the giver, the caretaker, the one always bending over backward to make the other person happy. And when she’d needed reassurance? Praise? It hadn’t come. "Why do you need me to tell you that you're enough?" her last boyfriend had asked, his tone half-exasperated, half-condescending. "You should already know that."

But she didn’t know. Not then. Not now.

The real world had been full of hollow smiles and muted approval. She’d spent her whole life chasing validation, working harder, striving for perfection, hoping that one day someone would notice, that someone would say, "Emily, you’re incredible. You’re special. You’re enough."

It never came.

And now, here she was—drenched in milk, her skin gleaming under the lights, with a crowd of strangers shouting her praises like she was a queen.

“You’re perfect!”

“You’re amazing!”

Her heart ached with the sweetness of it, the unfamiliar thrill of being admired, of being celebrated. Tears pricked her eyes, but she blinked them away, her lips parting in a soft gasp as the suction intensified slightly, drawing another wave of heat through her trembling body.

For once, they saw her. All of her.

And they adored her.

–

She could hear them chanting now, their voices blending into a euphoric haze.

“Dairy Queen!”

“Dairy Queen!”

The words wrapped around her like a warm embrace, drowning out her shame and replacing it with a heady sense of purpose. For the first time in what felt like forever, she wasn’t just *enough*—she was everything.

“You’re amazing,” someone whispered.

“Keep giving,” another voice added.

Emily’s lips parted, a soft, involuntary cry escaping as her body surrendered entirely to the sensation. Her chest swelled with pride and heat as the milk flowed steadily into the tubes, her mind swimming with the overwhelming mix of arousal and praise.

“Dairy Queen,” she murmured under her breath, her voice trembling with a strange, disbelieving awe.

And the crowd roared.

It was nice. Too nice.

For even as the warmth of their admiration wrapped around her, a chilling thought pierced through the haze. *This can’t be real. It’s too much, too perfect. There’s always a catch.* Her breath hitched, her fingers digging into the armrests of the throne as panic clawed at the edges of her mind. She glanced at the grinning faces surrounding her, their cheers echoing like a siren song. *What if they’re not celebrating me? What if this is just another way to take and take until there’s nothing left of me?* Her pulse quickened, the pleasure mingling with dread, and before she could second-guess herself, she tore the suction cups from her chest, milk splattering the platform. The crowd gasped, their shock a knife in her chest, but she bolted anyway—barefoot, sash fluttering, milk dripping in her wake—fleeing their applause before it could turn into something darker.

The milk crowd chased after her and was quickly joined by the “tribal people” who had finally caught up with her.

–

Emily's heart pounded as she darted through the farmer's market, her body still damp from the spilled milk fiasco, her mind swirling with the intoxicating praise she’d just escaped. The sash that proclaimed her the "#1 Milkers" hung loosely around her shoulders, catching in the wind as she fled. Her cheeks were flushed, her breath quickened—not just from running but from the memory of hands applauding, voices cheering, and the overwhelming warmth of being celebrated so openly.

She needed to get away. To shake off the praise that clung to her like the remnants of the milk still drying on her skin. The alley she darted into was dimly lit, its uneven cobblestones slick beneath her bare feet. The distant hum of voices and laughter grew louder the farther she ran. Her ears perked up at the sound of raucous music and a chorus of feminine giggles spilling out from a nearby venue.

Turning a corner, she skidded to a halt. The neon sign above the building blazed in pink and gold: **“Bachelorette Bash HQ!”**

Before she could react, the doors burst open, and a group of rowdy women tumbled out, their voices raised in drunken jubilation. The leader of the pack—a towering blonde in a rhinestone tiara and a sash that read "Bride-to-Be"—staggered forward, her glassy eyes landing squarely on Emily.

"There she is!" the bride slurred, pointing a bedazzled wand at Emily. "Our Maid of Honor finally showed up!"

"What?" Emily stammered, taking a step back. "I think you've got the wrong person—"

"Nope!" a second woman interrupted—a petite redhead with glitter smeared across her cheeks. "The Maid of Honor is Asian. You’re Asian. Boom. Logic checks out!"

Before Emily could protest further, a sea of hands dragged her inside, the noise and chaos swallowing her whole.

The party was in full swing. Streamers, balloons shaped like oversized anatomy, and a pole in the center of the room all screamed one thing: **no inhibitions allowed.** Emily found herself surrounded by women in fishnet bodysuits and stilettos, their outfits unapologetically risqué.

“You can’t be the Maid of Honor and not match us!” one of the women declared, holding up a fishnet bodysuit with a devilish grin.

“I really don’t think—” Emily tried, but they were already pulling at her sash, her makeshift milk-soaked top, and her coconut bra.

“Relax, girl!” the bride cooed, handing her a shot glass filled with something neon blue. “You’re one of us now. Bottoms up!”

The alcohol burned down her throat as laughter and cheers erupted around her. The group worked with alarming efficiency, pulling the fishnet over her shoulders and down her body. The mesh clung to her damp skin, outlining every curve with scandalous precision.

“Oh my god,” one of the bridesmaids squealed, running a hand down Emily’s side. “Look at this body! Our Maid of Honor is killing it!”

Emily squirmed under the attention, her protests swallowed by the music pumping through the room. The fishnet wasn’t even intact—ripped strategically across her thighs, her stomach, and the curve of her lower back, it left more skin exposed than covered.

As if that wasn’t bad enough, the group decided she wasn’t "festive" enough. They added glitter to her chest, strategically brushing it over her skin in a way that felt both playful and far too intimate. Someone stuck a sash over her shoulder that read **“Bad Decisions Captain.”**

“This isn’t me,” Emily whispered to herself, but her voice was drowned out by the crowd’s chants of “Drink! Drink! Drink!”

She wanted to escape, but her legs felt like jelly—not just from the shots they’d poured down her throat, but from the rush of attention. The praise. The way they looked at her like she was the center of their world, the life of the party.

“You’re so hot!” a bridesmaid gushed, running her hands over Emily’s shoulders.

“Why didn’t you tell us you had a rack like this?” another added, squeezing her chest through the fishnet with drunken enthusiasm.

Emily gasped, her cheeks burning. The laughter, the touches, the cheers—it was all too much. Too overwhelming. Too…good.

But then, the bride grabbed her hand, pulling her toward the pole in the center of the room. “Alright, Maid of Honor! Show us what you’ve got!”

“No, wait, I can’t—” Emily began, but she was already being spun toward the spotlight.

Her bare feet slid across the polished floor, the fishnet catching the light as the women circled around her, chanting her name. The bride handed her a glittery pink whip, laughing maniacally as the crowd egged her on.

Emily raised her hands, trying to signal that she wasn’t playing along, but the sash on her shoulder slipped down, catching on the rip in her outfit and pulling the mesh even tighter across her chest. The room erupted into cheers.

She froze, the weight of the moment crashing down on her. She didn’t want this. Didn’t want to be here. And yet, a tiny voice in the back of her mind whispered: **You love it.**

The praise. The adoration. The sheer ridiculous fun of it all.

Her hands trembled as she adjusted the sash, her mind a swirling storm of emotions. The fishnet felt like a second skin now, the glitter catching every curve, every dip. She was the center of attention, the focus of their energy, their laughter, their praise.

But they weren’t praising Emily.. Not really. They were praising Bunny.

Before the bride could shove her onto the pole, Emily twisted out of her grasp, bolting toward the nearest door.

“Where’s she going?” someone shouted.

“I think she’s going to get more drinks!” the redhead declared, and the room exploded in drunken cheers. “Let’s go after her so she doesn’t drink them all herself!”  
  
The bachelorettes quickly gave chase and were soon joined by the milkers and the tribe. All chasing after her. All wanting her.

Emily didn’t look back. Her bare feet slapped against the cool tile as she burst out into the night, her breath coming in gasps. The fishnet clung to her, the glitter on her chest glowing faintly under the streetlights, her coconut bra clacking, and her “#1 Milkers” sash rustling.

She had to get away. Had to find somewhere, anywhere, that didn’t make her the center of everything.

But as she ran, the memory of their voices lingered in her mind, a seductive echo she couldn’t quite shake.

**“You’re amazing.”  
“You’re so beautiful.”  
“Why didn’t we know you were this fun?”**

—

The sound of revelry drew her forward, neon lights cutting through the night like beacons. She stumbled into a carnival, a sprawling beachfront spectacle that stretched along the sand, its energy crackling with a wild, unrestrained vibe.

The carnival was a riot of sound and color, everything turned up to eleven in its crude, lewd glory. Strings of neon lights hung haphazardly between oversized booths, casting the entire area in an electric glow. Signs screamed garish slogans:

* “WET T-SHIRT WATER SLIDE: All Thrills, No Spills!”
* “RIDE THE MECHANICAL BULL—Gals Ride Free!”
* “DUNK TANK: Get her nice and wet!”

The smell of deep-fried everything mixed with an undercurrent of coconut oil and alcohol, the air thick with the sounds of laughter, catcalls, and the occasional smattering of applause from gawking crowds.

The games were equally risqué:

* A ring toss where the stakes involved oversized inflatable boobs bobbing in a shallow pool.
* A photo booth promising “Your Wildest Polaroid—Clothing Optional!”
* A "Body Shot Bar" where patrons reclined on padded counters while strangers slurped tequila from their navels.

Performers roamed the sand, juggling flaming batons or sashaying in tiny sequined outfits. Every booth attendant, from the bartenders to the game operators, looked like they’d stepped out of a pin-up calendar, their uniforms either skintight or strategically missing pieces.

Emily darted through the carnival, hoping to find something—anything—that could help her cover up. Her fishnet bodysuit was doing her no favors; the mesh only seemed to draw more attention to her exposed hips and thighs. She pressed her arms down, trying to shield herself, but her colossal coconut covered breasts pressed enticingly against the netting, making her every attempt at modesty futile.

She stumbled into a booth marked **“Body Art Fantasies: Be the Canvas!”** before she realized what it was.

A trio of artists immediately lit up at her arrival. They were all young, tan, and dressed in paint-splattered smocks that barely covered their toned bodies.

“Oh, honey, you’re perfect!” one of them exclaimed, his gaze sweeping over her appreciatively.

Before Emily could protest, they surrounded her, pulling her toward a raised stool in the center of the booth. “We’ve been waiting for a model like you all night,” another chimed in, already mixing colors on his palette.

“Wait, I—” Emily began, but her words were cut off as gentle hands guided her onto the stool.

“Trust us, darling,” the first artist cooed, his voice smooth as silk. “You’re going to be worthy of being next to a masterpiece.”

Emily’s heart raced as they set to work. The first swipe of the brush sent a shiver down her spine, the bristles gliding over her bare shoulder in a way that felt far too intimate. Another artist crouched by her legs, his hand steadying her thigh as he painted intricate swirls that climbed toward her hip.

“This is... a lot,” Emily murmured, her voice trembling.

“Shh,” one of them said soothingly, his breath warm against her ear. “Let us work our magic.”

The paint was cool at first, but as it dried, it seemed to meld with her skin, creating a tingling sensation that made her hyper-aware of every stroke, every lingering touch. They painted her torso in bold, curving patterns that seemed to accentuate her curves rather than cover them, their hands brushing her sides and stomach under the guise of perfecting the design.

When they reached her chest, Emily gasped as one of the artists cupped her breast lightly to steady his work. “Don’t move,” he said, his tone almost hypnotic. “This part requires precision.”

Her nipples stiffened under the cool paint and the subtle, possessive pressure of his hand. She bit her lip, fighting back a moan as another artist worked on her lower back, his fingers grazing the base of her spine.

“You’re a work of art,” one of them whispered, his eyes filled with admiration as he stepped back to admire their progress.

A small crowd had gathered, drawn by the spectacle. They clapped and cheered as the artists revealed their work.

“Gorgeous!”  
“Stunning!”  
“She’s perfect!”

Emily felt her cheeks flush, her body warming under the weight of their praise. The intoxicating sense of being seen, admired, and adored threatened to drown her again. She clenched her fists, trying to focus, but the feeling was too strong.

“You’re stealing the show, sweetheart,” one of the artists said, his hand brushing her cheek as he adjusted a strand of her hair.

“I-I need to go,” Emily stammered, sliding off the stool.

“Not yet!” the crowd protested.

One of the artists reached for her arm, his grip firm but gentle. “Stay a little longer, love. Let them admire you.”

But Emily couldn’t. The overwhelming attention, the sensual touches, the way the paint seemed to ignite her nerves—it was too much. She jerked free, her painted skin gleaming under the carnival lights as she bolted toward the exit.

The crowd of painters chased after her. “Don’t go! We need to look at you more!” But their screams were soon drowned out as the chasing mob of artists was soon joined by the milkers, the bachelorettes, and the tribe.

–

Emily staggered to a halt at the edge of another cluster of carnival booths, her breath coming in ragged gasps as she tried to process the whirlwind of praise and sensation she’d just escaped. The paint on her skin shimmered in the flickering neon, swirling patterns that only seemed to emphasize the curves of her body rather than conceal them.

“Okay,” she muttered to herself, clutching her arms around her bare chest. “Keep moving. Find less slutty clothes. Avoid attention.”

She turned a corner and immediately ran smack into a boisterous crowd gathered around a large, garish sign that read:

**"Big Banana Lick-Off! A Totally “Wholesome” And Fun Event!"**

Before Emily could step back, someone grabbed her by the wrist. “Oh my God, you’re perfect!” a bubbly blonde in a matching pink halter top and skirt squealed. “We needed one more contestant, and you’re *exactly* what we were looking for!”

“I’m sorry, I—” Emily began, but the blonde was already dragging her toward the stage.

“Don’t be shy!” the woman chirped, her voice almost unnervingly chipper. “It’s just a silly little game! Nothing to be embarrassed about!”

Emily found herself on a platform surrounded by an audience that cheered as the emcee—a grinning, overly enthusiastic man with a microphone—stepped forward.

“Ladies and gentlemen!” he announced. “The moment you’ve been waiting for! We now have enough contestants to begin”

Emily winced as the spotlight landed on her, her painted skin gleaming under the lights.

“What exactly is this game?” she asked nervously.

The emcee gestured to a table where five other women, all giggling and dressed in skimpy carnival attire, were already seated in front of tall, upright bananas mounted on small stands.

“It’s simple!” the emcee declared. “Each contestant takes turns licking the banana as sensually as possible. The audience will vote on who does the best job!”

Emily froze. “That’s it? Just...licking bananas?”

“Totally innocent!” the emcee insisted, grinning so widely it was almost predatory.

The audience roared with approval, and Emily, too stunned to argue, was ushered to her seat. A fresh, pristine white banana was placed in front of her, gleaming under the lights.

The first contestant started. A brunette with pigtails leaned forward, her tongue darting out to trace slow, deliberate circles around the tip of her banana. The crowd whooped and cheered as she smirked, her eyes glinting with mischief.

Emily squirmed in her seat. “This is *not* innocent,” she muttered under her breath.

When her turn came, Emily hesitated. Every instinct told her to run, but the expectant stares of the crowd—and the lingering thrill of being in the spotlight—kept her rooted in place.

Emily leaned forward, the crowd's cheers a deafening roar in her ears, her cheeks burning with the heat of a thousand spotlights. The banana gleamed, its pale, pristine surface taunting her. She swallowed hard, her heart pounding as the weight of dozens of expectant eyes pressed down on her.

Her lips parted slowly, trembling as she brought her tongue out just enough to touch the tip. The crowd’s cheers surged as her tongue barely grazed it, the first contact sending a soft shiver through her. She moved again, dragging her tongue with deliberate slowness along the banana’s length, the slick surface catching the light with each pass.

The faint, sweet flavor of the fruit coated her tongue, but it wasn’t the taste that lingered—it was the feeling of every eye glued to her. Their anticipation was a live wire crackling in the air, pushing her to keep going. She tilted her head slightly, her dark hair falling to one side as she swirled her tongue in teasing little circles at the banana's base before trailing it upward, agonizingly slow. Her lashes fluttered, her breath quickening despite herself.

She let the tip of her tongue flicker at the top before drawing it down again in a single, unbroken stroke, her lips brushing against the curve in a way that made the audience erupt into deafening cheers. Emily felt their energy surging into her, their approval igniting a strange, unfamiliar heat that coiled low in her belly.

“Holy shit, look at her!” someone shouted.

Emily’s face burned hotter, but she didn’t stop. She let her lips part wider, as though she might take the banana fully into her mouth, before pulling back just enough to drag her tongue along its underside, slow and deliberate. Her body trembled with the mixture of humiliation and the intoxicating rush of their admiration.

When she pulled away, her tongue darted out to lick her lips, as though savoring the moment. The crowd roared in approval, their cheers shaking the stage.

“She’s the best I’ve ever seen!” the emcee bellowed into the microphone, and Emily, breathless and overwhelmed, could only stare at the glistening banana before her as the weight of the moment settled over her.

No sooner had Emily stepped off the stage—after being declared the winner of the Banana Lick-Off, no less—than she was whisked away by another group of carnival workers.

“You’re amazing!” one of them gushed, shoving a dripping popsicle into her hand. “We *have* to get you in the next contest!”

“Wait, I didn’t sign up for this!” Emily protested, but the crowd was already gathering, clapping and chanting.

“Popsicle sucking!” the emcee from before announced gleefully, reappearing like a bad penny. “Another classic favorite!”

Emily looked down at the ice cream popsicle in her hand—white, cylindrical, and already melting. She groaned inwardly.

“You’ve got this!” someone cheered from the sidelines.

The rules were straightforward: suck the popsicle as clean as possible without breaking it. Emily hesitated, but the expectant stares and mounting cheers left her no choice.

Emily stared at the popsicle, its creamy surface glistening under the carnival lights, already starting to melt from the heat of her hand. The crowd’s chants grew louder, urging her on. Her face flushed hot with embarrassment, but that same inexplicable thrill of being watched coursed through her, rooting her feet to the stage.

She brought the popsicle to her lips, her tongue darting out tentatively to catch a bead of melted ice cream before it dripped. The sweet, creamy flavor spread across her tongue, and the coolness sent a shiver down her spine. Her lips closed over the tip with a delicate suction, pulling softly as she let the popsicle slide just past her lips, its smooth texture gliding effortlessly.

The crowd’s cheers surged, and Emily felt the heat of their attention on her like a spotlight. Slowly, she drew the popsicle further into her mouth, her lips tightening around it as she sucked lightly, coaxing the melting cream into her mouth in languid pulls. She could feel the coldness spreading, the icy sensation making her mouth tingle as she worked her tongue in slow, deliberate swirls around the sides.

The popsicle began to melt faster, small rivulets of cream escaping and trailing down the stick. A drop slid toward her fingers, and Emily instinctively leaned forward to catch it with her tongue, licking along the length to keep it from spilling onto her hand. The crowd erupted into wild applause, their cheers blending with the music and chatter of the carnival.

“Deeper!” someone called, and Emily’s hands trembled slightly as she complied, taking the popsicle further into her mouth. Her lips stretched around it as her tongue pressed against its length, savoring the sweet, creamy taste. She could feel it softening, yielding under the heat of her mouth, and she adjusted her movements to keep the stick intact.

A bead of melted ice cream spurted from the base, splattering against her painted chest. Emily gasped, pulling back slightly as the cold liquid trickled over her skin, catching on the swirling patterns of body art. Her free hand instinctively tried to wipe it away, smearing the cream and paint into a sticky sheen.

The crowd hooted with laughter and cheers. “Don’t stop now!” the emcee bellowed, his grin wide.

Emily returned her attention to the popsicle, her tongue flicking out to catch the drops threatening to fall. She sucked harder now, her cheeks hollowing slightly as she worked to keep it from dripping further. Another squirt of cream spattered her lips, and she instinctively licked it away, her tongue tracing the curve of her mouth.

The cheers grew louder, the voices blending into a deafening roar of approval. Emily’s face burned with humiliation, her body trembling as she focused on the melting popsicle.

Finally, with one last slow, deliberate pull, she drew the last of the popsicle into her mouth, her lips closing over the stick as she sucked it clean. The audience erupted into applause, their cheers shaking the air.

Emily pulled the stick from her mouth with a soft pop, her chest rising and falling as she caught her breath. Her skin gleamed with a mixture of melted ice cream and sweat, the remnants of the contest leaving her sticky and glistening under the lights.

The emcee stepped forward, holding up her arm like she was a prizefighter. “And the winner of the Popsicle Lick-Off—Emily!”

Emily’s eyes widened as someone crowned her with a cheap plastic tiara, the sparkling headpiece perched awkwardly on her messy hair. The crowd’s cheers felt like waves crashing over her, and though she wanted to crawl into the earth from embarrassment, she couldn’t ignore the electric thrill racing through her veins.

“You’re amazing!” someone shouted, their voice cutting through the din.

Emily swallowed hard, her lips still sticky with cream, as the weight of the tiara settled on her head.

And of course, with a display like that, Emily was declared the winner once again. The emcee proudly presented her with a glittering tiara that read **“Suck Queen 2024.”**

The audience roared with approval as the tiara was placed on Emily’s head, the weight of the crown both literal and metaphorical.

Emily stood there, sticky, breathless, and utterly humiliated, as the cheers and praise washed over her. For a brief moment, she let herself bask in it—the warmth of their adoration, the thrill of being seen and celebrated.

But then the reality of her situation hit her like a tidal wave. She was half-naked, covered in melting ice cream, and wearing a tiara that only added to her absurd appearance.

“I need to get out of here,” she muttered, clutching the tiara as she bolted from the stage, leaving behind another crowd desperate for more.

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Emily stumbled into what she thought was a quiet lounge tucked away from the chaos of the carnival. The neon sign above the entrance read "The Velvet Lagoon," glowing a soft pink against the dusky evening sky. She hesitated, barefoot, her fishnet bodysuit clinging to her like a scandalous second skin. Her cheeks flushed as she tugged futilely at the holes exposing more golden skin than she'd have preferred. She needed to catch her breath and gather herself.

Inside, the air was thick with a charged, intimate energy. Low lights bathed the room in amber and rose, and plush seating was arranged around a central stage where a man with a smooth voice crooned into a vintage microphone. A gentle murmur of conversation floated through the air, punctuated by soft laughter and clinking glasses.

Emily didn’t notice the banner draped above the stage until she wandered further in. It read, **“Velvet Tongue: The Ultimate Oral Olympics.”**

Emily froze in her tracks, her wide eyes locked on the oversized banner above the stage. **"Velvet Tongue: The Ultimate Oral Olympics"** shimmered in bold, glittering letters. Her mind raced. Surely, this wasn’t what it looked like…was it?

Her thoughts were interrupted by a loud voice behind her.

“I mean, it’s not like I *like* doing this,” a tanned brunette with impossibly glossy hair said, flipping her ponytail over her shoulder. She wore a sash that read **"Tongue Tamer,"** paired with an outfit that left very little to the imagination. Her voice carried the kind of exaggerated disdain that only came from overcompensating. “I’m just doing it because Brad says it’s hot.”

“Right?” chimed in another girl—a statuesque blonde whose sash labeled her **"Clit Commander."** She adjusted her rhinestone-encrusted top with a grimace. “Like, ugh. Girl on Gril is just sooooooo gross. But Clad was like, ‘Babe, it’d be such a turn-on if you did this.’ So here I am.”

A ripple of agreement spread through the competitors milling around the stage.

“Totally! Lesbian stuff is nasty,” a redhead added, wrinkling her nose. She wore fishnets so sheer they left almost nothing to the imagination, paired with a garish feathered boa. “But it’s different if it’s for a guy, right? Like, if my boyfriend thinks it’s hot, then I guess it’s okay.”

Emily blinked, her lips parting in disbelief. Each comment landed like a blow to her sanity.

The blonde clutched her sparkling water and gestured with a manicured hand. “I mean, it’s not like I’d ever do this on my *own* or whatever. It’s, like, totally gross. But if it gets Chad all worked up, then, sure, whatever.”

“Exactly,” the brunette said, nodding sagely. “If you think about it, it’s kind of a public service. Like, we’re doing it for *them.*”

The redhead laughed, a high-pitched, almost hysterical sound. “God, could you imagine actually being a dyke? Like, choosing to be one on purpose? Barf.”

Emily was about to turn and bolt when a bubbly woman wearing a headset and a clipboard practically materialized beside her. A tall woman with wild curls and a sash that read "QUEEN LICK" strutted forward, her red lips curving into a mischievous smile.

"Well, well," the woman drawled, her voice smoky and commanding. "Look who stumbled into our little game. Fresh meat."

Emily opened her mouth to protest, but the woman raised a hand, silencing her with an elegant flick of her fingers.

"Relax, honey," she said, her tone dripping with amusement. "You're just in time. Our star participant hasn't shown up, and we need someone to step in."

Before Emily could process what was happening, she felt hands on her shoulders, her arms, guiding her forward. The women chattered excitedly, their words blending into a cacophony of teasing remarks and sultry laughter.

"What—what kind of game is this?" Emily stammered, her voice barely audible over the noise.

"Simple," the Queen Lick purred, her manicured fingers tapping Emily's chin. "It's a contest. You see how many smiles you can make with that talented little tongue of yours."

Emily's cheeks flushed as the meaning dawned on her. She tried to back away, but the crowd was relentless, herding her toward the center of the tent. A row of chairs had been arranged in a semi-circle, each one occupied by a woman whose expectant expressions ranged from skeptical to eager.

"It's for the guys!" one of them called out, adjusting her already revealing top. "My boyfriend will love this!"

"Totally for the guys," another chimed in, though her cheeks burned as she bit her lip.

Emily wanted to scream, to run, to hide, but the pull of the crowd, the heat of their anticipation, was magnetic. She found herself kneeling before the first chair, her heart hammering as the woman before her spread her thighs just enough to make space.

"Don't think too hard, sweetheart," the Queen Lick cooed from behind. "Just do your best. And remember, it's all in good fun."

Emily's lips parted, her breath hitching as she leaned forward. Her mind raced, every part of her screaming to stop, to get up, to resist. But as her tongue brushed against soft, warm skin, the woman above her gasped—a sharp, involuntary sound that sent a jolt through Emily's body.

"Oh my God," the woman breathed, her hands flying to her mouth. "I'm—I'm doing this for my boyfriend! I swear!"

The crowd erupted in cheers, the noise deafening as Emily moved with hesitant but growing confidence. The woman above her squirmed, her breaths quickening, and Emily couldn't ignore the heat rising in her own body—the rush of power, the strange thrill of making someone react so intensely.

One by one, she moved down the line, each woman a new challenge, a new experiment. Some moaned quietly, trying to stifle the sounds; others cried out, their voices raw with surprise and pleasure.

"I hope you're watching, babe!" one shouted, her voice trembling as she gripped the arms of her chair. "This is all for you!"

"Yeah, this is totally... for them," another gasped, her thighs trembling as Emily's tongue found the perfect rhythm.

Emily's mind was a blur, her body acting on instinct, her senses overwhelmed by the mix of salty-sweet skin, soft gasps, and the electric energy of the crowd. She hated it. She loved it. She couldn’t stop.

When she reached the last chair, the Queen Lick stepped forward, her sash glittering under the tent's neon lights. She held up a golden name tag, the ink bold and shining as she pressed it against Emily’s chest.

"I’m On The Lick List," it read, the words both a declaration and a brand.

The crowd roared, their applause thunderous, and Emily collapsed to her knees, breathless and trembling. The Queen Lick leaned down, her lips brushing against Emily’s ear.

"Congratulations, darling," she whispered. "You’ve just become a legend."

Emily's body still quaked from the deafening roar of the crowd as the Queen Lick’s warm breath ghosted over her skin. She barely had time to catch her breath when a throne-like chair was rolled out onto the stage. It gleamed with polished chrome and leather, its contours designed for both dominance and submission.

"Round two, ladies and gentlemen!" Queen Lick declared, her voice electrifying the crowd. "Our reigning champion, Nadia—better known as The Tongue Titan—will demonstrate why she’s been undefeated three years running."

The crowd whooped as a tall, raven-haired woman emerged from the shadows. Nadia’s confidence radiated like a storm, her sash glittering with the title "Tongue Titan." She smirked at Emily, a predator eyeing her next meal.

Emily was guided—no, compelled—to recline in the chair, her legs trembling as they were parted and secured by soft, velvet straps. Her fishnet-clad thighs glistened under the amber light, exposing her vulnerability. She clutched the arms of the chair, trying to focus on Blaine, her boyfriend. This was for him. For Blaine. And yet, as Nadia knelt between her legs, her skilled fingers brushing against Emily’s hypersensitive skin, a shameful heat surged through her.

“You ready, sweetheart?” Nadia’s voice was low, teasing, her breath tickling the inside of Emily’s thigh.

“I-it’s for Blaine,” Emily stammered, her voice trembling. “This is all... for Blaine.”

Nadia chuckled softly, the sound vibrating through Emily’s core. “Sure it is,” she purred before lowering her lips to Emily’s inner thigh. She began with feather-light kisses, her tongue tracing maddening patterns that had Emily gasping, her nails digging into the chair’s arms.

The first touch of Nadia’s tongue to Emily’s center was electric. Emily’s back arched involuntarily, her breath hitching as the warm, wet heat sent shockwaves through her. Nadia worked her like an artist sculpting pleasure, each movement precise, intentional. Her tongue danced and teased, drawing out moans that Emily tried desperately to suppress.

“I-it’s for Blaine!” Emily cried again, her voice rising, but her body betrayed her. She writhed under Nadia’s touch, her thighs trembling against the restraints.

The crowd cheered louder, spurred on by Emily’s increasingly uninhibited responses. Nadia didn’t let up, her tongue delving deeper, swirling and flicking in rhythms that sent Emily careening toward the edge. Her lips closed around Emily’s clit, suckling gently before releasing with a soft pop that made Emily scream—a raw, guttural sound that silenced the crowd for a moment.

Then they erupted. Applause, shouts, and whistles filled the room, but Emily barely heard it. Her body convulsed, wave after wave of pleasure crashing over her until she was nothing but sensation. Her scream rang out again, louder this time, tearing through the air as she shattered under Nadia’s relentless expertise.

When it was over, Nadia withdrew, licking her lips like a satisfied feline. The Queen Lick stepped forward, holding up a golden trophy shaped like a curling tongue. She handed it to Emily, who could barely sit upright, her body boneless, her cheeks flushed with the aftermath of her release.

“You’ve earned it, darling,” Queen Lick cooed. “And Blaine, wherever he is, owes you a standing ovation.”

Emily clutched the trophy weakly, her voice hoarse as she murmured, “All... for Blaine…”

—

Emily sat back on the bench, her chest rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath, her mind spinning. The rush of the competition was still coursing through her veins, and she couldn’t shake the way her body had responded—to the contest itself, sure, but more than that, to the audience.

It hit her like a flash of lightning, electrifying and terrifying all at once: she had enjoyed it. Not just the sensation of giving and receiving but the idea of *performing*. The idea of being watched. And it hadn’t felt like Bunny was performing, it had felt like HER. Whoever she was.

Her fingers grazed the sash again, and her gaze flicked toward the crowd. Men—mostly men—cheered and hooted, their eyes locked on her, their admiration palpable. A few women joined in, but their enthusiasm was softer, almost hesitant, like they were riding the wave of the men's energy.

Emily’s breath hitched, her thighs pressing together involuntarily. It wasn’t the act of pleasuring another girl that had done this to her—not entirely. It was the context. The audience. The spotlight. The knowledge that every flick of her tongue, every arch of her back, every gasp and moan had been *seen*. Had been *wanted*.

“Oh my God,” she whispered under her breath, her cheeks flushing anew as the realization sank in. When she had glanced at the crowd, seeing the men’s rapt faces, their hunger, their open lust—it had made everything sharper, hotter, *better*.

She shook her head, trying to dislodge the thought, but it clung to her like the lingering echo of the audience’s cheers.

“Hey, lick-list champ!” one of the other contestants teased as she passed by, snapping Emily out of her daze. The woman’s grin was wide, but there was no malice in it. “You were... really good out there.”

“Uh, thanks,” Emily muttered, her voice weak and unsteady.

“Seriously,” the woman continued, leaning in closer. “You’ve got a gift. The way you—” she gestured vaguely, her cheeks coloring slightly, “—you really sold it. Like, you made it look *real*.”

Emily’s stomach fluttered. “Made it look real?” she echoed.

The contestant shrugged. “ALL OF US are here because our boyfriends think it’s hot. But you? You seemed like you were actually into it. It was... kind of amazing to watch.”

The words sent a jolt through Emily’s system. *Amazing to watch.* That was it, wasn’t it? That was what had made it feel so different. It wasn’t just the act—it was the performance. The validation. The knowledge that she was being desired, *wanted*, *craved*.

And it wasn’t just the audience’s praise. It was the way their eyes had fed her, amplified her every move, made her feel like a goddess. She thought back to the brunette’s touch, the way it had felt with all those eyes on her. She wouldn’t have wanted it in private, but like this? In front of everyone?

The heat between her legs flared, undeniable.

She barely noticed the contestant walking away, leaving her alone in her swirling thoughts. She sat there, staring out at the dispersing crowd, her fingers brushing the edges of her sash again. She didn’t want to admit it—not even to herself—but she couldn’t deny the truth staring her in the face:

She loved this. She loved the attention, the adoration, the feeling of being on display. She loved the way it had made her feel powerful and desired all at once. And maybe, just maybe, she loved the idea of being watched while she brought someone else pleasure. Not for the girl’s sake, but for the *show*. For the *spectacle*.

A low, unsteady breath escaped her lips. “What’s happening to me?” she murmured.

But deep down, she already knew. And it scared her enough to start running again. And once again it did not take long for the Tribe, the Bachelorettes, the body painters, and the Banana licking contestants to all start chasing after her.

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The chaos of the licking contest was still buzzing in Emily’s ears as she darted through the crowded carnival. “I have to get out of here,” she muttered, her eyes scanning the maze of booths and flashing neon lights.

She spotted a large tent with a hand-painted sign above it: **“INK THE NIGHT: Tattoo Contest”**. The idea of hiding among tattoo enthusiasts appealed to her. Surely, in the dimly lit world of tattoo artists, nobody would pay attention to a girl who just wanted to disappear. Dispear like she had done so many time. She slipped inside, the heavy canvas door flapping shut behind her.

The interior of the tent was a whirl of activity. Bright lamps cast stark light over booths displaying tattoo flash sheets, buzzing needles filled the air with a low hum, and a small stage was set up at the back where contestants were showing off their ink.

The tattoo tent was a blur of activity, with artists hunched over clients, their needles buzzing, and a crowd gathered near the stage to admire contestants in the tattoo contest. Emily had slipped in unnoticed—or so she thought. Her breath came fast, her fishnet bodysuit clinging to her damp skin as she wove through the onlookers, hoping to find a quiet corner to regroup.

But this was Bikini Week. Quiet wasn’t an option.

“Hey, you there!” a booming voice called out.

Emily froze. Slowly, she turned to see a man with a microphone, standing on the small stage. He wore a tank top emblazoned with a flaming skull, his arms covered in elaborate ink. Beside him stood a blonde woman with colorful sleeve tattoos and a clipboard.

“You’re late!” the man said, pointing at Emily.

“W-what?” she stammered.

“You’re the final contestant for the ‘Bleached Ricebunnies Beauties’ category, right? C’mon, get up here!”

The crowd parted like the Red Sea, and before Emily could protest, two attendants appeared on either side of her.

“Wait, no, I’m not—” she began, but their enthusiasm bulldozed over her words.

“Of course you are! Look at that skin! You’re the only Asian girl here so of course you need to get some Bleached Tattoos!” one of them gushed, dragging her toward the stage.

Emily tried to resist, but the spotlight was already on her, the crowd cheering as if they’d been waiting for her arrival all night.

“Let’s see what you’ve got!” the emcee crowed, waving her forward.

“I don’t have anything!” Emily said, her voice barely carrying over the noise.

“Not yet,” the blonde with the clipboard said with a wink. “But don’t worry. We’ve got just the thing for a fresh canvas like you.”

Emily’s protests were drowned out as she was ushered to a reclining chair at the side of the stage. A team of tattoo artists surrounded her, their machines ready, their grins wide.

“What’s happening?” she demanded, squirming in the chair.

“Relax, babe,” one of the artists said, his voice smooth and practiced. “We’re going to make you a work of art worthy of the name masterpiece.”

Before Emily could protest further, a stencil was pressed against her thigh. She looked down to see the outline of a heart—no, a Queen of Hearts playing card.

“It’s perfect for you,” the artist said with a smirk. “You’ve got that vibe, you know? Queen of Hearts mean. . . well…” He trailed off, his eyes flicking to her fishnet-clad body. “You’re just that type of gal.”

The crowd roared with approval.

Emily’s cheeks burned. “I don’t want—”

“Don’t worry,” another artist interrupted, starting to fill in the design with stark, bold lines. “You’ll thank us later. This is going to suit you so well.”

She winced as the needle buzzed against her skin, the sting sharp but not unbearable. Her protests died in her throat as the emcee narrated every step for the crowd, hyping up the “unique artistry” of the Queen of Hearts tattoo.

“Nothing says devotion like a Queen of Hearts,” he announced.

“Oh, and let’s add this,” one of the artists said, grinning as he prepared another stencil.

Before Emily could see what it was, the outline of the word **"Bleached Beach Babe"** was applied just above the queen’s crown.

“It’s perfect,” the blonde with the clipboard gushed. “So symbolic. So fitting.”

The crowd cheered louder, their enthusiasm echoing in Emily’s ears. She tried to focus on the needle’s sting, on anything but the growing mortification coursing through her.

“This isn’t me,” she whispered to herself, but the words felt hollow.

As the artists worked, they praised her skin, her figure, her “natural grace,” each compliment making her stomach churn with equal parts discomfort and a shameful thrill.

“Look at her taking it like a champ,” the emcee said, his tone admiring. “This girl was made for this.”

When they finally finished, the chair was swiveled to face the crowd, and Emily was pulled to her feet. The Queen of Hearts tattoo was bold and unmistakable, a declaration inked into her skin for all to see.

“She’s a work of art!” the emcee declared, and the crowd roared its agreement.

Someone draped a sash over her shoulders, the words **“Bleached Tatoo Beauty”** glittering in silver script. The blonde with the clipboard handed her a mirror, and Emily’s breath hitched as she took in her reflection.

Her skin gleamed under the stage lights, the tattoo stark against her thigh. The Queen of Hearts seemed to gaze back at her, serene and subservient, and the word **"Bleached Beach Babe"** above it felt like a brand.

The crowd’s cheers washed over her, a wave of approval that made her knees weak.

“You’re stunning,” the blonde whispered, her hand lingering on Emily’s arm.

Emily’s pulse raced. She hated how much she didn’t hate this.

The emcee raised her arm like a prizefighter, and the crowd erupted again.

“Your Queen of Hearts, ladies and gentlemen!” he bellowed.

Emily’s lips parted to protest, but the words didn’t come. The cheers, the admiration, the overwhelming attention—it all wrapped around her, suffocating and intoxicating all at once.

“But you need one more . . . .What’s the theme?” the artist asked, eyeing her up and down.

“Something bold!” one beachgoer shouted.

“Something that screams confidence!” yelled another.

The artist grinned and grabbed a stencil. “Oh, I know just the thing. Trust me, sweetheart, this is going to make you unforgettable.”

Emily squirmed as he leaned in, the hum of the tattoo gun buzzing ominously close.

“Hold still,” he said, his tone almost teasing. “You don’t want me to mess up, do you?”

Emily tried to pull away, but the crowd's cheers and the artist's swift hands left her little choice. The sensation was sharp, and she winced as the ink began to settle into her skin.

A few minutes later, the artist stepped back, admiring his work.

“Take a look,” he said, spinning the chair toward a mirror.

Emily’s eyes widened as she took in the bold letters inked across her ass: **"BWC ONLY"** in sleek, stylized script.

“What does that even mean?” she asked, her voice trembling.

“It means you’ve got taste,” one of the beachgoers said with a wink.

“Wait, I didn’t agree to this!” Emily exclaimed, her voice rising above the crowd’s laughter.

The artist held up his hands, mock-apologetic. “Hey, you sat in the chair. Around here, that’s consent enough.”

The crowd erupted into cheers, and someone draped another sash around her shoulders, this one reading: **"Exclusive Material."**

Emily’s face burned as cameras flashed, capturing her bewildered expression and the newly inked declaration across her skin.

As the crowd closed in, showering her with praise and lewd comments, Emily’s thoughts raced. She had to get out of here, no matter what it took.

But before she could in less time than it took to give another week objection, she received her third and final tat, in bold, curvy lettering scrawled across her lower back, the ink read: **"I ♥ WHITE BOYS"** complete with a small heart dotted with sparkles.

The crowd roared with approval, whistling and shouting over one another.

“She’s perfect!” someone shouted.

“Worthy to sit next to a masterpiece!” added another.

Emily’s face burned hotter than the sun overhead as she stared at her reflection, her cheeks flaming. She tried to cover the tattoo with her hands, but it was futile. Every attempt just seemed to draw more attention to it.

“Time for the big reveal!” a voice called out, and before Emily could escape, someone hoisted her up onto a small platform. A spotlight from the tattoo booth’s makeshift stage swung over to her, bathing her in light as the crowd cheered even louder.

The tattoo artist smirked, holding up a camera. “Smile for the photo! Don’t worry, it’ll look great on the shop’s Instagram.”

Emily’s protests faltered as the spotlight lingered on her, the weight of the crowd's gaze pressing against her skin like a tangible force. The cheers were deafening, the chants infectious, and before she realized it, something within her cracked—or clicked.

She was overwhelmed, breathless, and glowing with a mix of shame and an undeniable thrill. The words tumbled out of her before she could stop them, her voice shaky but rising with a strange, newfound confidence.

“Fine!” she blurted, her cheeks flushed, her breath hitching as she glanced at the tattoo in the mirror. “I… I do love white boys! Okay? There! I said it!”

The crowd erupted into ecstatic cheers, clapping and hollering like she’d just delivered the world’s most rousing speech.

“I mean, can you blame me?” she continued, her voice growing steadier as the floodgates opened. The rush of adrenaline mingled with the lingering buzz of the tattoo gun. “They’re so… confident! So charming! And the way they smile, and—ugh, those dimples, those jawlines!”

More laughter and whistles filled the air, and Emily felt herself leaning into the absurdity, her arms spreading wide as if she were preaching a gospel she hadn’t even known she believed.

“And don’t get me started on their lovely skin and big powerful chests…” Her hands gestured dramatically, her fishnet-clad body on full display. “It’s like they’re genetically engineered to be irresistible!”

A guy in the crowd yelled, “You’re welcome!” and the audience roared with laughter. Emily covered her face with her hands, mortified, but the words kept spilling out.

“Fine! I admit it!” She threw her arms up in mock defeat. “I’m obsessed! I have only taken white cock in my life because I’m a Queen of hearts who loves white boys! You happy now?!”

The crowd went wild, chanting her name—Emily! Emily!—their voices a strange mix of teasing and admiration.

“Well,” she started, her voice shaky but gaining strength, “I think we all know these tattoos weren’t exactly planned. But... maybe that’s kind of the point?”

A murmur of intrigue rippled through the crowd.

“Look,” Emily said, gesturing vaguely to herself, “I didn’t come here tonight expecting any of this. I was just trying to keep my head above water in this crazy place, but... I don’t know, maybe it’s time to stop fighting so hard.”

Her eyes scanned the room, taking in the eager faces, the playful grins, the sheer joy radiating from the crowd.

“See, these tattoos—" she pointed to the **"I ♥ WHITE BOYS"** across her back and the cheeky heart on her wrist, "—they might seem silly, or embarrassing, or like some wild dare gone too far. But maybe they’re about... letting go? About leaning into something instead of overthinking everything?”

The crowd cheered, clapping and whistling as Emily felt a spark of confidence ignite within her.

“Because here’s the thing,” she continued, her voice growing stronger. “It’s not just about the tattoos. It’s about saying yes to life. To fun. To... whatever the hell this is!” She gestured at her outfit, her fishnet-clad body, and the ridiculousness of it all.

The crowd erupted into laughter and applause.

“And yeah,” she added with a playful smirk, her cheeks still glowing, “maybe I do have a thing for... certain guys. A little confidence, a nice smile, some charm—what’s not to like?”

The crowd roared, several men in the audience playfully flexing or blowing kisses her way.

“So yeah, maybe they’re ridiculous. Maybe tomorrow I’ll wake up and cringe a little. But tonight? Tonight, I’m proud of them. And proud of... me.”

The crowd burst into applause, cheering her name as she stepped back from the microphone. Emily’s heart pounded, her body alive with a mix of exhilaration and adrenaline.

As she stepped off the stage, someone handed her a crown—not a gaudy tiara, but a simple, elegant circlet of gold. She hesitated, then placed it on her head with a wry smile, the crowd’s cheers echoing in her ears.

“Queen of the Night!” someone shouted, and Emily couldn’t help but laugh.

A man approached her, offering a chilled cocktail in a glass adorned with a ridiculous amount of fruit and a little paper parasol. She accepted it with a laugh, feeling the ice-cold drink tingle her lips as she took a sip. The crowd was still buzzing, their eyes on her, expectant and delighted.

“So,” she said, her voice warm and playful, “I guess I should say more, huh?”

A ripple of laughter passed through the group.

“Alright, let’s be honest,” Emily started, tucking a strand of dark hair behind her ear. Her voice softened, taking on a candid, almost confessional tone. “I’ve been running, like, nonstop since I got here. Running from everything—the craziness, the rules, the expectations... and maybe even from myself.”

The crowd hushed, leaning in closer as her words spilled out.

“But here’s the thing,” she continued, her cheeks warming, her smile growing more confident, “I’ve started to realize something. Something big.” She paused, biting her lip before letting out a breathy laugh. “You’re gonna think I’m crazy, but... I think I might actually like it here.”

Cheers erupted, and Emily giggled, lifting a hand to quiet them, though her grin betrayed her delight in their reaction.

“No, seriously!” she exclaimed, her hands gesturing animatedly. “I mean, look around! Everyone’s so... happy. And relaxed. And sure, maybe it’s all a little over the top, but isn’t that kind of the point?”

Someone shouted, “You’re amazing, Bunny!” and she laughed, a soft, breathy sound that carried easily over the crowd.

“And,” she added, her voice dipping slightly, her tone becoming softer, more reflective, “I feel like... I don’t know... as the only Asian girl here, maybe I have a role to play. Maybe I have a duty.”

The murmurs in the crowd stilled, their collective attention sharpening on her as she pressed a hand to her chest, just above the gleaming ink of her fresh tattoo.

“Think about it,” she said, her voice growing earnest, almost reverent. “There’s something so... special about being here, being part of this. About standing out in a way that lets me—lets us—make others happy. And let’s be real,” she added with a coy smile, “you white boys deserve to be happy too, right?”

The men in the crowd cheered, clinking their drinks together in enthusiastic agreement.

“I mean it!” Emily said, laughing as the energy in the room swirled around her, lifting her spirits higher. “You’ve all been so kind, so supportive, and... well, if I can give a little of that back, if I can make your night a little brighter? Then why wouldn’t I?”

The crowd roared its approval, the sound washing over her like a wave. Her pulse raced, her heart thundering in her chest as she basked in their praise, their laughter, their unrelenting enthusiasm.

“You’re incredible, Bunny!” someone shouted, and she blushed, shaking her head but secretly loving every second of it.

“I don’t know about incredible,” she said, her voice taking on a playful lilt. “But I’ll do my best.”

“And let’s be honest,” she added, her hands running down the sides of her thighs, framing her body, “I *love* making you happy. It feels so... good.”

A pause. The kind of pregnant silence that made hearts pound and breaths hitch.

“You like that, don’t you?” she teased, her voice dripping with innuendo, her chest rising and falling as if she were drinking in their reactions. “You like seeing me like this—dressed up, marked up, showing off just for you?”

Another cheer, louder, rawer, filled with lust and adoration. Emily felt her pulse quicken, her skin tingling as if their energy were a physical thing she could feel on her body.

“I guess you could say...” She traced the edge of her **“BWC ONLY”** tattoo, her fingers lingering on the curve of her breast. “I was *made* for this. It fits just right. I’m an Asian queen but I boy to white.”

Another cheer, louder this time, and Emily felt something shift inside her—something she couldn’t quite name but couldn’t ignore. It wasn’t just the attention, the praise, or even the ridiculousness of her situation.

For perhaps the first time in her life, she felts like she deserved to be happy.

—-

Then the door crashed open. And everyone arrived. And it really was EVERYONE.

First, the banana-licking contest MC appeared, waving a trophy high above his head. “Ladies and gentlemen!” he shouted, his booming voice somehow louder than the tattoo gun. “We’ve found our true champion! She abandoned her prize, but no one else deserves it more!”

Behind him, the overly enthusiastic body painters from the carnival barreled in, their brushes still dripping with iridescent colors. “There she is!” one of them cried, their voices a blend of outrage and adoration. “She left before we could finish her skin!”

From another corner of the room, the "Bachelorette Party Babes" charged forward, still clad in their ripped fishnets and glittery heels. “You’re not getting out of being maid of honor that easily!” one of them yelled, tossing a pink sash that read **"Bridesmaid Extraordinaire"** onto Emily’s already decorated frame.

“Wait, no!” Emily stammered, stumbling back as the sash stuck to her **“BWC ONLY”** tattoo.

The priestly figure from the volcano ceremony appeared next, carrying an enormous, steaming vat of the sacred milk Emily had toppled during her escape. He raised it like a holy relic. “You cannot flee your destiny as Vol-ump-tu-ous! The goddess must finish the rites!”

And then, as if the universe had finally decided to abandon subtlety altogether, the Farmer’s Market Dairy Queen parade entered in full regalia, complete with cow-patterned costumes and oversized milk jugs. One of the parade leaders pointed a manicured finger at Emily and declared, “Our number one milker can’t just walk away! The crowd is still waiting!”

The room spun as every fragment of Emily’s wild escapades collided, their participants clamoring for her attention, for her presence, for her compliance. Each faction was adamant that she belonged to *them*, tugging at her from all sides.

Before she could react, the **tribal leader** pointed at her with a ceremonial staff. “The Goddess has arrived!” he bellowed, his voice deep and resonant. “Bring forth the coconuts!”

“Goddess?!” Emily squeaked, backing away, only to bump into the bachelorettes, who grabbed her arms with drunken enthusiasm. “She’s the Maid of Honor we always wanted!” the bride-to-be slurred, planting a glittery kiss on Emily’s cheek.

“No, she’s ours!” one of the banana contestants yelled, waving her fruit threateningly.

“Step back, amateurs!” one of the milkers barked, brandishing a pump nozzle like a sword. “She belongs to the Milking Federation!”

Chaos erupted.

The tribal dancers swarmed around Emily, showering her with flower petals and chanting in a language that sounded suspiciously like gibberish.

The bachelorettes retaliated by tossing inflatable penises at the dancers, who used them as makeshift drums. The milkers set up their contraption nearby, attaching hoses to random participants as they declared, “Let’s see who’s the most *giving* here tonight!”

“Don’t forget the bananas!” the carnival emcee yelled, dragging a fresh bunch onto the stage. The banana-eaters swarmed in, shoving fruit into people’s hands and shouting instructions.

“Lick it slower!”  
“Use your tongue like you mean it!”

The **body painters**, undeterred, rushed forward with brushes and stencils, smearing streaks of neon paint across everyone in sight. One of them climbed onto a milk pump, painting swirling patterns onto the tubes as if decorating a carnival float.

Emily found herself caught in the center of the madness.

A **bachelorette** was on her left, trying to shove a shot glass into her hand while shouting, “Drink, Dairy Queen!”

A **tribal dancer** was on her right, draping her in more garlands and chanting, “Bless us with your bounty!”

A **milker** crouched at her feet, adjusting a suction cup with alarming precision. “Hold still, sweetheart. This’ll only take a minute.”

Above her, a banana-eater leaned over, waving a fruit in her face. “Show us your skills, champ!”

And finally the Lick Queen hovered over her and said, “You know if you’re not doing anything why not come over to my apartment time? And uh… I’ll totally bring my boyfriend and you brings yours before all lesbianism is only hot if it’s done for guys right? Right?”

Emily tried to speak, to protest, but the words stuck in her throat. The drumbeat grew louder, the chants more fervent, the crowd’s energy pressing against her like a living thing. She felt hands on her shoulders, her arms, her legs—some painting her, some guiding her, some simply marveling at her.

The **tribal leader** raised his staff. “Let the ceremony begin!”

“What ceremony?” Emily shouted, but her voice was drowned out by the roar of the crowd.

A **bachelorette** stumbled onto the milkers’ stage, knocking over a vat of frothy liquid that splashed onto a banana-eating contestant, who slipped and collided with a body painter, smearing neon pink paint across her face.

“Watch it!” the painter yelled, only to be hit with an inflatable penis launched from the bachelorette brigade.

The banana-eater retaliated by shoving a fruit into the painter’s mouth. “Suck on that!”

The crowd’s laughter and cheers reached a fever pitch as the chaos spiraled out of control. Emily could barely think, her senses overwhelmed by the noise, the lights, the hands.

She stumbled back, only to be caught by a **milker**, who grinned and said, “Time to shine, champ.”

“Nope!” Emily shouted, wrenching free. “Nope, nope, nope!”

But there was nowhere to run.

The carnival, the tribal ceremony, the bachelorette party, the milkers, the banana-eaters, the body painters, the lick queens, —they all swirled together into a vortex of absurdity.

At the center of it all stood Emily, painted, crowned, sash-draped, and utterly overwhelmed.

The tribal drums reached a crescendo.

The bachelorettes raised their glasses.

The milkers powered up their contraption with a dramatic hiss.

The banana-eaters chanted, “One of us! One of us!”

The body painters unveiled a giant canvas reading, “Our Muse!”

The lickers licked their lips.

And then—

Everything stopped.

The carnival lights flickered. The music cut out. The crowd froze mid-cheer, their faces locked in expressions of manic glee.

Emily stood at the eye of the hurricane, her breath catching in her throat. The carnival chaos roared around her, so loud it became a single, overwhelming buzz—a kaleidoscope of chants, drums, and cheers. Her painted skin glistened under the neon lights, every movement catching the eye, every curve accentuated by the ridiculous fishnet bodysuit clinging to her damp body. Her coconut bra clacked softly as she moved, the gaudy "#1 Milkers" sash brushing against her thighs.

Her tattoos—bold and impossible to ignore—gleamed like proclamations against her golden skin. The "I ♥ WHITE BOYS" across her lower back, the "BWC ONLY" on her ass, the Queen of Hearts tattoo on her thigh—all of it screamed for attention she had stopped even pretending she didn’t love.

And somewhere, deep in the fabric of Bikini Week, the narrative cracked.

The carnival blurred around her, like a painting smudged by an unsteady hand. Bachelorettes shrieked with laughter, milkers adjusted their contraptions, tribal dancers spun in frantic circles, banana-eaters brandished their fruits, and body painters threw colors into the air like confetti. The sheer *weight* of it all pressed on her chest, and for the first time since arriving in this insane world, she felt like she might actually suffocate under the spectacle of herself.

Her breath hitched as her eyes caught something—a flicker in the corner of her vision, like a glitch in reality. She turned sharply, her gaze locking onto what looked like a… *portal.*

It hovered at the edge of the carnival, a jagged, shimmering tear in the air. Beyond it, Emily saw glimpses of a world she recognized: her cramped, gray-walled apartment, lit only by the glow of her computer screen; her cubicle at work, filled with stacks of paperwork and half-empty coffee mugs; a party she’d attended once, standing awkwardly on the sidelines, watching her coworkers laugh without her.

Her breath stuttered.

That was her life. Her *real* life. It hit her like a punch to the gut—how lonely she’d been, how small her existence had felt. The endless monotony, the constant yearning for something more.

Her chest ached, her eyes stinging with the threat of tears. She wanted to scream at the sight of it, to beg the portal to stay open, to let her think, to let her *choose*.

But deep down, another emotion churned: fear.

Could she go back to that? To the gray days and the quiet nights? To being invisible, forgotten, a footnote in her own life? Here, in Bikini Week, she *mattered*. People noticed her, wanted her, celebrated her.

She took a trembling step toward the portal, her bare feet slapping against the wet, painted cobblestones of the carnival. She didn’t know what she’d do if she reached it, her lips parted as if to call out, but no sound came.

The portal flickered, unstable, like a dying flame.

She reached out, her fingers trembling, every nerve screaming for her to grab hold. But just as she was close enough to almost feel its pull, the world around her shifted violently.

“Party’s over!” someone yelled.

The milkers began packing up their contraption, muttering about needing to sanitize the hoses. The tribal dancers suddenly remembered an urgent drum circle they had to attend "on the other side of the beach." The banana-eaters declared the bananas “too mushy” and stormed off in a huff. Even the bachelorettes, once so loud and insistent, began dispersing, claiming they had brunch reservations and appointments at the spa. And the lickers said this was fun but it was time to please their boyfriends, alone.

“Wait!” Emily cried, spinning in place as the carnival around her dissolved like smoke. “Where are you all going?”

The portal flickered one last time, then collapsed in on itself with a soft *pop*.

She stood there, her chest rising and falling, her skin glistening under the fading lights, surrounded by silence. Her heart felt like it had been squeezed in a vice.

“This was a subplot,” she murmured, realization dawning. The narrative had been as overloaded as she had been and it had discarded all of it—the milkers, the bananas, the tribal nonsense, the lickers —because it wasn’t important. Not to *the main story*.

Her mind raced. If this world was built on narrative, then the only way to keep it intact was to focus on the main plot. On her *real* role.

Her thoughts snapped to Blaine.

Blaine, with his golden skin and ridiculous abs, his smug confidence and his king-of-the-beach swagger. Blaine, who was the epicenter of everything in Bikini Week, the sun around which this insane world revolved.

She swallowed hard, her cheeks flushing. If she was going to save the beach, she needed to stay at the center of the story. And to do that, she needed Blaine. She needed to throw herself into the narrative so fully that it couldn’t discard her.

Her pulse quickened as an idea took shape. A massive, absurd, completely unhinged idea.

**The Bikini Car Wash Roller Disco Aerobics/Breakdancing Boombox Battle BBQ Muscle Surfing Tug-of-War Jet Ski Racing Wet-T-Shirt Contest of Liberation.**

The words practically glowed in her mind, ridiculous and impossible and perfect. If she could organize it, make it the focal point of the story, then maybe—just maybe— it would be too big for the narrative to shut down with a wet thud. It could keep going and going and going until the narrative got tired enough that she could reach whatever new breach in this reality appeared and she could go home. The alternative was to just be a bimbo. A happy joyous glorious free loved and adored bimbo.

And she didn’t want to be that. She couldn’t want to be that. She had to be stronger than wanting to be that.

And she knew she needed to see Blaine, and fast, before she risked changing her mind again.

Emily turned and bolted, her feet pounding against the damp cobblestones as she ran toward Blaine’s beachside manor.

Her inner monologue zigzagged wildly as she sprinted.

*What the hell am I doing?* she thought, her fishnet bodysuit catching on the breeze, clinging to her sweat-slicked skin. *I look like a goddamn bimbo running through the streets.*

The sash flapped against her thigh, the words "#1 Milkers" practically mocking her. The coconut bra dug into her chest, her painted skin shimmering under the streetlights.

*Maybe I am a bimbo,* she thought, her cheeks burning as she remembered the cheers, the praise, the overwhelming thrill of being wanted. *Maybe I like being a bimbo.*

But then the image of the portal flashed in her mind—her apartment, her office, her lonely life.

*No! I have to go back to who I was. I can’t lose myself here. Get to Blaine before you change you mind.*

Her chest heaved as she ran, the conflicting thoughts tearing at her like a storm. Her legs burned, her bare feet stung against the pavement, but she didn’t stop.

Blaine. She had to reach Blaine. She had to get there now, now now now.

Emily pushed herself, trying not think as she ran as fast as a bunny.

# 

# CHAPTER 13: Money for Nothing And the Chicks For Free

The sun hung low over Bikini Week, casting long, honey-gold rays over the chaotic town as Mr. Pearson, clutching what remained of his dignity, adjusted the last shreds of his once-immaculate business suit. His tie was long gone, his blazer hung off him like a cape in tatters, and the trousers he’d paid a small fortune for were now missing everything below the knees. Somewhere along the way, he’d swapped his Ferragamo loafers for a pair of cheap flip-flops he’d found abandoned on a jet ski rental dock.

He squinted through the chaos of the carnival, his sharp eyes tracking the sprinting figure of Emily—or Bunny, as everyone seemed to call her now. He’d been shadowing her for hours, watching her ricochet from one absurd escapade to another like a pinball with cleavage.

And yet, something had shifted.

“She’s... not like the others,” he muttered, chewing the end of an unlit cigar.

The thought startled him. At first, Emily had been just another variable in the chaos of Bikini Week—a pawn, a player, a minor subplot. But as he’d followed her from the milk vats to the tattoo tent to the popsicle inferno, he couldn’t help but notice something different about her.

Unlike everyone else, who seemed to succumb entirely to the town’s bizarre, lust-soaked gravity, Emily fought against it. Sure, she stumbled, she got swept up, she even enjoyed it at times—but she fought. And watching that fight stirred something in Mr. Pearson, something he hadn’t felt in years.

Respect.

Well, respect mixed with... other feelings. He wasn’t dead, after all.

Standing atop a makeshift tower of milk crates, he adjusted his sunglasses and peered down as Emily stumbled out of the tattoo tent, a wild, painted vision of defiance and exhaustion. Her fishnet bodysuit clung to her, streaked with paint, her skin shimmering with a mixture of sweat and humiliation. She clutched the “#1 Milkers” sash like it was the only thing keeping her tethered to sanity.

Pearson smirked, the corner of his mouth curling around the cigar. “Hell of a dame,” he muttered, then grimaced as the crates wobbled beneath him.

As Emily bolted through the carnival, her coconut bra clacking with every frantic step, Pearson hopped down from his perch and gave chase, his flip-flops slapping against the ground in a farcical rhythm.

“Why am I doing this?” he muttered under his breath as he weaved through the chaos, narrowly avoiding a banana-eater swinging her fruit like a sword.

Deep down, he knew why.

Emily wasn’t just surviving Bikini Week; she was *resisting* it, defying its pull even as it dragged her deeper into its absurd, hypersexual whirlpool. She was fascinating.

She was *human.*

Pearson’s reverie was interrupted when he collided with a runaway parade float—a giant, glittering milk carton on wheels. The impact sent him sprawling into a dunk tank, his shredded suit finally giving up the ghost.

He surfaced with a splutter, coughing up water as a crowd gathered to laugh at the now-soggy businessman. His once-pristine trousers floated away like a defeated flag, leaving him clad in nothing but a red Speedo that clung far too intimately to his middle-aged frame.

Pearson groaned, running a hand over his face as he climbed out of the tank, dripping and humiliated. “Fine,” he grumbled to no one in particular. “Speedo it is.”

But as he scanned the crowd for Emily, he saw her again—running barefoot down the street, her head held high despite the chaos around her.

And damn it if she didn’t look magnificent.

Her movements were frenetic but determined, her eyes wide with panic but burning with a fierce will to keep going. She wasn’t Bunny, not entirely. She was something rawer, something more real—a girl caught in a nightmare but refusing to give in.

“Gotta hand it to her,” Pearson muttered, pulling his Speedo up with as much dignity as he could muster. “Kid’s got guts.”

Pearson tailed Emily through the winding streets of Bikini Week as everything colluded in a colossal fubar of epic proportions. It wasn’t just one shenanigan, it was five or six all colliding with each other. Even in all his years of Bikini Weeks, he had never seen anything like it.

“Damn freak show,” he grumbled, sidestepping a vendor selling “erotic avocados” and nearly tripping over a statue shooting at least a gallon of breast milk out of its ta-tas. . “Where the hell is all of this even going?”

His answer came when Emily stopped abruptly, her painted body heaving with exertion as she stared at something in the distance.

Pearson squinted, following her gaze, and felt his breath catch in his throat.

A portal.

It shimmered, a jagged tear in reality that flickered and sparked like a glitch in the universe. Beyond it, Pearson could see flashes of another world—a mundane world of offices and apartments, gray skies and fluorescent lights.

Emily stared at it, her lips parted, her body trembling.

As Emily reached out, her fingers trembling toward the portal, Pearson felt a pang of something he hadn’t felt in years—something he couldn’t quite name.

Protectiveness.

Pearson’s heart stopped as he stared at the portal. His first instinct had been to brush it off as another piece of Bikini Week’s insane theatrics, some neon-lit distraction meant to sucker in tourists or fuel another risqué competition. But the flickering edges of the tear in reality told a different story.

He muttered, his voice low and sharp. He stubbed out his cigar with a trembling hand, his normally cool demeanor cracking at the edges.

This wasn’t supposed to happen. The rules of Bikini Week were simple—seduction, indulgence, transformation. The narrative bent, yes, but it always held. It was elastic, resilient, like the perfectly calibrated suspension of a luxury car. But this?.

This wasn’t a game.

This was destruction.

And it wasn’t the first time he’d heard about it. .

His mind flashed back to a conversation he’d had years ago, one he’d tried to forget.

The refugee from *Camp Morning Wood*.

Years ago, in a smoky corner of The Wet Spot, Pearson had met someone who didn’t quite belong. A man—or maybe a woman; the details were hazy now, distorted by time and the narrative’s influence—who had spoken with a haunted edge, like someone who had seen things no one was meant to see.

The stranger had claimed to be from another world. Not Emily’s world. The stranger’s eyes had been wild as they recounted the fall of Camp Morning Wood.

“It unraveled,” the man … or maybe the woman had said, their words teetering on the edge of hysteria. “We all thought it was just a fluke at first—an overambitious counselor trying to spice things up for one week. But it spiraled. She tried to do it *all*, man. Everything. Like she was trying to *be* the camp itself but ALL AT ONCE!”

Pearson hadn’t believed him at the time, dismissing it as drunken rambling. But now, years later, the refugee’s words echoed with haunting clarity.

“She was the camp cook, dishing out stew by day and sneaking off to ‘seduce’ the counselors by night.

“She organized the panty raids but also played the girl being raided. She dressed in one of those lacy, impractical numbers and screamed when the boys burst in, only to wink and start a pillow fight that somehow turned into a strip tease.

“She wanted to play the plucky underdog in the softball game and the sexy referee who got ‘accidentally’ pantsed.

“She was the mysterious midnight skinny-dipper and the horny ghost haunting the camp’s abandoned boathouse.

“She was the camp nurse, faking sprains and bruises so the guys would have excuses to strip down and ‘recover.’

“She hosted the talent show, did an erotic ribbon dance as a ‘surprise act,’ and somehow ended up the judge as well.

“She organized the prank wars, played the ‘innocent victim’ of a prank gone wrong, and then plotted the revenge schemes, complete with water balloons full of whipped cream.

“She crashed the girls’ slumber party in nothing but a towel and a devilish grin, then ran across camp to crash the boys’ circle of truth, where she dared everyone to kiss her.

“She was in every cabin, every scene, every gag—playing prude one moment, seductress the next. She even set up a mock wedding between herself and the camp mascot—a stuffed bear named Chesty—and made it a full-on bachelor party fiasco that ended with her and the entire softball team who needed motivation to win the big game.”

The refugee had stopped then, his face pale, his breath coming in short, sharp gasps. “She was too much. She did too much. And the world couldn’t take it.”

Pearson had scoffed. “The world couldn’t take it? Come on, buddy, what are you, a screenwriter pitching me a flop?”

The refugee had fixed him with a dead-eyed stare that sent a chill through Pearson even now.

“It wasn’t just the camp that unraveled,” the man had whispered. “It was everything. Every single trope, every gag, every cheesy 1980s sex comedy cliché—it couldn’t keep up. She darted through the portal and once that happened our world was doomed.”

The Emptiness. Pearson had chuckled at the term back then, but the refugee’s haunted look had stuck with him.

“It started small,” the man continued, his voice dropping to a whisper. “The edges of the camp got... fuzzy. People would walk toward the lake and never come back. Then the fuzz spread. The softball field turned to static. The cabins went next, vanishing one plank at a time. By the time we realized what was happening, it was too late. Then it wasn’t just fuzzy, the Emptiness came and it devoured it all. Counselors, campers, the lake, the cabins, the campfire—it swallowed them whole. Friend and foe alike, wiped out in minutes. I can still hear their screams as they just.. became Empty. A hole would be something. Blackness would be something. They just became Empty…”

The refugee had downed his drink in a single, shaking gulp, his eyes glistening with tears. “I ran. I ran like hell. The Emptiness was everywhere—eating the counselors mid-kiss, the campers mid-prank. The pranksters themselves, caught with pies frozen halfway to their targets. Even the camp legend—the guy with the chainsaw and the creepy hockey mask? Gone. Swallowed by the Emptiness.”

The man’s voice cracked as he gripped the edge of the table. “I could hear it coming. Like the sound of a tape rewinding, getting closer and closer, faster and faster. The camp was shrinking, collapsing in on itself. There wasn’t going to be anything left.”

He’d paused then, his face pale, his hands trembling. “And that’s when I saw it—the TV in the owner’s cabin. ‘My Dumb Bikini Summer’ was on. Some dumb movie playing on the camp’s only channel, static flickering at the edges. I thought... maybe. Maybe if I dove through it...”

Pearson had leaned forward, unable to look away. “And?”

The man let out a bitter laugh. “And I woke up here. In Bikini Week. Alive, sure. But no one here knows me. No one cares about who I was. I used to *own* the camp. Now I’m just another guy.”

He’d looked up at Pearson, his eyes hollow. “As far as I know, I’m the only one who made it out.”

Pearson had shrugged it off then, figuring the guy had been through some bad acid trip or, more likely, was just a washed-up nobody spinning tales.

But now, as he stared at the shimmering portal and the world beyond it, those words came rushing back.

If Emily went through that portal, she might not just leave Bikini Week.

She might tear it apart.

“No…,” Pearson muttered, his blood running cold. “Not my world. Not to my girls, not to my guys, not to my life.”

And he ran, sprinting after her as the carnival lights blurred around him, his feet slapping against the damp pavement.

“Not again,” he whispered, his breath ragged.

Unlike the refugee he wasn’t running from the Emptiness.

He was running to stop it. And Emily, already having seen the portal collapse while he was frozen in shock, was running to Blaine. She had to be. If he knew he was part of the narrative’s main drive, she had to as well. Blaine was the center of this world, the axis around which everything spun. If anyone could stop Emily, it was him.

He didn’t hesitate.

Pearson’s breath came in sharp, ragged bursts as he pushed himself to keep up, his aging body screaming in protest. The streets blurred around him, neon lights smearing into streaks of color as he focused on the girl ahead.

Her painted skin gleamed under the flickering glow of the portal, her fishnet bodysuit a net of shadows and light. She was everything this world loved—over-the-top, ridiculous, a mix of sexy and absurd.

And she was going to destroy it all.

“Damn it, kid,” Pearson muttered, his feet pounding against the pavement as he forced himself to run faster.

He thought of the refugee again—the haunted look in the man’s eyes, the way he’d clutched that bottle like it was the only thing keeping him tethered to reality. Pearson wouldn’t end up like that. He’d fought too hard to build a life here, clawing his way from obscurity to relevance in a world that thrived on spectacle.

And as much as he hated to admit it, Bikini Week had grown on him. The absurdity, the chaos, the endless parade of contests and parties—it was home now. He at times hated it, sure, but who loved their job every second of every day?

He wasn’t going to let it fall apart.

Not for her. Not for anyone.

Pearson’s flip-flops skidded against the wet cobblestones as he veered down a side street, his heart hammering in his chest. He needed to reach Blaine before Emily did, needed to warn him about the portal, about what she might do if she made it through.

Blaine wasn’t exactly... nuanced. He was a force of nature, all muscles and swagger and unshakable confidence. Would he even understand the stakes?

Pearson clenched his fists, his mind racing. If Blaine couldn’t stop Emily—if he couldn’t stop Emily—then Bikini Week might end up like Camp Barely Clothed.

And this time, there wouldn’t be any survivors.

No. Pearson shook the thought from his head, his jaw tightening. He wasn’t going to let that happen.

“Hang on, Blaine,” Pearson muttered under his breath. “I’m coming.”

–

Blaine's world had been an enticing pair of ivory tits, encased as they were in a shimmering gold dress.

Then all of a sudden, the world had come to him.

His little beach bungalow was crowded with urgent visitors: Veronica. Pearson. And of course, and of course...her. Bunny was so much more than the woman he remembered her being, but also everything he'd always known she was. The contradiction would have been enough to give any man a headache. Wesley would've taken that headache on, for sure. But Blaine was, increasingly, an uncomplicated man. The ideas skimmed his surface like the kiss of a well-waxed board on the tide, with nothing weighty to plunge deeper.

Because how could he contemplate anything other than the heaving yellow titties in her ridiculous coconut bra? How could he possibly focus up on the larger implications of what was going on when there were big letters on Bunny's body that said she belonged to a white boy like him, deserved to be used by a white boy like him? BWC Only? He was BWC!

Dimly, he felt an urge to dig deeper into it. Or at least, an idea that he should want to delve deeper. It was the last gasp of something else in him, something that was rapidly losing purchase as everyone yelled at him about who to fuck. At least they'd picked a subject where Blaine could have some well-formed opinions.

But it was getting too complicated. And Blaine...Blaine was a simple man now.

"Everyone shut the fuck up."

If the movie hadn't already richly earned its R-rating, his delivery would've done the job. It was utterly commanding, the kind of masculine assurance that came from knowing that he was in his domain, in his element. Not just his house, but this beach, because he owned this Bikini Beach. He was this Bikini Beach.

He pointed to Charlotte the Harlot first. "You. One sentence, go."

She looked surprised by the restriction of the one sentence, but quickly composed herself. "Fuck me right now as a binding contract to sign over your property to Mr. Pearson and make you very rich in the process."

Blaine nodded. That seemed reasonable enough. He saw Bunny wanted to speak next, but he let his blue eyes skip over her. She was obediently silent. Good girl.

He pointed next to Pearson. "You. One sentence."

Pearson, who had somehow wound up in a speedo that he couldn't pull off nearly as well as Blaine, looked apoplectic. "The existential crisis we're facing cannot possibly be summed up in a single sentence, but if you stick your dick in that bitch, we're all gonna get rewound into the empty void before the video tape."

He looked like he wanted to say more, but a scowl from Blaine stopped him from speaking. He at least seemed to understand that billions of dollars wouldn't help you against someone sufficiently motivated and musclebound.

Veronica Valmont broke in. "I just want a chance to--"

"Yeah, whatever, Side Character," Blaine said rudely, turning at last to Bunny? Emily? Bunny?. His mind kept flickering back and forth between the two, as if he were seeing a dress in both black-and-blue and white-and-gold configurations at once. Both there, both plainly visible to him, both real.

But only one could be true.

"Fuck me, Blaine." And that was it.

That was all it had to be.

Because she alone had a hold on him, no matter how desperately the other bitches on this beach threw themselves at him. Her exquisite almond-shaped eyes, her delicate porcelain-doll frame, her cartoonish cleavage, her increasingly oversexed face and body language...all of it wasn't just an invitation to the world. It was an invitation to him, specifically. The tattoos said it all, didn't they? They told him exactly what kind of girl she was: the best kind of girl. His.

He was ready to make the choice.

He reached for his girl, grabbing her not especially gently by her slender shoulders. Her wobbling tits sent his white cock straining against the bounds of the magenta speedo made for a man much more modestly endowed than he. He started to lean down to her, feeling her body already beginning to melt into his musculature. That assent made him want to descend upon her like he was a predator and she his exquisite prey.

He could see the mounting terror in Pearson's eyes, knowing full well that a lunk like Blaine would always, always think with his dick. He could see the mirrored despair in Charlotte's and Veronica's faces, as they both mourned getting their shot with a stud like him despite their different reasonings for it.

But before he opened his mouth to give her his assent, he stopped.

Behind those sexy eyes, he saw something. An awareness. A cunning, even. And its presence there was enough to give him pause. Because cunning was the opposite of giving in. And that was what they were supposed to be doing, right? Giving into the tension that had been building for this entire story? Letting the wave wash over them, rather than trying to ride it to some destination?

He blinked his bright blue eyes. And his lips stopped barely a centimeter from hers.

"No," he said, with a little uncertainty.

She looked up at him, completely stunned.

"I...I don't want to fuck you." Carefully, Blaine slipped his hands off her body and began to take a step back. "You're Emily. I don't want to fuck Emily." He addressed his words directly to that glint of intelligence in her eyes, the simplicity of his statements lending them added weight. "I want to fuck Bunny."

—-

Emily stood in Blaine’s bungalow, her bare feet pressing into the smooth, cool tile, her pulse drumming a chaotic rhythm in her ears. The air was thick with the heat of the setting sun, the scent of sea salt and his cologne lingering like a challenge. Blaine was there, towering, golden, his bright blue eyes locked on hers with an intensity that made her stomach churn in equal parts excitement and dread.

His lips curved into that cocky smile, the one that screamed *I always get what I want.* And she knew what he wanted. It wasn’t Emily. It wasn’t spreadsheets, shy smiles, or tentative half-steps into the world. It wasn’t the quiet, unsure girl she’d been clinging to as her last anchor to the life she used to have.

It was Bunny. The bombshell. The bimbo. The queen of this ridiculous, impossible, *perfect* place.

Her breath hitched as he stepped closer, the space between them shrinking to nothing. The warmth of his body radiated against her skin, the weight of his gaze making her shiver. He raised a hand, brushing a stray strand of hair from her face, and she felt her resolve teeter on the edge of a knife.

She didn’t know if she wanted to lean into him or run screaming into the ocean.

*Emily. Remember Emily,* she thought desperately, even as her body betrayed her, arching subtly toward him, her thighs pressing together as if she could deny the ache building there. *This isn’t you. You’re not… her. You’re not Bunny. You’re just pretending to be Bunny so you can get out of here. You’re playing the part.*

But the lie tasted hollow, even in her own head.

Because wasn’t she? Wasn’t she Bunny now, in every way that mattered? The fishnet bodysuit clinging to her skin, the coconut bra squeezing her chest into two obscene globes, the glittering sash draped over her hip like a mocking crown—every inch of her screamed that name. *Bunny.*

And Blaine wasn’t looking at her like she was pretending. He was looking at her like she was exactly who she was supposed to be.

*He wants Bunny.*

Her breath hitched, and her thighs clenched again as the truth settled over her like a second skin. If she wanted to keep him on her side, to keep this ridiculous plan moving forward, she had to give him what he wanted. She had to be Bunny.

But the thought sent a ripple of fear through her, because once she let Bunny take over completely, would there be anything left of Emily to save?

Blaine’s hand trailed down her arm, his touch firm but achingly gentle, and she felt a traitorous moan rise in her throat. She swallowed it down, her mind spiraling.

*Think, Emily. Think.*

There had to be a way to do this—to play the part, to give him what he wanted, without losing herself entirely.

Her mind raced, cataloging everything she knew about Bunny—everything she’d become over the past few insane, surreal days. Bunny wasn’t shy or hesitant. Bunny didn’t worry about what people thought. Bunny wasn’t afraid of wanting, of being wanted. Bunny was all big hair and big tits and even bigger confidence.

And Blaine wanted that.

If she gave it to him, if she gave *herself* to him, she could keep the illusion going long enough to escape. She could be the perfect, bouncy bimbo he thought she was, let him worship her, let him lose himself in her until he was too dazzled to see the cracks in the facade.

But as the thought settled in her chest, another voice whispered in the back of her mind, soft and insidious.

*But what if you like it? What if you don’t want to escape?*

Her hands trembled as Blaine stepped closer, his fingers brushing her waist, his touch burning through the thin fabric of the fishnets. Her body reacted instinctively, her hips shifting toward him, her lips parting on a gasp she couldn’t suppress.

Her mind screamed at her to pull back, to push him away, to *run.*

But instead, she smiled.

It was a slow, sultry curve of her lips, a smile she’d never worn before Bikini Week but had perfected here. Bunny’s smile.

“Something on your mind, big guy?” she purred, her voice lower, huskier than Emily’s had ever been. It was a voice that dripped confidence, that promised secrets whispered against bare skin and laughter shared under neon lights.

Blaine’s smile widened, his hands sliding to her hips, gripping them firmly. “You,” he said simply, his voice a rumble that sent shivers down her spine.

Her heart raced, her mind a blur of warring thoughts. She could do this. She *had* to do this. She could give him Bunny—give him everything he wanted—and still hold on to the last threads of Emily.

Couldn’t she?

She tilted her head, letting her hair cascade over her shoulder, her fingers trailing up his chest. “You don’t waste time, do you?” she teased, her tone light, playful, every inch of her screaming Bunny even as her mind scrambled to hold on to Emily.

He chuckled, his grip tightening on her hips, pulling her flush against him. She felt the hard line of his arousal against her stomach, and a rush of heat pooled between her thighs, her body betraying her again.

*He wants Bunny. Be Bunny.*

She let her hands roam over his chest, her nails dragging lightly over his skin, her lips brushing against his jaw. “I like that about you,” she murmured, her voice trembling slightly with the effort of keeping up the act.

But was it an act anymore?

Her mind spiraled as Blaine’s hands explored her body, as his lips found her neck, as her own traitorous body melted into his. Every touch, every kiss, every gasp and moan felt like a nail in the coffin of Emily.

But it also felt good. Too good.

*Maybe this is who you were always meant to be,* a voice whispered in her mind, soft and dangerous.

Her nails dug into Blaine’s shoulders as he kissed her, his lips hot and demanding, his hands mapping every inch of her body as if he owned it. And didn’t he?

Emily—no, Bunny—was pressed so tightly against Blaine that she could feel the heat radiating off him like the sun beating down on the sand. His hands moved with unrestrained confidence, sliding from her hips to cup her ass through the sheer fishnet of her bodysuit, squeezing firmly. She gasped, her lips parting in a breathless, delighted moan that filled the bungalow like a siren’s call.

"Goddamn," Blaine murmured, loud enough for everyone to hear. The group that had stormed his bungalow—Veronica, Mr. Pearson, and the rest—stood frozen, caught between outrage and fascination as the golden god of Bikini Week grabbed Bunny, who looked like she was almost hot enough to be the Queen of Bikini week.

“You’re making it really hard to concentrate on saving the beach,” Blaine drawled, his bright blue eyes locking on hers.

She laughed, a tinkling, girlish sound that wasn’t hers, couldn’t be hers, but fit Bunny perfectly. “Well, you’ve got these hands all over me,” she teased, wriggling her hips in his grasp, “and they’re so big and strong and… oh!” Her voice turned higher, breathier, her head tilting back as his palms slid upward, settling possessively over her breasts.

“Like these, huh?” Blaine grinned, squeezing, his fingers digging into the plush, exaggerated curves of her chest.

Her response was immediate, shameless. “I love it!” she gushed, arching her back to press her tits further into his hands. “God, my big fake tits were made for this, weren’t they? For your big, meaty hands to just grab and squeeze in front of everyone and—ohhhh, Blaine!”

The room collectively inhaled, their shocked silence somehow louder than any gasp. Even Veronica, who had been alternating between jealousy and thinly veiled disdain, looked momentarily stunned.

Blaine’s grin widened, but a flicker of something passed behind his eyes—hesitation? Doubt? He leaned in, his lips brushing her ear as he whispered, “You’re good, babe. Really good. But is it real? Are you Bunny? Or are you just playing her?”

Her stomach flipped, and for a moment, Emily threatened to break through, her mind screaming. *He knows. He can tell. He can feel the cracks.*

But Bunny took over. Bunny knew what to do.

She pulled back just enough to meet his gaze, her eyes sparkling with a mix of mischief and need. “Oh, I won’t tell you the answer to that . . . I’ll show you,” she purred, her voice low and dripping with honey. She glanced around the room, her lips curving into a wicked smile. “I’ll show everyone.” And bunny pushed the on button on the radio.

The first grinding beat of "Cherry Pie" exploded from the speakers, because of course that was what happened to be playing on the radio the second she turned it on. Fog hissed through the bottoms of the doors to the outside, curling around her ankles and spreading across the floor like a rolling tide, lit by neon laser lights that pulsed in time with the music. Pink and blue beams cut through the haze, flickering over her skin and turning her into a living mirage. Overhead, a disco ball spun slowly, scattering shards of glittery light across her curves.

She smiled—slow, deliberate, dangerous. "You wanted Bunny?" she purred, her voice dripping with syrupy sweetness. "You’ve got Bunny. More Bunny than Bunny"

The bass thrummed through her body as she rolled her hips, each motion smooth and measured, every movement crafted to draw every eye in the room. The fog clung to her legs as she strutted forward, her heels clicking against the polished floor like the countdown of a clock.

Her gaze locked on Blaine. He was sitting back in his chair, legs spread wide, looking every bit the beachside king surveying his kingdom. But there was something new in his expression now: heat. Hunger. Challenge.

*Make him believe,* she told herself. *Make them all believe. Make YOURSELF believe.*

Her hands found the hem of her coconut bra, teasing it upward just enough to reveal the barest hint of skin. She caught Blaine’s gaze again, letting her tongue dart over her lips. “You all want this?” she cooed, her nails dragging over the straps, catching on the fishnet that hugged her body. “You want to see what Bunny’s all about?”

Whistles and cheers erupted from . . . somewhere, but Bunny barely heard them. She was locked on Blaine, her every move a taunt, a promise. His smirk faltered, replaced by something darker, sharper. Good.

She spun away from him, letting the music take her. Her hips swayed, her arms tracing sensuous paths through the air, her hair spilling over her shoulders in waves. Lights flickered across her skin, highlighting the curve of her waist, the arch of her back, the swell of her breasts. She turned sharply, finding a floor lamp in the corner, and with a wicked grin, pulled it to her like a partner in a dance.

Gripping the makeshift pole, she wrapped a leg around it, her thighs pressing tightly as she arched backward. Her hair cascaded in a glittering waterfall, her moan mingling with the screams of the crowd as she slid down, slow and sinuous. Her hands gripped the lamp, the metal cool against her palms as she threw herself into the performance, flipping her head back with a dramatic gasp.

The music pounded louder, and Bunny let go of the lamp, sauntering back to the center of the room. She dragged her hands down her thighs, hooking her fingers into the torn edges of her fishnets. With a sharp tug, the fabric ripped, the sound cutting through the beat. She gasped, letting her voice echo, her moans exaggerated but sultry as she revealed more skin, inch by tantalizing inch. Her thighs were bare now, the cool air against her heated flesh sending shivers up her spine.

The crowd's roar grew deafening as Bunny reached for a bottle of champagne, standing conveniently on a nearby table. She grabbed it, holding it above her head with both hands before shaking it vigorously. The cork popped with a loud burst, and the liquid erupted in a sparkling spray. She let it drench her, the cool fizz rolling down her chest, gliding between her breasts, soaking her fishnets until they clung like a second skin.

"Oops," she murmured, running her hands over her soaked body, spreading the liquid with slow, deliberate strokes. She moaned softly as her fingers teased over her curves, her thumbs brushing her nipples through the damp fabric. The noise she made sent Blaine’s knuckles tightening against the arms of his chair.

Somewhere, a chair screeched across the floor, and Bunny turned to grab it, flipping it backward before mounting it with a practiced swing of her legs. She straddled the seat, her knees pressing into the backrest, her hair spilling over her shoulders as she leaned backward, arching her body into a perfect crescent. She felt the tension in the room spike, the air thick with heat and desperation.

"Still doubting me, Blaine?" she asked, breathless but triumphant.

The music surged, and Bunny kicked herself upright, her hair whipping through the air like a black jade whip. Lights burst overhead, a kaleidoscope of color that mirrored the crowd’s frenzy. She tossed the chair aside, spinning back toward Blaine, and then, for the final act, grabbed a slice of cherry pie that was oh so conveniently there.

She bit into it, the juices dripping down her lips, sweet and sticky. Her tongue darted out, catching the crimson trails, licking them away in slow, deliberate motions. The room was a frenzy of noise now, but she barely noticed. She ran her fingers over the pie, smearing it across her chest, letting her hands glide over the mess, spreading the sweetness with shameless abandon.

As the final beats of the song approached, Bunny took one last leap into the air, throwing her leg high. She landed in a split with a triumphant cry, her hair fanning out around her, her chest heaving, her lips curling into a satisfied smirk. She looked up at Blaine, who was now on his feet, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes blazing with something primal.

The crowd erupted in cheers, but Bunny’s world had narrowed to one man. Blaine stormed forward, shoving aside anyone in his path. When he reached her, he held out his hand, his jaw tight, his voice a low growl.

Behind them, the faint strains of *"Cherry Pie"* faded into silence, leaving only the echo of Blaine’s commanding presence.

“Alright,” he said, his voice cutting through the noise, commanding instant silence. He strode toward her, his movements deliberate, his presence dominating. “That’s enough. You’ve proven your point,” he murmured, his voice low and rough. “You’re Bunny. All the way.”

Her breath hitched, her body arching into his touch. “Does that mean you believe me?”

He smirked, leaning in to brush his lips against her neck. “It means you’re coming with me. We’ve got a beach to save. As for the rest of you,’ Blaine declared, “Show’s over.”

Veronica crossed her arms and glared. “Are you serious? After all this, you’re just going to shove us out so you can...what? Screw your little pet project?”

Mr. Pearson held up a hand. “Now, let’s not be hasty. There’s a lot at stake here—”

“I’m not leaving until I get what I came for,” Charlotte interrupted, her sultry tone undercut by the steel in her voice. She sidled up to Blaine, placing a manicured hand on his arm. “And trust me, darling, you’ll want to hear me out.”

Blaine didn’t even look at her. His eyes stayed locked on Bunny, his grip on her hip tightening. “I said,” he growled, his voice dropping to a dangerous rumble, “show’s over.”

The air shifted. Blaine’s presence filled the room like a storm cloud, and for a moment, even Veronica looked uncertain.

“You can’t seriously expect us to just leave!” Pearson barked, recovering from his hesitation. “The entire goddamn nature of our existence is on the line, Blaine! And this - - -—this... Bunny—is at the center of it all. I’m staying!”

Blaine sighed, running a hand through his sun-streaked hair. “Fine,” he said, his voice tinged with exasperation. “You want to stay? Cool. Let’s make it simple.”

In one smooth motion, he grabbed a spare outfit of Bunny’s that was lying on a table, and then scooped Bunny into his arms, her squeal of surprise turning into a breathless giggle as he carried her toward the door. “I’ll go,” he said, throwing the door open with a slam that rattled the walls. “And she’s coming with me.”

“Wait—” Veronica tried again, but Blaine silenced her with a look so sharp it could’ve cut glass.

“This isn’t a negotiation,” he said. “You’ve got questions? Fine. Stay here and talk to the walls. Bunny and I have a contest to win.”

Charlotte threw her hands up in frustration. “You’re insane.”

“Maybe.” Blaine’s smirk returned, cocky and unbothered. “But I’m the one with the girl, so...”

Mr. Pearson opened his mouth, perhaps to deliver one last protest, but Blaine didn’t wait to hear it. He stepped out into the sunlit chaos of Bikini Week, Bunny cradled against his chest like a trophy. The door slammed shut behind them, cutting off the protests and leaving nothing but the roar of the beach ahead.

Bunny looked up at him, her heart pounding, her mind a whirl of excitement and terror. “I can walk, you know,” she said breathlessly, her voice tinged with playful sarcasm.

Blaine grinned down at her. “I know. But this way, everyone sees you’re mine.”

The words sent a thrill through her, even as Emily screamed somewhere in the back of her mind. *He doesn’t own you. You’re doing this for a reason, remember? For the plan.*

But Bunny didn’t care. Bunny preened in his arms, arching her back just enough to make her breasts press against his chest. “You like showing me off, huh?” she teased, her voice sweet and syrupy.

“Damn right I do,” Blaine said, his grin widening. “Now let’s go win this thing.”

The Bikini Car Wash Roller Disco Aerobics/Breakdancing Boombox Battle BBQ Muscle Surfing Tug-of-War Jet Ski Racing Wet-T-shirt Contest of Liberation awaited, and Bunny knew, deep down, that this was it. Her moment. Her chance to cement herself as the ***Queen of Bikini Week!***

No, wait! It was her final chance to escape. Wasn’t it?

# 

# CHAPTER 14: Rock You Like a Hurricane

The beach stretched out before them, endless and golden, the waves whispering secrets to the shore. Emily—no, she had to even think of herself as Bunny—stood barefoot in the sand, the warm grains curling between her toes as the sun kissed her bronzed skin. She could feel the soft hum of Bikini Week’s energy in the air, pulsing through her like a second heartbeat.

Blaine stood a few feet away, his chiseled figure silhouetted against the setting sun. His cocky grin and sapphire-blue eyes seemed to see through her, cutting straight to the part of her that didn’t know whether she wanted to fight this place or give herself over to it entirely.

She wasn’t sure which part of her spoke first. “Blaine,” she began, her voice low and velvety, “if we’re going to save this beach, we can’t just do another dumb single event.”

He turned to her, his arms crossed over his broad chest, every muscle flexing in the golden light. “Yeah? What’s your big idea, Bunny?”

The way he said her name sent a shiver down her spine. Bunny tilted her head, letting her glossy hair cascade over one shoulder, and sauntered toward him. Her hips swayed with each step, the rhythm as natural as the tide.

“We’ve gotta go big,” she said, her voice syrupy-sweet but laced with an edge of determination. “Like, ultimate-big. Blow-their-minds big.”

Blaine’s grin widened, and he leaned casually against a lifeguard stand. “I’m listening.”

There was a pay phone near her and she picked it up without thinking, the sleek plastic cool against her palm. Bunny’s red-tipped nails tapped at the push buttons as she dialed a random number, her glossy lips curving into a mischievous smile.

“Who are you calling?” Blaine asked, watching her with interest.

“I don’t think it matters?” Bunny replied, winking as she brought the phone to her ear. It rang twice before someone picked up.

“Hello?” a confused voice answered on the other end.

“Hi, gorgeous!” Bunny purred, her voice dripping with saccharine charm. “It’s Bunny! The soon to be queen of this here beach and I need your team to start putting together The Bikini Car Wash Roller Disco Coconut Oil Slip ‘N Slide Sexy Mud Wrestling Aerobics / Breakdancing Boombox Battle BBQ Muscle Surfing Tug-of-War Jet Ski Racing Wet-Tshirt Contest of Liberation ” Bunny chirped, winking at Blaine again. “Just spread the word, sugar. This beach is about to have the wildest event it’s ever seen.” She hung up with a smile.

“Babe…” Blaine said with a twinkle in his eye.

Her gold bangles jingled as she raised her hands, gesturing animatedly. “Think about it! All those silly little contests we’ve been doing? Car wash, wet T-shirt, dance-off... cute, but a waste of time doing them one by one. So …” She stepped closer, trailing a finger down his chest, feeling the hard muscles beneath his skin. “We do them all at once!”

Blaine arched a brow, intrigued but skeptical. “All at once?”

“Yes!” Bunny’s eyes gleamed with an unrestrained, almost feverish excitement. She stepped forward, gesturing dramatically as the vision poured out of her. “Picture it—a sprawling, neon-lit, multi-tiered floating carnival! On the water, we’ve got the **Coconut Oil Slip ’N Slide Mud Wrestling Gauntlet,** spiraling down into the biggest mud pit this beach has ever seen.”

Her voice rose with enthusiasm, her arms sweeping wide. “Above that? The **Jet Ski Wet T-Shirt Relay,** jets of foam and water blasting contestants as they race around, dripping wet and wild. And right in the middle of it all, we’ll have the ultimate centerpiece—a **spinning aerobics-breakdancing stage,** surrounded by BBQ pits sending up clouds of smoke and flame!”

She twirled on her heel, pointing upward. “Above *that*? A **Bikini Car Wash Roller Disco Dash,** with skaters spinning through foam jets while holding boomboxes blasting the hottest beats of the decade. The whole thing glows in the dark, so you can’t miss it.”

Her grin turned wicked as she leaned forward, her voice dropping to a seductive purr. “And at the very top? The grand finale: a **Muscle BBQ Tug-of-War Surf-Off** on a greased grill, where the winners slide straight into the **Wet T-Shirt Glow Dance Finale.** Fog, lasers, and soaked bikinis lighting up the night. It’s going to be a spectacle they’ll never forget!”

Her chest rose and fell, her energy infectious as she spun back toward Blaine, her fishnets shimmering in the light. “What do you think? Is it big enough? Sexy enough? Crazy enough to win *everything*? You’re not afraid of a little crazy, are you?”

He smirked, his gaze drifting to her lips. “Never.”

For a moment, the world narrowed to just the two of them. Bunny could feel the heat radiating off his body, the way his presence wrapped around her like the sun itself. She knew she had him hooked, but she needed to go further. She needed to *be* Bunny, more than ever before, to win him over completely—and to carry out her plan.

She hung up without waiting for a response, tossing the phone back into the sand. Blaine was grinning now, his sapphire eyes gleaming with approval.

“You’re out of your mind, Bunny,” he said, stepping closer.

She tilted her chin up, her smile playful. “And you love it.”

Before she could react, his hands were on her—large, strong, and unapologetically possessive. He pulled her against him, his fingers sliding over her hips and up to her waist, exploring the curve of her body like he owned it. Her breath hitched as his grip tightened, sending a jolt of heat through her.

Blaine’s hand slid down her back, his fingers grazing the curve of her ass. His touch sent a shiver through her, and Bunny let out a soft, involuntary moan. “Big ideas,” he murmured, his voice dropping low, “You sure you’re Bunny?”

Her mind stuttered. Her heart raced. His words echoed in her mind, both thrilling and terrifying. Be more Bunny than Bunny. Could she do that? Could she let go of Emily completely, even for a moment? The thought sent a pang through her, but it was quickly swallowed by the rush of his touch. She tilted her head up, her lips brushing his ear. “If you’ve got doubts, Blaine, I’ll prove it to you.”

“Yeah?” he asked, his hands tightening on her hips.

She bent forward slightly, her movements slow and deliberate, giving him a tantalizing view of her ass. Then she stood, turning back to face him, her body fully on display. Her confidence was electric, her pose daring.

Blaine stepped closer, his hands finding her hips again. He pulled her against him, his cock pressing hot and hard between her ass cheeks. “You’re something else,” he murmured, his lips brushing her neck.

Blaine’s hands tightened on Bunny’s hips, his fingers digging into her flesh with a dominance that made her gasp. Her body, clad in nothing but the scandalous outfit he’d picked for her, pressed firmly against his. His cock, impossibly hard, was wedged snugly between the plush, warm globes of her ass, straining against the thin fabric of his board shorts. The sensation sent an electric thrill racing through him, and his lips brushed the curve of her neck.

“You’re driving me insane, Bunny,” he murmured, his voice thick with desire, a low growl in his chest. His breath was hot against her skin, his hands sliding down to her waist before gripping her hips again. Slowly, deliberately, he began to grind against her, the length of his shaft sliding up and down between her cheeks.

Bunny let out a breathy moan, arching her back to press herself even closer to him. Her glossy lips curved into a playful smile, and she glanced over her shoulder, her eyes half-lidded and glinting with mischief. “Like that, big guy?” she purred, her voice dripping with syrupy sweetness.

“More than you know,” Blaine muttered, his jaw tightening as he pushed against her, his cock sliding along the smooth, golden curves of her ass. The friction was maddeningly good, her skin soft and slick from the lingering coconut oil.

She laughed, the sound light and teasing, but her breath hitched when she felt his cock throb against her through his shorts. Her own arousal was mounting, and her body responded instinctively, her hips rolling back to meet his movements. The feeling of his raw heat pressing against her sent a pulse of need straight to her core.

But she couldn’t let him enter her.. Not yet.

“Uh-uh,” she murmured, her tone coy as she reached back, her manicured fingers brushing over the ridges of his abs before slipping lower. Her hand found the base of his cock, gripping him firmly through his shorts. Blaine groaned, the sound rough and guttural, and Bunny giggled softly. “Not until the big event . . . the narrative demands it be then.”

“Bunny,” Blaine growled, his voice thick with frustration as he ground against her harder, the slide of her ass around his cock nearly making him lose control. “You’re killing me here.”

Her hand slid up his length, her nails scraping lightly over the fabric, sending jolts of pleasure through him. Then she tugged his shorts down just enough to free him, his massive, throbbing cock springing free and pressing hotly between her cheeks.

Bunny’s eyes widened at the sheer size of him, her cheeks flushing. “God, Blaine,” she murmured, feigning mock disapproval as her other hand slid back to cup one of her ass cheeks, spreading herself slightly to cradle him even tighter. “Do you always bring this much to the beach?”

“Always,” he said, his voice a rumble as he began to thrust, his cock sliding between her cheeks in slow, deliberate movements. The sensation was exquisite, her warm, soft flesh enveloping him completely.

Bunny bit her lip, her free hand reaching back to grip him firmly, guiding him as he moved. Her fingers wrapped around his shaft, her palm slick with his pre-cum as she stroked him, matching the rhythm of his thrusts. Each slide of his cock sent waves of pleasure through her, her own arousal building with each pass.

Blaine’s hands roamed her body, one sliding up to cup her breast, squeezing the supple flesh through her barely-there top. His other hand gripped her hip, holding her steady as he rocked against her, his cock gliding against her ass with increasing intensity.

“Goddamn, Bunny,” he muttered, his voice strained. His hips jerked forward, his cock throbbing in her grasp. “I need to be inside you. Right now.”

She tilted her head back, her hair cascading down her back as she moaned, her fingers tightening around him. “Not yet, Blaine,” she whispered, her voice trembling with effort. “You have to wait. Big rewards come later, remember?”

He growled in frustration, his fingers digging into her hips as he thrust harder, the slick sound of his cock sliding against her ass filling the air. Bunny’s breath quickened, her own body responding to the friction and the heat of his desire.

“Come on, Bunny,” Blaine pleaded, his voice low and desperate. “Let me have you. Just a taste.”

She smirked, glancing over her shoulder with a wicked glint in her eye. “No can do, big guy,” she teased, her hand sliding down to cup his balls, squeezing gently. “You’ll just have to settle for this.”

Her words pushed him over the edge. Blaine’s movements became erratic, his cock pulsing against her ass as his breath hitched. With a low, guttural groan, he came, his release hot and thick, spilling onto her golden skin. Bunny gasped, the warmth of him igniting her own arousal even further.

Blaine’s grip on her tightened as he rode out his climax, his chest heaving. He pressed his forehead against her shoulder, his breath warm against her skin as he muttered, “You’re gonna be the death of me, Bunny.”

She laughed softly, her fingers sliding over the mess on her skin. “You’re welcome,” she said, her voice dripping with playful satisfaction.

Before he could recover fully, Bunny spun around, grabbing his hand and tugging him toward the beach. “Come on,” she said, her grin infectious. “We’ve got a beach to save!”

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As they rounded the bend of the beach, Bunny’s breath caught in her throat. There, glimmering on the ocean like a mirage of neon dreams, was the floating carnival. It wasn’t just a structure—it was an entire universe of excess, decadence, and sheer hedonistic delight, bobbing gently on the water.

The carnival was a multi-tiered masterpiece of 1980s absurdity, a fluorescent fever dream brought to life. Strings of glowing lights in every color imaginable crisscrossed the air above it, pulsating in sync with the thumping beat of retro synth-pop that seemed to emanate from the very boards of the floating platform. The air was thick with the scent of sizzling barbecue, coconut oil, and the faint tang of saltwater, mingling into an intoxicating cocktail of aromas.

Bunny’s eyes widened, her lips parting as she took in the scene before her. The base of the carnival, just above the waterline, was a sprawling, neon-lit Slip ‘N Slide that spiraled down into the sea like a technicolor water snake. The track glistened with coconut oil under the spotlights, making it look like a slippery ribbon of liquid gold. Contestants at the top hurled themselves onto the slide with wild abandon, their laughter echoing as they raced down in a blur of wet, shiny bodies. The slide fed directly into a massive mud pit, where bikini-clad figures were locked in muddy embraces, their bodies glistening under strategically placed lights that made the mud shimmer like molten chocolate.

Above the mud pit, a colossal roller disco glittered like a spinning jewel. The arena was a kaleidoscope of reflective surfaces, disco balls casting fragmented rainbows over the skaters who whirled and spun through jets of soapy foam. The skaters were scantily clad, their bikinis soaked and clinging to every curve as they balanced oversized boomboxes blasting thumping beats. The foam overflowed, cascading down the edges of the disco and spilling onto the Slip ‘N Slide below, making it even slicker.

As Bunny’s gaze traveled upward, she spotted the spinning aerobics-breakdancing stage at the heart of the carnival. It was a massive rotating platform surrounded by flaming barbecue pits, the heat of the fire creating a shimmering haze that danced in the air. Contestants performed high-energy routines, their bodies glistening with sweat as they transitioned seamlessly from aerobics moves to gravity-defying breakdancing. Each spin of the platform sent sparks flying from the BBQ pits, the firelight catching on the sequins and neon of the dancers’ outfits. Smoke machines belched out plumes of aromatic BBQ smoke, the scent mingling with the tang of sweat and sea air.

The next level was a labyrinthine jet ski course that twisted around the edges of the carnival, its track illuminated by strings of glowing pink and blue lights. Riders zipped through the course, dodging high-powered water cannons that drenched them in jets of icy water. Each splash sent their wet T-shirts clinging tighter to their torsos, leaving little to the imagination. Bunny could see figures wiping out spectacularly, their jet skis careening into the water, only to emerge laughing and soaked as they were swept onto the next event.

And then, towering above it all, was the pièce de résistance: the Muscle BBQ Tug-of-War Surf-Off. A massive, greased-up grill sat suspended over the entire structure, smoke rising in billowing waves as contestants battled with a tug-of-war rope. The losing team would be dragged onto the grill itself, forced to surf their way across the sizzling surface while balancing plates of BBQ ribs and executing ridiculous tricks. The surfboards themselves were neon-painted masterpieces, glowing under the blacklights that framed the stage. Bunny giggled as she watched one contestant lose their balance, sliding across the greased surface in an explosion of BBQ sauce and laughter.

The very top of the carnival was shrouded in fog, the Body Shot Lap Dance Stripper Pole Glow Dance Finale taking place on a glowing, fog-filled dance floor. Contestants, dripping wet from the events below, twirled and gyrated in a spectacle of laser lights and pounding beats. The fog machines spilled their thick, luminous clouds downward, adding an otherworldly glow to the entire carnival. The lasers cut through the haze, illuminating every wet bikini, every bead of sweat, every neon-painted body in startling detail.

It was chaos. It was lust. It was everything that Bikini Week was supposed to be.

Bunny’s heart pounded in her chest as she took it all in. Her body buzzed with a thrill that wasn’t just anticipation—it was longing. She felt herself moving closer to Blaine, her fingers twitching at her sides, aching to grab his hand and drag him into the fray.

“This is... insane,” she breathed, her voice trembling with excitement. “It’s—God, Blaine, it’s perfect.”

He smirked, his eyes raking over her with a possessiveness that made her shiver. “You ready to show this beach who’s boss, Bunny?”

She turned to him, her lips curving into a wicked smile. “Are you kidding? I was made for this.”

The words felt right in her mouth, more natural than any she’d spoken as Emily. This wasn’t just a carnival—it was a baptism. Each level, each event, was a step closer to something she couldn’t quite name, but her body and Bunny knew exactly what it was.

As Blaine grabbed her hand, pulling her toward the Slip ‘N Slide’s starting platform, Bunny couldn’t stop herself from laughing, a bright, exhilarated sound.

“Let’s do this,” she said, her voice loud and confident, the doubts that had plagued her as Emily dissolving into the glow of neon and the roar of the crowd. Bunny was ready.

—

Bunny stood at the edge of the surfboard, her toes curling over its slick, neon-painted surface as the gentle waves lapped at the shore. Behind her, Blaine grinned, his muscles rippling as he pushed the board deeper into the water, guiding it like a master of the seas. The carnival glimmered in the distance, a wild, electrifying beacon that called to them both, its pulsating neon lights reflecting in the gentle ripples of the ocean.

She turned back to him, her long hair whipping in the breeze, the golden rays of the setting sun catching the glint of her barely-there outfit. The skimpy number Blaine had picked out for her earlier—a thong bikini bottom in blazing gold and a strappy top that left nothing to the imagination—shimmered as if alive, hugging her curves so tightly that it was more suggestion than clothing.

“Ready, babe?” Blaine asked, his deep, cocky voice dripping with amusement. His sapphire eyes glinted with mischief as they roamed over her body, lingering on her pert ass. “This is your shot to show them who owns this beach.”

Bunny swallowed, excitement and nerves bubbling in equal measure. The distant music from the carnival seemed to sync with her pounding heart, the rhythm thrumming in her veins. She placed a hand on her hip, jutting it out provocatively as she shot Blaine a smirk. “You think they’re ready for me?”

“Oh, they will be,” Blaine said, his tone darkening just enough to send a shiver down her spine. “But first—there’s a little initiation.”

Her brow arched, and she tilted her head in curiosity, the sunlight catching the gloss on her lips. “Initiation?”

Blaine’s grin widened, and he stepped onto the board with her, his towering frame close enough that she could feel the heat radiating off his skin. His hands landed firmly on her hips, making her breath hitch.

“The judges,” he said, his fingers sliding lower to grip the thin straps of her bikini bottom, “need to know you’re willing to do whatever it takes to win.”

Bunny’s cheeks flushed hot, but a thrill raced through her, drowning out the tiny voice of Emily somewhere in the back of her mind. “And how do they know that?”

Blaine leaned in, his lips brushing her ear as he growled, “By taking it like a champ, Bunny. That’s how.”

Before she could react, his hands yanked upward, the thin fabric of her bikini bottom slicing between her cheeks in one swift, powerful motion. Bunny let out a breathy gasp, her hands flying to Blaine’s shoulders to steady herself as the wedgie lifted her slightly off the board.

“Blaine!” she squealed, her voice half protest, half arousal, as the golden fabric dug deep, baring even more of her luscious curves. The sensation was sharp, embarrassing, and electrifying all at once. She squirmed in his grip, but Blaine only grinned, pulling the straps higher until they pressed into the curve of her spine.

The bikini bottom was stretched to its absolute limit, the fabric taut and shimmering, highlighting every inch of her perfect ass. Bunny’s legs trembled, her breath coming in quick, shallow gasps as she felt herself being utterly exposed.

“You like that?” Blaine taunted, his voice thick with amusement and desire. He pulled the straps even tighter, the fabric digging into her folds, making her gasp again. “This is what it takes to be a winner, Bunny. You gonna quit now?”

Bunny bit her lip, her body trembling with a mixture of humiliation and undeniable arousal. She shook her head, her voice breathless but firm. “No. I’ll... I’ll do whatever it takes.”

“Good girl,” Blaine murmured, his hands sliding lower to cup her ass, his fingers digging into the soft flesh. He gave her a playful slap, the sound cracking like a whip over the water. Bunny yelped, her back arching instinctively as the sting sent a jolt of heat through her.

He spanked her again, harder this time, and Bunny moaned softly, her nails digging into his shoulders. Each smack sent her reeling, the line between pleasure and pain blurring in a way that made her thighs clench with need.

“Now they’ll know you’re serious,” Blaine said, his voice a low growl as he gave her one final, lingering squeeze before releasing her. He stepped back, admiring his handiwork as Bunny stood there, panting and flushed, her bikini bottom riding high, the fabric stretched so tight it seemed painted on.

She shot him a sultry glare over her shoulder, her lips curling into a mischievous smile. “You’re enjoying this way too much.”

“You’re not?” he challenged, his grin widening as he stepped off the board, letting it drift into the shallow waves. “Get going, Bunny. They’re waiting.”

With a flick of her hair and a saucy wink, Bunny turned and stepped onto the board. Her hips swayed as she adjusted her stance, the sun glinting off her bronzed skin and the shimmering gold of her bikini. The sensation of the wedgie was maddening, the fabric clinging to her in ways that made her hyper-aware of every inch of her body. But instead of shrinking away, she embraced it. That’s what Bunny would do and she needed to be more Bunny than Bunny, after all.

The waves rolled in beneath her, and Bunny crouched low, balancing expertly on the surfboard as Blaine gave her a final push. The board glided smoothly over the water, the salty spray cool against her skin as she rode the gentle swells toward the carnival. The closer she got, the louder the music became, the thumping bass syncing perfectly with her racing heartbeat.

The carnival loomed larger with each passing second, its neon lights reflecting off the surface of the water in a dazzling display. Bunny grinned, her excitement building as she spotted the Slip ‘N Slide spiraling down into the mud pit. Contestants were already gathering at the top, their laughter and cheers echoing over the waves.

Bunny adjusted her stance, her fingers brushing over the straps of her bikini bottom as she prepared to make her entrance. Her confidence surged, and as she neared the edge of the carnival platform, she couldn’t help but shout, “Bunny’s here, bitches! Let’s do this!”

The crowd erupted in cheers and whistles, and Bunny leaped from the surfboard onto the platform, landing gracefully despite the wobble of her legs. She sauntered toward the start of the Slip ‘N Slide, her hips swaying, her golden thong still riding high and glinting in the lights. The judges gave her approving nods, and Bunny felt a rush of satisfaction.

She was ready. She was here. And she was going to win.

Bunny crouched at the top of the Slip ’N Slide, her fingers grazing the edge of the glitter-slicked surface. Coconut oil shimmered in the neon lights, mingling with endless specks of glitter that sparkled like a galaxy under the strobe beams. It smelled like sunscreen and excess, and she loved it.

“Alright, Bunny!” one of the announcers yelled into his microphone, his voice booming over the thumping bass of the carnival music. “Let’s see what you’ve got!”

Bunny giggled, tossing her hair over her shoulder and giving the crowd an exaggerated wave. Her ass wiggled just enough to draw a round of cheers, the golden thong riding so high it was practically a second spine. She lowered herself onto the slide, feeling the slick coconut oil against her skin as her knees dug into the surface.

“Here goes nothing!” she chirped, her voice bubbly and pitched higher than Emily would’ve ever dared. But Emily was miles away, lost in the fog of this neon wonderland.

She pushed off, but instead of zooming forward, she slid a pathetic six inches before coming to a halt, her thighs squeaking against the oily surface. “Oh my gawd,” Bunny whined, wiggling her hips in a vain attempt to get moving. “I’m stuck!”

From the sidelines, Blaine’s laughter rang out, rich and deep. “Looks like you need a hand, babe.”

Bunny turned her head to see him striding toward her, shirtless, his golden skin gleaming with a light sheen of sweat. Her breath hitched as her eyes trailed over his rippling abs, the sharp cut of his V-line disappearing into his board shorts. He was a walking wet dream, and Bunny didn’t even try to hide the way her gaze lingered.

“Don’t just stand there lookin’ hot!” she pouted, playfully tossing a handful of glitter toward him. “Help meeee!”

Blaine crouched beside her, his hand brushing her thigh as he gave her an exaggerated once-over. “Babe, you’re a work of art. But this slide’s about to make you a masterpiece.”

He reached down, gripping her hips firmly, his fingers digging into the slick, glittery skin. Bunny gasped, her voice coming out breathy and high-pitched. “Blaine! What are you—”

“Just helping you out, Bunny,” he said with a smirk, giving her a shove that sent her squealing forward. The force of his push made her thong tighten even more, the golden fabric disappearing entirely between her cheeks. The sting of the wedgie and the exhilaration of the slide combined into an overwhelming rush that left her giggling uncontrollably.

The crowd erupted in cheers as Bunny sped down the slide, the oil and glitter clinging to her body like a second skin. When she hit the first turn, the slide sent her into a spin, and by the time she reached the bottom, she was a shimmering, sparkling vision. Her ass caught the lights perfectly, and when she stood up, Blaine—now standing at the edge of the pit—shielded his eyes dramatically.

“Damn, babe!” he called out, his grin wide. “You’re blinding me!”

Bunny struck a pose, planting a hand on her hip and throwing him a wink. “Like what you see, big guy?”

“Oh, you know I do,” Blaine said, walking toward her. “But you’re missing something.”

Before she could ask what, Blaine produced a bottle of coconut oil, holding it up like a prize. “You can’t wrestle like that,” he teased. “But I’m feeling a little dry so oil me up first.”

The crowd roared its approval, and Bunny couldn’t resist the pull of their energy. She strutted toward Blaine, snatching the bottle from his hand with a playful roll of her eyes. “Anything for my beach king,” she purred, her fingers already unscrewing the cap.

She poured a generous amount of oil into her hands, letting the excess drip dramatically down her arms as she stepped closer. Blaine spread his arms wide, his chest bare and inviting. Bunny placed her palms flat against his pecs, the slick oil making her hands glide effortlessly over his muscles. She worked her way down, her hands exploring every ridge of his abs, her fingers lingering just a little longer than necessary.

“You’re gonna be the best-oiled guy out there,” Bunny said, her voice teasing but filled with genuine awe at his physique. Her hands dipped lower, skimming the waistband of his shorts before pulling away with a mischievous giggle.

“Your turn,” Blaine said, his voice low and rough. Before Bunny could react, he grabbed the bottle and upended it over her chest, the cool oil drenching her skin. She gasped, laughing as the slick liquid rolled down her body, making her golden bikini shimmer even brighter.

“You’re such a bad boy!” Bunny squealed, spinning around to give him a playful smack on the chest. But her giggles turned into a breathy moan as Blaine leaned in, his hands sliding over her waist and squeezing her hips.

“Bad boys win,” Blaine murmured, his lips brushing her ear before giving her a light smack on the ass. “Now go win this thing, Bunny.”

With a final shove, Blaine sent her sliding forward once more, the coconut oil and glitter making her glide effortlessly. She hit the bottom with a splash, landing squarely in the mud pit. The crowd’s cheers grew louder as Bunny sat up, her hair plastered to her face, her body covered in a mix of oil, glitter, and mud.

But instead of feeling embarrassed, Bunny threw her arms in the air, laughing wildly. “Let’s get dirty!” she shouted, her voice bubbly and uninhibited.

From the lifeguard tower, Chad, Tad, Rad, and Lad watched the scene unfold with a mix of disgust and determination. Chad, the self-appointed leader of their obnoxiously tanned squad, leaned on the railing, his jaw tightening as he glared at Bunny.

“She’s ruining everything,” Chad said, his voice dripping with contempt. “This beach used to be ours.”

“Yeah,” Tad chimed in, pushing his sunglasses up his nose. “Now it’s all glitter and... and coconut oil!”

“Not to mention Blaine,” Rad added, crossing his arms over his chest. “Dude’s acting like he owns the place.”

Lad, the quietest of the group, finally spoke up. “We have to stop them.”

Chad grinned, his pearly whites gleaming in the sun. “Damn right we do. And I’ve got a plan.”

The four of them huddled together, their voices low as they plotted their next move, the neon glow of the carnival reflecting off their mirrored shades. Their mission was clear: take Blaine down and reclaim their rightful place as the kings of Bikini Week.

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The mud pit stretched out before Bunny like a glistening battlefield, the rich, slick muck catching the neon lights from above. The cheers of the crowd echoed around her, a cacophony of catcalls, whistles, and laughter as the contestants, a gaggle of scantily clad women in neon bikinis and fishnets, began sizing each other up. Some looked as daunted as Emily might have—others, like seasoned veterans, grinned with salacious confidence.

Bunny pushed herself up from where she’d landed, her hands sinking into the soft, warm mud. The ooze squished between her fingers and over her thighs, clinging to her skin like a lover’s caress. She felt ridiculous, but something about the scene ignited a flicker of excitement deep in her belly. The crowd was raucous, their enthusiasm feeding into her growing sense of abandon.

Across the pit, a red-haired bombshell in a fluorescent pink bikini winked at her, tossing her hair back. “Don’t worry, sweetheart,” the girl drawled, her voice dripping with faux innocence. “It’s all for the guys. They eat this stuff up.”

Bunny laughed nervously, brushing her mud-slicked hair out of her face. “Yeah… for the guys,” she echoed, her voice uncertain.

But as the referee—a bronzed, shirtless hunk in tiny shorts—blew his whistle, the energy shifted. Bunny’s hesitation melted as the other women lunged, their laughter and mock aggression transforming the mud pit into a playground of chaos and flesh.

A busty blonde tackled Bunny from the side, her arms wrapping around her waist as they both went tumbling into the muck. Bunny squealed, the sound high-pitched and girlish, as the mud sloshed up around them.

“Sorry, babe,” the blonde said, giggling as she pinned Bunny down. “Gotta look good for my boyfriend over there!” She jerked her head toward the crowd, where a group of sunburned dudes hooted and hollered. But her hands lingered just a bit too long on Bunny’s shoulders, her fingers digging into the slick mud-coated flesh in a way that sent a jolt of unexpected heat through Bunny’s chest.

“This is insane,” Bunny murmured under her breath, squirming beneath the blonde. But as she looked up at the woman, who was grinning with more than just competitive spirit, Bunny felt a pang of something unfamiliar. Was this fun?

The thought was interrupted by another contestant—a petite brunette with a wicked smile—who dove into the fray, grabbing the blonde and rolling her off Bunny. The three of them became a tangle of limbs, the mud making every movement slippery and unpredictable.

From the edge of the pit, Blaine leaned casually against the ropes, his arms crossed over his chest as he watched the chaos unfold. His eyes were locked on Bunny, his lips curving into that cocky, knowing grin that made her stomach flip. “Damn, babe,” he called out, his voice carrying easily over the crowd. “You’re making dirt look good.”

Bunny froze for a moment, her cheeks burning. The compliment hit her like a bolt of lightning, equal parts flattery and humiliation. She wanted to crawl out of the mud and smack him—or maybe kiss him. It was hard to tell.

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High above the mud pit, the Chads—Chad, Tad, Rad, and Lad—watched the chaos unfold from their perch on a rickety lifeguard tower. Each of them was dripping in neon sweatbands, oversized sunglasses, and a level of misguided confidence that could only come from peak Chad energy.

“Alright, bros,” Chad said, his jaw jutting out as he adjusted his visor. “If we’re gonna take down Bunny and her muscle-bound beach god, we gotta blend in.”

“How do we blend in?” Tad asked, scratching his perfectly coiffed head.

Chad smirked, whipping out a duffel bag stuffed with absurdly girly outfits. “We dress like babes, bro. No one’ll see it coming.”

Rad peered into the bag, pulling out a neon pink bikini top. “Is this… lace? Dude, my pecs can’t breathe in this.”

“Shut up, Rad,” Chad snapped. “This is our shot at glory. We beat Bunny in the mud pit, and everyone will see we’re the real kings of Bikini Week.”

Lad held up a pair of glittery stilettos, his expression dubious. “Uh, bro? These don’t look aerodynamic.”

Chad rolled his eyes. “It’s not about speed, Lad. It’s about *style.* Now suit up.”

Moments later, the four of them emerged from the shadows, strutting awkwardly toward the mud pit in their mismatched, hyper-feminine disguises. Chad wore a sparkling purple halter top that barely covered his abs, while Tad had squeezed into a polka-dot one-piece that made his shoulders look like a linebacker’s. Rad’s fishnet stockings were already torn, and Lad teetered dangerously on his stilettos, clutching a feather boa like a lifeline.

The crowd erupted into laughter, their cheers turning into a mix of catcalls and hoots as the Chads struck their best “sexy” poses.

“Yo, Bunny!” Chad called out in a falsetto voice that sounded more like a chipmunk on helium. “Mind if we join in?”

Bunny, still catching her breath, turned to see the quartet clambering awkwardly into the pit. Her jaw dropped. “What… the hell?”

Chad winked, blowing her a kiss. “We’re here to wrestle, babe.”

Before Bunny could respond, Blaine stepped into the pit with the calm authority of a lion entering its den. His chest glistened under the lights, his arms flexing as he crossed them over his broad chest.

“Alright,” Blaine said, his voice low and deadly. “Which one of you clowns wants to go first?”

The Chads exchanged nervous glances, their bravado faltering. But Chad, ever the leader, puffed out his chest and pointed a manicured finger at Blaine. “Don’t get in our way, bro. This is between us and the babe.”

Blaine smirked, his eyes narrowing. “Nah. You want to play? You play with me.”

In a flash, Blaine lunged forward, grabbing Chad by the feathered wig and yanking it off his head. “Nice hair,” Blaine drawled, before tossing Chad like a sack of potatoes into the nearest puddle of mud.

“Yo, not cool, bro!” Rad shouted, charging at Blaine with all the finesse of a drunken giraffe. Blaine sidestepped easily, catching Rad by the waistband of his sequined shorts and lifting him off the ground. With a grunt of effort, Blaine spun Rad around like a discus and hurled him into Tad, sending both of them crashing into the ropes.

Lad, still teetering on his stilettos, raised his feather boa like a weapon. “Stay back, dude! I’ve got… uh… feathers!”

Blaine raised an eyebrow. “Feathers?” He stepped forward, grabbing Lad by the boa and pulling him off his feet. With a single motion, he whipped Lad around and sent him flying into the mud pit, where he landed with a spectacular splash.

The crowd was in hysterics, chanting Blaine’s name as he dusted off his hands and turned back to Bunny. “You good, babe?”

Bunny stared at him, her glittering, mud-slicked body trembling with laughter. “You’re insane,” she said, shaking her head.

“Yeah,” Blaine replied, his cocky grin returning. “But you love it.”

In the pit, the Chads groaned collectively, their disguises ruined and their egos thoroughly bruised. Chad wiped mud from his face, glaring up at Blaine. “This isn’t over, bro!” he shouted, shaking a muddy fist.

Blaine laughed, slinging an arm around Bunny’s shoulders as he led her away. “Yeah, yeah. Go wash off, Barbie squad.”

As the couple disappeared into the next stage of the carnival, the Chads scrambled out of the pit, muttering about revenge and trying to salvage what was left of their dignity.

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“Focus, Bunny!” Emily whispered to herself. “You want to win, right?”

The gears in Emily’s mind turned. Did she want to win? Emily wouldn’t. Emily would have slunk out of the pit, mortified and covered in mud. But Bunny? Bunny was starting to enjoy the feel of the mud on her skin, the way it made every movement sensual and exaggerated. She was starting to enjoy the attention, the cheers, the raw thrill of it all.

The brunette grinned, her hands sliding down Bunny’s sides as if to help her up—but instead, she tugged hard, sending Bunny spinning into another contestant. The impact knocked them both into the muck, their bodies sliding together in a tangle of limbs and laughter. The crowd roared with approval.

“Alright,” Bunny muttered, her lips curling into a determined smile. “Let’s do this.”

As the wrestling continued, Bunny found herself fully immersed in the chaos. She laughed as a buxom redhead accidentally slipped, crashing face-first into the mud. She yelped when the blonde from earlier tried to grab her by the ankle, only to end up pulling herself face-first into Bunny’s thighs instead.

Then came the moment that turned the tide: one of the contestants—an Amazonian brunette with legs that went on forever—grabbed a bucket of glitter from the edge of the pit and hurled it straight into the fray. Bunny ducked instinctively, but the glitter exploded around her like a neon bomb, coating her mud-slicked body in a dazzling, shimmering layer of sparkle.

The crowd went wild, chanting her name—“Bunny! Bunny! Bunny!”—as she stood there, glistening like a disco ball in the carnival lights. She turned to Blaine, who looked like he was two seconds away from climbing into the pit himself.

“Babe,” he said, shaking his head, “you’re unreal.”

Bunny grinned, grabbing the Amazonian brunette by the wrist and spinning her into the mud with a loud splash. The two of them wrestled playfully, their movements so exaggerated it was practically a choreographed routine. Bunny twisted, the mud coating her body, her fishnet bodysuit tearing in several places until it was barely clinging to her curves. With one final, dramatic spin, Bunny managed to send the brunette flying out of the pit and into a stack of inflatable beach balls.

Panting and laughing, Bunny stood in the center of the pit, her hands on her hips, mud streaking her skin like war paint. Her fishnet bodysuit hung in tatters, clinging to her curves in shreds, each movement pulling it further apart. The slick, gritty sensation of mud against her bare flesh sent a strange thrill through her, making her feel untamed, unstoppable. For the first time, she caught her reflection in a puddle beside her.

It wasn’t Emily staring back. It was Bunny—mud-slicked, glitter-dusted, and glowing with a raw, radiant confidence she’d never felt before.

“Winner!” the announcer bellowed, holding up a cheap plastic trophy shaped like a bikini top. But before she could step forward to grab it, the crowd parted, and Blaine appeared, his chiseled form cutting through the chaos like a golden god. His broad shoulders gleamed under the sun, and his cocky smirk sent a shiver down her spine. In his hands, he held a garment so tiny it looked like a joke—a slingshot bikini in eye-popping neon pink and gold, shimmering with a metallic sheen that caught the light like a beacon.

“Here,” he said, his voice rough and low, filled with an unspoken challenge. He held the bikini out to her, his sapphire eyes locked on hers. “You earned it.”

Bunny stared at the scraps of fabric, her breath hitching. The bikini was ridiculous, almost obscene. The top consisted of two narrow triangles, lined with sparkling gold thread, connected by the thinnest strings imaginable. The bottoms—if they could even be called that—were a high-cut thong with slingshot straps that rose dramatically over the hips, the neon fabric barely wide enough to cover her most intimate parts. The entire thing seemed designed to showcase, not conceal.

She hesitated, her fingers trembling as she reached out to take it. The crowd cheered wildly, and Blaine’s smirk widened. “What’s the matter, babe?” he teased. “Too much for you?”

Her heart raced as she looked up at him, then back at the bikini. Something inside her shifted—a spark of defiance, a thrill of possibility. “Not at all,” she said, her voice breathy but confident.

Turning her back to the crowd, Bunny slipped out of the last remnants of her fishnet bodysuit, the mud cooling against her exposed skin as she peeled it off. The bikini’s fabric felt smooth and slippery in her hands, and she started with the top, tying the delicate gold strings behind her neck and back. The triangles barely covered her nipples, leaving the curve of her breasts fully exposed. The tightness of the fabric pressed against her, lifting and shaping her chest in a way that made her gasp softly.

Next, she stepped into the thong bottoms, sliding them up her thighs. The high-cut straps hugged her hips, the neon pink fabric gleaming against her bronzed skin. She adjusted the slingshot straps over her shoulders, feeling the elastic pull taut against her body. The fabric nestled snugly between her cheeks, the sensation both strange and intoxicating. She gave a little wiggle, feeling the thong settle into place, and glanced down at herself.

The bikini was absurd, outrageously sexy, and completely impractical—and it made her feel unstoppable.

When she turned to face Blaine and the crowd, the reaction was instantaneous. Whistles, cheers, and catcalls erupted, and Bunny couldn’t help but smile. The slingshot bikini caught the sun, the metallic gold threads glinting like a spotlight on her body. She struck a pose, her hands on her hips, her chest thrust forward, and the crowd roared louder.

Blaine stepped closer, his gaze raking over her with unabashed hunger. “Damn, babe,” he said, his voice low enough that only she could hear. “You’re a walking fantasy.”

Her cheeks flushed, but she tilted her chin up, meeting his gaze with a smirk. “Good,” she replied, her voice dripping with newfound confidence. “Because I plan to win this thing.”

Blaine walked alongside her, his bronzed chest still shimmering with oil and his chiseled jaw set in that cocky smirk that drove her wild. When they reached the staging area for the **Bikini Car Wash Boombox Disco Dash**, a hose dangled nearby and Blaine grabbed the nozzle and leveled it at her.

“Hold still, babe,” he said, his voice dripping with authority.

Before she could protest, a blast of cold water hit her square in the chest. Bunny shrieked, her laughter bubbling up uncontrollably as the water soaked her, plastering the thin fabric of her bikini against her skin and made her nipples poke out even harder, if that was possible. The cold spray sent shivers down her spine, and the crowd around them roared with approval, their voices blending with the upbeat disco music pumping through the speakers.

“Blaine!” she giggled, squirming under the relentless spray. “You’re getting me all wet!”

“Well I do love a wet girl,” he shot back, his grin widening. He stepped closer, the nozzle still trained on her as he hosed her down, the water running in rivulets over her glistening skin. Her bikini top shifted precariously, the tiny triangles of fabric barely covering her now. Blaine didn’t hesitate, reaching out with one hand to adjust the straps, his fingers manhandling her breasts back into the tiny top.

“There,” he said, stepping back to admire his handiwork. His blue eyes swept over her, taking in every curve, every glimmering inch of her. “Perfect.”

Bunny’s cheeks flushed, her lips parting slightly as she soaked in his praise. She glanced down at herself, her body practically glowing in the afternoon sunlight. For a moment, she caught her reflection in a nearby puddle, the slick, sexy vision staring back at her almost unrecognizable as Emily, but very recognizable as Bunny. She let out a soft, breathy laugh, her chest rising and falling as she turned to face the glittering roller disco ahead.

The **Bikini Car Wash Boombox Disco Dash** was everything Bunny had dreamed of and more. The arena was a neon-lit masterpiece, a giant circular track that sparkled with foam and suds. Jets of water and soap shot into the air at random intervals, drenching everything and everyone in sight. The center of the track was a spinning disco ball the size of a small car, casting rainbow patterns over the chaos below.

Contestants were required to roller skate through the foamy chaos while carrying oversized boomboxes blaring dance tracks. The goal? Stay upright, keep dancing, washing cars, and rack up style points from the panel of judges—three shirtless men in gold lamé pants and aviators who sat perched on lifeguard chairs.

Each contestant was already coated in foam and water, their outfits clinging to their bodies as they prepared for the chaos to come. The roller disco arena gleamed like a fever dream of 1980s decadence—three stories of neon chaos, pulsating beats, and enough soap bubbles to drown a small town. Emily eyed her competition:

* **Trixie Tumbleweed**, a platinum blonde bombshell with a bikini made entirely of sequins and a pair of roller skates that lit up with every movement. Her boombox blasted “Physical” by Olivia Newton-John, and she twirled her pigtails like they were weapons.
* **Candy Crush**, a voluptuous redhead with a penchant for dramatic flair. She wore a fringed bikini that swayed with every step, and her boombox had been bedazzled with rhinestones spelling out “CRUSH IT.”
* **Misty Mayhem**, a punk rocker with a mohawk dyed in neon green. Her leather bikini and spiked bracelets clashed gloriously with the sudsy aesthetic, and her boombox pumped out gritty, bass-heavy tracks that made the speakers shake.
* **Darla Delight**, a sweet-faced brunette in a pastel bikini and heart-shaped sunglasses. Her boombox played sugary pop tunes, and she twirled a pair of pink pom-poms as she skated in place.

The whistle blew, and chaos erupted.

Bunny launched forward, her wheels catching the slick foam-coated floor. Jets of bubbles exploded around her like tiny soap volcanoes, and she wobbled precariously, her free arm flailing for balance. Ahead of her, Trixie Tumbleweed performed a flawless spin, her sequined bikini flashing under the neon lights, while Candy Crush swung her hips to the beat, her rhinestone-encrusted boombox flashing like a disco ball.

The foam machines whirred louder, blasting a thick cloud of suds directly into Bunny’s path. She skated blindly, her vision obscured, her breath catching as the cool bubbles kissed her skin. It was like skating through her own thoughts—confusing, disorienting, and so slippery she wasn’t sure she’d ever find footing again.

“Stay upright, Bunny!” she muttered to herself, her skates sliding dangerously close to the edge of the track.

Then she hit the **Wardrobe Malfunction Zone**.

A massive jet of foam exploded from the floor, catching Bunny mid-stride. Her bikini top, already barely holding on, snapped free with an audible *ping*, the fabric vanishing into the frothy abyss. The crowd erupted in cheers as Bunny stumbled, clutching her boombox tighter to her chest to cover her now-bare breasts.

“Keep going, babe!” Blaine’s voice boomed from the sidelines, his laughter rich and unmistakably proud.

Bunny’s cheeks burned, but her embarrassment was quickly overtaken by the thrill of the moment. She let out a wild giggle, shaking her suds-covered hair as she pressed forward, her skates slicing through the foam.

And then—*disaster*.

Her skate hit a rogue sponge, and she toppled backward, her arms pinwheeling before she crashed to the floor. The crowd’s collective gasp was drowned out by the announcer’s gleeful shout:

“Uh-oh! Bunny’s headed to the **Hot Wax Zone**!”

Two attendants in barely-there bikinis appeared almost instantly, their hands gripping Bunny under her arms as they hoisted her to her feet. “You know the rules,” one purred, her voice sultry and teasing. “If you fall, you’ve gotta get waxed.”

Bunny barely had time to protest as they guided her to a platform bathed in pink light. A chair awaited her, reclined and suspiciously inviting, and before she could think, she was seated. Her legs were spread slightly apart, her position both necessary for balance and unavoidably provocative.

The attendants moved with practiced ease, their hands sliding warm, soapy wax over her thighs, her mound, her every curve. The sensation was startling—slick and sensual, the heat of the wax contrasting deliciously with the cool foam that still clung to her skin. Bunny let out an involuntary gasp as one attendant smoothed the wax down, her fingers grazing Bunny’s inner thighs.

“Relax, babe,” the second attendant cooed, her grin wicked. “This’ll have you looking—and feeling—smooth as silk.”

Bunny’s breath hitched as the first strip was applied, the pressure firm but not unpleasant. The attendant winked at her before yanking it free with a quick, deft motion. A sharp sting bloomed across Bunny’s skin, followed immediately by a rush of heat that made her toes curl in her skates.

“Oh!” Bunny moaned softly, her voice high-pitched and breathless. The crowd roared their approval, their cheers mingling with the pulsing bass of the music. Blaine’s whistle cut through the noise, and Bunny glanced over to see him leaning against the railing, his grin as wide as the ocean.

“Looking good, babe!” he called, his voice dripping with pride and possessiveness. “You’re stealing the show.”

Another strip was applied, this time lower, the wax molding to her most intimate areas. Bunny bit her lip, her body trembling as the attendants worked with meticulous care. Each pull left her skin bare and gleaming, the sensation both shocking and oddly arousing. By the time they finished, Bunny was completely smooth, her pussy glistening under the neon lights like a forbidden treasure. Quite a change from the 80’s bush she had been packing this whole time.

The attendants stepped back, admiring their handiwork before helping Bunny to her feet. She wobbled slightly, her skates unsteady, but the rush of adrenaline carried her forward. Her body felt lighter, freer, as if shedding her last physical barrier had somehow unlocked a new level of confidence.

“You’re ready now,” one of the attendants said, her eyes sparkling. “Go get ‘em, Bunny.”

Bunny skated back onto the track, her naked breasts bouncing freely, her freshly waxed skin catching the light like polished gold. The crowd’s cheers surged to a deafening crescendo, and Bunny’s lips curved into a wicked smile. They liked her! They really liked her!

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The crowd at the Bikini Car Wash Boombox Disco Dash was at a fever pitch, a swirling vortex of neon lights, pounding music, and foam that flew in every direction. Bunny skated ahead, her gleaming skin catching the light as her dolphin-shaped boombox blasted out "Girls Just Want to Have Fun." She was glowing, her smile radiant, but staying upright was a precarious battle as jets of foam erupted around her.

Blaine skated behind her, his bronzed chest and shoulders flexing with each effortless glide. He didn’t just skate—he prowled, owning the rink with every step. His movements were smooth, confident, and commanding, a sharp contrast to the chaos around him.

When Bunny stumbled on a rogue sponge, Blaine was there in an instant, his strong hands gripping her waist to steady her. “Keep your head up, babe,” he said, his voice firm yet dripping with smug assurance. “You’re not here to lose—you’re here to be worshipped.”

Bunny’s cheeks flushed, and she straightened her posture, a shiver running through her as his hands lingered on her hips. His words, as condescending as they might have been, sent a thrill through her that she couldn’t ignore.

“Thanks, big guy,” she murmured breathlessly, her heart racing as she pushed forward again.

But trouble was brewing.

The Chads—Chad, Tad, Rad, and Lad—were lurking near the foam machine controls, their heads poking comically above the edge of a nearby booth. They were dressed in ill-fitting maintenance uniforms, complete with fake mustaches and oversized hats.

“Alright, bros,” Chad whispered, his mustache slipping off slightly as he spoke. “Operation Bunny Wipeout is a go. Let’s crank this baby up!”

Tad gave him a thumbs-up, Rad cackled, and Lad struggled to figure out how to actually turn the knobs on the machine. Finally, with a dramatic twist, they sent the foam machines into overdrive.

Jets of foam exploded onto the rink, creating a tsunami of suds that quickly engulfed the skaters. Bunny squealed as the bubbles rose around her, obscuring her vision and making the floor even slicker. She wobbled dangerously, her arms flailing for balance.

“Blaine!” she called out, her voice high-pitched and panicked.

Blaine turned sharply, his sapphire-blue eyes narrowing as he spotted the source of the chaos. He skated toward Bunny, cutting through the foam like a predator through water. He grabbed her hand, pulling her close to him.

“You’re fine,” he said, his tone commanding as he steadied her. His hand slid possessively to her waist. “Just hold onto me.”

But his attention quickly shifted to the Chads, who were laughing maniacally at their supposed success. Unfortunately for them, their victory was short-lived.

The foam surged back toward the machine, creating a slick path that caught them all off guard. One by one, they slipped and fell, their limbs flailing as they were launched into the **Wardrobe Malfunction Zone**.

Chad’s hat flew off as he landed in a foam geyser, his fake mustache plastered to his forehead. Tad and Rad collided mid-air, their uniforms shredding comically as they slid across the floor. Lad, bringing up the rear, somehow managed to lose every piece of his disguise, ending up in nothing but a strategically placed foam bubble.

The crowd erupted in laughter as the Chads scrambled to their feet, their sabotage attempt having spectacularly backfired.

Blaine smirked, his grip on Bunny tightening as he turned to address the crowd. “Looks like someone forgot this rink’s for winners,” he announced, his voice booming with authority.

The crowd cheered, and Blaine’s smirk deepened as he glanced down at Bunny. “You see that, babe? That’s what happens when you try to mess with my girl.”

Bunny’s breath hitched, her heart pounding as she looked up at him. The way he said *my girl* sent a jolt of something electric through her, a mix of pride, arousal, and a growing sense that she was exactly where she belonged.

With a flick of his wrist, Blaine spun Bunny toward the center of the rink. “Now go show them how it’s done,” he said, giving her a playful but firm slap on the ass that sent her skating forward.

The crowd went wild as Bunny glided back into the chaos, her determination renewed. Blaine crossed his arms, his chiseled frame practically glowing under the neon lights as he watched her go.

Behind him, the Chads attempted to slink away, only for Blaine to step directly into their path.

“You boys lost?” he asked, his voice low and dangerous.

Chad, his mustache still hanging from one ear, tried to stammer out an excuse, but Blaine just grabbed them by the collars and one after the next threw them out the window. The crowd laughed and cheered as Blaine turned back to the action, his attention once again on Bunny, who was skating with renewed confidence and a dazzling, sudsy smile.

Bunny’s boombox, shaped like a glittering dolphin, blared Madonna’s “Like a Virgin” as she rolled back onto the rink. Foam and neon lights swirled around her, the crowd’s cheers rising to a deafening crescendo. The judges sat on elevated thrones, their bodies glistening under the rotating beams of the massive disco ball.

Each contestant skated with wild abandon, contorting themselves into lewd poses, grinding against the foam-soaked cars parked at the edges of the rink, or dropping into splits so low their skimpy bikinis barely stayed intact even as they tried to wash cars. . The judges ate it up, their hands slapping onto oversized scoreboards to flash perfect tens whenever someone managed a particularly slutty move.

Bunny wobbled as she skated, her long legs gliding awkwardly over the slick surface. Her mind was a mess of conflicting emotions. *This is insane. You’re not like this. You’re not Bunny. You’re—*

Her wheels hit a particularly sudsy patch, and she nearly lost her balance. Desperate to steady herself, she grabbed onto a foam-covered hood of a car and bent forward, her ass jutting out high in the air.

The crowd roared.

One of the judges—a Herculean man with flowing blond hair—nearly fell out of his seat, frantically slamming his scorecard to flash an 11.

Bunny gasped, whipping her head around to see what had caused the reaction. Her cheeks flamed as she realized her precarious position, the neon lights catching the shimmering oil that clung to the round curve of her ass. She scrambled upright, trying to play it off, but the movement caused her dolphin-shaped boombox to swing around and catch on her bikini top.

With a loud snap, the thin strings broke, and the fabric flew into the foam, disappearing like a sunken ship.

The crowd went ballistic, their cheers reverberating off the walls.

Bunny’s hands flew to her chest, covering herself as she skated to a stop near Blaine, who stood at the edge of the rink, arms crossed and smirking.

“Babe,” he drawled, his voice dripping with mock concern, “you’re killing it out there. Don’t stop now.”

“I can’t—” she stammered, her cheeks blazing.

“Can’t what?” he asked, his grin widening. “Be Bunny? I thought that was who you were.”

Her heart thudded in her chest, and she turned back to the rink, her bare breasts gleaming in the foam-soaked light. The other contestants were still grinding, thrusting, and twerking for the judges, but the crowd’s eyes were on her.

Her instincts screamed at her to run, to cover herself, to hide. But another voice—a softer, more insistent one—whispered, *They love you.*

She took a tentative step forward, the wheels of her skates crunching over the foam. The judges leaned forward, their gazes hungry.

Emily bit her lip, her hands still clutched over her chest. She moved awkwardly, trying to skate without drawing too much attention, but every attempt to minimize herself only made her movements more exaggerated.

When she tried to slide around a puddle, her leg extended in a high kick that went so high her bikini bottoms snapped, showing off her freshly shaved pussy. A camera flash went off, one of the judges fanned herself dramatically before flashing a perfect 10, and the crowd went wild.

“I—!” Bunny tried to protest, but the foam jets shot up around her, sending her spinning. She flailed her arms for balance and ended up dropping into a split, her bare breasts bouncing as she hit the ground.

The crowd lost their minds.

Blaine let out a low whistle from the sidelines. “Damn, babe, you’ve got natural talent.”

Bunny scrambled upright, her hands flying to her hair, which had fallen loose in the chaos. She clutched at the foam-covered strands, trying to look composed, but the movement only accentuated the slick, bouncy curves of her body.

The judges were practically drooling.

The tension in her chest eased slightly as the cheers washed over her. *They’re eating it up. You’re winning.*

One of the other contestants, Candy Crush, skated by with a mock pout. “Damn, girl, leave some attention for the rest of us.”

Bunny blushed, but the corners of her lips tugged upward into a sly smile. If they wanted a show, she’d give them a show.

Throwing caution to the wind, she grabbed the nearest foam-covered sponge and wrung it out over her chest, the water cascading down her bare skin. She threw her head back, laughing breathlessly, her body swaying to the music.

The judges leapt to their feet, slamming their scorecards down in unison.

As Bunny skated past the **Wardrobe Malfunction Zone**, the foam machines cranked up again, blasting her with a wave of suds that tore apart the remaining scraps of clothing.

Bunny’s hands instinctively flew to cover herself, but Blaine’s voice cut through the noise.

“Keep your hands up, Bunny!” he called out, his tone both commanding and teasing. “You’re not here to hide—you’re here to shine.”

The crowd’s cheers became deafening, their energy surging through her like a current.

She lowered her hands.

Bunny threw her arms above her head, her naked body gleaming under the lights as she glided to the center of the rink. She spun slowly, foam and glitter clinging to her curves, her movements graceful and unapologetic.

The crowd roared their approval, chanting her name.

“BUNNY! BUNNY! BUNNY!”

The neon lights pulsed like a heartbeat as Bunny glided to the side of the rink, her shimmering, naked body covered in suds and glitter, leaving her competition in varying states of foam-drenched humiliation behind her.

**Trixie Tumbleweed** started strong, her sequined bikini sparkling like a disco ball as she twirled and posed atop a cherry-red Corvette. Her light-up roller skates cast a dazzling trail as she leaned down to soap the hood in perfect rhythm to “Physical” blaring from her rhinestone-studded boombox.

But Trixie underestimated the slippery combination of foam and soap. As she bent over to scrub the windshield, her skates slipped out from under her, sending her sprawling onto the hood. The crowd erupted in laughter as her sequins snagged on the windshield wiper, yanking her top free with a loud *snap*. Trixie shrieked, flailing as she tried to cover herself, only to slip again and tumble into the foam, vanishing in a cascade of suds.

**Candy Crush’s Crushed Confidence**Candy Crush brought drama to the rink, her fringed bikini swaying hypnotically as she strutted with exaggerated flair. Her sultry moves had the crowd eating out of her hand, and her bedazzled boombox glittered like a jewel.

But Candy’s confidence faltered when her foot caught in a sudsy puddle, sending her sprawling backward into a car wash bucket. The bucket tipped, dumping soapy water over her head and completely drenching her. She struggled to regain her footing, but the weight of the water-soaked fringe only made it worse. As she slipped and skidded, her bikini bottoms caught on a low-hanging mirror, snapping free and leaving her to cover herself with nothing but a strategically placed sponge.

**Misty Mayhem’s Punk Rock Flop**Misty Mayhem’s rebellious energy electrified the arena as she ground her spiked bracelets against a foam-covered motorcycle. Her neon-green mohawk glowed under the lights, and the heavy bass from her boombox had the judges tapping their toes.

But Misty’s punk-rock flair came at a cost. As she attempted a daring move—vaulting over a foamy car hood—her leather bikini bottoms snagged on the antenna, leaving her dangling in mid-air. The crowd roared as Misty flailed, the antenna eventually snapping and sending her plummeting into the foam with a loud *splash*. She emerged moments later, clutching the tattered remains of her bikini and looking more embarrassed than defiant.

**Darla Delight’s Sweet Defeat**Darla Delight charmed everyone with her sugary demeanor and pastel bikini. Her pom-poms twirled in perfect harmony with the bubblegum pop blasting from her boombox. She danced her way through the foam, her heart-shaped sunglasses staying firmly in place.

But as Darla reached to scrub the side of a gleaming convertible, the foam jets erupted around her, sending her sliding uncontrollably across the rink. She collided with a foam-covered bumper, her pom-poms flying into the air as her bikini top slipped off mid-spin. The crowd cheered wildly as Darla scrambled to retrieve her modesty, her face as pink as her outfit.

The announcer’s voice boomed over the speakers. “And now, it’s time for the Slippery Limbo Challenge! Let’s see just how low our contestants can go while scrubbing those cars clean!”

Bunny stood at the limbo line, her chest heaving as she watched the glowing neon limbo bar lower to an impossibly provocative height. Around her, the other contestants shuffled nervously, their boomboxes held tightly against their soapy bodies. Foam and glitter sparkled under the spinning disco ball, creating an atmosphere of decadent chaos.

The crowd roared as the first contestant stepped forward. Trixie, still reeling from her earlier mishap, attempted to skate under the bar but lost her balance halfway through, landing in a pile of foam. The judges held up a series of zeroes, their golden pants glinting mockingly in the neon light.

Candy Crush managed to limbo under the first bar, her fringed bikini swaying dangerously. But when the bar lowered again, her balance gave out, and she tumbled into a nearby sponge bucket, her face turning crimson as the crowd jeered.

Misty Mayhem’s punk-rock confidence carried her through the first two rounds, but the third was her undoing. Her attempt to power-slide under the bar ended with her boombox slipping from her hands and smacking her square in the face. The audience erupted in laughter as she threw her hands up in frustration.

Darla Delight fared no better. Her pom-poms tangled in her skates, sending her sprawling onto the foam-covered track. One of the judges held up a sign reading *Nice Try,* drawing more laughter from the crowd.

Finally, it was Bunny’s turn.

Blaine skated up beside her, his smirk equal parts pride and mischief. “You’ve got this, babe,” he murmured, his hands sliding to her hips. “Just go low and make it sexy.”

Bunny giggled, her glossy lips curving into a playful smile. “I’ll do my best, big guy.”

She bent forward, her long legs gliding gracefully under the first bar. The foam clung to her oiled-up body, accentuating every curve as she arched her back and held her boombox high. The crowd erupted in cheers as she emerged on the other side, her bare breasts bouncing freely.

The bar lowered again, and Bunny dropped into a deeper crouch, her ass sticking out as she maneuvered under it. Blaine whistled appreciatively from the sidelines. “Damn, babe, you’re making this look easy.”

As the bar lowered to an almost impossibly suggestive height, Bunny hesitated. She wobbled slightly, her skates threatening to betray her balance. Blaine skated up behind her, his hands gripping her waist.

“You’re almost there,” he said, his voice a low growl. “Just let me help.”

Before she could protest, he pushed her hips down firmly, forcing her into an impossibly deep arch. Her body trembled under the pressure, her freshly waxed pussy glistening under the neon lights as she slid under the bar. The crowd’s cheers reached a fever pitch as Bunny emerged triumphant, her legs trembling but her smile radiant.

She straightened slowly, the foam dripping from her body as she turned to face the crowd. “Did I win?” she asked breathlessly, her voice high-pitched and girlish.

The announcer’s voice boomed again. “And the winner is… Bunny!”

The crowd erupted into a chant. “BUNNY! BUNNY! BUNNY!”

Blaine skated over, scooping her into his arms as the foam swirled around them. “Damn right you did,” he said, his lips brushing her ear. “I told you babe, You’re not here to lose—you’re here to be worshipped!”

Bunny giggled, her glossy lips brushing against Blaine’s neck as he held her aloft, her gleaming body a trophy for the crowd to worship. Their cheers rolled over her like waves, warm and intoxicating, but as her laughter faded, something unfamiliar stirred deep in her chest. It was a small, faint flicker of something that didn’t belong in the bright, glittering world she’d slid into.

She glanced down at herself—completely nude, every inch of her glistening with foam, glitter, and oil. Her body was an artwork of sensual chaos, a canvas for the indulgence of the spectacle. The crowd cheered louder, their chants of "BUNNY! BUNNY!" reverberating like a drumbeat of approval.

But that flicker—the tiniest ember of shame—refused to be extinguished. *Is this really me?* a voice whispered. Faint, but unmistakable.

Her cheeks flushed, the burn of embarrassment battling against the rush of adoration. She wriggled in Blaine’s arms, trying to pull her legs up to cover herself, but the movement only made the foam slide sensuously over her skin, drawing another roar from the crowd.

Blaine chuckled, his voice deep and rich, the sound dripping with amusement and possession. “What are you doing, babe?” he asked, his lips brushing her ear. “That’s not very Bunny of you.”

Bunny’s heart stuttered, and for a moment, she froze, caught between Emily’s mortification and Bunny’s instinct to revel in the attention. “I just…” she stammered, her voice faltering. “I mean, I’m completely… I’m not wearing…”

Her words tangled in her throat as Blaine lowered her slightly, his firm hands sliding along her waist. His blue eyes met hers, piercing and unyielding. “Yeah, you’re not wearing anything,” he said, a smirk tugging at the corners of his lips. “And you look hot as hell.”

The crowd’s chant grew louder, their energy surging like a tidal wave. Bunny’s body tingled under the weight of their gaze, her nipples pebbling as the cool foam clung to her curves.

She glanced around frantically, searching for something—anything—to cover herself with. Her eyes landed on a discarded sponge, still dripping with foam. She lunged for it, grabbing it awkwardly and pressing it against her chest.

The sponge was woefully insufficient. Its soft, dripping surface barely covered one breast, leaving the other entirely exposed. Blaine’s laughter rumbled in her ears as he steadied her, his hands squeezing her hips.

“Really, babe?” he said, his tone teasing but firm. “You think that’s gonna work?”

Bunny’s cheeks burned hotter, and her hands fumbled to grab another sponge. But Blaine’s fingers curled around her wrists, stopping her.

“Stop hiding,” he said, his voice low and commanding. “That’s not who you are anymore.”

Her breath hitched as his words sank in. The crowd’s cheers thundered around them, the air thick with foam and adoration. She wanted to argue, to push back against his assertion. *That’s not who I am,* she wanted to say. *That’s not who I want to be.*

But the words didn’t come.

Instead, a different thought surfaced—a compromise, a way to hold on to the crowd’s love without fully surrendering herself to this surreal, glittering world. She tilted her head, her voice trembling with effort. “Maybe… maybe I just need another swimsuit,” she said, her tone laced with a playful giggle that surprised even her. “Like the last one you gave me.”

Blaine raised an eyebrow, his smirk widening. “You mean the one you looked like a goddess in?”

“Yeah,” Bunny said quickly, clutching at the hope. “But, uh… sluttier.”

The crowd howled with approval, and Blaine’s grin turned wolfish. “Sluttier, huh?” he drawled, his eyes raking over her glistening form. “I like the way you think, babe.”

He glanced to the sidelines, where one of the event organizers—a man in a Hawaiian shirt and sunglasses—was holding a rack of spare costumes. Blaine jerked his chin toward it. “Wait here.”

Bunny stood frozen as Blaine sauntered off, his bronzed, oil-slicked body moving with the confidence of a man who owned the world. The crowd’s eyes stayed locked on her, their cheers and whistles relentless.

She shifted uncomfortably, her hands twitching at her sides. But then her gaze caught her reflection in a nearby puddle. The woman staring back at her wasn’t Emily. She wasn’t shy or self-conscious. She was a glittering, glowing, untouchable vision of sensuality. She was Bunny.

And as Blaine returned, holding up the most outrageously high-cut slingshot bikini she’d ever seen—neon pink with rhinestone accents and straps so thin they were practically floss—Bunny felt a thrill rush through her.

“Perfect,” Blaine said, holding it out to her with a smirk. “Let’s get you back in the game, babe.”

Bunny took the bikini, her fingers trembling slightly. She hesitated for only a moment before slipping it on, the fabric hugging her curves like a second skin. The crowd erupted in cheers, their voices blending into a single, overwhelming roar of approval.

She straightened her shoulders, her lips curving into a confident smile. “Let’s do this,” she said, her voice higher and bubblier than before.

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# CHAPTER 15: Highway to the Danger Zone

The pulsating bass of the Bikini Car Wash Boombox Disco Dash began to fade, the foam jets sputtering out their last bubbles as contestants were funneled toward a shimmering ramp coated in glitter and soap suds. The neon glow of the roller disco gave way to a fiery haze ahead, where the smell of BBQ sauce and sizzling meat mingled with the scent of sweat and coconut oil. The crowd surged along with the contestants, their cheers growing louder as the next spectacle came into view.

Blaine caught up to Bunny, his bronzed chest glistening under the carnival lights. His smirk was wider than ever as he looked her over, her golden skin still slick with foam and oil, her cheeks flushed from the exertion of the previous round.

“Alright, babe,” Blaine said, his deep voice resonating as he plucked two oversized, glitter-encrusted boomboxes shaped like flamingos from a nearby stand. He turned to Bunny, his signature smirk playing across his lips. “You want to crush this next event? Then it’s time to show me your balance. Let’s see if you can handle these.”

Bunny blinked at him, her cheeks already flushed from exertion—or was it something else entirely? “Both of them?” she asked, her voice light, teasing, but with a thread of disbelief.

“Both,” he confirmed, stepping closer, his bronzed chest almost brushing against her. With deliberate care, Blaine placed one flamingo boombox atop her head, steadying it with his strong hands. Then, with a calculated precision, he stacked the second on top. The weight made Bunny wobble immediately, her legs quivering as she fought for stability.

“Blaine!” she squealed, her voice pitching higher as she reflexively clutched his forearm for support. “They’re so heavy!”

“That’s the point, babe,” Blaine drawled, his hands sliding down to her hips in a possessive grip. He turned her gently toward the glittery ramp leading to the Aerobics Breakdancing BBQ Challenge. “Now jog. And keep those bad boys steady. Show me what you’ve got.”

The crowd erupted into cheers, their chants of “BUNNY! BUNNY!” filling the air with infectious energy. Bunny bit her lip, drawing a shaky breath as she began to move forward. The tiny strings of her bikini shifted with every step, the skimpiest excuse for clothing barely holding her in place. Her bare, glistening thighs flexed as she jogged, and the boomboxes wobbled precariously but didn’t fall.

Blaine followed close behind, his presence palpable. His eyes lingered on her swaying hips, a predator savoring the sight of his prey. And then, without warning, his large hand darted out and delivered a sharp, playful spank to her ass.

“Balance, babe!” he called out, his tone somewhere between mockery and encouragement.

Bunny gasped, the sting of his hand sending a jolt through her that went straight to her core. Her steps faltered for a moment, but she quickly regained her rhythm, her hands fluttering upward to steady the precarious tower of boomboxes. “Blaine!” she protested, her voice breathy and high-pitched.

“You’re wobbling,” Blaine teased, his voice low and smug as he closed the distance between them. “Focus. You want to win, don’t you?”

She grit her teeth, her determination warring with the growing heat spreading through her body. With every step, she felt the slick fabric of her bikini bottoms clinging tighter to her skin, and a new thought whispered in the back of her mind: Is it showing? Can they tell how wet I am?

Another sharp spank landed on her ass, harder this time, and Bunny let out a startled yelp that dissolved into a helpless giggle. Her cheeks burned, but she couldn’t deny the thrill rushing through her. She wanted to glare at him, to demand he stop—but the crowd’s cheers and Blaine’s commanding presence left her giddy and unsteady in ways she couldn’t fully process.

“Almost there, babe,” Blaine said, his hand delivering another smack, this one lingering as his palm molded to the curve of her ass. “You’re doing great. Best view on the beach, I gotta say.”

Bunny stumbled slightly, her hands pressing harder against the boomboxes as she whispered, “Blaine, you’re gonna make me drop them…”

His chuckle was dark, filled with mischief. “Not if you stay focused. You’ve got this, Bunny. Just keep those legs moving—and that ass ready for more.”

She bit her lip, torn between frustration and exhilaration. Her heart raced as she neared the platform at the end of the ramp, her thighs trembling with effort. With every step, the crowd’s cheers grew louder, and her own sense of pride swelled alongside the heat pooling in her core. Do I care if they see? a small voice whispered in her mind. Or do I… want them to?

Finally, Bunny reached the end of the ramp, her body practically buzzing with adrenaline. She came to a stop, her knees slightly bent as she fought to keep the boomboxes steady. Blaine was right behind her, his hands gripping her hips once more as he steadied her.

“C’mon, Bunny,” he said, his tone thick with approval as he delivered another punishing spank. “You can handle it. Look at you—you’re killing it.”

Her chest heaved as she pushed onward, the flamingo boomboxes wobbling precariously. The heat of Blaine’s gaze, the sting of his hand, and the wild chants of the crowd all fused into a heady cocktail that left her breathless and tingling.

As they neared the aerobics stage, Blaine grabbed the boomboxes from her head with a flourish and tossed them to an attendant. Bunny came to a shaky stop, her thighs trembling, her cheeks flushed, and her lips parted as she caught her breath.

“You’ve got the best balance on this beach, babe,” Blaine said, stepping closer. His hand slid over her hip and squeezed, his voice dropping low enough that only she could hear. “And the best assets. I just made sure of it.”

The contestants’ bodies glistened under the hot lights, their oiled skin shimmering with the allure of temptation as they stretched, every motion deliberate and sensual. The thin straps of their outfits clung precariously to their forms, framing curves and muscles that flexed with practiced grace. A playful tension buzzed through the air, amplified by the judges perched in their gaudy lifeguard chairs. Their gold lamé pants sparkled, catching the neon light, as their tongs clicked in time to the thumping bass, a teasing summons that had more than a few contestants smirking.

Blaine’s eyes burned with intent as he grabbed Bunny’s waist, his rough palms igniting a spark that seemed to leap through her. With effortless strength, he hoisted her high, her yelp of surprise swallowed by the roar of the crowd. She felt the hard press of his hands against her as he carried her toward one of the event’s centerpiece grills—cold now, but radiating heat like the embers of an untamed fire.

“What’s gotten into you?” Bunny gasped, her voice a mixture of mock scolding and unbidden excitement as he set her down on the grill’s smooth, cool surface. The contrast made her shiver, her skin prickling with heightened awareness.

“I’m hungry…,” Blaine growled, a feral grin stretching his lips. He slid his hands along her thighs, his thumbs tracing the slick sheen of oil on her skin. The audience whooped and hollered, their cheers mingling with laughter, but Blaine’s focus remained unbroken.

Bunny’s breath hitched as his mouth dipped low, his lips brushing her knee before trailing upward, a path that made her toes curl. The scrape of his stubble left a delicious burn in its wake, his tongue darting out to taste her. She tried to stifle a gasp but failed, her hands clenching the grill’s edge as he left a playful bite just below the hem of her barely-there shorts.

“You taste like victory…” he murmured, his voice heavy with satisfaction, but his eyes held a spark of something wilder.

Bunny’s cheeks burned as she laughed nervously, trying to play it off. She swung her legs off the edge of the grill and hopped down, blowing kisses to the crowd as if the entire thing had been planned.

“You’re insane,” she whispered to Blaine, her voice trembling with a mix of embarrassment and arousal.

“And you love it,” he shot back, swatting her ass as he guided her toward the spinning stage.

Bunny took a deep breath, her body buzzing with adrenaline and heat as she stepped onto the platform. The music surged, the lights brightened, and the crowd roared. She was ready to perform.

The stage spun slowly, the pulsing lights casting a kaleidoscope of neon colors across the arena. Bunny took her place at the center, her breath coming in shallow, nervous gasps. Around her, the other contestants began their routines—limbs stretching, hips swaying, each move carefully calculated to draw the judges' eyes. The air was thick with BBQ smoke and the scent of sizzling meat, a heady backdrop to the thumping bass of the music.

Bunny glanced at Blaine, who stood at the edge of the stage with his arms crossed, his chiseled frame glowing in the lurid light. His gaze locked onto hers, unwavering, intense, a silent command that sent a shiver down her spine.

She started with the basics, easing into the routine. Her arms lifted, her hands grazing the sky as she stretched upward, her glossy hair cascading down her back. Knee lifts followed, her legs rising and falling in time with the beat, her body moving with a fluid grace that surprised even her.

But it wasn’t enough. Not for Blaine.

He stepped onto the stage, his bare feet steady despite the platform's slow spin. The crowd roared at his arrival, their chants of "Blaine! Blaine!" mixing with the rising cry of "Bunny!" He moved behind her, his presence overwhelming, his heat radiating against her back.

“C’mon, babe,” he murmured, his voice low and teasing. His hands found her hips, his grip firm but not forceful, guiding her movements. “Put some sizzle into it.”

Bunny’s breath hitched as Blaine pressed against her, his hips aligning with hers, his hands coaxing her into slow, sensual circles. She followed his lead, her body loosening, her inhibitions melting under his touch. Her hips rolled with a deliberate rhythm, each sway matching the thrum of the music.

The crowd erupted, their cheers a heady cocktail of approval and lust. Blaine stepped back, leaving Bunny alone in the spotlight, but his voice carried over the noise. “Show them what you’ve got, babe.”

Her confidence surged, the heat of the BBQ pits and Blaine’s gaze igniting something deep within her. She dropped lower, her knees bending as she transitioned into a twerk. Her tiny bikini bottom, already barely covering her, rode higher with every bounce, the fabric clinging to her glistening skin.

The crowd’s energy fed her, their chants growing louder with every move. Bunny arched her back, her hands running down her thighs as she thrust her hips, the friction of the stage and the smoky air amplifying her arousal. Blaine’s grin widened, his blue eyes gleaming with pride and something darker, hungrier.

“Now that’s what I’m talking about,” he called out, his voice thick with approval.

The music shifted, the beat dropping into a sultry rhythm as the aerobics and breakdancing phase gave way to the BBQ challenge. Large racks of ribs and skewers of vegetables lined the edges of the stage, each gleaming with a sheen of sauce under the neon lights. The contestants grabbed brushes, dipping them into bowls of sauce as they moved to the grills.

Bunny hesitated, the transition catching her off guard. Blaine was at her side in an instant, handing her a brush dripping with thick, sticky sauce.

“Here,” he said, his voice low and intimate. “Start with this.”

She dipped the brush into the sauce, her fingers trembling slightly as she brought it to the ribs. The bristles spread the marinade over the meat, the action oddly hypnotic. The crowd watched, their cheers dimming into an eager murmur.

“Not like that,” Blaine said, stepping closer. He took her wrist, guiding her hand in slow, deliberate strokes. “Make them feel it.”

Bunny swallowed hard, the intensity of his presence wrapping around her like smoke. She glanced at him, her glossy lips parting, and then back at the brush. With a sudden burst of boldness, she lifted it to her lips, her tongue darting out to taste the sauce.

The crowd roared as she licked the brush, her tongue tracing the bristles with exaggerated care. The tangy sweetness of the sauce mingled with the smoky air, and she giggled, her cheeks flushing as she returned to the ribs.

“Better,” Blaine said, his grin wicked.

Before she could respond, the music shifted to a bass-heavy beat that vibrated through the stage, signaling the transition to the breakdancing portion of the event. Bunny barely had time to react before Blaine grabbed her by the waist and spun her toward the center of the stage.

"Show them what you’ve got, Bunny," he said, his hands firm and possessive against her hips.

Bunny’s first attempt at a spin was clumsy; her slippery skin and the sticky sauce made her lose her footing. She yelped, arms flailing, but Blaine was there in an instant. His strong arms wrapped around her, lifting her effortlessly off the ground. The crowd erupted in cheers as he spun her himself, her legs extending gracefully, glitter catching the light like a thousand tiny stars.

When he set her down, his hands lingered on her waist, his grip firm and unapologetic. His fingers trailed along her bare skin, smearing the remnants of sauce in a way that felt both possessive and teasing. "Better let me do the heavy lifting, babe," he murmured, his voice low and dripping with innuendo. "Wouldn’t want you falling again."

A judge tossed a neon-pink hula hoop onto the stage, the glowing circle bouncing once before rolling to a stop at Bunny’s feet. She bent to pick it up, the movement deliberate, her back arching as the tiny triangles of her bikini bottom shifted, barely containing her curves. The crowd whistled, their cheers growing louder as she straightened and held the hoop aloft.

Bunny began to move, the hoop spinning around her waist with hypnotic rhythm. Her hips swayed in slow, deliberate circles, the sauce and glitter on her skin shimmering under the neon lights. She let the hoop slide down her body, her movements sinuous as it spun around her thighs, then her calves, before flicking it back up with a well-timed twist of her hips.

Blaine’s gaze was locked on her, dark and consuming, his jaw tight with barely restrained hunger. She caught his eye and slowed her movements, letting the hoop linger at her waist as she rolled her hips in a sultry rhythm that matched the music. Her body gleamed under the lights, the sticky sweetness of the sauce catching the glow and turning her into a living, breathing confection.

The crowd’s cheers became a fever pitch as Bunny leaned into the performance, letting her inhibitions melt away. She threw the hoop into the air and caught it with a flourish, spinning it around one arm before tossing it back to the judge with a wink.

Nearby, the other contestants leaned into their routines with equal fervor, each woman radiating confidence and joy as they served their men and basked in the crowd’s adoration.

Trixie Tumbleweed laughed as she grabbed a bowl of sauce, dipping her hands into the sticky liquid before smearing it across her chest. “This is for you, Chad!” she called out, blowing a kiss to the lifeguard tower where her boyfriend stood cheering. Her sequined bikini sparkled even brighter as she swayed to the music, her breasts glistening with BBQ sauce.

Candy Crush bent over dramatically to flip a row of burgers, her ass shaking to the beat as her fringed bikini swayed with her movements. She turned to the judges with a wink, lifting a perfectly grilled patty and placing it onto a bun with exaggerated care. "Hope you boys are hungry," she purred, her voice dripping with flirtation.

Misty Mayhem, ever the punk rebel, used her spiked bracelets to skewer chunks of meat, holding them aloft like trophies as she stomped to the heavy bassline. Her leather bikini clung to her sauce-slicked skin as she ground her hips to the music, the spikes on her bracelets catching the light as she served ribs to a cheering crowd.

Blaine stepped closer to Bunny, his hand finding her waist and pulling her toward him. “You’re stealing the show, babe,” he said, his voice rough and intimate. “But I think you’ve got more to give.”

He reached down, grabbing a fresh skewer of ribs and holding it out to her. “Feed me,” he demanded, his tone both commanding and teasing.

Bunny hesitated for only a moment before taking the skewer, her fingers brushing against his as she brought it to his lips. Blaine bit into the meat with a low growl, his eyes never leaving hers as he chewed. The intensity of his gaze sent a shiver through her, her body humming with arousal. The roar of the crowd faded into white noise as Bunny turned to Blaine, her hands trembling, the skewer slick with dripping sauce and glistening meat. Her body buzzed with anticipation, her every nerve attuned to the charged energy radiating from him.

“Please…” Her voice was soft, almost trembling, her eyes wide as she held the skewer aloft, offering it to him like a gift. “Let me nourish you.”

Blaine’s smirk deepened, his lips curling into something both wolfish and indulgent as he leaned forward. His mouth closed around the chunk of meat, his eyes locked on hers with a predatory hunger that left her breathless. She watched, entranced, as his jaw worked, the sinews of his neck moving as he chewed with deliberate intensity.

When he swallowed, he let out a low, satisfied growl, his tongue darting out to lick a trace of sauce from the corner of his mouth. “You’ve got a gift, babe,” he murmured, his voice thick with heat. His hand caught hers, guiding the skewer back toward the dripping bowl of sauce. “Keep going. I’m still hungry.”

Her cheeks flushed, her body trembling as she dipped the skewer, the thick sauce clinging to the meat as she prepared another bite. She brought it to his lips again, her fingers brushing his skin. This time, he lingered, his mouth enveloping the morsel with slow, deliberate sensuality. The sound he made—a deep, appreciative hum—vibrated through her like an electric current.

“I want to do this for you,” she whispered, her voice trembling with a mixture of arousal and submission. “I want to make everything you eat… everything you touch… unforgettable. I want you to get stronger, bigger. I want to feed you until you’re unstoppable.”

Blaine’s hand shot out, grabbing her wrist and pulling her closer. The skewer clattered to the ground, forgotten, as his gaze bore into hers with unrelenting intensity. “Is that what you want, Bunny?” he asked, his voice a low, dangerous purr. “You want to take care of me? Build me into something no one else can match?”

“Yes,” she breathed, her voice barely audible over the pounding of her heart. “I want to see you grow. I want to watch your muscles swell until you’re too big for this stage, this crowd—until you belong to no one but me.”

His laughter was dark, dripping with satisfaction as his hands slid around her waist, pulling her against the hard planes of his chest. “Then don’t stop, babe,” he murmured against her ear, his breath hot against her skin. “Keep feeding me. Keep making me yours.”

The crowd surged around them, their cheers and chants fading into the background as Bunny grabbed another skewer. Her hands shook, but her resolve was steady as she dipped it into the sauce, her every movement infused with purpose. When she brought it to his lips again, her eyes sparkled with both devotion and heat.

“Eat, Blaine,” she whispered, her voice low and urgent.

“I always will, but you’re making me hungry for more than BBQ, babe,” he murmured, his lips brushing against her fingers as he pulled the skewer from her grasp.

Bunny’s cheeks flushed, her heart racing as she turned back to the sizzling grills. The stage spun slowly, the music pounding, and the heat of the BBQ smoke mingling with the intoxicating energy of the crowd. She dipped another brush into the sauce, her movements bold and confident as she coated the ribs with thick, glistening layers.

This was her moment. Her stage. And as Blaine’s possessive gaze burned into her, she knew she’d give them all a show they’d never forget. Especially as Blaine shoved a new outfit for her to put on for the final event.

It was a scandalously tight, glossy vinyl leotard—hugged her every curve, clinging like a second skin. The deep crimson fabric shimmered under the lights, coated in a mix of BBQ sauce, oil, and glitter that accentuated her every movement. The neckline plunged obscenely, barely containing her bouncing breasts, and the sides arched so high they left her bronzed hips fully exposed. The thong back disappeared entirely between her ass cheeks, leaving nothing to the imagination. Thin straps crisscrossed her back, the tension in them framing her lean, glistening muscles as she strode to the center of the stage with a teasing smirk.

Just as he had finished putting it on the spinning stage roared to life under Bunny’s feet, neon lights casting her in a kaleidoscope of colors as the crowd’s fevered cheers drowned out the thumping music.

Bunny grabbed a bottle of BBQ sauce from the grill’s edge, holding it high above her head before letting the thick, sticky liquid pour down over her body. The crowd erupted as the sauce trickled down her chest, pooling in the deep valley of her cleavage before running over her taut stomach and down her thighs. She shivered as it cooled her heated skin, the sensation sending an electric thrill through her.

She started to move, her hips swaying in exaggerated circles that caused the thin fabric of her leotard to ride up even higher, the glossy vinyl now glistening like it was soaked. The crowd’s chants of her name became a wild, animalistic roar as she bent forward, her ass jutting out provocatively. Grabbing a drumstick from a nearby tray, she took a teasing bite, her tongue curling around the meat before licking her fingers clean with a sultry, exaggerated moan.

At the stage’s center stood a massive array of BBQ grills, their sizzling meat filling the air with smoke and heat. Bunny’s hand shot out to grab a pair of tongs, the glitter on her skin catching the neon glow as she spun them like batons, eliciting a roar of approval from the audience. She wasted no time, flipping a massive rack of ribs with a deft flick of her wrist before spinning on one foot, her free hand trailing sauce along her thighs as she twirled.

The stage tilted slightly as it spun faster, but Bunny used the momentum to drop into a deep squat, her thighs glistening with the mix of sauce and sweat. She swirled her hips in a figure-eight, the leotard barely staying in place as she worked her body like an erotic machine. Her arms shot up above her head, elongating her lithe form, glitter catching the light and making her look like a walking, writhing disco ball of debauchery.

Her movements were a mix of erotic aerobics and masterful culinary display. With a deep squat, Bunny began twerking in front of a grill loaded with briskets and burgers, her ass bouncing hypnotically. The glossy thong leotard rode impossibly high, sauce splattering onto her thighs as the crowd went wild. “More heat, babe,” she purred, slamming a nearby switch that sent a plume of flames licking up around the grills.

Blaine stood at the edge of the stage, his chiseled form silhouetted against the firelight. His piercing sapphire eyes were locked on her, his chest rising and falling with his labored breaths. “Work that grill, Bunny,” he growled, his voice carrying over the cacophony. “I want it all.”

Her grin widened. “You’ll get it all, big guy,” she teased, her voice dripping with playful seduction. Reaching for a tray of sausages, she spun it expertly on one finger before dropping into a deep split, slamming the tray onto the grill. The sausages sizzled, juices popping, as Bunny leaned forward, her breasts pressing against the slick surface of the stage, sauce dripping from her fingertips as she flipped the sausages with her tongs. Her tongue darted out to catch a stray drop of glaze from her lips, and the audience lost their collective minds.

The stage tilted, but Bunny used the momentum to spring into action. She grabbed a basting brush, dunking it into a vat of thick, tangy BBQ sauce, and began slathering it across a rack of ribs, her hips gyrating in time with the pulsing music. The sauce splattered onto her bare thighs and streaked her chest, leaving sticky trails that caught the light. She tossed the brush aside and spun into a breakdance, her legs scissoring in the air as her tongs clinked against a tray of chicken wings.

Blaine stepped closer, his massive arms crossed over his chest, his lips curling into a smirk. “Faster, Bunny. Feed me,” he commanded, his voice rough with desire. “And give ’em a show, babe! Make them beg for more.”

With a wicked grin, Bunny snatched a bottle of honey glaze and tipped it over herself, the golden syrup cascading down her chest in thick, sticky ribbons. She caught the flow with her tongue, licking it clean in a display that had the audience howling with delight. Her hands roamed her own body, sliding over her sauce-slicked skin as she dropped to her knees and arched her back, her hips grinding against the stage as though she was dancing with an invisible lover.

A judge tossed her a set of tongs, and Bunny caught them with a flourish. Standing, she strutted to the nearest grill, her hips swaying with each step, and began flipping sizzling steaks while moving her body in an erotic rhythm. She twerked in time with the music, the sauce on her ass splattering onto the grill, sending up a hiss of smoke that curled around her like a lover’s touch. Her thong became nearly invisible as it wedged tighter, the fabric slick and shimmering with her every shake and bounce.

Without missing a beat, Bunny transitioned into a breakdance spin, her hands gripping the grease-slick stage as her legs parted in a flash of red vinyl and bronzed skin. The crowd screamed louder as she flipped onto her back, arching so high her breasts nearly spilled free, the sticky sauce now dripping down her thighs and pooling beneath her. She rolled onto her knees, licking her lips, and grabbed a massive turkey leg from the grill. Sinking her teeth into it with a playful growl, she let the juices run down her chin, licking and moaning in mock ecstasy as she held the meat high above her head like a trophy.

The stage spun faster still, and Bunny raised her arms, holding a hula hoop coated in glitter and BBQ sauce. She spun it around her hips, letting it slip lower as she bent over, her ass thrusting out tantalizingly toward the audience. Blaine’s growl of approval cut through the cacophony, his massive frame vibrating with need as he clenched his fists at his sides.

“Lower, Bunny,” he commanded, his voice rough and thick. “Make them see what perfection looks like.”

She complied with a wicked giggle, letting the hoop slide down her body until it circled her thighs, her hips gyrating in ways that left the crowd speechless. When the hoop finally clattered to the stage, she grabbed the nearest bottle of sauce and poured it over herself, the thick liquid running in sinful rivers over her bare skin. Her hands smeared it across her breasts, her stomach, and down to her thighs as she dropped into a final, lewd split just at the moment that she produced a colossal mountain of perfectly cooked meat to hold on a tray.

Blaine couldn’t hold back anymore. He leaped onto the stage, his powerful legs carrying him across the slick surface. In one smooth motion, he scooped Bunny into his arms, spinning her around like a prize he had fought to claim. Her legs wrapped tightly around his waist, her sticky, glitter-coated body pressed against his as his lips found her ear.

“You’re the queen of this stage,” he growled, his voice trembling with pride and hunger. “And you’re mine. And I’m going to enjoy eating you as much as I’ll enjoy eating this meat. .”

The music swelled as the crowd reached a crescendo of cheers and applause. Bunny raised her arms in triumph, sauce dripping from her fingertips, her glittering form radiating confidence and raw sexuality.

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Before she could process her latest victory the stage tilted suddenly, its gears groaning dramatically as Bunny stood breathless at its center, her body glistening with oil and sauce, her leotard clinging to her like a second skin. Her bare feet squeaked against the slick surface as she scrambled for balance. The crowd roared with excitement as the tilt became a steep incline, and before Bunny could even process what was happening, gravity won.

She shrieked, the sound high and breathless, her arms flailing as she slid backward. Around her, the other contestants joined in a cacophony of gasps and laughter, their glittering bodies tumbling down the platform like a cascade of sequined dominoes.

With a resounding splash, Bunny landed in a pool of warm, sudsy water. Foam exploded around her, glitter swirling in the air like fairy dust. The impact sent her sprawling, and she surfaced with a gasp, her hands instinctively smoothing her hair as rubber ducks bobbed around her.

“Ladies and gentlemen!” the announcer’s voice boomed over the speakers, dripping with theatrical flair. “Get ready for the next event: The Jet Ski Wet T-Shirt Relay Wet Noodle Jousting!”

Bunny blinked, the words barely registering as she wiped glitter and soap from her face. “Jet ski… what now?” she murmured, her voice tinged with disbelief. She glanced around the pool, her eyes widening at the sheer absurdity of the scene.

The pool wasn’t just water. It was chaos incarnate. Foam jets erupted at random intervals, coating everything in a frothy layer of soap and sparkles. Contestants scrambled in every direction, some clutching onto the props they’d brought from the last event—Candy Crush’s bedazzled spatula floated by, and Misty Mayhem clung desperately to a BBQ rib like a life raft.

A bright yellow rubber duck smacked into Bunny’s chest, and she let out a startled laugh, her resistance to the insanity starting to crack. Blaine’s booming laughter cut through the noise, his sapphire-blue eyes locked on her from the pool’s edge. He stood shirtless, his bronzed chest glistening under the neon lights, arms crossed as he watched her with a mix of pride and amusement.

“C’mon, Bunny!” he called out, his voice dripping with challenge. “Grab a jet ski and show ‘em what you’ve got!”

Bunny hesitated for a fraction of a second, her mind flickering with the faintest trace of Emily’s voice: What are you doing? This is insane.

But then she heard the crowd, their cheers echoing like a tidal wave. She saw Blaine, his grin cocky and utterly irresistible. The heat of the moment swelled in her chest, drowning out doubt, and she threw her head back with a laugh, the sound bright and carefree.

“I guess we’re doing this!” she giggled, her voice tinged with a giddy surrender.

She pushed through the glittering foam, her body sliding effortlessly as the suds clung to her skin. Jet skis were lined up at the far end of the pool, their neon colors glowing like candy-coated confections. Contestants scrambled toward them, slipping and sliding in the foam. One of the Chads—Lad, probably—grabbed a bright pink kiddie floatie instead of a jet ski, shouting, “I’m still in this!” as he paddled furiously with his noodle.

Bunny reached the lineup and grabbed a hot pink jet ski emblazoned with glittering flames. She swung one leg over the seat, her wet thighs gliding against the slick surface. But as she climbed on, her aerobics outfit caught on the edge of the handlebars.

There was a sudden, audible *snap.*

The thin fabric gave way and tore off, almost as if it was designed to do so, actually exactly as if it was designed to do so,, and Bunny froze, her eyes widening as the top disappeared into the foam. The crowd gasped, and for a moment, a flicker of Emily’s embarrassment surfaced. Just like before she instinctively raised her hands to cover her chest, her cheeks flushing a deep crimson.

But Blaine’s voice cut through the chaos like a lifeline.

“Don’t even think about it, babe,” he called, his grin widening. “That’s not Bunny. You’re not here to hide—you’re here to shine.”

Her heart thudded in her chest, the warmth of his approval washing over her like sunlight. Slowly, tentatively, she lowered her hands. She glanced down at her bare chest, the foam and glitter clinging to her skin like a scandalous masterpiece, and a mischievous smile curved her lips.

Bunny grabbed a white dry T-shirt from a pile nearby and tied it around herself. The thin fabric was so sheer that it might as well not have been there, and the moment it got wet all of her glistening curves would be visible beneath every damp contour.

The crowd went wild.

Blaine’s whistle cut through the cheers, low and appreciative. “Now *that’s* my girl,” he said, his voice thick with pride.

Bunny giggled, the sound bubbly and carefree as she revved the jet ski’s engine. The vibration hummed beneath her, sending a shiver through her body. Her glossy hair clung to her face, and she swiped it back, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

“Let’s do this!” she shouted, her voice high-pitched and breathy, fully embracing the chaos.

As the starting buzzer blared, Bunny launched forward, the jet ski slicing through the foam. Water and glitter sprayed in every direction as she gripped the handlebars, the wet T-shirt clinging tighter with every splash. Behind her, Blaine stood with his arms crossed, his grin wide and unrelenting as he watched her disappear into the swirling neon madness ahead.

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The course was a chaotic masterpiece of excess and neon-drenched decadence, each jet ski as wild and distinctive as the contestants riding them. Bunny’s jet ski was the crown jewel—a hot pink glitter bomb of a machine, complete with a pulsating underglow and a built-in boombox blasting Madonna’s *Material Girl* at full volume. It shimmered like a beacon in the twilight, every angle catching the light and throwing it back in dazzling sparkles.

The announcer’s voice crackled over the loudspeakers, sleazy and full of glee. “Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the most slippery, sexy spectacle on the seven seas—the Jet Ski Wet T-Shirt Relay Wet Noodle Jousting Extravaganza! Watch as these bodacious bombshells hold on for dear life, all while giving us a show that’ll make your heart—and maybe a few other things—pound!”

Bunny flushed at the lewd commentary but couldn’t suppress a giggle as she climbed onto her jet ski. The sleek, slippery surface felt cool beneath her, the glitter already sticking to her oiled thighs as she adjusted her grip on the handlebars. Around her, the other contestants mounted their themed jet skis, each one a riot of color and absurdity.

Trixie Tumbleweed’s jet ski was shaped like a unicorn, complete with a glowing horn that shot out jets of glitter-infused water. Candy Crush’s machine was bedecked with twinkling rhinestones, and every rev of the engine sent a cascade of sparkles into the air. Misty Mayhem’s punk-rock jet ski featured spikes along the sides and a booming subwoofer that rattled the water. Darla Delight’s pastel confection looked like a giant cupcake, frosting included.

The announcer continued, his tone dripping with innuendo. “And let’s not forget the real stars of the show: those wet T-shirts! Every time these beauties hand one off, it gets wetter, tighter, and just a little more... revealing. You won’t want to blink, folks!”

Bunny glanced down at her own T-shirt—dry for now but just barely. The thin white fabric clung to her curves, hinting at what lay beneath. Without a bikini top underneath, her nipples were already beginning to poke through slightly, the anticipation of what was to come making her pulse race. She could feel the eyes of the crowd on her, and instead of shrinking under their gaze, she straightened, a playful smirk curving her lips.

*Let them look,* she thought, a surge of confidence warming her from the inside out. *Bunny doesn’t hide.*

The course stretched out ahead, an insane labyrinth of glowing buoys, ramps that launched into fiery hoops, and foam-spraying mechanical sharks. The water churned with the anticipation of the riders, jets of rainbow-colored spray shooting into the air. Around the track, audience members wielded oversized Super Soakers, eager to drench anyone who dared pass too close.

“Riders, take your marks!” the announcer shouted. “And remember—style points matter as much as speed! Let’s see those T-shirt handoffs done with flair, passion, and maybe a little scandal!”

The horn blared, and the chaos began.

Bunny leaned forward, her engine roaring to life as she sped across the foamy surface. Water splashed up around her, soaking her T-shirt in an instant. The thin fabric clung to her skin like a second layer, becoming almost transparent as it revealed the full, luscious curves of her breasts. Her nipples stood out prominently, the cool water and adrenaline combining in an electrifying rush. The crowd roared its approval, and Bunny couldn’t help but toss her head back and laugh, the exhilaration washing over her.

As she reached the first relay point, Trixie Tumbleweed wobbled next to her, her unicorn jet ski shooting out a wild spray of glitter that blinded them both momentarily. Bunny let out a squeal as Trixie handed off her wet T-shirt with a dramatic twirl. The sodden garment slapped into Bunny’s chest with a satisfying *splat*, and she quickly shrugged out of her own shirt to don the next one.

The act of changing shirts on the jet ski was an erotic dance in itself. Bunny’s wet skin gleamed in the lights, droplets cascading down her toned stomach and pooling in the hollow of her collarbone as she peeled off her T-shirt. The audience whooped as her bare chest was momentarily exposed, her nipples glistening before she pulled on the new, impossibly smaller T-shirt. It clung even tighter than the last, the wet fabric hugging every curve as if painted on.

“Look at that handoff!” the announcer cried, his voice practically salivating. “Bunny knows how to work the relay—and the crowd!”

The course grew wilder as Bunny sped forward, dodging jets of foam from the mechanical sharks and narrowly missing a ramp that launched Candy Crush through a flaming hoop. Behind her, Chad clung to a floating cooler, his pool noodle raised like a makeshift lance as he shouted, “I’m still in this!” A wave from Blaine’s commandeered jet ski sent him spinning into a buoy, the impact sending a plume of water and foam skyward.

At the next relay station, Bunny faced Misty Mayhem, who twirled her spiked jet ski menacingly. The punk-rocker tossed her a soaking wet T-shirt, the heavy fabric slapping against Bunny’s chest. She slipped out of her current shirt, her breasts bouncing free for a moment as the crowd erupted in cheers. The new T-shirt was practically a rag by this point, clinging to her body like a whisper of modesty. Her nipples pressed against the sheer fabric, dark and prominent, and she could feel the water jets from the audience adding to the sensual chaos.

The relay continued, each handoff a mix of sensuality and absurdity. Bunny found herself laughing freely, her earlier reservations melting away as she reveled in the insanity. The wet T-shirts shrank with each exchange, becoming little more than glorified crop tops. By the time she reached the jousting section, her T-shirt was tied precariously around her chest, her bronzed skin shimmering in the glow of the neon lights.

The pool noodles were oversized and ridiculously colorful, but they were also surprisingly effective weapons. Bunny faced off against Candy Crush first, their jet skis circling each other in a watery dance. Candy swung her noodle with theatrical flair, sending a cascade of water toward Bunny, who squealed and ducked just in time.

“C’mon, babe!” Blaine shouted from the sidelines, his deep voice carrying over the noise. “Knock her out and show them who’s queen!”

Bunny grinned, her heart racing as she leaned into the chaos. She swung her noodle with all her strength, the foam weapon connecting with Candy’s side and sending the voluptuous redhead tumbling into the water. The crowd roared as Bunny raised her noodle in triumph, her T-shirt clinging so tightly it left nothing to the imagination.

One by one, Bunny faced off against her competitors, each joust more intense and erotic than the last. Water and foam sprayed everywhere, the neon lights casting an otherworldly glow over the spectacle. Bunny’s confidence grew with each victory, her laughter mingling with the crowd’s cheers as she embraced every moment of the absurdity.

As she dispatched her final opponent before the next round, she turned to see Veronica and Charlotte, both perched on their jet skis and glaring at her with a mix of envy and determination. Their eyes locked onto hers, and Bunny felt a delicious thrill of anticipation ripple through her.

“Looks like we’ve got some serious competition coming up!” the announcer crowed. “Bunny’s on fire, but can she handle not one but two challengers? Stay tuned, folks—this is gonna be one hell of a ride!”

Bunny adjusted her wet T-shirt, the soaked fabric doing little to hide her curves as she readied herself. Her lips curled into a mischievous smile. “Bring it on,” she whispered, her voice dripping with bimbo pride.

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The air was thick with glitter and adrenaline as Bunny revved her jet ski, her wet T-shirt clinging to every curve like a second skin. Veronica and Charlotte idled on either side of her, their jet skis bobbing with the waves, their eyes locked on her with a predatory mix of rivalry and intrigue. The crowd roared, sensing the tension, while the announcer’s voice blared over the loudspeakers, dripping with sleaze and excitement.

“Well, well, folks! Looks like we’ve got a ménage à trois of mayhem brewing on the high seas! Three gorgeous competitors, one undeniable king watching from the sidelines. Who’s going to make the biggest splash—and who’s going to go down first?”

Bunny giggled breathlessly, flipping her soaking hair over her shoulder. Her glitter-slick skin sparkled under the neon lights, and her breath hitched as she stole a glance at Blaine on the shore. His sapphire-blue eyes were fixed on her, his arms crossed over his bronzed chest, his smirk radiating approval. The heat of his gaze sent a shiver down her spine.

All of this. For him.

Veronica leaned closer on her jet ski, her pastel bikini dripping with water. Her lips curved into a sly smile as she reached out, her fingers brushing Bunny’s arm. “You know,” she murmured, her voice low and honeyed, “we don’t have to fight, babe. We could... work together. Make Blaine see we’re a team.”

Bunny blinked, momentarily caught off guard. “A team?” she echoed, her voice tinged with breathy confusion.

Veronica’s smile deepened as she leaned in further, her chest pressing subtly against Bunny’s arm. “Of course, Bunny. You and me? We could make him so happy.”

The crowd erupted into wild cheers, and the announcer’s voice boomed with glee. “Oh, what’s this? A little alliance forming on the high seas? Or maybe something steamier? Stay tuned, folks—this could get wetter than we ever imagined!”

Before Bunny could respond, Charlotte pulled up on her sleek black jet ski, her golden hair shining like a halo under the lights. Her smirk was pure dominance as she reached out and grabbed Bunny’s other arm, pulling her attention away from Veronica.

“Don’t listen to her,” Charlotte said, her voice sharp and commanding. “If you want to be the queen of Bikini Week, you need to take charge. Show him you’re more than just a pretty face. Show him you’re the best.”

Bunny’s lips parted, her cheeks flushing as she glanced between the two women. The push-and-pull between their approaches left her giddy, confused, and thrilled all at once.

Veronica pouted, her fingers trailing down Bunny’s arm. “This could all be over you know. All you have to do is just stop. You cold be a nobody. Never have to do anything lewd or embarrassing or sexual again. Don’t you want to stop all this, Bunny? I see the real you under all this.”

Bunny giggled, her head tilting as she leaned into Veronica’s touch. “The real me? The real me loves this!” she declared, throwing her arms wide. “All of it! The crowd, the chaos, the attention... and Blaine!”

The crowd roared again, and the announcer’s voice rang out. “Looks like Bunny’s got her priorities straight, folks! She’s here for the glory—and maybe a little something extra!”

Charlotte scoffed, her grip on Bunny’s arm tightening. “If you’re going to be queen, you’ll have to prove it,” she challenged, her tone dripping with authority.

Bunny’s heart raced as she felt herself being pulled in both directions. Veronica’s soft, seductive warmth and Charlotte’s sharp, competitive edge created a whirlwind of tension that left her breathless.

And then Veronica grinned, reaching down to a compartment in her jet ski. “Maybe this will help us all... get closer.”

With a dramatic flourish, she pulled out an inflatable island, the bright pink platform emblazoned with the words *Pleasure Paradise*. She pressed a button, and the island began to inflate rapidly, its edges lined with cushions and neon lights.

The announcer practically lost his mind. “Ladies and gentlemen, we have liftoff! An inflatable island of ecstasy has joined the competition! Who’s ready for some *offshore intimacy*?”

Veronica climbed onto the island, her movements slow and deliberate as her wet skin glistened under the lights. She turned back to Bunny, holding out a hand. “Come on, babe. Let’s give them a show.”

Charlotte smirked and followed suit, her toned body moving with predatory grace as she settled onto the island. “Let’s see if you can handle both of us, Bunny,” she taunted, her voice a low purr.

Bunny hesitated for a moment, her gaze darting to Blaine. His expression was unreadable, but the heat in his eyes was unmistakable.

“Do it, babe!” he called, his voice carrying over the waves. “Show them why you’re the queen!”

Her heart soared as she climbed onto the island, the crowd’s chants of her name fueling her every move.

“Bunny! Bunny! Bunny!”

The moment she joined them, Veronica slid closer, her fingers brushing Bunny’s thigh as she whispered, “For Blaine.”

Charlotte leaned in from the other side, her hand trailing along Bunny’s waist. “All for him.”

Bunny giggled, her cheeks flushed as their touches ignited a fire within her. “For Blaine,” she agreed breathlessly.

The three women moved closer, their bodies glistening with water and glitter as they pressed together. Veronica’s lips brushed Bunny’s cheek, while Charlotte’s hands found her hips. The crowd went wild, and the announcer’s voice practically purred. “Oh, folks, this is the kind of teamwork we love to see! Three stunning competitors, but of course, they need one lucky guy. To join them! Let me just see who is randomly chosen for that position…Seat A1! Who is in in A1?”  
  
“Well, well, folks! Looks like the competition’s heating up, and by heating up, I mean it’s a *hot, wet, steamy mess*! Our ladies are looking *ready to ride*—and we’re not just talking about the jet skis!”

Bunny’s heart pounded as she watched Blaine rise from his seat in the crowd. His bronzed, oil-slicked torso gleamed like a marble statue under the lights, every muscle rippling with unspoken dominance. The announcer practically drooled into the microphone.

“Ladies and gentlemen, from seat A1—our randomly chosen lucky guy, and what do you know—it’s *the King of Bikini Beach* himself! Blaine is stepping up to claim his throne! Somebody hold my mic; I might faint!”

Blaine dived into the water with a grace that belied his massive frame, emerging moments later like a god of the ocean. He swam toward the island, his powerful strokes cutting through the waves. On his way, he passed Brad, who had finally managed to clamber onto a jet ski after endless, hapless effort. Without missing a beat, Blaine shoved him off and commandeered the vehicle.

“Sorry, Brad, but this jet ski isn’t big enough for both your ego *and* Blaine’s massive... personality!” the announcer quipped, eliciting a roar of laughter from the crowd.

Blaine reached the inflatable island in no time, pulling himself up in one fluid motion. Water streamed from his sculpted body as he stood, towering over the three women, who instinctively drew closer to him. Bunny’s breath hitched as his piercing blue eyes locked onto hers.

“Ladies,” Blaine drawled, his voice deep and dripping with smug authority, “looks like you’ve got room for one more.”

“Oh-ho-ho! Did you hear that, folks? Blaine’s here to *ride the wave of destiny*! And these lucky ladies are about to get the ride of their lives!”

Bunny felt her throat go dry as his piercing blue eyes locked onto her. She knew—God, she knew—this was her moment. Everything she had done, every inch of transformation, every wild, chaotic, ridiculous choice, had led her here. She had become Bunny for him. For this.

The crowd erupted in cheers, their chants of “Bunny! Bunny!” mingling with the announcer’s gleeful double entendres. “Oh-ho, folks! Looks like the King of Bikini Beach himself is claiming his throne—and his queens! Talk about riding the wave of destiny!”

Veronica leaned in first, her soft, supple body pressing against Bunny’s side. Her lips brushed Bunny’s ear, her breath warm and teasing. “We’re all here for him, aren’t we?” she whispered, her voice dripping with seduction. “But we can’t make it too easy. He has to earn it.”

Charlotte, never one to be outdone, let her hands slide down Bunny’s slick waist, her nails grazing her skin. “Speak for yourself, sugar,” she purred, her voice low and commanding. “I’m here to make sure *she* knows her place. After all, queens don’t just sit pretty—they fight for the crown.”

Bunny’s laugh was breathless, high-pitched, and utterly Bunny. “Babe,” she giggled, her hands fluttering nervously but not pulling away, “I think we’re all on the same team here. Team Blaine.”

“Damn right you are,” Blaine rumbled, stepping closer. He placed one massive, calloused hand on Bunny’s hip, the other trailing over Veronica’s bare shoulder. “Now let’s see if you ladies can keep up.”

Veronica moved first, her lips claiming Bunny’s in a kiss that was soft, teasing, exploratory. Bunny’s eyes fluttered shut, her body melting into the moment as Veronica’s hands slid up to cup her face, the pads of her thumbs brushing her cheeks. Charlotte wasted no time, her mouth trailing hot, open-mouthed kisses down Bunny’s neck, her tongue darting out to taste the salt and sweat on her skin.

“Folks, we’ve got *tongue on tongue action*! These ladies are *diving deep into the wet zone*! Somebody get my mother—she needs to see this!”

Blaine growled low in his throat, the sound vibrating through the air as he stepped forward, his presence towering, his arousal unmistakable. His hands found Veronica’s hips, pulling her flush against him as he claimed her lips in a kiss that was anything but soft. Veronica moaned into his mouth, her body arching toward him as Bunny gasped, caught between them.

Charlotte’s hands roamed over Bunny’s slick, glitter-covered skin, her fingers curling into the hem of her soaked T-shirt. With one sharp tug, the fabric came free, leaving Bunny bare to the waist, her breasts glistening under the neon lights. “There she is,” Charlotte murmured, her voice heavy with approval. “The queen of the beach.”

Bunny blushed, but there was no room for modesty here. Not with Blaine’s eyes darkening, his hand reaching out to cup one perfect, slicked globe. His thumb brushed over her nipple, and she gasped, her head tipping back as pleasure shot through her.

“Bunny,” he murmured, his voice rough and commanding. “You’ve outdone yourself.”

Veronica’s lips found Bunny’s again, her hands tangling in her hair as Blaine’s touch sent waves of heat coursing through her body. Charlotte moved behind her, her hands gripping Bunny’s hips as she pressed her own body flush against hers, her lips brushing the shell of her ear.

“You’re perfect like this,” Charlotte whispered, her voice a low, intimate rasp. “Soft, submissive, and ready to please. Aren’t you, Bunny?”

“Yes,” Bunny breathed, her voice trembling but certain. “Yes, I’m ready.”

Blaine stepped back for a moment, his gaze sweeping over the tableau before him—Bunny’s flushed, glistening body caught between Veronica’s seductive touch and Charlotte’s dominant grasp. He smirked, his hand tugging at the waistband of his board shorts, letting them fall to reveal his impressive arousal.

Bunny knelt before him her eyes, wide and adoring, flickered up to his, seeking reassurance. “Blaine…” she murmured, her voice trembling with anticipation, her lips parted and waiting.

Behind her, Veronica and Charlotte exchanged a glance—not of rivalry now, but of shared understanding. This was about him, about feeding his ego and his desire until there was nothing left. Veronica’s hands glided over Bunny’s slick shoulders, her lips pressing soft kisses along her neck as she whispered, “Don’t be shy, babe. Show him you’re ready.”

Charlotte’s approach was bolder. She stood behind Blaine, her hands snaking around his torso, her nails grazing his sculpted abs as she pressed her body flush against his back. Her breath was hot against his ear as she murmured, “You’ve got all of us, Blaine. Let us make you feel like the king you are.”

Blaine groaned low in his throat, his hand tangling in Bunny’s wet hair, tugging just enough to tilt her face upward. His blue eyes burned as he studied her. “You’re mine, Bunny,” he growled, his voice rough with want. “All of you are.”

The declaration sent a shiver through her, and she responded instinctively, her lips brushing against the length of him, her soft gasps mixing with the sounds of the waves and the crowd’s distant chants. Veronica joined her, her lips trailing kisses along his other thigh, her hands stroking upward with teasing confidence. Charlotte, not to be outdone, stepped around to face him, her bold gaze locking onto his as she pressed her body closer, her hands trailing down to join the others.

“Let me show you how it’s done,” Charlotte purred, her voice dripping with confidence as she leaned in, taking him in her hands with a deliberate stroke. Bunny followed, her hands tentative but eager as she worked alongside Charlotte, their movements perfectly synchronized.

Blaine’s head tipped back, his breath escaping in a sharp hiss. “Fuck, you girls are too good at this,” he muttered, his voice thick with pleasure. His hands alternated between Bunny’s hair and Charlotte’s waist, his touch possessive and electric.

Veronica, her competitive streak flaring, slid closer, her lips brushing against Bunny’s cheek as she whispered, “Let’s make him lose control.” She pressed her lips to Blaine’s, her kiss deep and consuming, her hands exploring the hard planes of his body with unrestrained hunger.

Blaine growled against her mouth, his control slipping as Veronica’s boldness spurred him on. “You’re all too fucking perfect,” he muttered, his voice ragged as his hips began to move in time with their touches.

When the moment reached its peak, Bunny pulled back slightly, her lips swollen and her breath coming in gasps. “Blaine,” she murmured, her voice trembling but insistent, “you can’t finish with me yet. The narrative—”

“The what?” Blaine groaned, his frustration palpable as his eyes darkened.

“The climax,” she whispered, her words laced with an edge of Emily’s calculated logic. “You have to wait for it.”

His jaw tightened, his hands gripping her shoulders as he let out a low, frustrated growl. “Fine. But I’m not waiting for them.” His gaze shifted to Veronica, who was already poised and eager.

She straddled him in one smooth motion, her body arching as he entered her with a mutual gasp. Her hips moved in slow, deliberate circles, her moans blending with the sounds of Bunny’s breathless encouragement and Charlotte’s whispered taunts.

“Show him what you’ve got, Veronica,” Charlotte teased, her hand sliding over Blaine’s chest. “Make him remember your name!”

“Somebody call a lifeguard,” the announcer hollered, “because this is a *four-alarm wet dream*! And I am NOT waking up!”

Blaine’s grip on Veronica’s hips tightened as his movements grew erratic. “Fuck, Veronica,” he groaned, his voice a mix of pleasure and restraint. Just as the tension broke, Bunny tugged at his shoulder, her voice soft but commanding.

“Now,” she whispered, guiding him away from Veronica just in time. His first release spilled into Veronica’s wet dripping pussy, her sharp inhale turning into a wicked grin, but before the second wave could follow, Bunny maneuvered him toward Charlotte, who was already ready and waiting. “Your turn,” Bunny said, her voice tinged with pride as Charlotte sank onto him with a low moan and his second and third ropes spurted inside of her.

When the final release came, Blaine’s growl echoed across the water, his body shuddering as Charlotte gasped, her nails digging into his shoulders.

They collapsed together in a tangle of limbs, the inflatable island gently rocking beneath them. Blaine’s chest heaved as he looked down at the three women, his smirk returning as he murmured, “You’re all fucking perfect.”

Bunny, her cheeks flushed and her body still trembling, nestled against him with a contented sigh. “We’re not done yet,” she whispered, her voice filled with playful promise. “This queen still has to win.”

Veronica and Charlotte lay sprawled in satisfied exhaustion, their limbs tangled and glitter-dusted, the faint rise and fall of their breathing the only sign of life. But Bunny's adrenaline was still spiking. Her eyes darted to Blaine, who reclined beside her like a king surveying his kingdom, a self-satisfied smirk curling his lips.

Bunny’s gaze flickered toward the foam noodles stacked neatly on the edge of the island—remnants of the wild jousting chaos. A mischievous grin spread across her face.

“Sometimes,” she whispered, leaning closer to Blaine, her lips brushing against his ear, “it’s fun to be the bully, isn’t it? Girls like that…” Her voice dropped to a conspiratorial murmur. “They have their place—beneath us.”

Blaine’s smirk deepened, his eyes glinting with approval. “You’re learning, Bunny,” he drawled, his voice low and indulgent.

With a quick, fluid motion, Bunny seized one of the oversized noodles and stood, the wobbling of the inflatable island only adding to the drama. She spun the noodle over her head like a gladiator preparing for battle, then turned her gaze down to her unsuspecting rivals.

“Sorry, ladies,” she cooed, though the glint in her eye betrayed anything but remorse. “This queen still has to win her crown.”

Before either Veronica or Charlotte could react, Bunny brought the noodle down with a dramatic *splat* onto Veronica’s stomach. The impact sent Veronica rolling off the edge of the island with a splash, her surprised gasp turning into laughter as she hit the water.

“Bunny!” Veronica sputtered, resurfacing and flipping her drenched hair out of her face.

But Bunny was already pivoting toward Charlotte. “Don’t think I forgot about you, sugar,” she teased. With another mighty swing, she bopped Charlotte square on the back, toppling the blonde headfirst into the water.

“Damn it, Bunny!” Charlotte shrieked, emerging from the waves, her glare softened by an amused smirk. “You’re gonna pay for that!”

Bunny twirled the noodle triumphantly, her grin dazzling as she turned to Blaine, who was now laughing outright.

“Last girl standing!” she shouted, spinning to face the spectators on the shore. She thrust the noodle into the air like a warrior holding a sword of victory. “I’m your champion!”

The crowd erupted into wild cheers and laughter, their energy fueled by her unabashed display of dominance.

The announcer’s voice cut through the chaos, dripping with innuendo as always. “And there you have it, folks—the *queen* of the relay, the *undisputed* champion! Looks like Bunny’s not just riding jet skis—she’s riding the wave of victory straight into our hearts…and maybe a few other places!”

The crowd hooted and hollered, signs waving in the air with lewd slogans even more inspired now.

“Let’s hear it for Bunny, everyone!” the announcer continued, his tone as suggestive as ever. “Now, let’s get this chaos cleaned up and move on to the next event! Can our reigning queen keep her crown, or will someone finally knock her off her throne? Stay tuned!”

Bunny turned to Blaine, the cheers washing over her like a heady wave of power. She tossed the noodle aside and perched herself beside him, her body still buzzing from the thrill of victory.

“Told you,” she said softly, her voice laced with playful arrogance, “it’s good to be the queen.”

Blaine pulled her closer, his smirk never faltering. “You’re getting so very close babe…” he murmured. Bunny barely had time to register his words (close to what?) before Blaine was scooping her off the inflatable island, his bronzed arms lifting her effortlessly like she was some prize he had just claimed in front of the entire beach. The crowd erupted into cheers and wolf whistles, their energy electric as the neon glow of the floating carnival painted their faces in vivid blues and pinks. Bunny giggled, her glitter-slick skin pressing against Blaine’s chest as he carried her toward the Muscle BBQ Eating Tug-of-War Surf-Off.

“I gotta say, babe,” Blaine began, his voice a rich, smug drawl as he adjusted his grip, one hand sliding provocatively down to her ass before giving it a firm squeeze. “I didn’t know you swung both ways, but damn, watching you with Veronica and Charlotte? You almost liked it, huh?”

Bunny’s breath hitched, both at his words and the way his fingers lingered. She swatted his chest playfully, though her grin was far from innocent. “Guess that makes me versatile, huh?” she teased, her tone dripping with faux innocence. “Just like the wet T-shirts—you gotta handle me with care, big guy. I might get slippery.”

As they reached the next staging area, Blaine paused, setting Bunny down on a wooden bench as she changed into the new swimsuit he had given her; a jaw-droppingly high-cut, nearly gravity-defying swimsuit that’s more a tantalizing suggestion of clothing than actual coverage. The fabric—a glossy, shimmering neon pink that catches the light like polished candy—is so thin it almost appears painted onto her skin, hugging every curve with scandalous precision. It arches dramatically from the narrow strip of fabric covering her lower half, rising impossibly high over her hips, leaving her long, toned legs looking like they could stretch for miles.

The cut is absurdly bold, soaring past the usual limits of 80’s swimwear, and practically brushing her waistline. It accentuates the sharp curve of her hips, teasing glimpses of skin in all the right places. A tiny triangle of fabric barely covers her chest, held up by impossibly slender straps that loop over her shoulders and down her back in a web-like design, crisscrossing to frame her lithe figure. The back dips low—dangerously low—leaving most of her smooth, sun-kissed skin on display, save for the teasing sliver of fabric clinging just above her tailbone.

The overall effect? Pure, unadulterated confidence. This is a garment that doesn’t whisper but shouts about its wearer’s daring sense of style. The way Bunny moves in it is magnetic; every step seems to highlight the deliberate impracticality of the outfit, her long legs gliding with a feline grace, her hips swaying like a hypnotic metronome. It's the kind of bikini that looks like it belongs more in a midnight fantasy than on an actual beach, yet Bunny wears it like it’s her birthright.

Emily would be utterly scandalized by the mere sight of it—a flush of embarrassment painting her cheeks as she sputters out some attempt at polite disapproval. But no Emily had come to voice an opinion on it. After all, this isn’t just a swimsuit—it’s Bunny’s declaration that she doesn’t just follow the rules; she rewrites them.

She was so absorbed in the swimsuit she almost didn’t notice Blaine pulling something out of his pocket—a Polaroid camera.

“Smile for me, babe,” he drawled, holding the camera up and snapping a photo before she could protest.

“Blaine!” Bunny squealed, reaching for the camera as the photo began to print, but he held it high above her reach, his grin downright devilish.

“What?” he asked, feigning innocence. “Just documenting the queen of Bikini Week in all her glory.” He shook the photo, watching as the image developed—a shot of Bunny mid-giggle, her leotard practically painted onto her glitter-covered body.

Before she could protest further, Blaine turned, holding the Polaroid aloft as he passed through the crowd. “Check it out, folks!” he called out, his voice booming through the speakers as he grabbed a mic from a nearby announcer’s table. “This right here is the face of Bikini Week’s reigning queen—and, uh, everything else too!”

The crowd roared with laughter and applause as Blaine flashed the photo around, ensuring everyone got a good look. Bunny’s cheeks burned, but the thrill of the attention sent a delicious shiver through her.

Blaine didn’t stop there. As the next event loomed closer, he scooped Bunny into his arms again with exaggerated flair. “Gotta make sure everyone sees who’s got the hottest girl on this beach,” he said, loud enough for nearby onlookers to hear.

“Blaine!” Bunny protested, though her giggles betrayed her enjoyment. Her hands fluttered nervously as his grip shifted, his fingers “accidentally” grazing the curve of her ass before sliding up to her waist.

“Whoops,” he said with a shrug, his smirk betraying just how intentional the move had been. “Sorry, babe. It’s a slippery situation.”

“You’re impossible!” Bunny laughed, burying her face against his neck as he strode forward, every muscle in his bronzed body flexing with purpose. She could feel the heat of his skin against her own, the heady scent of salt and coconut oil wrapping around her like a drug.

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# CHAPTER 16: Private Dancer

The staging area for the Muscle BBQ Eating Tug-of-War Surf-Off was as ridiculous and decadent as everything else in the floating carnival. Giant grills lined the arena, their sizzling contents sending plumes of smoky, delicious-smelling air into the sky. In the center, a massive greased-up tug-of-war rope stretched over a shallow pit of BBQ sauce, its surface glistening under the neon lights.

The crowd cheered wildly as Blaine carried Bunny toward the center of the chaos. “You ready for this, babe?” he asked, his tone playful but laced with challenge.

Bunny glanced at the slippery rope, the sizzling grills, and the absurdly high stakes, her heart racing with anticipation. “Born ready,” she replied, her voice high-pitched and giggly.

Blaine’s voice dropping an octave as he leaned closer. “They’re gonna remember this, Bunny. They’re gonna remember you.”

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The arena was a neon-lit temple of ridiculous excess, a parody of every Spotlights traced over Blaine as he stepped into the center of the chaos, his bronzed body gleaming with oil, glitter, and the unmistakable sheen of confidence. Bunny stood beside him, practically bouncing with energy as she adjusted her absurdly sexy swimsuit, her breasts threatening to spill free with every enthusiastic move.

“This is it, babe,” Bunny chirped, her voice high-pitched and sugary. “If we’re gonna win, you gotta bulk up *big*. Like, huge. Like, the biggest stud this beach has ever seen!”

Blaine smirked, flexing his biceps for the crowd, the muscle swelling with a theatrical *pop* sound that sent the audience into a frenzy. “Bigger? You sure you can handle that, babe?” he teased, his tone dripping with smugness.

Bunny’s glossy lips curved into a mischievous smile. “Watch me,” she giggled, grabbing a tray of meat so oversized it looked like it belonged in a cartoon.

Music blared through the speakers—an electric guitar riff that was pure 80s indulgence. Blaine reclined on a glitter-covered bench press, his muscles taut and ready. Bunny stood beside him, holding a massive syringe filled with the most expensive steroids in the world. She could see the price tag still on them, enough to feed an entire village and it was going into making her already jacked man into a huge jacked man. She didn’t care and the crowd roared as she wiggled her hips in time with the beat, the oversized needle gleaming under the lights.

“Time for your gains, babe!” Bunny giggled, leaning over him with exaggerated flair. She injected the syringe into his arm, her fingers spreading it over his pecs with slow, sensual strokes.

“Damn, Bunny,” Blaine muttered, his voice thick as his abs flexed under her touch. “This is one hell of a treatment plan.”

She giggled breathlessly, licking a stray drop of sauce from her finger before leaning close. “You just pump, big guy,” she cooed, “and let Bunny handle the rest.”

The music surged as Blaine gripped the barbell, lifting it with ease as the camera zoomed in on his biceps, which seemed to swell with every rep. Bunny leaned in closer, practically draping herself over him as her hands roamed his chest, her glossy nails tracing the outlines of his muscles.

“You’re getting so big,” she murmured, her voice dripping with awe. “Bigger than anyone on this beach.”

“Not big enough yet,” Blaine growled, upping the weight as the crowd screamed.

The montage transitioned seamlessly into a chaotic scene of Bunny shoving comically oversized portions of BBQ meat into Blaine’s mouth. He chewed with exaggerated ferocity, the juices dripping down his chin as Bunny cheered him on. For some odd reason the montage also had her pick up a gun like contraption covered in wires and glowing buttons. It didn’t fit the theme so she tossed it aside and continued to give protein to her man, specially green herrings.

“You’re gonna need more fuel if you’re gonna win!” she squealed, grabbing a turkey leg so massive it looked like it came from a prehistoric bird. She thrust it toward his mouth, her glossy lips parted in excitement.

“Open wide, big guy!” she commanded, her voice high-pitched and teasing. Blaine complied, taking a massive bite as Bunny’s eyes sparkled with adoration.

“You’re unstoppable!” she gushed, grabbing a rack of ribs and playfully smearing sauce across his chest. “So strong, so… hot.”

The crowd roared as Blaine flexed mid-bite, his muscles inflating like balloons with every exaggerated motion. Bunny dropped the tray of food, her hands flying to his biceps as she squeezed them, her breath hitching audibly.

“Oh my God,” she whispered, her fingers trailing down to his abs, which rippled under her touch. “You’re, like, a total beast now.”

“And you’re gonna ruin the contest if you keep looking at me like that,” Blaine replied with a smirk, his voice low and rough.

Bunny bit her lip, her hands wandering lower as the music surged. She climbed onto the bench press, straddling his lap as her glossy thighs clamped around his hips. “I don’t care,” she murmured, her voice trembling with desire. “I want you, Blaine. Right now.”

Just as she began to take off her swimsuit to fuck him right in the gym, a rogue meat skewer flew through the air, landing directly on the control panel for the stage lights. The sudden flash of blinding neon startled them both, and Bunny toppled off Blaine with a startled squeal, landing in a pile of glitter and foam.

“Babe!” Blaine said, laughing as he helped her to her feet. “You okay?”

Bunny giggled, brushing glitter off her chest. “Uh … yea.. The narrative … thing … never mind!” she teased, her cheeks flushed.

The announcer’s voice crackled to life over the speakers. “Ladies and gentlemen! Blaine’s bulking is complete! Let’s get this Muscle BBQ Eating Tug-of-War Surf-Off started!”

The crowd erupted into cheers as Bunny grabbed Blaine’s hand, leading him toward the man-made beach on the floating carnival. Her eyes sparkled as she glanced back at him, her smile bright and full of mischief.

“You ready to win, big guy?” she asked, her voice playful but determined.

Blaine smirked, his massive frame glowing under the lights. “Always, babe. Always.”

The man-made beach on the floating carnival was alive with energy, the crowd’s cheers mingling with the crashing of artificial waves as the Tug-of-War Surf-Off prepared to begin. Spotlights swung over the water, illuminating the oversized surfboards shaped like electric guitars, each gleaming with a coat of slippery oil. Spectators jostled for a better view, armed with water balloons filled with glitter and confetti, ready to turn the arena into a chaotic masterpiece.

Bunny stood at the edge of the platform, her glittery eyeshadow shimmering under the lights, her bright pink lipstick gleaming as her lips curved into a wide, bubbly smile. Her makeup, which she had applied without thinking about as she walked to the beach, was an exaggerated work of art, a neon-pastel palette that screamed over-the-top bimbo chic.

“Oh my God, like, this is *totally* the most gnarly thing *ever*!” she squealed, twirling a strand of her glossy hair. Her voice was higher-pitched now, breathy and effervescent, dripping with valley-girl enthusiasm.

Blaine stepped beside her, his bronzed, chiseled body towering over her as he adjusted the band of his tiny gold swim briefs, which left almost nothing to the imagination. His muscles rippled with every movement, the oil on his skin catching the light as he flexed casually for the crowd. He glanced down at Bunny with a smirk, his sapphire-blue eyes gleaming with pride and possession.

“You ready for this, babe?” he drawled, his deep voice sending a shiver through her.

“Like, *totally*!” Bunny giggled, her hands clapping together as she bounced on her toes. “We’re, like, *so* gonna crush it, big guy!”

The horn blared, signaling the start of the Surf-Off. Bunny and Blaine hopped onto their surfboard, the electric guitar-shaped platform wobbling beneath their weight as the waves began to churn. Bunny clutched Blaine’s massive bicep for balance, her squeal of delight ringing out as her legs wobbled precariously.

“Hold on, babe,” Blaine said, his voice steady and confident. His large hand settled on her waist, steadying her with ease. “We’ve got this.”

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Across the way, the Chads—Chad, Tad, Rad, and Lad—stood on their own surfboard, each wearing matching neon tear-away pants. They exchanged smirks, clearly plotting mischief. Chad gave a thumbs-up to Lad, who reached for a control panel hidden in the surfboard’s base.

“Time to take Blaine down a notch,” Chad muttered, his grin smug.

But their plan went hilariously wrong. The sabotaged board was their own. The moment Lad pressed the button, the extra oil dispenser activated, turning their surfboard into a virtual slip-and-slide.

“Oh, no—!” Chad started, but it was too late.

The Chads slid comically in every direction, their tear-away pants snagging on the edges of the board and ripping off prematurely. The crowd erupted into laughter as the Chads stood there, blinking in surprise, clad only in brightly patterned underwear.

“Dude, are those... Care Bears?” someone shouted, pointing at Rad’s briefs.

“No way, it’s Spider-Man!” another yelled, cackling.

The chant began almost instantly, loud and relentless: “*Pink is the new Chad!*”

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Bunny twirled around on the surfboard, giggling uncontrollably as she watched the Chads flail and slip. “Oh my God, they’re, like, *so* embarrassing!” she exclaimed, her voice dripping with glee.

Then inspiration struck. Bunny’s eyes lit up, and she squealed. “Blaine! I, like, *have* to do a cheer!”

Before Blaine could respond, Bunny grabbed a pair of pom-poms seemingly out of nowhere and began an impromptu cheerleading routine right there on the surfboard.

“Gimme a B!” she shouted, thrusting her hips and bouncing, her leotard riding impossibly high with every move.

“B!” the crowd roared back.

“Gimme an L!” she continued, twirling in place, her glossy thighs glistening under the lights.

“L!”

Blaine couldn’t help but grin, his eyes locked on her as she dropped into a deep squat, her pom-poms shaking above her head. “You’re crazy, babe,” he said, his voice filled with pride.

“Like, *totally*!” Bunny giggled, flipping her hair dramatically before throwing herself into a series of high kicks. The crowd went wild, their chants of “Bunny! Bunny!” reaching a fever pitch.

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With the Chads floundering, Blaine tightened his grip on the rope, his muscles bulging as he pulled with unmatched strength. Bunny clung to him, her hands roaming his glistening torso as she cheered him on.

“You’re, like, *so* strong, big guy!” she gushed, her fingers tracing the ridges of his abs.

The Chads made a desperate last-ditch effort, but Blaine’s power was unstoppable. With one final, earth-shaking pull, he yanked the rope so hard that the Chads were catapulted off their surfboard and into the water, their flailing limbs sending a cascade of glitter and confetti into the air.

The crowd erupted into cheers as Blaine lifted Bunny into his arms, her squeals of delight echoing over the beach. He spun her around, his hands sliding over her curves with exaggerated flair as the camera zoomed in on their triumphant pose.

“We did it!” Bunny cried, throwing her arms around his neck.

“No, babe,” Blaine corrected, his voice low and possessive. “*I* did it. But you made it look good.”

Bunny giggled, her glossy lips brushing against his ear. “Like, *totally.*”

The judges held up their scorecards, each flashing a perfect ten. The announcer’s voice boomed over the speakers. “Ladies and gentlemen, give it up for Blaine and Bunny - they will be going over the final even, THE Body Shot Lap Dance Stripper Pole Glow Dance!”

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Bunny was still trembling with adrenaline and ecstasy as the crowd’s cheers from the Muscle BBQ Eating Tug-of-War Surf-Off echoed in her ears. Her bronzed, glittering body gleamed under the neon lights, her curves accentuated by the mix of oil, sweat, and remnants of BBQ sauce clinging to her skin. Blaine’s firm grip on her arm pulled her away from the chaos, his sapphire-blue eyes burning with intent as he guided her backstage to the private prep area.

“Babe,” he said, his voice low and commanding, “if you want to own that stage, you need to be glowing like the fucking sun. You’re gonna make every guy out there wish they had you, and every girl wish they were you.”

Bunny giggled breathlessly, her knees weak under the weight of his words. “Like, oh my God, Blaine, you’re, like, so totally right!” she squealed, twirling a lock of her damp hair around her finger.

The private prep area was a sleek, decadent oasis. Large mirrors lined the walls, their edges glowing with pink neon lights. A massive, cushioned chair that looked more like a throne sat in the center of the room, and a table was laid out with bottles of coconut milk, shimmering body oils, and glowing makeup palettes.

“Sit,” Blaine ordered, his tone brooking no argument.

Bunny obeyed instantly, sinking into the plush throne as Blaine reached for a chilled bottle of coconut milk. With a flourish, he popped it open, the fragrant liquid sloshing invitingly. The crowd outside roared as the announcer’s voice boomed over the speakers.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” the announcer drawled, his tone thick with mischief and innuendo, “as we prepare for the *Body Shot Lap Dance Stripper Pole Glow Dance*, let’s take a moment to reflect. What does it mean to truly give yourself to the moment? To embrace the spotlight so completely that nothing else matters? Only one contestant has what it takes to fully commit—*if* she dares.”

Bunny shivered as Blaine tilted the bottle, the cool coconut milk cascading over her bare shoulders and running in rivulets down her chest. The sweet scent filled the air as the liquid slid between her breasts, pooling in the hollow of her collarbone before dripping down her taut stomach.

“You’re gonna shine, babe,” Blaine murmured, his hands following the path of the coconut milk, spreading it across her skin in slow, deliberate strokes. His touch was firm and unapologetically possessive, his fingers kneading her shoulders, sliding down her arms, and massaging her thighs.

Bunny let out a soft moan, her body melting under his touch. “Blaine,” she whispered, her voice high-pitched and breathy, “you’re, like, so good at this.”

He smirked, his hands moving to her hips as he leaned in close, his breath warm against her ear. “You’re gonna be the best slut they’ve ever seen, Bunny,” he growled. “You’re gonna … you are going to be a SLUTBUNNY! So own that stage. Every move, every twist, every grind—you’re doing it for me, and for every single person out there who can’t take their eyes off you.”

Her chest heaved, her head tilting back as his words sent a wave of heat through her. “For you,” she murmured, her glossy lips parting as she gazed up at him with adoration.

“And you know what you get if you do it right,” he said, his voice dripping with promise.

Her eyes sparkled with anticipation. “You,” she giggled, her hands fluttering to rest on his arms. “All of you.”

Outside, the announcer’s voice took on a cryptic edge. “The final event is almost here, folks. But let’s not forget—this is more than just a competition. This is about commitment. About transformation. About *truly* embracing who you were always meant to be. Some might even say… forever.”

Bunny’s breath hitched, a faint flicker of something—something Emily—surfacing for the briefest moment. But it was drowned out by Blaine’s hands sliding up to cup her face, his thumbs brushing her cheeks as he tilted her head back.

“Don’t think,” he commanded softly. “Feel. This is what you’ve wanted all along, isn’t it? To let go. To be free. To be Bunny.”

“Yes,” she whispered, her voice trembling with emotion. “Yes, Blaine. I want it all.”

“Then show them, babe,” he said, pulling her to her feet and spinning her toward the mirror. Her reflection was a glowing, glistening vision of perfection. Her body radiated sensuality, every inch of her shimmering with coconut milk and glitter. Blaine stood behind her, his massive frame a stark contrast to her petite, curvaceous figure, his hands resting possessively on her hips.

The announcer’s voice turned conspiratorial. “Our final contestant is about to take the stage. But the question is… will she *really* take it? Will she finally give in? Will she let herself become the star we’ve all been waiting for? Or will she hesitate, falter, and go back to the way she was?”

Bunny stared at her reflection, her breath catching as she realized how far she’d come.

“Are you ready?” Blaine asked, his lips brushing her ear.

“Totally,” she breathed, her voice high and sweet.

He smirked, grabbing a bottle of glowing body oil and pouring it generously onto her chest. His hands followed, massaging the oil into her skin with slow, deliberate strokes, his touch igniting a fire that left her trembling.

“Then go out there and make them beg for you,” he growled, swatting her ass with a loud smack that sent her stumbling toward the door.

Bunny giggled, her cheeks flushed and her body thrumming with anticipation. As she stepped onto the glowing runway leading to the final stage, the crowd erupted in cheers, their chants of “Bunny! Bunny!” echoing in her ears.

Behind her, Blaine grabbed the mic and made a loud, suggestive proclamation. “Ladies and gentlemen, get ready to witness perfection. My girl Bunny is about to show you what it means to *own* the night. Don’t blink—you won’t want to miss a second.”

The crowd’s roar was deafening as Bunny strutted forward, her glittering body glowing like a star. She was ready. Ready to take the stage. Ready to take Blaine. Ready to become everything she was meant to be.

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The stage was a riot of neon lights and shimmering confetti, an electric pulse of music shaking the air as the crowd pressed closer, hungry for the spectacle to come. In the center of it all, the lap dance podium gleamed—a massive, rotating platform surrounded by poles that glowed with an otherworldly radiance. At the edges, the judging panel waited, shirtless hunks in gold lamé pants lounging on oversized thrones. Each man’s abs rippled as they stretched lazily, golden oil catching the lights, their grins sly and anticipatory.

Blaine stood tall at the center of the stage, his bronzed, chiseled form commanding attention like a god surveying his domain. His sapphire eyes locked onto Bunny, who stood a few feet away, her body glistening under the pulsating lights, every inch of her shimmering with the coconut milk he’d massaged into her skin. Her barely-there cheongsam-inspired bikini sparkled with sequins, the slits at her hips climbing so high they defied reason, leaving almost nothing to the imagination. A gold sash tied at her waist was the only thing holding the outfit together, its looseness threatening to unravel with a single tug.

Blaine’s smirk deepened as he held out his hand, his voice a low, commanding purr that carried over the thumping bass. “Come here, Bunny.”

Her breath hitched as the crowd’s cheers rose to a fever pitch, their chants of “Bunny! Bunny!” filling the air. She stepped forward on wobbly heels, her glossy lips parted, her eyes wide and shimmering with a mix of nervousness and anticipation. Blaine’s presence wrapped around her like a vice, his energy magnetic and impossible to resist.

When she reached him, his hands immediately found her hips, pulling her close. His grip was firm, possessive, and the heat of his touch sent a jolt of electricity through her. He leaned down, his lips brushing against her ear as he spoke loud enough for the microphones to catch every word.

“Bend over, babe,” he murmured, his tone dripping with authority. “Let them see everything.”

Her cheeks flushed a deep crimson, but her body moved instinctively, obeying his command. She turned her back to the crowd and bent at the waist, her hands gripping the edges of the podium for support. The movement caused her gold sash to slip slightly, the fabric parting just enough to reveal the round curve of her ass. The crowd roared their approval, the sound washing over her like a tidal wave.

Blaine’s hand slid down her spine, his touch slow and deliberate, leaving a trail of heat in its wake. When he reached the base of her back, he gripped the loose ends of her sash and gave it a playful tug, letting the fabric slip further.

“Good girl,” he said, his voice a low growl that sent shivers down her spine. He straightened, addressing the crowd with a wicked grin. “What do you think, gentlemen? Is she ready to dance?”

The judges leaned forward in their thrones, their golden pants glittering as they thrust their hips in unison, a mockery of traditional scoring. The crowd erupted in laughter and cheers, the screens around the venue displaying the exaggerated movements of the judges, their oily torsos glistening under the lights.

Blaine turned back to Bunny, his hands finding her hips once more. “Time to show them what you’ve got,” he said, his voice low and firm. “You’re going to start with me.”

She straightened slowly, her cheeks still burning, and turned to face him. Her hands rested lightly on his chest as she moved closer, her body swaying to the rhythm of the music. Blaine smirked down at her, his gaze dark and heated as he reached up to cup her chin, tilting her face upward.

“Good girl,” he murmured, loud enough for the microphones to catch. “Now get on my lap.”

The crowd’s cheers surged as Bunny climbed onto his lap, her legs straddling his hips as she began to move. Her body swayed and rolled against him, her hips grinding in slow, sensual circles. Blaine’s hands roamed her back, sliding down to cup her ass as he guided her movements, his grip firm and possessive.

“Let’s give them a show,” he whispered, his voice thick with desire. “Show them you’re mine.”

Bunny’s giggles bubbled up, high-pitched and breathy, as she leaned into him, her body arching in time with the music. The stage spun slowly, the neon lights casting them in a kaleidoscope of colors, and the crowd’s chants grew louder.

As Bunny moved, the screens around the venue displayed her every motion, her glistening skin and barely-there outfit capturing the attention of everyone in the audience. The judges thrust their hips wildly in approval, their exaggerated movements drawing laughter and cheers.

Blaine’s hands slid up her sides, his thumbs brushing the curves of her breasts as he pulled her closer. His lips found her ear, his voice a low, teasing growl. “You’re just getting started, babe. Now turn around and show them what I see.”

Bunny obeyed without hesitation, spinning on his lap to face the crowd. She leaned back against his chest, her arms raised above her head as she rolled her hips, her body moving in perfect rhythm with the thumping bass. Blaine’s hands rested on her thighs, his touch firm and guiding as she continued to dance.

The crowd’s cheers reached a deafening crescendo as the music swelled, and Bunny threw her head back, her body moving with abandon. This was her moment. She was Bunny—completely, utterly, and undeniably.

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The lights dimmed, plunging the stage into a twilight of shimmering colors and electric anticipation. The announcer’s voice echoed through the venue, dripping with a mix of theatrical flair and playful sleaze.

“Ladies and gentlemen, it’s time for the Body Shot Countdown! Not just a competition—oh no, this is *art*. Sticky, neon-lit art. And tonight, our masterpiece is none other than the breathtaking, exotic, utterly mesmerizing Bunny!”

The crowd erupted into cheers, and Bunny stepped forward, the spotlight capturing every glowing inch of her. Her final outfit was a masterpiece of decadent excess—an ultra-modernized cheongsam-inspired bikini with LED strips woven into the fabric. Each pulse of light accentuated her curves, the high-cut sides exposing her bronzed thighs while the plunging neckline framed her glistening skin. The outfit shimmered with a neon glow, the slits at her hips so scandalously high they seemed to defy the laws of physics.

“Damn, babe,” Blaine murmured, his voice thick with lust as he stepped up beside her. His hand slid possessively around her waist, pulling her close. “You look like the hottest firework on this beach. They can’t take their eyes off you.”

Bunny giggled, her glossy lips curving into a playful smile. “You think it’s ‘cause I’m, like, *sooo* exotic?” she teased, twirling a strand of hair between her fingers.

“Definitely, babe. You’re like a forbidden treasure nobody else can touch,” Blaine replied, his blue eyes locking onto hers. “But they can look all they want—‘cause you’re mine.”

The announcer cut in, his tone dripping with mock reverence. “For the Body Shot Countdown, our contestants will showcase their talents by becoming living works of art. Bunny, let’s see what you’ve got!”

Blaine wasted no time, guiding Bunny to the center of the stage where a gleaming platform awaited. She reclined atop it, her body shimmering with coconut oil and glitter, her LED bikini casting multicolored patterns across her skin. Blaine’s hand trailed down her thigh, his fingers brushing the soft, oiled flesh as he grabbed a small bowl of salt from a nearby station.

“Let’s make this memorable,” he said, his voice low and commanding. He dipped his fingers into the salt and sprinkled it along the curve of Bunny’s stomach, the grains clinging to her glistening skin like tiny diamonds.

The crowd hushed as Blaine leaned in, his lips just a breath away from her navel. His tongue darted out, slow and deliberate, licking the salt from her stomach. Bunny gasped, her back arching slightly as the sensation sent shivers through her.

The tequila shot rested perfectly between her breasts, the rim of the glass brushing against her glowing bikini. Blaine’s eyes darkened as he reached for it, his fingers brushing her skin as he lifted the shot. He downed it in one smooth motion before leaning in again, his mouth hovering inches from hers.

“Hold still, babe,” he murmured, his voice rough.

Bunny’s lips parted, the lime held delicately between her teeth. Blaine’s hands gripped her hips as he leaned down, his mouth capturing the lime and brushing against her lips in a teasing kiss. The crowd roared as he pulled back, his grin cocky and triumphant.

“Damn, Bunny,” Blaine said, his hand trailing down her thigh. “You taste even better than tequila.”

The announcer’s voice cut in again, dripping with glee. “But why stop at one body shot, folks? Let’s turn it up! Blaine, I hear you’ve got a *brilliant* idea for the next round.”

Blaine’s grin widened as he grabbed the microphone, his tone both smug and commanding. “Why not turn Bunny into a tequila-serving machine? She’s already the hottest thing here—let’s give ‘em something to remember.”

The platform tilted slightly, transforming into a makeshift fountain. Blaine grabbed a bottle of tequila and poured a generous stream down Bunny’s body, the liquid cascading over her glistening skin. Spectators leaned in eagerly, their glasses held aloft as the tequila ran over Bunny’s thighs and trickled down her calves.

Blaine licked the salt from her thighs, his tongue tracing slow, deliberate paths up her oiled skin. Bunny let out a breathless giggle, her body squirming under his touch. “You’re, like, sooo naughty, babe,” she teased, her voice high-pitched and bubbly.

“And you’re loving it,” Blaine shot back, his tone dripping with dominance.

The announcer was practically losing his mind. “This is next-level, folks! Bunny isn’t just a contestant—she’s a living, breathing masterpiece of neon-lit debauchery! Somebody get me a drink from this goddess of the glow!”

Bunny’s glowing bikini pulsed in time with the music, the LED strips highlighting every curve. Blaine’s hands found the gold sash at her waist, and with one dramatic pull, he revealed a neon thong that left absolutely nothing to the imagination.

“Damn, babe,” Blaine muttered, his voice rough as his hands slid over her exposed hips. “You’re blinding me.”

The crowd’s cheers reached a deafening crescendo as Blaine turned her to face the judges, his hand gripping her waist possessively. “Now let’s see if anyone else can top this,” he said, his voice a low growl.

Bunny giggled, her lips curling into a wicked smile as she leaned into Blaine. “Good luck, boys,” she purred. “I’m, like, totally unbeatable.”

he announcer’s voice boomed across the venue, dripping with enthusiasm and more than a hint of sleaze. “And now, folks, let’s see if our other contestants can match the *unparalleled* energy of the exotic enchantress herself—Bunny!”

The crowd roared, eager to see how the other contestants would try to outshine Bunny. One by one, they stepped onto the stage, each attempting to channel Bunny’s mesmerizing allure.

First was Veronica, who emerged in what could only be described as a dollar-store version of Bunny’s cheongsam-inspired bikini. The satin fabric was wrinkled, the gold accents peeling, and the side slits looked more accidental than intentional. She attempted a sultry walk but tripped over her impractically high heels, her awkward stumble earning a smattering of half-hearted applause.

“Is that... supposed to be exotic?” someone in the crowd muttered, barely concealing their laughter.

Candy Crush followed, her attempt even more cringe-worthy. She wore a kimono that was at least three sizes too big, cinched haphazardly with a neon green sash. Her movements were stiff as she tried to emulate Bunny’s fluid grace, but the exaggerated bow she attempted ended with her losing her balance and knocking over a tray of tequila shots.

Misty Mayhem, ever the punk rebel, gave it a go with an outfit that was a bizarre mashup of leather and vaguely "Asian-inspired" patterns. The result looked more like a discount Halloween costume than anything alluring. She sneered at the crowd, trying to sell her look with attitude, but the audience’s tepid response only made her angrier.

Finally, Darla Delight tried her hand, emerging in a pink satin robe covered in poorly embroidered cherry blossoms. She twirled a paper fan with exaggerated coyness, her giggles coming off forced and awkward. When the fan broke mid-performance, the crowd erupted—not in admiration, but in laughter.

Bunny stood off to the side with Blaine, her glowing bikini pulsing softly in the dim light. She giggled, her hand fluttering to her glossy lips. “Oh my gosh,” she whispered to Blaine, her voice breathy and teasing. “They’re, like, sooo trying, but it’s not even close.”

Blaine smirked, his arm wrapping around her waist as he pulled her closer. “Of course not, babe. You’re the real deal. They’re just desperate knock-offs.”

The announcer couldn’t resist adding fuel to the fire. “Nice tries, ladies! But you know what they say—imitations only make the original shine brighter. And Bunny? You’re *blinding* us tonight!”

The crowd erupted in cheers, chanting Bunny’s name as the other contestants shuffled awkwardly off the stage, their failed attempts only cementing Bunny’s status as the star of the show.

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The stage was electric as the Stripper Pole Mayhem event began, lights strobing in time with the pounding bass of the music. At the center of the arena stood the pole—a towering, neon-lit column surrounded by swirling fog machines and pulsing lasers. The crowd pressed closer, their cheers deafening as the contestants lined up to perform.

But everyone knew who they were really waiting for.

Bunny stood at the edge of the stage, her LED-lit cheongsam-inspired bikini glowing in vibrant patterns of crimson and gold. The fabric barely clung to her curves, the plunging neckline showcasing her glistening cleavage while the side slits exposed the full length of her bronzed, oiled legs. Her hair, slick with glitter, cascaded down her back in waves that shimmered under the lights. Gold bangles jingled on her wrists as she clasped the pole, her glossy lips curving into a flirtatious smile.

“Give it up for the *Queen of the Orient* herself,” the announcer crowed, his voice dripping with theatrical glee. “Let’s see if Bunny can make jaws drop and hearts stop!”

The music swelled, a sultry mix of traditional Asian melodies and thumping techno beats. Bunny began to move, her hips swaying hypnotically as she slid around the pole, her hands caressing the metal like a lover.

Her routine was a masterclass in sensuality. She twisted gracefully, her body arching as her legs wrapped around the pole. With a powerful push, she spun upward, the neon lights casting dazzling patterns over her glistening skin. Each move was deliberate, her every motion designed to draw attention to her lithe frame and generous curves.

The crowd roared as she reached the top of the pole, her body contorted into an elegant lotus pose. Then, with breathtaking precision, she released her grip and spun upside-down, her legs spreading wide as she clung to the pole with nothing but her inner thighs. Her LED bikini pulsed in time with the music, drawing all eyes to the glowing outline of her body.

“Bunny, you’re a goddess!” someone in the crowd shouted, their voice barely audible over the thunderous applause.

She tilted her head back, her glossy hair brushing the stage as she slid down in a controlled spiral. Her movements were fluid and catlike, each twist and turn oozing confidence. Her fingers trailed down her own body as she dropped into a split at the base of the pole, her hips grinding in time with the music.

From the sidelines, Blaine watched with a predatory grin. Unable to resist, he strode onto the stage, his bronzed chest gleaming with oil. The crowd screamed as he joined her, his powerful hands gripping her waist.

“Let’s show them how it’s done, babe,” he murmured, his voice low and commanding.

Together, they performed a synchronized routine that left the audience breathless. Blaine lifted Bunny effortlessly, her body arching in a perfect curve as she spun around the pole in his arms. His hands slid over her thighs, spreading them wide as he pressed her against the metal. Her head tilted back, her lips parted in a breathy moan as the lights strobed dramatically.

The music swelled, and Bunny reached for Blaine’s hand. In one fluid motion, she climbed higher, her body a glowing beacon of erotic perfection. She twisted into an inverted pose, her LED bikini flickering in dazzling patterns as she hooked her legs around the pole. Blaine joined her again, his hands steadying her as they executed a gravity-defying move—her body forming a perfect arc as his grip guided her descent.

And then, the inevitable happened.

A strap of Bunny’s bikini snagged on the pole, and with a loud snap, her top fell away. The crowd gasped, and for a moment, everything seemed to freeze. Bunny hung upside-down, her breasts bare and glistening under the lights, her nipples taut and dark against her golden skin.

The announcer’s voice cut through the stunned silence, gleeful and shameless. “Well, well, looks like Bunny’s bringing more to the table than we expected! Let’s hear it for *those* show-stoppers!”

The crowd erupted into a chant, their voices a wild cacophony.

“Bunny! Bunny! Bunny!”

Bunny giggled, she wasn’t ashamed, she was happy!. She slid down the pole, her arms wrapping around Blaine’s neck as he caught her effortlessly. His hands roamed over her body, his touch both possessive and worshipful as he whispered in her ear.

“They can’t get enough of you,” he murmured, his voice thick with pride.

As the other contestants took their turns, their attempts only made Bunny shine brighter.

Veronica climbed the pole awkwardly, her movements jerky and uncoordinated. Halfway up, she got stuck, her legs flailing as she tried to right herself. “Help!” she squealed, her voice barely audible over the crowd’s laughter.

Charlotte attempted to steal the spotlight with an elaborate dance, but her overzealous gyrations sent her spectator toppling into the foam cannon. The resulting spray coated the stage in bubbles, leaving her slipping and sliding in a comedic disaster.

Bunny’s grand finale brought the house down. She ascended the pole one last time, her body glowing with LED lights as she performed a daring spin. At the peak, she grabbed a tequila shot balanced on a tray, licked salt from her own thigh, and downed the shot before tossing the glass into the crowd.

With a powerful push, she flipped backward off the pole, twisting gracefully in midair before landing perfectly in Blaine’s waiting arms. The crowd went wild, their cheers echoing across the venue as Bunny and Blaine shared a triumphant kiss.

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The crowd was an ocean of sound, an undulating wave of chants and cheers rising to the heavens as Bunny stood in the center of the stage, her naked body being painted by Blaine with glow in dark paint; she was the centerpiece of the chaos. The black lights painted her in shades of electric blue, neon pink, and vivid green, her curves alive with swirling patterns of UV-reactive paint. Her chest rose and fell with exhilarated breaths, the microphone trembling slightly in her hand. She wasn’t sure if it was from excitement or anticipation—or the sheer power of holding the attention of everyone in the universe, it seemed.

Her lips, painted a radiant gloss that shimmered with every movement, parted in a grin as she raised the mic to her mouth. “Alright, everybody!” Her voice rang out, bubbly and high-pitched, laced with an undercurrent of mischief. “You’ve seen me do the Coconut Oil Slip 'N Slide Mud Wrestling Gauntlet Bikini Car Wash Boombox Disco Dash Aerobics Breakdancing BBQ Challenge Jet Ski Wet T-Shirt Wet Noodle Jousting Relay Muscle BBQ Eating Tug-of-War Surf-Off Body Shot Lap Dance Stripper Pole Glow Dance to the top, haven’t you?”

The crowd erupted. Foam cannons boomed, confetti rained, and lights strobed chaotically. Bunny twirled on her toes, giggling as the glittered madness swirled around her. Blaine, her bronze titan of a partner, stood behind her, casually gnawing on a dripping rack of ribs as he leaned against the pole she had just conquered. His blue eyes blazed with approval, the kind that ignited something deep in her.

“But this is the Glow Dance,” Bunny continued, throwing her arms wide, her body undulating with the motion. “And it’s the LAST event! So we are not stopping there? You know why?” Silence. The crowd was waiting to see what she would say next. Almost waiting to see what they would do next? She held the pause, letting the crowd hang on her words. “ BECAUSE NOW AS WE ALL PLANNED WE ARE GOING TO DO EVERYTHING ALL AT ONCE!”

The response was deafening. Foam machines whirred to life, spraying shimmering suds high into the air, while fountains of glitter shot up from hidden jets around the stage. The announcer’s voice cut through the noise, dripping with unhinged glee. “Bunny has just declared war on sanity, folks! EVERYTHING IS HAPPENING NOW!”

The entire event became a neon fever dream, a symphony of every contest colliding into one another in a neon-lit, glitter-soaked explosion of debauchery and delight.

The stage itself became a slippery slope of coconut oil, forcing contestants to crawl toward the pole on their hands and knees. Bunny led the charge, her glowing thighs sliding sensuously over the slick surface as her painted curves gleamed in the blacklight. Blaine trailed behind her, his hands leaving possessive prints on her oil-slicked hips as he guided her toward the center.

A glittering foam tidal wave crashed into the mud pit, sending contestants tumbling into its glowing green depths. Women grappled with each other, their bodies a slippery tangle of mud, foam, and neon paint. They laughed and screamed, their movements equal parts sensual and absurd as the crowd cheered them on.

A classic convertible rolled onto the stage, dripping with suds as foam cannons sprayed relentlessly. Bunny, still giggling, grabbed a sponge and performed a seductive lap dance on the hood, her glowing body writhing in time with the pulsing bass. Blaine leaned against the car, biting into a skewer of ribs as he watched her, his free hand grazing her ass with an exaggerated “accidental” touch.

Jet skis zoomed around the perimeter, spraying arcs of water that caught the stage lights, turning the air into a kaleidoscope of rainbow mist. Bunny squealed as a burst of water hit her, the droplets trailing down her glowing skin in tantalizing rivulets. She spun, catching a glowing bracelet tossed by a spectator and slipping it onto her wrist with a wink.

Contestants from previous events reemerged, their bodies adorned with glow-in-the-dark paint that illuminated intricate designs across their skin.

Random bursts of water shot up from hidden fountains, drenching the dancers and adding a glistening sheen to their already glowing bodies. The wet T-shirt contestants from earlier joined in, their shirts now translucent and clinging, as they moved to the infectious beats pumping through the speakers.

The roller disco made a comeback, with skaters weaving between the dancers, their wheels leaving trails of sparks on the slick surface. Above, aerial silk performers descended, their bodies twisting and turning in synchronized elegance, their silks glowing like ethereal ribbons.

Massive screens flanked the stage, displaying slow-motion replays of the most sensational moments. Emily watched herself spin and twirl, each movement accentuated by the trailing glow of her body paint. The suggestive commentary from the announcer only heightened the crowd's enthusiasm.

The centerpiece of the chaos was the glowing pole now mounted on a massive, neon-lit surfboard that bobbed precariously in the foam-filled pool. Without hesitation, Bunny leapt onto it, her body a vision of athletic grace as she climbed. Her glowing curves twisted and undulated as she performed gravity-defying spins, her legs spreading wide as the pole spun under her control.

The crowd roared. Blaine, still holding his ribs, climbed onto the surfboard behind her, his massive hands sliding over her thighs to steady her as they executed a synchronized routine. Bunny bent backward, her hair brushing the water below as she arched her body, her glowing breasts heaving with exertion. Blaine smirked, his hands gripping her waist as he whispered, “You’re the best thing on this stage, babe. Own it.”

As Bunny spun on the pole, every event collided in a storm of neon and flesh. Foam cannons sprayed contestants into the mud pit, while jet skis dragged inflatable islands through the water, their riders trying desperately to hold on. Women in neon bikinis twerked against giant BBQ grills, their curves gleaming with oil and sweat as they flipped racks of ribs with theatrical flair. The announcer’s voice echoed over the madness. “THIS ISN’T A CONTEST ANYMORE; THIS IS AN ORGY OF GLORY!”

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Meanwhile, at the other end of the stage, the Chads—Chad, Tad, Rad, and Lad—scrambled to regain their footing in the chaos. Chad attempted to grab a foam cannon for leverage, only for it to explode in his face, showering him with so much glitter that he now resembled a disco ball.

Tad, always the schemer, lunged for a nearby surfboard but slipped on a stray BBQ rib, careening into a foam machine. The machine whirred ominously before ejecting him in a high-pressure jet of bubbles, sending him flying off the stage and into a dunk tank filled with neon-green slime.

Rad and Lad fared no better. Rad’s attempt to sabotage the glowing pole resulted in him accidentally yanking a power cable, which sent a spark flying that ignited a tray of flaming shots. The shots erupted, sending Lad stumbling into a pile of inflatable dolphins, which promptly deflated with a sad hiss, trapping him in their neon carcasses.

Blaine just rolled his eyes, waked over, and knocked all four of them unconscious with one punch, their heads slamming into each other like a Newton’s cradle, whatever that was.

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Through it all, Bunny was the eye of the storm. Her glowing body, now a living masterpiece of neon patterns, twisted and writhed on the pole as if she were born for it. Her laughter rang out, light and carefree, as she caught a handful of glitter tossed by a spectator and threw it into the air, letting it rain down over her shimmering curves.

The crowd chanted her name, their voices merging into a single entity that pulsed with adoration.

“BUNNY! BUNNY! BUNNY!”

Blaine grinned, stepping onto the mic to declare, “This is not just your queen, people! She’s your goddess, give her your worship!!”

The crowd screamed in agreement as Bunny spun one last time, her body a glowing blur of neon curves, before leaping from the pole and landing perfectly in Blaine’s waiting arms.

As the foam, glitter, and chaos swirled around them, Bunny glanced out at the adoring crowd, her heart pounding with exhilaration. She had become a goddess of this neon-lit madness, the queen of a world that adored her for everything she had become.

And that’s when she noticed the faint, otherworldly glow forming at the edge of the stage.

Bunny—no, Emily, somewhere deep inside—froze mid-spin. Her gaze drifted past the kaleidoscopic chaos and locked onto the edge of the stage, where a faint, otherworldly glow was growing. It pulsed, an unnatural shimmer that seemed out of place even in this world of impossible debauchery. She blinked, her breath hitching as a flicker of something sharp and painful clawed at the edge of her neon haze.

The announcer’s voice boomed with a giddy intensity. “Folks! This is it! HER FINAL moment of glory! Other girls dreamed of THIS! Other girls WANTED THIS! Other girls like Emily were too scared to be happy! But what will she do?”

The words hit her like a slap. Emily. He’d said Emily. No one had said that name in what felt like an eternity. Bunny stumbled slightly on the pole, her glistening thighs gripping the metal for balance as the world around her seemed to warp.

The foam cannons sputtered, then erupted with clouds of glitter instead of foam, the sparkles sticking to every surface like radioactive pixie dust. The glowing portal at the stage’s edge began to pulse faster, throwing jagged rays of dull light across the scene. Spectators turned to look at it in awe and confusion, but their faces seemed... wrong. Their expressions flickered, their bodies glitching between forms like a scrambled signal on a vintage television.

Blaine’s voice thundered into the mic, cutting through the mounting disarray. “That’s my queen!” he roared, stepping toward Bunny, his massive frame blocking the portal from view. “My Bunny! No one’s taking her away from me!”

His BBQ ribs glitched in his hand, transforming into a bizarre alien fruit that pulsed with a faint glow. He blinked at it once, then shrugged and bit into it as if nothing had happened, juices dripping down his chiseled jaw.

Bunny swayed, her body shimmering with the neon paint that now seemed to pulse in time with the portal’s glow. She turned her head, catching her reflection in the pole. Her breath caught as the image flickered—first Bunny, radiant and resplendent, then Emily, plain and buttoned-up, holding a cup of coffee with an exhausted look on her face.

Her heart raced as the announcer's voice stuttered like a broken record. “T-minus... T-minus... ten seconds until maximum sexy overload! Overload! Overload!”

The portal was widening now, a swirling vortex of dull light and flickering shadows. Bunny’s heart thudded in her chest as she stared at it, her reflection in the pole still flickering between her two selves. A sound—sharp, familiar—cut through the cacophony, and she realized it was her own voice, but not Bunny’s. It was Emily’s, echoing from the portal.

“You don’t belong here,” the voice whispered. “Come back. Come home.”

Bunny gasped, her glossy lips trembling as her gaze darted to Blaine. He had dropped the mic and was striding toward her, his muscles glistening, his eyes locked onto her with unwavering intensity. He climbed onto the surfboard where she stood, his massive hands gripping her waist.

“Forget that,” he growled, his voice low and commanding. “This is your home now, Bunny. You don’t need anything else. You’ve got me.”

Her body melted against him, her painted curves sliding against his bronzed skin as he pulled her close. The crowd chanted her name, their voices rising in a frenzied crescendo.

“BUNNY! BUNNY! BUNNY!”

The portal surged again, its dull glow expanding, throwing disjointed scenes from her old life across the stage. Her cubicle at work. Her small, sterile apartment. The coffee shop she used to haunt. All so... gray. So lifeless. Emily’s voice echoed again, louder now. “Come back! This isn’t you!”

Blaine’s hands tightened on her hips, his cocky smirk softening into something almost vulnerable. “Don’t listen to that,” he murmured. “You’re mine. You’re Bunny. Stay here. With me.”

The portal flickered, its pull intensifying. Bunny’s gaze darted between Blaine and the swirling light. “I don’t know—” she began, her voice cracking.

But then Blaine’s lips crashed against hers, silencing her doubt. His kiss was electric, his hands roaming her body with possessive fervor. The portal pulsed violently, as if reacting to their passion, its glow strobing like a desperate alarm.

“More,” Blaine growled, his voice raw with need. “You know what you have to do. Let go, Bunny. Give in.”

Bunny’s painted body arched against his, her breath coming in desperate gasps as her internal conflict reached a fever pitch. The world around them dissolved into chaos—foam, glitter, neon lights, and roaring chants merging into an erotic cacophony of sound and sensation.

Her gaze flicked to a small, blinking device lying at the edge of the stage—the sci-fi gizmo, the dimension closer. It glowed faintly, pulsing in time with the portal.

Emily’s voice whispered in her mind, trembling but resolute. “You know what to do.”

Emily stared at the edge of the stage, torn between the two versions of herself vying for dominance—the carefree, glowing Bunny and the grounded, restrained Emily. But Blaine was in front of her, a molten furnace of masculinity. His touch seared through her hesitation, his hands firm on her waist as if staking a claim on her soul.

The portal’s unnatural glow flickered, but Emily turned her focus to Blaine. Her hand brushed against his jawline, fingers tracing his stubble. "If I’m going out, I’m doing it my way," she murmured.

Blaine grinned, feral and triumphant. "That’s my girl."

With that, she shoved him backward onto the surfboard, his bronzed, rippling body sprawling as she straddled him, the neon paint on her thighs smearing against his skin. The crowd roared, but it faded into white noise as her focus sharpened on Blaine. His cock throbbed against her, hot and insistent, the thin barrier of her soaked bikini bottom almost laughable. She slid her hips down, grinding into him with a deliberate slowness that made him groan.

"Jesus, Bunny," he gasped, his voice breaking on her name.

"No," she whispered, leaning down so her lips brushed against his ear. "For this last time … call me Emily."

Her hands roamed his chest, slick with oil and paint, her nails raking gently over his pecs as her hips undulated in slow, teasing circles. The intensity in his eyes burned as he grasped her hips, his fingers digging into her flesh with a mix of possession and desperation.

"You’re gonna kill me," he growled, his hips bucking up against her.

She smiled wickedly. "Not yet."

With a quick motion, she ripped her bikini top away, baring her heaving breasts. The crowd erupted, but Emily’s gaze remained locked on Blaine’s as she guided his hands to her chest. His palms were hot against her skin, his thumbs brushing over her nipples until they were stiff and aching.

"Touch me like you’re going to be touching Emily’s tits for the last time," she demanded, her voice low and commanding.

And he did. Too lost in lust to be his normal dominant self, Blaine surged upward, his mouth latching onto one taut peak as his hands gripped her waist, pulling her harder against him. Emily moaned, loud and unrestrained, her fingers tangling in his hair as his tongue worked her nipple in slow, torturous circles. The slick heat pooling between her thighs was unbearable, and she couldn’t wait any longer.

Shifting her weight, she reached between them, her fingers brushing against his cock. It was thick and pulsing, already slick with pre-cum. She pushed her bikini bottom aside and aligned herself with him, teasing his tip along her soaked slit.

"Bunny, don’t you fucking tease me," he growled, his hands tightening on her hips.

Her only response was a devilish smirk as she sank down, taking him inch by agonizing inch. Her back arched, a shuddering gasp escaping her lips as he stretched her, filled her completely. He groaned, the sound primal and raw, his fingers digging into her thighs as he bucked up into her.

"Fuck," she breathed, her hands braced against his chest as she began to move. Her pace was slow at first, deliberate, every rise and fall designed to drive him insane. His cock filled her perfectly, each thrust brushing against that spot inside her that sent sparks flying.

Blaine’s restraint shattered. His hands gripped her ass, guiding her movements as his hips pistoned upward. "Faster," he demanded, his voice rough and desperate.

She obeyed, her rhythm growing wild and erratic as she rode him with abandon. The glowing portal pulsed in time with their movements, each flicker of light brighter and more intense. Emily could feel the world around her fading into chaos, but she didn’t care. Every nerve in her body was focused on the sensation of Blaine buried inside her, his cock driving her higher and higher.

"God, Blaine," she moaned, her nails digging into his chest as she leaned back, giving him a full view of her bouncing breasts and arching body. "You feel so fucking good."

His response was a guttural growl as he surged upward, flipping her onto her back. The surfboard rocked beneath them, but he didn’t falter. He drove into her with relentless force, his hips slamming against hers as he claimed her completely. Her cries grew louder, the pressure inside her building to an unbearable peak. Every thrust sent a shockwave rippling through her, the relentless friction of his cock against her inner walls driving her closer to the edge.

Her nails dragged across his chest, leaving faint red trails on his bronzed skin, and her head tilted back, her glossy hair spilling over the surfboard in a cascade. “God, Blaine,” she gasped, her voice trembling as her breasts bounced with every thrust, the neon paint on her skin shimmering like molten fire. “You feel so fucking good.”

His guttural growl was like a whipcrack, and in an instant, she was on her back. The world tilted as Blaine flipped her effortlessly, his strength and determination only heightening her arousal. The surfboard wobbled precariously beneath them, but Blaine’s focus never wavered. His hands gripped her hips as he plunged into her with a ferocity that left her gasping, his cock driving deeper, harder, as if he could stake his claim on her very soul.

Emily’s cries turned into desperate, breathless screams, her fingers clutching at his shoulders as her body arched beneath him. Her thighs trembled, her toes curling as the pressure built to a fever pitch. Her clit throbbed, every nerve ending alive with electric heat, and she could feel the moment teetering on the brink of explosion.

"Come for me," Blaine growled, his voice dark and commanding. His pace quickened, the slap of his hips against hers echoing above the roar of the crowd. His hand slipped between their bodies, his fingers finding her swollen, slick clit and circling it with rough, purposeful strokes. “I want to feel you lose it when I cum inside of you.”

The words sent her over the edge. Her orgasm hit like a lightning strike, her entire body seizing as a wave of white-hot ecstasy crashed through her. Her inner walls clenched around him, pulsing in time with the throbbing of her heart. Her screams were unrestrained, raw, her voice breaking as she gasped his name over and over. Her back arched off the surfboard, her body trembling as the pleasure wracked her in wave after wave, each more intense than the last.

Her vision blurred, her senses overwhelmed by the heat, the slickness, the pure, visceral connection between them. She felt Blaine falter, his rhythm breaking as her tight, spasming walls dragged him to his own peak. He roared her name, (EMILY!) a primal, guttural sound that reverberated through her chest, and she felt the hot rush of his release as he spilled into her, his cock twitching with every pulse of his climax.

The sensation only prolonged her own pleasure, her body shuddering as the aftershocks of her orgasm rippled through her. She clung to him, her nails digging into his back, her thighs trembling around his hips as their bodies stilled, locked together in the overwhelming intimacy of the moment.

Blaine’s weight settled over her, his breath ragged against her ear as his body trembled with exertion. His lips brushed against her temple, soft and reverent, as if grounding her in the aftermath of their shared ecstasy. "Emily," Blaine murmured, his hand brushing against her cheek. "Stay. Please."

Her heart twisted, torn between the life she’d found and the one she’d left behind. But as she looked into Blaine’s eyes, filled with … love. He loved her. He did. And she knew she had to make the right choice.

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# CHAPTER 17: Sexual Healing

The announcer’s voice rang out, cutting through the throbbing bassline and frenzied cheers like a knife through chaos. “Ladies and gentlemen—and whatever else might be watching this insanity unfold—brace yourselves! This might just be the most insane climax of a contest you’ll ever witness. Pun fully intended! And hey, for those keeping track of continuity errors, I suggest letting them slide. We’ve got glitter and glowing tits here—priorities, people!”

The crowd laughed, their attention flickering between the dazzling spectacle on stage and the swirling portal of light expanding at the edge. The portal pulsed with an eerie glow, a stark contrast to the neon haze that engulfed everything else. It was as if reality itself was tearing at the seams, the frenzied contest unraveling into something stranger, more surreal.

Bunny pulled herself away from Blaine’s loving grip and started to walk towards it. The announcer’s voice carried on, playful but tinged with something darker. “Oh, what’s this? A mysterious glowing vortex at stage right? Maybe it’s a prize! Maybe it’s a plot hole! Maybe it’s the universe deciding we’ve pushed it too far. Either way, folks, don’t blink—you might miss the end of… everything.”

Blaine’s hands reached out for a girl already gone from his grasp. “Forget it, babe. Whatever that is, it’s not for you. You’re mine now.”

But the portal called to her, its shimmering edges showing flashes of a life she barely remembered. A cubicle. A coffee shop. A library. The stark, gray reality of Emily’s world.

“No,” she whispered, more to herself than to Blaine. Her glowing lips trembled as the name she hadn’t heard in what felt like a lifetime surfaced in her mind. “Emily…”

The word felt foreign and familiar all at once, a crack in Bunny’s glossy veneer. Her bare feet slipping slightly on the oil-slick stage as moved closer toward the portal.

“Bunny,” Blaine barked, his voice sharp with authority. “Where are you going?”

“I…” She faltered, her head tilting slightly as a battle raged within her. In her mind, two voices—hers, but not hers—began to argue.

**Bunny:** “Why are you even looking at that stupid thing? This is your life now, babe! Glitter, glow paint, and Blaine! You’re finally happy—don’t ruin it!”

**Emily:** “Happy? Really? This isn’t happiness—it’s distraction. Look at what’s happening. Look at *you*! You’ve lost yourself.”

**Bunny:** “Lost? No, I’ve found myself. Emily was boring, miserable. Bunny’s a star! Everyone loves her, and Blaine adores her.”

**Emily:** “But it’s not real. None of this is real.”

**Bunny:** “It’s real in our head! Why can’t that be enough?”

Her steps quickened, the two halves of her mind shouting over each other as she approached the portal. The light threw jagged shadows across her glowing skin, and for a moment, she caught her reflection in the glossy stage floor. Bunny, radiant and sparkling, stared back. But within the reflection, she saw flickers—Emily, tired and plain, holding a steaming mug of coffee. Bunny laughed in her head.

**Bunny:** “Seriously? Coffee? That’s what you want to go back to? Blaine just called you his queen, babe. A literal queen.”

**Emily:** “A queen of what? Neon tits and oil wrestling? You can do better.”

**Bunny:** “Better? Better than this? Look at us! We’re fucking perfect!”

**Bunny:** "Don't you even think about it! You'll ruin everything, babe. Everything we’ve worked for. Everything we’ve *become!*"

**Emily:** "I have to. This isn't me. None of this is real—it’s all just... glitter and lights and distractions."

**Bunny:** "Glitter? Distractions? Babe, it’s fucking fabulous! Look around. Everyone loves us. Blaine loves us. When’s the last time you ever felt this alive?"

**Emily:** "Alive? This isn’t alive. This is... some crazy fantasy. I’m not even sure I’m real anymore. This isn’t the life I wanted."

**Bunny:** "Oh, come on. Don’t play the martyr, Em. What life did you want? Cubicles and spreadsheets? Sitting in that gray apartment, watching reruns and pretending you’re okay with being invisible? Because that’s where you were heading—alone, boring, *forgettable.*"

**Emily:** "I wasn’t invisible. I had my books, my routines. My work meant something."

**Bunny:** "Meant something to who? To what? A boss who barely knew your name? Co-workers who’d forget you the second you walked out the door? Babe, wake up. You were *fading.*"

**Emily:** "I wasn’t fading. I was... grounded. Safe."

**Bunny:** "Safe is just another word for stuck, sweetie. You were surviving, not living. And look at us now! We’re glowing, we’re loved, we’re fucking unstoppable. Blaine treats us like a queen—like a goddess."

**Emily:** "But it’s not real. Blaine doesn’t even know me. He knows *you.* He knows Bunny."

**Bunny:** "Exactly! Because *Bunny* is who we’re supposed to be. Not that tired, boring girl with her sensible shoes and sad little frozen dinners. Bunny’s the woman you always dreamed of being, even if you were too scared to admit it."

**Emily:** "I wasn’t scared. I just... I didn’t need all this attention. I didn’t need to be someone else."

**Bunny:** "Oh, babe, you *love* the attention. Don’t lie to yourself. When they chant our name, when Blaine looks at us like he’d burn the world down just to touch us—you feel it. That rush, that heat. It’s everything you’ve ever wanted, even if you didn’t know it."

**Emily:** "That’s not fair. You’re twisting everything."

**Bunny:** "Am I? Or are you finally realizing the truth? You were miserable, Em. Miserable and *alone.* But now? Now we’re a star. We’ve got Blaine. We’ve got people cheering for us. We’re the center of the universe, babe, and it feels fucking amazing."

**Emily:** "It’s shallow. It’s temporary. What happens when it all falls apart?"

**Bunny:** "It doesn’t have to fall apart. Not if you let go. Stop clinging to some outdated idea of who you think you’re supposed to be. Let yourself be happy for once. Let yourself shine."

**Emily:** "Happy? You think this is happiness? Parading around half-naked, living for applause?"

**Bunny:** "Happiness is waking up every day knowing you’re wanted. Knowing you’re adored. It’s feeling like you are being who you want to be."

**Emily:** "But at what cost? Who am I if I give this up?"

**Bunny:** "You’re Bunny. You’re sexy, confident, and alive. You’re the woman you always wished you could be when no one was looking. The woman who knows what she wants and takes it."

**Emily:** "And what about the old me? What about Emily?"

**Bunny:** Emily was fine, but fine isn’t enough. You deserve more."

**Emily:** "I don’t know if I can..."

**Bunny:** "You already have. Look at us. Feel this. It’s not about letting go of Emily. It’s about letting Emily grow into something bigger, bolder, brighter. It’s about becoming the best version of ourselves."

**Emily:** *[hesitating]* "Do you really think this is who I’m meant to be?"

**Bunny:** "I don’t think. I *know.* You’ve been dreaming of this moment your whole life. Let yourself live it. Let yourself be her. Be me!"

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Her breath came in shallow gasps as she reached the portal. Its pull was stronger now, the edges crackling with static. A strange device lay on the ground nearby—a gunlike contraption covered in wires and glowing buttons. It was an inconsequential earlier prop from the Muscle BBQ montage, abandoned by her when it failed to fit the ridiculous theme. But to Emily, it might as well have been salvation. Bunny however had no idea what it was and screamed as loud as she could!

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**Bunny:** "NO! DON’T! FOR GOD’S SAKE JUST BE HAPPY FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE!"

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She scooped it up, her grip trembling as she aimed it at the swirling vortex. Her voice—shaky, uncertain—broke through the chaos. It was the last words Emily would ever say, “Good thing I know from my science class this is a permanent portal-closing gun!”

The crowd hushed, their attention snapping to her. Emily’s finger hovered over the trigger. Her lips curved into a bittersweet smile, the flicker of Emily’s determination blending seamlessly with Bunny’s signature smirk. She pulled the trigger, a beam of crackling light shooting from the gun and hitting the portal dead center.

The vortex convulsed, its glow stuttering like a dying lightbulb.

As the edges began to close, Bunny whispered softly, “Goodbye, Emily. Thank you for making the right choice.”

The portal collapsed with a final burst of light, and the stage fell into an almost eerie silence. Bunny straightened, her glowing body radiant under the UV lights. Her smirk widened, her head tilting as she turned to Blaine.

“I’m Bunny now,” she said, her voice high and breathy, perfectly carefree. She sauntered toward him, her hips swaying, the crowd erupting into wild cheers as if nothing had happened.

Blaine’s grin widened, feral and triumphant, as he grabbed Bunny by the waist and pulled her against him. The heat of his body melded with hers, the slick oil and neon paint between them making their connection electric. His lips crashed onto hers, a kiss not just of passion but of possession, claiming her completely. Bunny melted into him, her arms winding around his neck as the roar of the crowd crescendoed into a deafening wave of adoration.

The world seemed to shimmer and shift, the chaos crystallizing into something sharp and celebratory. Glittering lights danced around them, neon beams painting their bodies in glowing patterns. The thumping bass of the music surged in time with her racing heart, and Bunny felt a wave of exhilaration unlike anything she’d ever known.

When they broke the kiss, Blaine cupped her face, his sapphire eyes locking onto hers with a fierce, unyielding pride. “You’re my queen, Bunny,” he said, his voice low and reverent, yet tinged with that ever-present dominance. “And now everyone’s gonna know it.”

As if on cue, the announcer’s voice boomed over the speakers, dripping with theatrical glee. “Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, bimbos and hunks—welcome to the coronation of the King and Queen of the Beach! Give it up for Blaine and Bunny!”

The crowd erupted into cheers, their chants of “Bunny! Bunny! Blaine!” shaking the very sand beneath their feet. From somewhere in the chaos, attendants appeared, carrying an elaborate neon throne on a glittering platform. It glowed with pulsating LED lights, a mix of hot pink and electric blue, the colors casting radiant halos over everything they touched. The throne was adorned with oversized gold palm leaves and a backrest shaped like a blazing sun, its rays encrusted with rhinestones that caught and scattered the light.

Blaine turned to Bunny, offering her his hand with a flourish. “C’mon, babe,” he said, his voice dripping with confidence and charm. “Let’s take our throne.”

Bunny’s heart soared as she placed her hand in his, her glossy nails glinting under the lights. Together, they stepped onto the platform, the crowd parting like the sea to make way for their ascent. Blaine led her to the throne and sat first, spreading his legs with the ease of someone who knew he owned the world. He pulled Bunny onto his lap, his hands resting possessively on her thighs as she perched regally on him.

From the edge of the crowd, a figure emerged—Mr. Pearson, his slicked-back hair slightly disheveled and his white suit splattered with foam and glitter. His perpetual smirk was intact, though softened by an air of amusement and resignation. He clapped slowly, the sound cutting through the cheers as he approached the throne.

“Well, well,” Pearson drawled, his voice smooth and unbothered. “It seems you won the prize money and saved the beach. Here is the deed, I’m a man of my word after all. And I can’t say I’m surprised, Blaine. You’ve always had a knack for winning, haven’t you?”

Blaine smirked, leaning back as if the throne was built for him. “Takes one to know one, old timer..”

Pearson chuckled, his gaze flicking to Bunny. “And you, my dear Bunny. What can I say? You’ve captivated this beach, this crowd... hell, even me. A truly worthy queen.”

Bunny giggled, twirling a strand of her glowing hair around her finger. “Aww, Mr. Pearson, you’re too sweet! Don’t worry—you’ll get your turn someday.”

Pearson’s grin widened, his teeth gleaming in the neon light. “Oh, I’m not worried. There’s always next time. Always.”

The cryptic weight of his words hung in the air for a moment, but it was quickly swallowed by the crowd’s cheers as attendants approached with the royal regalia. The crown for Blaine was a gaudy masterpiece of gold and neon tubing, while Bunny’s was a delicate tiara of rhinestones and glowing LED flowers. The announcer’s voice rang out again.

“And now, the moment we’ve all been waiting for! With these crowns, we declare Blaine and Bunny the King and Queen of Bikini Beach! Long may they reign!”

As the crowns were placed on their heads, the crowd surged forward, their energy wild and uncontained. Glitter cannons exploded, sending shimmering clouds into the air, and foam machines blasted a tidal wave of bubbles that engulfed the stage. The music shifted to a triumphant anthem, its beat throbbing with celebratory chaos.

Blaine pulled Bunny closer, his lips brushing her ear. “See, babe? Told you’d get it all.”

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# Epilogue: Cruel Summer

The sun hung low in the sky, casting a golden glow across Bikini Beach as Bunny and Blaine reclined on their thrones—oversized lounge chairs sculpted from polished driftwood and decorated with vibrant tropical flowers. Both were decked out in scandalously tiny swimsuits that left little to the imagination. Bunny’s neon-pink bikini barely covered her curves, the strings tied in precarious bows at her hips, while Blaine’s gold lamé speedo clung to him like a second skin, every chiseled muscle on display. They sipped oversized tropical cocktails from coconuts adorned with miniature umbrellas and sparklers, their matching rhinestone crowns catching the last rays of sunlight.

The entire beach had gathered around them, chanting, “King Blaine! Queen Bunny!” A line of eager beachgoers, oiled and glowing, stood before the royal couple, awaiting their commands.

Blaine leaned back, his abs rippling as he stretched, his free hand lazily draped over Bunny’s large tit. “What do you think, babe?” he drawled, his voice smug and indulgent. “Who should rub sunscreen on us today? That gal looks like she’s got skilled hands.”

Bunny giggled, swirling her drink with a neon-pink straw. “Ooh, good call, Blainey. But maybe we make them compete for it? Like, the best massage gets to join us for our sunset soak!”

The beach erupted into cheers at the suggestion, and several contestants immediately began demonstrating their massage skills on each other, vying for the honor.

Bunny turned her attention to a group of women in matching bikinis who were diligently scrubbing a line of jet skis nearby. “You missed a spot, sweetie!” she called, twirling her finger in the air. “Those jet skis have to *shine*—like, I want to see my reflection in them!”

The women scurried to comply, and Blaine laughed, his voice rich and commanding. “You’re ruthless, Bunny. I like it.”

She batted her lashes at him, her lips curling into a playful smirk. “I learned from the best, King Blaine.”

Their subjects continued their duties—washing, serving drinks, and setting up an impromptu dance floor near the water’s edge. The atmosphere was electric, a never-ending party fueled by glitter, foam, and endless adoration for the reigning royalty.

Blaine took a long sip of his drink, his gaze scanning the beach. “We could host a glow-in-the-dark volleyball tournament tonight,” he mused. “Or maybe a couples-only coconut oil wrestling match. What do you think?”

Bunny tapped a glossy nail against her chin, her eyes sparkling with mischief. “Why not both? And throw in a midnight slip ’n slide competition for good measure.”

Blaine nodded approvingly, his arm sliding around her waist. “That’s why you’re my queen, babe. Always thinking ahead.”

As they lounged, beachgoers approached with offerings of fresh fruit, garlands of flowers, and more drinks. Bunny accepted them all with gracious waves and air kisses, reveling in the attention. Every touch of glitter on her skin, every whispered compliment about how exotic and stunning she looked, fueled her confidence. She belonged here—she was *meant* to be here.

The hours passed in a haze of laughter, music, and indulgence. The horizon turned a deep shade of orange, the sky streaked with pink and purple as the sun dipped below the waves. Blaine shifted in his seat, turning to Bunny with a lazy grin. “So, what do you want to do now, Bunny?”

Bunny opened her mouth to answer, but for a fleeting second, something flickered in her mind, the last time that someone would do so. Her smile softened, her head tilting as if she were listening to a distant whisper.

“Just be happy that I made the right decision,” she said, her voice carrying an uncharacteristic weight, a quiet certainty. Then she winked into the camera.

The End