**Resolution**

**A Tale of Losers**

Sunny’s earliest memory of a principal’s office was being sent down by a livid recess aid because he had been misbehaving on the playground. More specifically, he had singled out a girl he liked and tried to garner her affection by calling her a loser and lifting up her skirt. The principal had been understanding; such behaviors were fairly commonplace, especially among what they euphemistically termed “poorly socialized” children like Sunny. The woman sat him down and explained that little girls had to be treated with respect and kindness. Sunny countered that his foster father did that to his foster sisters all the time and nobody ever yelled at him.

The intervening decade had lent him a fresh perspective on fairness. Sunny no longer recalled the name of the little girl on the playground, or if she even still lived around here, but she was somebody’s loser now. Meanwhile that child molesting scumbag had been eligible for early release as of his junior year.

His most recent trip to the principal’s office had been for ditching social studies to smoke weed in the women’s bathroom with Misty back in March. Misty hadn’t smoked, nor had she ditched; she’d simply gotten a hall pass and dawdled a bit with her boyfriend. Principal Paulson hadn’t found out about the weed, but took a dim view of boys in the girls’ room. His defense this time had been that social studies was a waste of time and that respect for women’s spaces was a stupid value in this world. No lecture this time, just two days’ ISS.

The preceding week had given him still more perspective.

Zee led the way that morning, her daughter and her winner marching into the office behind her. His losers were quite a sight, as they were meant to be. Mother and daughter were clad in what Sunny had dubbed identical outfits (despite Zee’s protest that they were tailored to their individual shapes, shapes which again, to Sunny, seemed identical). Their skirts went to the ends of their fingertips, to the millimeter. Their blouses had exactly enough material off the shoulder to flout the dress code’s stance on sleeveless apparel. There was no cleavage, an easy technical foul, but it was a solitary button shy – not that it mattered, with the material so tight that the outline of bra and panty beneath those clothes made the underwear seem positively loose by comparison. There was no rule against styles of footwear, which was good given what those pillaresque heels did to their hind quarters.

Totally copacetic. Unless, that is, one gazed too long, and began to realize the material was *just* sheer enough to make out details on the skin beneath. It required staring, though, which was its own defense.

“Mrs. Kountz, Ms. Kountz,” greeted Mr. Paulson warmly. Then, “Sunny.”

Sunny said not a word, simply taking his usual seat in the corner. Evie sat beside him, crossing her legs casually, smiling dazzlingly except in her eyes. Zee took the seat opposite Mr. Paulson and smiled as if his command to Evie applied to her as well.

“Zee, please, and my daughter calls herself Evie now. Mr. Paulson, it’s so nice to see you again. It’s been too long. Lest I forget to mention it, please do pass on my warm regards to Mrs. Paulson,” she said in as pleasant a tone as he’d ever heard her use.

“Too long indeed, though I’m sorry it has to be under these circumstances. I’ve heard the news about… your predicament.” He tugged at the collar of his shirt. “I’m afraid I don’t have a lot to say on the subject, school policy being what it is. We’re all very fond of your daughter, but her stunt at the gazebo last week… Well, we can’t have that in our school, you understand. I’m sure with your support, she’ll still have a, ah, bright future. I can provide you with contact information for alternative education options for young women.”

Loser academies, he meant. Whore houses, basically, where winners stashed losers they had no space for in a dormitory where they could come and go and fuck as hey pleased. They were havens of pestilence, unsurprisingly, but some men still chose the itch over settling for jerking off.

The principal’s eyes darted to Sunny, questioning. They both knew the girls were props for whatever their winner’s agenda was, but years of living in dread of the wrath of Linsay Kountz rendered it impossible to ignore her. Her social media sensation had made waves, but in the absence of a statement from her winner, it was as yet a nebulous arrangement.

“I see you’ve come immediately to my pressing business, Mr. Paulson, for which I’m grateful. I would hate to waste either of our time when I know today must be quite the busy day around here, sorting out those young ladies fit and unfit for further enrollment.”

Mr. Paulson nodded. “Too right. I should actually be in the halls now, in fact…”

Before the man could bolt, and it looked like he was considering it, Zee scooted her chair forward until her knees bumped into the metal panel of his desk. “Of course, and we’ll be out of your hair momentarily. First, however, I wished to impress upon you my sincere and fervent desire for Evie to continue her education here in your fine institution.”

“I’m sure you do, Mrs. Kountz–”

“Zee. Please.”

“–but frankly, we’re going to be expelling one in five members of the senior class today. We’ll be sending home losers – girls – for PDA, for excessive body mods, for dress code infractions. The tiniest portion of what Evanne, or Evie, did – whether of her own volition or not. If I let her stay and send these other young women home, I’d have half the parents in the district breathing down my neck.”

“Half of us, eh.” Much as he detested the woman, Sunny had to hand it to her, she knew how to imply. Right there in that small utterance, an assertion no one could miss that she considered the ire of those thousands of mothers and fathers to pale in comparison to this one mother in particular.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“I appreciate that. I do.” Again, her tone implied quite clearly that she did not. “However, I think on consideration you’ll see that Evie’s case is rather special.”

“Special in what way? As I understand it, her pot was seeded like any other girl, and now she’s…”

Evie beamed. Like any other girl.

“A loser?” supplied Zee. “Quite. As am I. Which, I assure you, makes our petition all the more… special.”

Another tug on that collar, another desperate look at the door. “Um, ‘special,’ Mrs.… Zee?”

“I see you’re eager to get on with your duties, so let me speak plainly. My illustrious winner, Sunny, with whom I believe you’re acquainted, wishes Evie to finish high school.”

“But why?” the man blurted.

Zee’s shoulders tensed visibly at being interrupted by someone as insignificant as this petty bureaucrat. “It’s not my place to interrogate his interests, Mr. Paulson, only to fulfill them. With gusto. Perhaps he’s taken a charitable interest in her mental welfare. Perhaps he wishes to have his toy close at hand. The rationale matters not at all to me, and should matter less to you.”

“It matters *some*,” the man muttered.

“I recognize this places you in a precarious position, given your responsibilities, for which I would gladly compensate you.”

“Are… are you bribing me?”

“Call it a promotion – from school principal, to *my* principal. It comes with an up-front bonus of an additional half year’s salary. Cash. Today. The benefits package also entails an extended liaison at a weekend of your choosing between yourself and me. To… discuss how best to protect Evie’s well-being.”

“To discuss…? I wouldn’t let anybody abuse her, if that’s, you know, what you’re worried about.”

Sunny rolled his eyes. The asshole had already implicitly agreed by not refusing. “She means you can fuck her,” he grunted.

Mr. Paulson’s eyes widened, finally emboldened to do some of that staring. There was a tiny mole on the inner slope of Zee’s left tit. His eyes latched onto it hungrily. “You… you do?”

“I do,” Zee assured him. “Or… whatever other amusement I might provide you, and/or whatever guests you might wish to bring along. Perhaps I could help you make a few friends, Mr. Paulson.”

As his principal licked his lips hungrily, Sunny once more interjected. “Otherwise, we notify your cunt wife that you cheated on her with a loser from your own school – in your own bed, even, you fuckin’ pig.”

“What?!” Mr. Paulson pried his eyes – with effort – off of Zee and finally focused on the real power in the room. “I never…! How could you possibly, or rather *why* would you–”

“You’re letting my friend Misty back in, too. She wants a diploma. To earn it. So you’re gonna let her do the work and stay out of her way.” The namedrop of the loser in question sharpened the teeth behind the threat.

“Now you want *two* of–”

“And if you ever touch, harass, leer at, or displease her in any fucking way whatsoever, Zee here will make it her life’s mission to destroy you. In every goddamn way you can imagine.” He stood up. “And a few you could only conjure in your nightmares.”

The principal had no reply for that. He’d heard tales of what the Kountzes did to those who displeased them. Maybe they weren’t Kountzes, now, but she was still kind of a Kountz.

Zee gave a cool gaze to her winner over her shoulder, but the warmth returned as she once more faced their principal. “Well then, I hadn’t wanted to resort to threats, but… the boy has a mind of his own, you see. Still, yours is a rather simple choice. Utter ruin; or a stack of untraceable money and sex the likes of which you’ve never dreamed of.”

The decision had been made for him, but still, the old goat had to press. “And, ah, what am I supposed to do if she… misbehaves again?” He nodded to Evie.

Zee merely laughed. “Oh, you know Evie, always getting into one sort of trouble or another. You know, she used to think she was such hot shit, my daughter. But what are you now, dear?”

Evie’s smile flinched, but only barely. “Now I’m just another stupid slut!” she chirped.

Zee laughed richly, a parent fond of her spirited child. “I’ve always valued your discretion, Mr. Paulson, and will continue to do so. However, given the predicament in which her poor decisions have placed you… If she steps out of line, you have my blessing to administer corporal punishment. As often, and as harshly, as you deem she requires it.”

Evie’s eyes shot wide. She hadn’t been told about that little detail. That indulgent smile, however, remained frozen in place. It couldn’t not be.

“Starting now, if you want,” said Sunny, gesturing to Mr. Paulson’s desk. “Evie, assume the position. See you at lunch.”

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It was the talk of the school. Evie was used to being a subject of gossip, being who she was. She was not used to it being expressed so openly, neither within her earshot nor especially at her directly. Evie, the girl who’d invited the whole school to jizz on her, was somehow not expelled. It spawned a dozen rumors, and most of them at least got the most basic aspect correct: that her winner had used his newly inherited riches to arrange it.

After touching base with Misty to reassure her that her re-enrollment was official and binding and she could do as much or as little schoolwork as she wanted, Sunny took the rest of the day off. He’d hoped to avoid being bombarded by questions and requests, which he mostly did. At first, anyway. With Zee away, a few of the servants finally felt emboldened to approach him with their own propositions. Stay on, but get one weekend a month with Zee. With Evie. Stay on at reduced pay. One night a month. A year. One by one Sunny told them to fuck off. When the cook said he was on good terms with his daughter’s winner, offered to work half-salary and trade Sunny, exchanging time with Evie for time with his kid, Sunny fired him on the spot and texted Zee to make him pay. He wasn’t really sure why that loser merited special consideration as a bargaining chip, but this was all uncharted territory. He was following his gut. Or maybe he was just angry and it was a means of lashing out.

There was no more hiding his “good fortune.” Where before the spotlight had all been on the women and their salacious predicament, it was now public knowledge that Sunny was the new lord of the manor. It started with texts from his buddies, but by the time Evie and Misty got home from school, every conceivable means of contact had been leaked to the public. Most of it was mere congratulations and condemnation, same as any PowerBall winner could expect to receive. Then there were the interview requests, ranging from local news to national to niche publications who really just wanted sexy pictures of the ex-Kountzes but would include a few flattering words about Sunny in the margins. Like anybody would read them. Like he cared if they did.

Then there were the swap requests. Trading losers was as much a part of the Lottery as winning them in the first place. It was one of the reasons so many winners didn’t opt for desterilization, anticipating all the sloppy seconds (and thirds, and fortieths) they’d be competing with for procreation. Regardless, pharmacies sold more condoms the month after Drawing Day than they did in the other eleven combined as winners exchanged losers. For scratchoffs – a term so old even Uncle Ozzy said he didn’t remember the origin, but everyone knew it meant “the ugly ones” – their value was their lack thereof. More precisely, that they could be abused with impunity, and typically received much lengthier stays with their swapped-out temp winners to fulfill nonsexual desires. At least until they’d had enough months or years to lose the weight, improve their skincare, and otherwise pass themselves off as third-rate hotties.

PowerBall winners could often exchange their losers for months, sometimes even years, of company from their lessers. Rumor had it that the lucky son of a bitch who’d won Kavaleigh DiFrancia, the porn-made-flesh social media darling with over a hundred million followers, had slept with her once on Drawing Day and from there booked her solid for years, cashing in on her looks to live in a rotating harem of gorgeous, if almost imperceptibly less gorgeous, women. Supposedly he’d even written the woman’s ticket so that she loved sleeping with as many men as possible, and she still posted routinely about how much she was living her best life. Happy as a clam, passed around to three guys a day for decades. Who knew how much bullshit her good vibe branding was, but it made Sunny feel less like a shit when he beat off to her.

It was impossible to distinguish between which offers were from classmates, from people pretending to be classmates, from other PowerBall winners elsewhere in the country, from rich randos all over the world wanting a slice, and – as Sunny suspected was the largest category by orders of magnitude – scammers. Sunny wasn’t a genius, but he could make it on the streets. The number of people who evidently thought he was dumb enough to meet them someplace secretive to take a briefcase of cash for a few minutes with Evie or Zee was staggering. The security team was still lurking unseen around the manor in a state of confusion over whether they were still honoring their contract with Zee or making a good impression on their new boss Sunny. Still, they were paying enough attention to emerge from wherever the estate’s security hub was to warn him about the unprecedented levels of cyberattacks coming their way.

Sunny put Zee in charge of getting him a new phone and sorting out contacts; Evie was in charge of setting up an impromptu party for Sunny’s friends to celebrate. Not that he much felt like celebrating, but none of them saw it that way. (Only one of them had won someone, and that was some do-I-even-want-to-pick-this-ticket-up level of scratchoff.) Marv was pretty down, having lost a girlfriend to the Lottery, though he hadn’t won anybody to replace her, much less three somebodies and a massive fortune. He was looking forward to a little vicarious buzz from Sunny’s good luck.

Many of the gang were tight with Misty. The old Misty, the one who didn’t shudder with unwilling envy when Sunny ordered Zee and Evie to dress up like bubblegum bimbos to dance for their guests. She asked if she was expected to attend.

“Sure, why wouldn’t you? All this shit is yours, too. Least you deserve is a little party.”

Misty attended dressed as Misty. She laughed and smiled as she greeted friends and friends of friends. She puffed, she passed. As visitors grew increasingly impatient waiting their turn for a lap dance from Evie or Zee, she finally asked her winner point blank, “And I’m supposed to keep pretending I’m not one of them, right?”

Suddenly all eyes – except for Marv, in that moment relaxing with a slender blonde fucktoy on each knee – were on Sunny. He killed the music. “What? You’re *not* one of them.”

“Only because you told them to do one thing and told me to do another. I’m only asking. Losers gotta loser, right?”

“Sounds like she wants in on it, boy!” someone hollered.

“Hells yeah! ‘Bout time!”

“Been waiting to see those big mistitties for way too goddamn long!”

“Strip! Strip! Strip!”

With a whoop of exhilaration, Misty pulled her shirt over her head and whipped it across the room. Her bra followed. Even Marv parted the blondes to feast his eyes on the purple-haired punker’s round bare tits.

“*GET THE FUCK OUTTA MY HOUSE!*” bellowed Sunny.

Misty sat down beside him, close but not too close, and asked softly, “Do you want to talk about it?” It was over an hour since Evie and Zee had herded the rowdy rabble of disaffected teens out the front gate. They were too drunk or high to drive, most of them, so her fleet of vehicles were out autodriving them home. Most of them returned intact. More or less.

“Do you wanna put your fucking shirt back on?”

Misty shrugged, big tits bouncing. “Not really. What’s the point of being a loser if you can’t even cut loose and be a little slutty once in a while? Especially when it feels this *good*. Not exactly having the best couple weeks of my life here, either, you know, so I’m taking good feels where I can find ‘em.”

“It’s not supposed to feel good. Those were our friends, girl.”

“Supposed to? We left how shit’s ‘supposed to’ feel behind a while ago, didn’t we? And your friends are a bunch of burnout dickheads. Pretty sure I’m quoting you there.”

“Still. I was trying to have a chill night, and you go and show them you’re just…”

“Another loser? Like them?” She gestured to where Evie and Zee were jointly sucking his cock, kneeling in the space between them. Zee’s eyes were locked reverently, if cross-eyed, on her winner; Evie’s were closed, though she was weeping silently with the shame of her arousal. Or maybe just regular shame. “News flash: I *am* another loser. *Exactly* like them. You have got to stop this crybaby shit, Sunny. I’m the one person in the world who really gets what you’re going through. And it sucks, yeah. It sucks a lot. But you’re straining the fuck out of whatever empathy those Lottery Bureau fucks still let me have for you. I don’t know what the statute of limitations is on pouting over losing your girlfriend on top of your mountain of cash and crazy hot losers, but if you haven’t breezed past it, you’re close.”

“If you’re trying to cheer me up, you’re doing a shit job.”

“If getting a tandem beej from these two skanks isn’t doing the trick, and even I don’t understand why it wouldn’t, find something that will! Sunny, you are a triple PowerBall winner and a fucking millionaire, and here you are throwing yourself a pity party.”

“I tried throwing an actual party, but you had to fuckin’ ruin it!”

“OK. You know what? You told Zee to make it her mission to ingratiate herself. You know what? I’m done being useless around here. From now on, I’m your happiness ambassador. OK? My new job is making sure our sad sack winner drains a little of the sad out of his sack.”

“What? You really…?” Some pitiful noise escaped Evie’s mouth as she wrapped her lips gently around his left nut.

“I really. Now make it an order so it’s official because if I leave it to myself I’m going to piss in your oatmeal. Not that I could, but you know what I mean.”

Sunny ordered it, then drained the balls Evie was fervently polishing into her mother’s mouth. Zee seized Evie’s hair, jerked her head back, and spit the cum down her gasping throat. She coughed it up all over her skanky pink party slut digs.

It barely cheered him up at all.

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After the previous Thursday’s antics, Sunny overcorrected. He kept all three in the room with him when the clock hit midnight. Once they satisfied him that they didn’t feel a sudden compulsion to act out, he sealed the Cuntzes – the surname he’d imposed on them just because it got so annoying not having an easy reference – in their bedroom and kennel respectively. Misty, he kept in his bed that night. Partly he felt bad, knowing how lust-crazed she had to be after three days of the constant humiliation of being very repeatedly and very *very* publicly acknowledged as Sunny’s least prestigious loser. The local news had done a story on it even, ostensibly focused on what the loss of Linsay Kountz portended for the economy. They’d even somehow gotten some footage from inside the school showing a brightly smiling Evie sauntering along, doing her feminine duty to restore vitality to the ravaged earth. What a hero. The segment ended with a note that they’d even taken in a less fortunate loser into their home, with a dated picture of Misty from their sophomore yearbook, her braces sparkling.

He gathered them back together at breakfast after unlocking Evie and Zee. “So, are we going to have a repeat of last week? More newsworthy slut shit?”

“I should think not, master,” Zee assured him as she buttered his toast. As with Evie, a close observer could see her entire body tremble with need. “My accounts have been banned pursuant to the sexual conduct in last week’s video. Antiquated values, if you ask me, but regardless, my access to the masses is for the moment considerably diminished. That said, if you have any desire for an attempt at repeating that experience, I would be glad to satisfy it.” Not even two weeks in, she was already head and shoulders beyond her daughter and Misty in embracing what scant satisfaction was left to her.

“Ugh, same. I’m so fucking *horny*,” griped Evie. She’d get there.

“And Misty makes three.” The others were aware she’d gotten to sleep with their winner the night before, and glared venomously. “What? It’s not my fault he hates you two. And trust me, it didn’t help much. No offense, Sunny.”

“You’re not instilling me with a lot of confidence. Do I have to babysit you, or are you three going to manage yourselves without making headlines this week?”

“I’ll probably just fuck someone gross,” said a sullen Evie. “I can do it without getting expelled, since you’re so damn insistent I get a stupid diploma. Or if I allow an audience, I can keep it lowkey enough that I only get another spanking. That ought to be good and humiliating.”

“How many is that now, Evie dear?” her mother asked solicitously. “Three?”

Evie’s chin rose haughtily. “If it happens – which, as I say it, I’m already figuring out how to make sure it does – it would be five.”

“Five spankings. In four days? Shameful.”

“Yeah, well, at least I won’t be sitting around the house getting butt-fucked by the help and getting milkbones balanced on my nose.”

Zee sniffed. “Actually, I was considering having myself tattooed? Something repulsively common, and we’re nothing if not common now.”

Sunny frowned. “Look, you want ink, knock yourself out. Just don’t do anything to make yourself, you know…”

“Unfuckable?” Misty translated, “Pretty sure he means not to go out and get a swastika on your forehead or anything.”

“Yeah, face is out. And don’t take that as a challenge to come up with something worse. If I wanted to stick it in some hard core sleeved-up townie bitch, I’d go down to Hooligan’s.”

“Understood. I’m sure I can indelibly diminish the quality of my skin without nazism or face tattoos.”

“How about you, Misty? I, um, hope you don’t need to go fucking any more teachers.”

“Or making a mess of myself if they refuse? Honestly, I think that was worse. But I have some ideas. Nothing that’ll get me expelled or recruited by the Third Reich, don’t worry.”

“Since you’re the one who brought up swastikas and now everybody’s harping on it, I’m a *little* nervous.”

None of the women seemed sure what they would or wouldn’t do by the time breakfast was done and the young people headed to school. Zee assured them this made sense; their instruction was to seek out further degradation, though since it couldn’t clash with their basic commitment to Sunny’s gratification, there were limits. For now, Sunny made it a point to keep a close eye on Misty and figured if Evie and Zee went nuts, it served them right. It would at least give some insight on how much his input mattered with this Thursday mayhem. Last week Misty hadn’t been in contact, so she’d operated independently; Evie had instituted her public spit and cum shower presuming that Sunny wouldn’t object to such vile debasement; Zee had announced her loser status to the world with a truly passionate blowjob, which seemed likely to meet with his approval. While it had seemed like insane loser mischief at the time, he could see how they’d still sort of been *his* insane mischievous losers.

Sunny checked in with Misty after each class, and each time was promised she was struggling, couldn’t quite stop herself from touching her thighs, teasing her skin with fingernails, daydreaming humiliating gang bangs. Nothing noteworthy, though. By lunchtime, rumors were spreading like wildfire that Evie had sucked off two tuba players from the school marching band in the second floor social studies men’s room and had paid one of their friends to watch and jerk off, then paid all three of them to tell everybody. The rumors were pretty accurate, though failed to include the followup, in which Principal Paulson bent Evie over his desk, lifted her skirt and removed her panties for a thorough and vicious spanking, followed by an even more thorough fingering. When she recounted the incident on the ride home from school, she cried while describing how much harder she’d cried at the fingering than the spanking.

“Meta,” Misty proclaimed, then explained what that meant for Sunny’s benefit.

Back home, Zee explained how she had thought about their conversation about her social media presence over breakfast. Sunny didn’t remember that subject being discussed, but leave it to Zee to take a goings-on and make it about whatever was preoccupying her. In any case, she’d spent the morning working with her – that is, Sunny’s – legal and PR teams to lay the foundations for a subscription porn site featuring Zee and, should Sunny wish it, Evie. (She didn’t dare suggest Misty be made to join them, though the sparkle in her eye confirmed Misty was contemplating it.) Such things were commonplace, of course, but she wanted to be sure she would receive adequate promotion and to negotiate a more favorable percentage considering the business she was likely to drive.

The rest of her day had been spent letting what remained of the house staff take pictures of her tits and ass and pussy, to submit to the site as a taste of what she had to offer. Evie sulked, unknowingly masturbating to the trauma of watching her mother casually share pornographic pictures of herself.

By dinnertime, the girls were literally crawling around the kitchen. Naked, of course, though someone had tied pink ribbons around Evie’s throat, arms and thighs. Every time someone came within arm’s reach, they were touched. Every time someone came within neck’s reach, they were tasted. At intervals, Sunny couldn’t help but hear Evie muttering, “I used to think I’m such hot shit, but now I’m just another stupid slut.” By the time the meal was ready, it was Zee who asked if Sunny would let her kneel beside him and eat it as scraps from his plate, passed down to her lips by hand. Evie did the same. Misty merely looked like she wanted to.

A timer went off.

“You fixed more? Not to be ungrateful, but I’m already pretty full,” protested Sunny.

Misty patted her lips with her napkin. “No, that’s actually my cue to go.” She tugged her nipples, too, though that seemed unconscious.

“Go? Got a hot date or something?” It was a joke he’d made many times before when she’d made her excuses to head home for the night, to the point where it had simply become part of their script.

“Actually, yes,” she answered. That was off-script.

“Um, what?”

Misty patted him on the cheek, though in a moment the gesture became pulling his face to hers for a scorching kiss. “Erm, sorry. It’s… I’m…” She shook her head. It was obvious she was struggling to do anything but chase pleasure. “I need to get going.”

“Going? Where the fuck you going? It’s almost eight o’clock on a school night!” Sunny blinked. Even Evie looked at him like he’d grown a second head before burying her head back between her mother’s legs.

“Sorry, Dad. Just trust me, OK?”

“You fucked half your teachers last week.”

“Trust. Me.”

Sunny didn’t like it, but Misty knew how to play him. He released her. She was right, after all. If she did something truly grotesque, it would only mean he’d know not to cut her any slack in the future. She took Evie’s car – the other one – and was gone.

Not five minutes later, as Sunny was actually contemplating caving to Evie and Zee’s pleading for a threesome to tide them over until their reset in the morning, Sunny’s phone hummed an ominous little tune, the one he’d set for security.

The man on the line cut to the chase. Sunny wasn’t used to people skipping introductions and simply reporting to their superior. Him. “Someone here to see you. Says her name’s–”

But Sunny was already looking at the video feed they’d attached from the camera at the front gate. The golden *Kountz* name on it had been removed, but it would still be a couple weeks before work completed on the *Cuntz* replacement. “Hollie Rusler…?”

“Yep, that’s what she said. You want us to let her in?”

“Uh, yeah. Sure. You can send her up to the–”

“West study, understood.” The line went dead. Efficient chaps, those. And not one of them had tried to finagle a way into their ex-employers’ pussies. Sunny liked that.

He sent Evie and Zee into the closet and splashed some water on his face from the cup of ice they’d been using to rub on each other’s nipples. “Make one fucking noise and you’re both sleeping on the lawn tonight,” he warned.

Evie groaned at being banished to a cabinet, all the prestige of a random battery being tossed in the junk drawer. She whispered rapidly in her small, tremulous voice, “I used to think I’m such hot shit but now I’m just another stupid slut. I used to think I’m–”

Zee clamped a hand over her daughter’s frantic self-abasing litany. “As the grave, master.”

A few moments later, none other than Hollie Rusler walked into the room. The security guard who’d escorted her in was already a blur, departing back to wherever the hell those guys hid. He really needed to learn the full layout of this place. In the meantime, though, there was company.

“Hey, Sunny,” she said with an awkward yet friendly wave.

He’d already surmised the reason for her presence. The name alone was synonymous with sex. She lacked Evie’s haughty perfection, resting comfortably on the laurels of good old-fashioned evenly tanned tits and ass, a girl next door face with those classic waves of thick brown hair. She was tall, and pretty, and curvy, a variation on that hot girl everybody still beat off to once in a while in the years appending high school. There was only one reason for Misty to leave at the same time this girl chose to arrive.

What did one say, though, to the girl one’s girlfriend traded herself for?

“Yeah. Hey.”

She smiled, and it was warm. It felt like he hadn’t ever seen someone smile in this house without it being at someone else’s misfortune. Or because he’d ordered it, some half-human specter of a smile that never came close to the eyes. “Nice place. Is this all yours now? Like, for real?”

“Uh, yeah. I guess it is. You want a tour?”

Sunny had known Hollie since forever, though only in the same way he knew where the investment bank was downtown. They’d never had a conversation that he could recall. She was the sort of sexy, popular girl who was poison to his fuck-the-bougie rep, and he the sort of brooding bad boy who was such an obvious alternative to her revolving door of jock asswipe boyfriends to be poisonous to hers.

Now she was here to fuck him, while Misty was off with whoever had won Hollie, fucking him. Sunny knew what it meant to fuck a horny Misty, and Intellectually, he could have simply stripped her and fucked her then and there. He wasn’t there yet, though, so instead he heard himself offer a tour of a house he barely knew his way around.

“Nah, I’m cool. I’ve been here a bunch of times to see Evanne. Or… Evie, I guess now, right?”

“Oh right, of course you have.”

The two stood across the room from one another in awkward silence. It was Hollie who broke it. “So, um, do you want me to take off my clothes, or do you want to just look at me for a bit, or…?” She laughed at the absurdity of the offer. “Sorry, I’m still new to the whole loser thing. Or we could stand around talking, if you’d rather.”

“Yeah, sorry. I, ah, wasn’t expecting this. Misty didn’t tell me she’d…”

“Seriously? You let your losers just… arrange this kind of thing? Unsupervised?”

“Misty can do whatever she wants,” he said, much too quickly.

“No! Sorry, that wasn’t an accusation of, like, bad loser management or whatever,” Hollie assured him with a nervous laugh. “I was only surprised. Usually PowerBallers like you and Hunter are pretty strict with us. That’s all. Hunter’s been really good to me so far, but I don’t think he’d let me just set up play dates without asking him. I actually think that’s pretty cool of you.”

“Oh. I mean… yeah. Cool. I’m a little less whatever with Evie and Zee – that’s Evie’s mom. I, um, sort of won her, too. It’s been this whole wild thing.”

“Yeah, I heard.” She giggled. “I think the whole country has heard by now. Maybe this is weird to say, but it almost feels like I’m standing in a room with like a celebrity or something.”

“Nah, just me.” He managed a little smile. “But yeah. Those two are… Well, whatever, fuck them. But Misty and I are, or were… yeah.”

She nodded. “She told me. The basics, anyway. Sucks. I mean, obviously it sucks. I always knew Evie was kind of a bitch, but I saw some of the feeds from the gazebo, and… That’s just shitty. But hey, at least your rain cloud has a silver lining, right?” She gestured at the fine trappings of the room.

“Yeah. Pretty sure it’s got a good chunk of gold in the lining, too. I haven’t actually sat down with the accountants yet.”

Hollie’s eyes boggled, but she laughed at the ridiculousness of it. “You have accountants? Like, plural?”

“Um, I think? Like I said, I haven’t… but yeah.”

“Damn. That’s next level. Do you have, you know, servants and stuff? Maids and cooks and gardeners and all?”

“Actually, me and my uncle were the gardeners. So if you’re looking for a job…”

Hollie laughed at the joke, and only as hard as it merited. It was refreshing. Most losers overdid it.

After that, though, the room settled into awkward silence. Near silence, at least. Sunny could make out the sound of Evie rebuking herself in the closet, but Hollie merely squinted around the room, trying to place what that odd noise was.

Sunny took a moment to text security to escort Evie outside in a bit with a sleeping bag and some PJs, and not to let her in tomorrow morning. That was easy. Punishing Evie was a natural instinct. What to do about this random hot chick waiting for some guidance in how to get him off was not. He’d seeded this girl’s pot, for crying out loud, but now he could hardly figure out how to talk to her. Talking had never been his strong suit. Ignoring that she was here because Misty was out working off a week’s worth of pent-up horniness was less natural still. She was going to fuck Hunter’s cock clean off.

“She’s going to be fine,” Hollie said.

“I hope not,” said Sunny, putting his phone back in his pocket. “Gonna be cold out there tonight.”

“Um, what?”

He came back to the present. “Sorry. You meant Misty.”

“Yeah. She’ll be totally fine. Hunter’s actually a pretty cool winner. He’ll show her a good time and send her back to you safe and sound. Look at me, right? Not a scratch on me. I’ll prove it, if you want.” She winked. “Oh god, I just winked at a guy. Ugh, sorry I’m being such a dork. But really, Hunter’s a nice guy, I promise.”

Sunny snorted. “Coming from his loser, who I’m sure is totally unbiased.”

Hollie closed a bit of the distance between them. “I’m still pretty me-ish,” she said softly. “Like, sure, he can switch me on and off, and sure, the standard lust and obedience and all that. But really, we’ve spent more time the past couple weeks cuddling on the sofa watching old movies than having sex. We play board games with our friends. We work out. We go on walks.”

“Yeah, so he can show the world he’s got Hollie fucking Rusler on a leash.”

Hollie lifted her chin. “Do you see a leash?”

“I didn’t mean literally, necessarily. But–”

“But don’t be a jerk then. We go on walks, and I like them. Maybe you think that’s only because he made me like them, but then answer me why he’d make me like the walks but not make me like *him*.”

“You don’t like him, huh? Lot of that going around. You and Evie are gonna get along great. Still, I mean.”

“I didn’t say that I dislike him. I like the sex, and that’s obviously him. But like I said, I’m mostly intact. I like that he let me decide how to feel about him. I don’t think I could hate him, but like, thank god for that, you know? A thirty year panic attack because I’m being raped by my jailer five times a day…? No thanks.” She shuddered.

Sunny got quiet after that.

“Oh gosh. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean *you*…” Hollie hurried to his side and put a gentle arm around his shoulder. “I didn’t. Like I said, Misty told me what they did to her. To themselves, too, I guess, but like fuck them, right? But yeah. I’m sorry.”

Sunny sniffed. It was *not* a sniffle. “I’m not gonna bitch to Hunter. You’re fine.”

“I wasn’t worried about Hunter. I mean yes, I have strict orders to be a very, very gracious guest.” Hollie waggled her eyebrows suggestively with a little giggle. “But that’s just an I’m sorry because I’m sorry.”

Sunny relented. “Thanks. Sorry, too.”

“Thanks.”

A muffled whimper squeaked out of the closet, and while Sunny couldn’t see Evie’s cunt being plugged with her mother’s probing fingers, smirking at the prospect of evicting the little bitch for the evening, he knew. She didn’t know, yet, that it meant she’d be joining her daughter on the lawn. Hollie stood by quietly, this time waiting for him to guide them out of the moment.

“Do you want to go for a walk?”

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“So that’s where it happened,” Sunny said, pointing to a patch of dirt by the shed. “She pushed, I said no, she pushed harder, I tried to jet, she grabbed me, and I dumped her little ass in the dirt. Four lives ruined, bada boom bada bing.”

“Yeah, I remember, you told me the first time I came over,” replied Hollie. She looked about the same on her third visit aside from some cherry red hair dye. She and Misty had gotten theirs done together. It was like cartoon red, pretty hot. That day, she and Misty had made the swap right after school so it was still light out. Even so, the dirt still looked like dirt.

“Oh, right.”

“Any plans to push me down in the dirt…?” she asked hopefully. “Maybe follow me down?”

“Hollie…”

“I’m only doing my job. Chill. If Hunter asks if I tried my best, I have to be able to tell him I did, right? Relax. Nobody’s going to try to make you do anything you don’t want to.”

Sunny sighed. “Yeah, sorry. Just… takes some adjusting, going from nobody giving a shit to suddenly everybody wanting something from you.”

“But it’s good, right?” Hollie pressed. Literally, pressing herself against his side. Maybe it was just a normal thing. Maybe. “You gotta admit, it’s nice to have something people want. Like, I’m a full-on loser and I still dig being able to tell guys no. Just between you and me, sometimes Hunter will tell me he wants me, and I’ll tell him I’m super tired and I’ll be extra, extra good to him in the morning, just to see how put out he feels to not get me.”

“Until the morning.”

Hollie laughed. “Well, until the morning, yeah. I’m only a girl, after all. No preventing the inevitable. But morning sex is good, right? Everybody’s already all mussed up and bad breathed and stuff, so you don’t have to try to be sexy. You can just keep your eyes half-closed and try to make each other feel good.”

That had not been Sunny’s experience. At least, not of late, and he’d never really had morning sex before that. “Yeah, I bet you’re all kinds of gross in the morning. Ass barely bouncing those quarters off it.”

“Everybody’s gross in the morning.” She grinned, though, wrinkling her adorable nose. “But yeah, I guess maybe some grosser than others.”

“Plus you got Misty to cover for you if you don’t pass muster, right? At least the past few weeks.”

“Thursdays, anyway. And sort of Fridays. She wipes him out pretty hard. If she goes half as nuts as Evie and her mom were, I can see why.” She’d gotten a ride over with Evie after school. Sunny had been particularly hard on her that week, and she’d been so overwrought from trying to control herself all day – and failing, resulting in not one, but two spankings from Principal Paulson – that the moment she’d gotten in the door she’d tackled Zee to the floor. There atop a sixteen thousand dollar rug, she’d mounted her mother’s face and began riding it to a series of orgasms.

All this before Hollie had managed to get her jacket off.

“They get pretty wild by the end of the week. Well, Thursdays, anyway. Already starting to feel like that’s when the week’s over instead of Sunday.”

“The week ends on Saturday, Sunny.”

He nudged her back with his shoulder, but laughed at his error. “You know what I fuckin’ meant.”

They walked along for a while, deviating into the orchard, where the apple blossoms were dropping the last of their petals. It reeked to high heaven as far as Sunny was concerned, but Hollie said she liked it.

“Three weeks, you’ve been having me over to walk the same little path.” Hollie stopped. Sunny realized it a few paces later and did the same. “It’s a big estate, but it’s still only so big.”

“Oh. I can take you somewhere else.”

“I was actually meaning I could take *you* somewhere else.”

He frowned. “You really have to fuck me, huh? Hunter sure got you fixated, Jesus.”

“I didn’t mean that. Though, you know, fuck you a little for judging me. You wanna guess what Misty’s up to with him right now? I guaran-goddamn-tee you it’s not walking around the neighborhood. Is that her fault? You judge her, too?”

Sunny’s jaw clenched at the reminder of the price of these breaks with Hollie. “Fine. It’s not your fault you’re here to rub your tits on me until I give up Evie to your winner. Happy?”

“That’s part of why I’m here, yeah. Which, by the way, I don’t have a clue why you won’t. You hate her – and you have every reason to. Why you’re letting your ex-girlfriend whore herself out for our little dates instead of trading Evie… Does not compute. He’d let you have me every Thursday from here to graduation for an hour with Evie.”

“Maybe I don’t like being manipulated. Not sure you heard about the time I–”

Hollie groaned. “I heard. And I empathize! I do. But what doesn’t gel with me is you acting like everybody’s motives have to be one hundred percent pure or else they’re out to play you.”

“You *are* out to play me. You just admitted it!”

“Play you? I’m a loser, Sunny. I do what I’m told, and when that’s done I do what I want. I mean, like, shit, you’re not the only one hurting! Do you know what it was like, explaining to my baby brother why sissy had to leave him? Saying goodbye to my parents, then going off to school and waiting to see what kind of slut I’d become? Maybe I was lucky, at least compared to my friends, but like, fuck. My best friend is, probably as we speak, trying to get knocked up by her creepy fat winner asshole, and then she’ll get to try being a good mom while simultaneously trying to function with a fetish for getting pissed on. She literally doesn’t even know if changing diapers is going to turn her on. But no, you have a monopoly on suffering.”

“I didn’t say I have a monopoly on suffering. Must be nice to have parents to say goodbye to, though. Mine jetted on me when I was still in diapers myself.”

“Oh my *god*, Sunny, it’s not a competition! And I don’t know why I’m shouting because I really do feel bad but you’re driving me crazy right now!”

“Why, because it’s harder to seduce me with words? Won’t Hunter be pissed when you come home empty-handed yet again.”

“Oh, whatever! So you haven’t thought at all about having sex with me. You just keep trading Misty – remember her? your ex, the one so horny she sucked off Hunter in the school parking lot while people stood around watching? You keep giving her up like that for nights with me because I’m such an awesome conversationalist. Right.”

“You are!” Sunny protested reflexively.

“I got a D in speech!” she snapped. “Don’t be so fucking obtuse! You can want multiple things from someone! I can spend the evening with you talking and walking around and being chill, and also be doing what I have to do and try to get you to let my winner bang your cunt loser! People aren’t two-dimensional puppets dancing around to some script! Just because I’m a loser doesn’t mean I can’t try to enjoy myself, you miserable asshole!”

Sunny sent her home. To rub it in, he sent Evie and Zee with, the two of them locked in a livid lesbian embrace in the backseat with instructions to tell Hunter he’d never get a taste of them. The prick still kept Misty overnight. Served her right, making a whore of herself for nothing in exchange. She thought this was supposed to make him happy, ditching him to go fuck some random jerk while he chit chatted the day away with Hollie?

That weekend, he moved into Uncle Ozzy’s cabin. The renovations were already done. Even with the construction equipment it must have taken to modernize the shithole, he’d barely realized they were happening, the grounds were so big. Zee brought him his meals. She was a shitty cook, as was her daughter, but he was used to PB&J and jerky, so her attempts were adequate for his needs.

Graduation came. Sunny hadn’t been to school in weeks, but he was awarded a diploma anyway. Paulson must have really liked those sessions with Evie. They put the graduating class’s names online, so Uncle Ozzy called from Mexico to congratulate him. He was still looking for Sunny’s mom. No luck yet, but he still had some leads. Sunny had made sure he could take as long as he needed and live well in the meantime. He almost sounded like he was enjoying himself a little. Sunny was glad to hear it, and kept the conversation short and vague so he didn’t wreck yet another person's shot at happiness.

Evie and Misty got their diplomas as well, and even attended the ceremony. Zee was there to golf clap their success. It was on a Saturday, so their weekly horniness buildup was still under relatively control. Misty even went out to dinner with her folks, the first time they’d seen each other since she’d moved into Sunny’s estate. He thought it was the first time, anyway. He hardly saw her.

Summer began. Adulthood began, really, not that anyone maintained their childhood innocence for long those days. Sunny was drunk most of the time. Why wouldn’t he be? He didn’t have to work. He didn’t have to be good company. He sure as hell didn’t want to have to think and feel shit. How the girls were faring in his absence, he didn’t know and didn’t give a shit. One night – Thursday, of course – Zee and Evie made the nightly news because they’d been arrested for prostituting themselves in the alley behind a sports bar. That kind of thing needed to be done in a brothel where it could be kept discreet; common hookers were, somehow, still persona non grata. Sunny only found out because Misty had to bring his breakfast the next morning in Zee’s stead.

“You bail ‘em out?” he asked around a mouthful of bacon. Veggie bacon, but it was what she liked and considering how thoroughly he’d checked out, it wasn’t like he had a right to complain about groceries.

“I guess one of the lawyers or somebody is? I don’t know. They should be back soon, but they had to wait until this morning.”

“Good. Not much good to me in the slammer.”

“What good have they been out of the slammer? You haven’t even touched them in, what, a month?”

“I’m sure they miss me.”

“Of course none of us miss you. How could we? You’re living in a glorified outhouse, you stink to hell of whiskey, and you’re a total fucking asshole when you even bother to say anything at all.”

He shoved another bite of bacon in his mouth. “It’s hard work, but somebody’s gotta.”

Misty reached across his table, littered with mostly empty bottles and dirty glasses, and picked up the steak knife she’d brought for him. Hardly necessary for cutting pancakes, but he’d always liked to use a heavier knife than was needed.

“It’d go faster if you just told me to slit your throat, you know.”

He grunted, talking around a full mouth. “The fuck you talking about?”

“This. The way you’re living. Or should I say, the way you’re dying.”

“C’mon, it’s veggie bacon. I’ma live for fuckin’ ever.”

She shook her head. “Real funny. You know, when you drink yourself to death and they auction the three of us off to some prick who gets off watching me come from sheer humiliation, and I spend the next three decades in diapers and collars and leashes and ball gags, degraded to the point of torture until when I’m finally free again I’ve gone insane from what’s been done to me, I’ll make sure to text you a selfie of me laughing along with you in hell.”

“Dark.”

“You know, they might be the ones who made it so I can’t love you, but making me hate you? That’s all you!” Misty hurled the knife across the room. The handle hit a window pane, but the bulletproof glass paid it no mind. That was the moment Sunny realized the glass was anything special, right as Misty stormed out of the room.

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Fall arrived. Sunny hadn’t left his cabin in months. There was a sole exception, technically, one night when he was so drunk he mistook the front door for the door to the bathroom and walked outside to curse about why they’d put the toilet so high off the ground, and who’d stuffed all this goddamn mail in his toilet anyway. He didn’t remember this happening, though, so for all intents and purposes, months.

Even wallowing in misery, Sunny missed company. He didn’t have any friends left, though, and only Uncle Ozzy for family. He liked to imagine the man was finally having a little peace and relaxation in his life, tasty resort-owned señoritas pouring fruity drinks down his gullet while they grinded on his lap. Sunny didn’t want to risk bringing him down to his level. He only had three people in his life who’d still talk to him, and only two he could bring himself to talk to.

By coincidence, it was a Thursday when he finally emerged, blinking at sunlight he’d not stood under since the spring. Since the day he’d thrown Hollie off the grounds, in fact. Back in the estate, he found Zee curled up in her kennel gnawing on a rubber bone next to a decidedly jealous-looking German shepherd he’d never seen before. It took him a moment to remember what the fuck she was doing. A snap of his fingers brought her to heel.

Evie he discovered crawling on her hands and knees down a corridor in the east wing, mopping the floor with a rag and bucket. She was wearing a slutty French maid uniform. Or really, just some skimpy, strappy black lingerie with enough white frills to suggest the intended theme. It looked like it would take a hundred years to finish the hallway the way she was doing it, especially since when he rounded the corner she was busy plugging her cunt with her feather duster. Another snap, another blonde bitch crawling along in his wake.

“Blow me. Both of you.”

“Oh *thank you*, master!” gushed Zee. Her daughter didn’t even slow for commentary. At last, all that insufferable longing could go where it was meant to. They had a cock to suck! There was some purpose to their existence, some infinitesimal good to come from their bottomless, pointless, inescapable misery. Someone would feel good in the house for a change, if only for a few minutes. Less, actually; months of drunken masturbating had made Sunny forget how good a pair of incredibly devoted tongues on his dick felt.

Orgasm achieved, Sunny stood up and tucked his gear away. “Well, nice catching up with you.”

“Don’t go!” Evie blurted, clutching at his leg, pressing the lacy white frills of her crotchless slut-maid panties to his foot.

“Stay, master. We’ll make it worth your while! Please, please stay,” Zee murmured between a rain of kisses on the crotch of his pants.

He scowled. Still, to their relief, he scowled in place. “I didn’t come in here to help you two tune up your humiliometers or whatever. Just wanted to come in something warm that wasn’t my own fist for a change. Getting fuckin’ calloused out there.”

“So stay and come in us again!” Zee pleaded. “Please. Just… stay. We’ll behave. Won’t we, Evie? We’ll be good. No drama. Just pleasure. Just stay. Please, master?”

“Please,” echoed Evie. “I’m so, so, fucking lonely. Just stay for tonight. Please. I know I don’t deserve it. I know. But *please*.”

Sunny caved. The girls led him to a bed, some disused guest room that happened to be closer than other fuck-worthy surfaces. It didn’t hurt that they were gorgeous blonde nymphomaniac fuck toys, but more than that, they were people who actually wanted to be around him. For their part, pleading with their winner to violate them simply to stave off the crushing loneliness of their months of isolation for a few short hours turned them on so badly that when when Zee came on her daughter’s face while Sunny was in the midst of fucking her, she flopped over backwards and blacked out altogether. Only for a few seconds, but after that she was ravenous, insatiable, a cum junkie who didn’t stop sucking Sunny’s cock even after he swore he was completely drained. Evie gloated as she gulped down the last few drops coating her tits.

“To think, Evie, you used to think you were such hot shit,” observed her mother, humping Sunny’s leg like the bitch she was.

“Like mother, like daughter, eh.”

The girls fell into peals of laughter interrupted by fits of rapturous, self-loathing moans, then wrapped themselves around each other to sixty-nine until they fell asleep between each other’s cum-smeared thighs. Sunny awakened to find “JUST ANOTHER STUPID SLUT” written between Zee’s shoulders in marker, a gift from her daughter. Not accustomed to inspecting her back in the mirror, she didn’t notice for three days – three days of non-stop dicking from her winner as they made up for lost time – until during one of her camgirl shows some of her viewers finally persuaded her to look. It took some convincing, since her characteristically malicious viewers commonly teased her for sport.

Sunny had forgotten she was even doing the porn thing, but as he and Evie watched her prep the studio – once her bedroom, but she had the kennel to sleep in now – the younger Cuntz girl filled him in. Being ignored and discarded had done as much to crank up their libido as being used and abused, it had turned out. No longer able to manage her business affairs, engage with friends or even run errands in town (at least not without encountering panty-drenching levels of harassment), it had been a way to have some small contact with the outside world. To have someone to talk to other than the two pissy teenagers who (rightly) blamed her for their own miserable plights.

It was quite the show. She addressed chat with unfeigned bitter condescension; they retaliated by donating to trigger myriad commands she’d act out on screen. There was even a 3D holorecorder in there, though that was for S-Tier members only. Evie confided that her mother had initially kept the rates rock bottom, basking in the raw shame of sucking her toes for $3 or flashing her tits for a quarter. It had quickly become apparent that she’d be bombarded by tips far too rapidly to satisfy them.

Likewise, after a stream themed around her kennel training broke the host site’s records for viewership, that had eked its way in as well. So now, with Evie squirming on his lap in morbid discomfort at the spectacle, Sunny watched a stranger on the internet tip Zee $400 to “hydrate,” which was known in the community to mean lapping water out of her dog bowl on the floor. She wiped the dribbles off on her arm and berated the man for spending more on water than his bullet fodder peasant parents had during the Water War.

That met with a quickly pooled tip from the viewership, a $1500 apology.

“I’m sorry. I only act like I’m better than you because I’m a whore who devalues herself for money. I’m actually another worthless loser. Please forgive me? I wish you were here to spit in my face for being such a dumb cunt. I have such pathetic self-esteem that for another $500, I’d submit to the Spank-o-tron, and I’m such a freaky kinky loser slut that I’d get off to it if you do. I’m sorry, but I hope you’ll make me even sorrier.”

Sunny gaped at the sheer excess of it all, but Evie shook her head. “That’s only the Tier 1 apology. It goes up to Tier 3.”

“The fuck is Tier 3?”

“Oh, it’s a whole big production. That stupid machine, the ‘Spank-o-tron,’ for starters. It’s actually an auto-trainer for dogs, but Misty let her pay somebody to make it do other things, too. It’ll spank her ass, slap her tits, even hit her in the face. It’s got this padded mitt now so it doesn’t bash her unconscious again. Then she writes out the apology on her chest with the names of the top handful of donors – costs like three grand or something, I think, so it’s always a bunch of dudes. She persists like that until she starts crying. Mother doesn’t cry easily. Then she finally starts with the begging for forgiveness.”

“Fuck. How come *I* didn’t merit the Tier 3 apology?” grumbled Sunny.

“I’m sure you helped inspire it,” Evie answered with an eye roll. “It’s such a drawn out thing that it kinda derails the stream, though. Plus, it’s fucking horrifying to watch my mother – the woman who taught me to never ever let *anyone* get away with disrespecting me – carry on like a loser’s loser. Half the time I get so horny watching it that she manages to suck me on screen with her. I take over for the auto-trainer – make her beg for treats, fetch, all that. It’s… pretty bad.”

“Misty ever get in on this shit?”

“Eh, just as a videographer sometimes. She helped build the studio, or at least buy and place equipment, teach Mother how to operate it. Not the sort of camera work Misty’s into, but it’s been something to do while you’ve been out pouting. Asshole.”

Then Sunny made the mistake of asking Evie what she’d been up to. The polite inquiry treated him to a whole long story about how she’d started writing, mostly Mary Sue stuff about this loser or that finding loopholes in her Lottery reprogramming and using it to avenge herself on her winner, to escape, to kill herself. As Evie’s mood suited her from tale to tale.

“That’s a thing?”

“In fiction? Everything’s a thing. Don’t be stupid.”

“I meant in reality.”

She snorted. “Even stupider. Of course not. Nobody ever escapes. The only losers who get out on technicalities are the ones whose winners strangle them to death because they couldn’t be bothered to bing sexual choking and do it right. I swear, winners are the fucking idiots of the world – and that’s your ‘just another stupid slut’ talking.”

But Sunny had already distracted himself. “Now here’s an even dumber question: did you get your tits done, and how did I not notice?”

“Jesus, you’ve been asleep at the wheel. You paid for them, Sunny. Must’ve been so goddamn drunk or stoned you don’t remember cutting a six figure check to our cosmeticist.”

“No, I’m serious. They’re bigger than they were yesterday.” It was subtle, but he’d spent years admiring those things from afar, and had been given weeks to study them more directly before his self-imposed isolation. They weren’t big, but… rounder. Perkier? Hard to say. They’d been awfully perky in the first place.

Evie repeated him in a contemptuous tone. “‘They’re bigger than yesterday.’ No joke, moron. They’re adjustable, bleeding edge shit. They had to remove most of the actual skin tissue on my chest and replace it with this synthetic shit so it doesn’t tear me apart when they inflate. Still hurts a bit when I grow them, but only around the sides, where it’s attached to real tissue. Hurts enough that only a loser would ever get them done. On the breasts themselves I can hardly feel anything. Don’t worry though, just knowing I turned myself into a wind-up toy for you is more than enough to make sure I stay so horny I can hardly see straight when I notice the things.”

“Let me guess – installed them on a Thursday, huh.”

“Back in June, a couple weeks after graduation. Doubled the cost to make it a rush job, but since you won’t humiliate us yourself any more, Thursday Evie blew every last doctor, nurse and scummy repulsive janitor that had anything to do with the operation, and then paid them for the privilege. I had to kneel there with a cock so far down my throat I couldn’t breathe while this shitstain of a man slapped me – hard – with a stack of my own money.”

“Oh fuck. I’m sorry. I–” Sunny caught it only after he’d said it, and corrected swiftly. “You know what? This is still your fault. Grow them as big as they can go without popping, then get in there and help your mom. Nobody else in this damn house has a fucking job, so we could use the income boost.”

“She’ll make less doing this for ten years than her annual passive income was before you stole it all,” she griped as she hopped up, snatching her phone from its slender pouch in the front of her pussy. Pussy Panty Pockets™ had become a surprisingly successful invention in the Lottery era, providing losers a way to contact and be contacted by their winners without sacrificing skankiness. She opened the app – Sunny couldn’t make out the name of it, but the thumbnail was a pair of balloons hanging off a woman’s chest. He stared, mesmerized, horrified, and yes a little turned on, as her breasts hummed to life, growing until they dwarfed even Misty’s impressive rack. The “skin” stretched but held, like its wearer’s capacity for surviving degradation. Then she made a few corrections, reducing sag, ironing out a few wrinkles with a profoundly unnatural ripple through her fake skin. Sunny stopped her for a squeeze. They felt shockingly real – at least, how he imagined tits that massive would feel.

“Pumpkin-sized – Halloween soon, right? You’re on theme. But seriously, they look real.

“I can set them to look and feel fake, if you’d rather. Not sure they can pull off ‘pumpkin,’ but ‘watermelon,’ you bet.” She shuddered in ecstasy as he fondled her freaky fabricated tits, at how successful her efforts to transform herself into a living engine of fuckability had been.

Sunny twisted the nipples, intending to make it only a little painful but instead dropping her to the floor. Once again he found himself apologizing before he remembered who he was talking to. Only when he helped a distraught Evie back to her feet, tears running down her cheeks, was he informed that the nerves from her breast tissue had been reconnected but were all concentrated in the nipples now, rendering them exasperatingly sensitive. Because of these things, she seldom wore shirts these days except for her maid uniform. That, she only wore for chores, and only because Sunny had told her to let the former staff, now long gone from the manor, train her to do their jobs. She’d been trained that the uniform was part of the job, and had interpreted Sunny’s orders to accept the burden because it was degrading and uncomfortable and whorish.

Sunny followed her into the studio, marveling that skinny Evie Cuntz was suddenly sporting tits so big he could see them from behind even around her arms. There he fucked the bitch and her mom live on camera. At its peak, they hit just over a million viewers, dudes and a few non-dudes sitting in their homes watching an ex-billionairess ride her daughter’s face like a bike seat while Sunny drove his cock between her absurd tits. (Self-lubricating, which had cost a little extra. Sunny didn’t ask what that oily stuff they sweated was. Smelled nice, though.) The viewers were elated. The show cost them nothing, though myriad tips came in to the tune of almost a hundred bucks. The lurid display would have brought in more except the minimum tip was still set to a tenth of a cent in USD, which was by a huge margin the most popular amount. It actually cost the site money to process so many microtransactions, but Evie’s contract guaranteed an amount of support for endeavors in pursuit of abasement.

Sunny caught up with Misty the next day. He was in the garage, inspecting his fleet of vehicles for the first time since inheriting them from Evie. (Inspecting the land vehicles, anyway. He wouldn’t even find out about the helicopter until the following summer, though he was aware of both the Pacific and Atlantic yachts.) Misty looked to be on her way out, looking cute but not inordinately so.

“Oh hey. Heard you escaped your dungeon. Didn’t think I’d see you in here, though.”

“Same,” replied Sunny.

“Promise me you won’t drive those things? Please?”

For a moment, something inside him melted at the concern in her voice, but then he remembered her dread of what would happen to her if he got himself killed.

Fair, though it didn’t feel fair.

“I’m sober, actually, but thanks.”

“Really? Is it somebody’s birthday or what?”

“I can stop any time I want,” Sunny answered, aware of the poor taste in his jest. He was only beginning to realize how hard his withdrawal had been on Evie and Zee. They deserved it, he reminded himself, but wasn’t there a difference between punishing someone with their just desserts, and pushing them to self-destructive melancholy by removing all agency, purpose, and enjoyment from their life?

Yes, though it didn’t feel like it.

“Well it’s nice to see you taking an interest. Find anything cool under the hood?”

“Bah, this German shit’s so intricate I’m afraid to touch anything.”

“So figure it out. You could use a hobby, you know.”

Sunny let the hood drop – the Germans made sure it descended gently – and leaned against the hood. They couldn’t stop him from denting the thing. “Isn’t that your job? I seem to remember telling you to find ways to cheer me up.”

She sat down beside him. “Yeah, well, you forgot what they taught you in sociology about giving your losers conflicting commands. You can’t tell me to do whatever I want, make such a big deal over my so-called autonomy, and then give me a pointless, miserable, futile task like forcing a little joy on your drunk, depressed ass.”

“Yeah.” He gazed sideways. God, even with the sex-cyborg and her literal bitch mom a text away from sucking him off, just looking at Misty still turned him on. “So how about you? What’ve you been up to?”

“Eh, not much. Meeting some friends for lunch, probably suck off a couple of their winners, then I was gonna go try out my new lens, which, thanks for buying it for me. It was a birthday present, since you slept through my birthday.” She winced. “Sorry, I was only teasing. That sounded shittier than it was supposed to. You know I can’t… yeah.”

“Can’t be bothered to care if I’m feeling too sorry for myself to sober up for my girl’s birthday?” He sighed. Later, he’d forgive himself a little for having possessed the presence of mind to give Misty access to the bank accounts, at least over the weekends when her head was still pretty clear. In the moment, though, his rebuke – both the part directed at her and at himself – smarted. “Fuck. That sounded shitty, too. Sorry. Anyway, so you’re… huh. I’m sorry, but you sorta glossed over cocktails and cocksucking. What now?”

“I mean, we’re all adapting, right?”

“Adapting means sucking off a bunch of assholes over lunch?”

“Humiliation gets me off, Sunny. I mean, you like tits, right? Tits turn you on? Somebody offers you tits, you suck on ‘em? You go out of your way to seek out tits? You used to, anyway. No, even if I’m your loveless shame-fetishy loser, I’m still not letting you off the hook for cheating on these puppies with that hog-faced bitch MacKendrie Maxwell.”

“Eh, I can’t forgive me either. Those things were freaky as hell. Like somebody nailed a couple of similar but not that similar sized jellyfish to her chest. Ugh.”

Misty laughed. “You can always order me to stop if you want. Being my ex’s suck slave is plenty to scratch my itch, trust me, but they’ve been helping me through things while you were drinking yourself to death. Which I’m glad you’re not today, by the way. One less thing.”

Sunny nodded a tepid acknowledgment of her tepid relief that he wasn’t on the precipice of death. “I mean… whatever. It’s your life.” He sounded bitter about the other thing, though. He was bitter. “But I didn’t really mean ‘whatcha up to today’ so much as… life in general. Zee’s got her porn shit, Evie’s writing, and, you know, sculpting.”

“Cute.”

He grinned. “But what about you?”

“Why do you care? You’ve hardly wanted anything to do with me – the *real* me, the loser – since you won me. Kept seeming like you’d rather cry over the old me than figure out what to do with the new.”

“I… I dunno why. But hey, you want me to treat you like a loser, then answer my question. Obey, minion.”

Misty rolled her eyes, but grinned a little. She wasn’t charmed by it, not even a little, but living in constant fear of finding your winner’s body dead in a hammock surrounded by empty beer cans was a far less comfortable way to live than enduring a little teasing.

So she talked about her affairs. She’d lost most of her old friends – all the guys, who now regarded her like a fleshlight with tits, and most of the girls who were one way or another lost to the Lottery. With some effort, she’d made new ones, mostly other high-functioning losers like herself. As the week wore on, that functionality diminished until she wasn’t really able to be around people, but most days she was all right. Since Evie and Zee threw themselves at the manor’s workload so aggressively as an outlet for their own search for ignominy, she’d channeled her own energy volunteering at the Humane Society. (She preferred the dogs there to the one sharing Zee’s kennel, though he at last learned where the big beast had come from.) Misty met up with her parents for breakfast Friday mornings, when she was most like herself. They went to a place out of town to help put distance between herself and people who’d learned to associate her with Sunny’s other losers. And yes, she assured him, she made sure to keep a member of the security detail with her whenever she went out, even got a GPS chip like the Cuntzes just in case. Kidnapping losers – ever a popular sport – was on the rise that year, though according to an article one of her new loser friends sent her, ransoms were at a five-year low, which she found interesting. Sunny didn’t, but she didn’t seem to care that he said little and simply nodded along, merely enjoying the sound and cadence of her voice.

“Sounds like you’re doing… OK?”

Misty gave a little shrug. “Yeah, I guess. I mean, under the circumstances, more than OK. Pretty wild what you can get used to, even if the Lottery stuff won’t let me ‘get used to’ anything. Like, going out for cocktails and cocksucking – which I am totally going to steal, by the way – is a pretty normal thing? But every time, it hits the same, knowing what I’ve become. The sex is hot as fuck, even if it’s horrible and depressing. But dopamine is dopamine.”

After explaining to a concerned Sunny that dopamine was a neurochemical and not a party drug they were getting her hooked on, she turned it back on him. “How about you? I saw you’d finally let yourself out of Ozzy’s cabin, but… are you really OK?”

“You sound like you care.”

“Caring takes a lot of different forms, Sunny.” She put an arm around his shoulder. “The Lottery might have taken away how much I cared about you, but I can still care about other things.”

“Yeah? Like scoring facials?”

“Don’t be a jealous dick. I tried to toss you Hollie freaking Rusler, and you treated her like shit and sent her away without even giving her a thrust.”

He grunted. “Sorry. But… what’d you mean, care about other things? Still worried I’m gonna off myself?”

“I mean, yeah. And if you weren’t such a self-absorbed ass, you’d admit that walking in and finding one of us dead would fuck you up too. Even if it’s a Cuntz. We’re just not allowed to do it, so you don’t have to worry. Not that you would anyway, for me at least. I don’t even want to any more. The other two… Zee hides it pretty well, but god, Evie wears it on her sleeve. Or would, if she could stand to put those pleasure pillows in anything with sleeves. Have you seen what happens if you touch her nipples?”

“Yeah. And… yeah. I guess that’d be fucked up.” It bothered him how true that was. Wishing Evie dead had felt so righteous what felt like not very long ago. Now, if he wasn’t careful, he could almost pity her sometimes.

“It’s other things too, though. I care about someone suffering. I care about living under the same roof with all this anguish and sadness and what that does to me, and to you guys. I care about trying to still have what fun I can in this stupid fucked up life. Believe me, Sunny boy, you have not been much fun since Drawing Day.”

“Yeah. I guess I sort of forgot how.”

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When Sunny had first learned about the Lottery as a kid, it had blown his mind. It was all far too big to wrap his head around. Something about the world almost ending, though he hadn’t known the name of the next town over; something about mass starvation, though he was himself malnourished; something about too many humans being the cause of it all, which somehow would be solved by turning half of them into the pets of the other half. But the most interesting part, then, he had seized on: someday he would write words on a piece of paper about what he wanted out of a life partner, and god, or something like god, would make his wish come true.

The luster of the prospect faded with time as the young orphan grew to understand that this arcane process was the reason his miserable life had come to be in the first place. He’d even had a goth kid phase over it for a while. In time, Sunny came to understand that there were no such thing as magic words, and if there ever had been a god, he’d died of thirst in the barren dust plains of Old Nebraska. Sunny hoped it had hurt.

He couldn’t remember what words exactly Misty had said, but the feelings they’d evoked lingered on for a while. “Living rent-free in his head,” as Uncle Ozzy used to say, which had struck young Sunny as a strange expression for a man who was paid in room and board. So the next time he thought about taking a drink, he summoned Evie and sucked on her tits – sized for her best approximation of Misty’s this time – while she came and came and came. Evie complained the whole time – when she wasn’t wailing out another orgasm – but when he decided he was done, she muttered something about how he’d given her a new idea for a story. This time, she’d write about a winner who had such a massive titfucking fetish that he’d forced his loser to get these positively ginormous titties and a craving to use them to service him with them as often as possible. The catch, she said as she wiped his slobber off her nipples, shivering in lingering pleasure, was that she’d get so carried away shoving these massive things in his face that she would smother him to death by accident.

“That’s… actually kinda cool,” Sunny conceded. “So like, you just… write this stuff? It doesn’t have holo or pics or anything?”

“Some people have this thing called ‘imagination,’ you Philistine. Plus if anybody wants to jack off to my tits while they read, it’s not like it’s hard to bing them.”

“Can I read some of it…?”

And that became a thing, something to do in the time between today and inevitable death. Sunny helped Evie brainstorm ideas for new material, fresh ways for losers to achieve some pitiful measure of release. She hated most of his pitches, but a Sunny who wanted to hang out smoking weed and workshopping adult content was infinitely preferable to the one who’d threatened to make her cut her hands off, who’d left her to lose her mind in the empty prison of her home. Sometimes she’d even come to him for advice. To ask, say, if it sounded hot for a winner to have his jaw rot off after getting a bacterial infection from eating his loser’s ass (it didn’t), or if taking a belt to her ass would help her summon the verbiage for a spanking scene (it did), or, one Thursday when she was hard up for ways to make her life suck harder, if he wouldn’t mind deleting the sole copy of her favorite sex scene and rewriting it himself with an ending that left the loser chained up by her own father, to be given away as a tip for a meal at an Applebee’s. Totally off brand. Her readership detested the revision both for style and substance, bitching even more than Sunny had at being asked to write stuff now that he was out of school. Evie used her mother’s studio to issue a follow-up live chat for an apology, weeping into her mic about her winner’s violations now extending to her sacred muse. Whatever that meant. But it got her off, and Evie was always easier to deal with when she was getting off.

Zee, still under orders to ingratiate, invited Sunny to join her on stream again. Evidently watching a former Fortune 500 A-lister beg for her winner’s cum and pant giddily when he patted her on the head and called her a good bitch had gone over well with the plebeian masses.

He mulled it over. Sunny had never been called shy, but taciturn? Absolutely. Plus, while Evie and her cyberboobies had reeled him in the first time, his confidence wasn’t the sort that was looking to show his junk to the world day in, day out. (Evie pointed out the hypocrisy in his tacitly encouraging her mother to do so, but he hadn’t invented the Lottery, and she’d made a side hustle of the streaming thing herself.)

So with a little help from Misty, they used some filters to make Sunny look like someone else – lots of someone else, as the streams uploaded week by week by week – and used those visages to roleplay. Zee was surprisingly good at it, especially since pretending to be other women appealed to her contempt for her lessers, a category in which she included basically all women.

Sometimes it was something simple. She’d play a loser dispatched to get her winner a Slurpee at the mini-mart, only he’d forgotten to give her money for it so she had to pay for the beverage – $4, plus tax – with her pussy. They even rented a real convenience store to film it, the same one where Sunny used to score drugs from some dealer who called himself Count Crackula. The employees, who stood by watching them film to help put Zee in a suitably degraded mindset, told Sunny the Count had used his income to buy himself a pretty young loser in auction and the two had gotten married and moved to the suburbs. Good for him.

Another shoot, he played a father livid with his pigtailed daughter after she lied to him about auctioning herself, instead letting her pot be seeded in hopes of being won by her adoring boyfriend. It wasn’t easy, at first, keeping up his end of things while she begged her daddy to “stop, please, not so hard Daddy, only my boyfriend’s been inside me like that and you’re so much bigger than him, please Daddy, please, it hurts so good Daddy.” Fatherhood, to Sunny, was linked to the stories from his uncle about the asswipe who’d won his sister and desterilized her without leaving the mental and emotional capacity to raise a child. The way Zee’s pussy quaked in bliss around him helped, though. The whole scene was inspired, actually, by one of Evie’s stories, and she received a writing credit at the end of the vid. In her story, though, Sunny’s character choked Zee’s character unconscious and dealt such massive brain damage that she spent her thirty years being spoon fed her meals and shitting in diapers. Per Misty’s advice, Sunny made damn sure to bing proper choking techniques before the shoot.

 The Thursday before Christmas, they put on what was to be their most watched stream ever. The spotlight was Zee’s for the taking after the splash she’d made after being handed to the Lottery Bureau by her husband. Soon there would be another Drawing Day, and some new unlikely nightmare would seize public interest. For the time being, though, this was her year.

He shaved Zee’s head, live to the world, and slapped a bright pink wig on her bare white scalp. That was just part of makeup and costuming, the pre-porn part of the stream. Then they got going. She roleplayed a loser whoring herself out to a security guard to get backstage and score her winner an autograph on her tits from K-pop starlet Loosy Goosy – the quintessential bimbo’s bimbo, as Zee put it. A girl whose giggle was so iconic that it was identifiable by people who actively despised her, folks who tried to learn nothing about the famously fat-assed performer.

Evie, unbeknownst to the rest of them, had gotten wind of the up-coming stream and had contacted the publicist who’d won rights to Loosy’s identity. With Misty providing access to the funds, they’d shelled out an amount the girls swore they would only disclose if he forced it out of her for Loosy Goosy to appear in person. The viewership lost their collective minds as they watched Loosy herself appear on screen to help Zee off the ground where she was still coughing up lungfuls of the abusive guard’s cum. Then, as model grade losers supplied by Loosy’s agency drifted onto the set to serve as backup dancers, she performed a never before heard Christmas song. Sunny never learned the title but as many times as he had to hear her sing “Christmas comes as often as you tell it to” he hoped the words at least secured the honor. Meanwhile she kissed and caressed her adoring fan’s equally adoring loser, Zee, back to health and warmth and pleasure, like they always did in these sappy holiday specials. It ended with Loosy stuffing four fingers in Zee’s pussy while she signed her name on her cheek and wished all the winners and losers of the world, and even the survivors, a very merry Christmas.

For the rest of the stream, while Loosy chatted spiritedly with Evie behind Misty’s cameras, Zee finally got her tattoo as her legion of fans watched. They cheered and they jeered, though no one could really tell which was which. The sloppily applied name of an insipid teenybopper idol she’d barely heard of until running a search for “top famous loser sluts current” (a list on which she and Evie appeared jointly, ranked almost as highly as Loosy herself) was etched indelibly onto her smooth, expensively maintained face. It was well past New Year’s when reminders of her bald scalp or Loosy Goosy tattoo failed to bring her to her knees with need. Sunny gamely satisfied it when it arose, or at least dispatched Evie to do it for him.

(Only when it was done did anyone tell Sunny that Zee’s fancy lass hair treatments meant hers wouldn’t regrow naturally. He let the girls vote whether to front her the dough to have it redone, or to simply get her some wigs. They unanimously went for the latter. As she rode Sunny’s cock inside her ass, she thanked her master for permitting her frugality, the ultimate badge of shameful virtue for worthless serfs like herself.)

It took nearly a year into their cohabitation before they found a solution to the Thursday conundrum. Even as the household had become rather less gloomy, if not exactly a site of joy, the Lottery was the Lottery. Surrendering to the reality that shame was pleasure was one thing, but their own insidious programming meant that one day a week, it wasn’t surrender, but rather taking the bull by the horns themselves. Then convincing the bull and all his friends to run a train on them. Security had their hands full preventing their antics from culminating in anything arrestable or dangerous, but that only meant it was all happening in the confines of the estate, right in Sunny’s face.

The girls were inventive. Evie and Zee had it easier; watching their respective mother or daughter suffer was some humiliation all its own, and the incest that inevitably ensued sometimes sufficed without further drama required. Still, the Lottery Bureau wasn’t known for letting losers off easy, especially losers who’d used a team of lawyers to help them put true humiliation into words. As such, even abusive, vindictive spectator incest wasn’t enough.

One Thursday, Zee volunteered to go to the young ones’ alma mater to do a talk for the senior English classes. Her topic was how to write a ticket that would be guaranteed not to be disqualified on a technicality, and would get them the most mileage out of their loser. She explored the concepts of pleasure, of earnings potential, and individualized satisfaction. Evie went along, too, spending the day in Principal Paulson’s office to pay the price for her mother’s admission.

The internet was a huge boon for them, giving them eyes and ears in front of which they could heap embarrassment upon themselves – and upon each other. It was collaborative, oftentimes. Zee had her own audience, of which Evie likewise made frequent use, howling in pain as the audience paid to shape and reshape her high-tech titties, then convulsing in ecstasy as her mother teased her nipples to orgasm. Never a shortage of random jerks online willing to degrade women, and on Thursdays, the Cuntzes were so horny that the money seldom needed to accompany the abuse. It took time for the world to recognize that the day of the week had something to do with their occasional willingness to submit to unfunded commands, but in time, Thursdays were their biggest day of the week for viewers.

In the absence of Sunny’s intercession, Zee harbored no desire to tarnish their brand – disgraced trophy wife and her spoiled debutante daughter reduced to humiliation-craving losers – by including a busty nineteen-year-old of no particular renown. Misty, therefore, was on her own. Her new friends helped, creating safe spaces for her to beg for cum baths, burst into spontaneous veggie fucking, or surprise them with an adult diaper, bib, and high-pitched screaming to give baby something to suck on.

Still, more than once she succeeded in bringing her family into it. The worst of it was the night she tricked her mom into sneaking out to come pick her up at the police station, appending a “please please please don’t tell dad, and hurry, Mom, please!” While her mom was trying to get to her daughter, mistakenly assuming the police they were covering for her kid just because she was a loser alongside the Cuntzes, Misty snuck into her parents’ bed and woke her father up with a surprise nocturnal blowjob, concealing her identity under the sheets. When he turned on the light and saw who was slurping down the last dribbles of his cum, he made Misty promise not to tell his wife. Irony aside, Misty honored her promise for exactly three weeks before she needed a fresh outlet for self-destruction. From then on, her folks maintained a strict no-contact policy on Thursdays, but it was a lesson bitterly learned.

One Thursday evening, while Evie and Zee were modeling and evaluating sex toys in the studio for a global audience, he saw Misty heading down the hall with her backpack over a shoulder. She told him she’d been heading to Hunter’s place to meet some friends who were going to tie her to the bedposts, smear peanut butter on her erogenous zones, and see how long it took before Subwoofer made her come. And then how many times. And then blindfold her to see if she could tell whether it was man or dog lapping at her – which she was certain she could, but she figured that letting them do it anyway ought to be plenty of humiliation for the day.

“You don’t really need to do all that, do you? I mean, I could, I dunno…”

She gestured for him to complete the thought. “You could…? I mean, you aren’t, and you haven’t. So unless you have a better idea, that’s where I’m headed.”

“I mean… hang on. Your pals, Hunter and whoever else, they’re all right with this? Like, it doesn’t freak them out? Or just… I dunno, depress the shit out of them?”

“Of course it does. But I like to think I’m not such a pity fuck that they get at least a little out of it for themselves. Plus they’re my friends. Nobody *wants* this, least of all me, but they get it.”

“But…”

Misty stood, waiting for a moment, but she wasn’t getting any more ashamed of herself just standing there. “Right. So, can I go…?”

“Hold on, I’m thinking!” he snapped.

That night, Sunny hosted the first of what became a weekly event. That first evening, it was the four of them, gathered in the study to stage a competition in which the girls had to take turns begging for sex. It wasn’t inventive – or rather, the idea behind it wasn’t. The girls were immensely creative when so ordered. Nevertheless, by the time Sunny succumbed to Evie’s pleading to “stuff her stupid slut butt” while she fulfilled her promise to “take extra good care of my stupid slut mommy” while he did it, while Misty herself stood there, naked, dripping with arousal, and completely neglected and untouched by a boy who’d once told her he literally couldn’t help getting hard when he looked at her… She texted her friends to say thanks, but she’d figured something out.

From then on, it was weekly competitions. The girls all helped draft the terms. Sometimes they talked it out on a high-function day, what might be interesting or different enough to make sure they wouldn’t feel the need to otherwise act out. Sometimes, it was part of the Thursday proceedings, letting their Lottery-scrambled brains dig deep for innovative means of self-destruction without the inhibition of dignity or restraint.

The former netted an elaborate cosplay competition that stretched on three weeks before the girls glumly declared that it was no longer cutting it. Misty was declared the winner with her slutty Statue of Liberty costume, the robe reduced to a fishnet crop top and micro mini skirt with platform heel boots. She’d used body paint to help deliver the look enough that anyone might recognize it for what it was meant to be. Objectively, Sunny preferred Evie in her daisy duke overalls with her tits gushing out of the sides and top every which way, hay stalk in her mouth and all. He probably would have awarded Zee second place for her slutty Evie costume, clad in a wig that was exactly like her daughter’s hair and wearing one of Evie’s favorite outfits, except tailored to really let her T&A spill out, oiled and shiny and demanding attention in true Evie fashion. Misty made such a fuss over the brilliant irony of her costume, however, that Sunny let her have it. His motive was so obvious, though, that any pride she might have salvaged from the event was washed away in the flood of pity, which suited her perfectly.

The latter, however, was where the gloves came off and shit got intense. Evie wrote pornographic plays for them to act out, twists on her own work except in these the losers always lost no matter what “loopholes” they found. They were stupid and weak and controlled and duped and always, always ended up even more enslaved than they’d begun, dragging their friends and loved ones down with them. Zee taught the younger girls obedience lessons with a riding crop, beating her own daughter if she didn’t gush “master” effusively enough, while Misty groveled at the feet of her ex-boyfriend like he was royalty and she the lowest of peasants.

Misty’s ideas often took a less sexual overtone; there were many paths to making oneself feel like subhuman garbage.

One night, he indulged her in allowing a roleplay where she played her pre-Lottery self. Misty 1.0 took Sunny on a date, the basic dinner and a movie. (Security came along, of course, but were fairly discreet.) She held his hand. Teased him when he ordered his meal with all the veggies removed. Showed him some of the pictures she’d been taking, resting her cheek on his shoulder and trying not to look too obvious about how happy it made her to hear him express his admiration. She kissed him, kissing which became making out, making out which became Sunny reaching for her zipper.

When she restrained his hand, it was a real shock. When was the last time a girl had refused his advances? Least of all one of his losers.

“Sorry, I’m just sort of… not really in the mood for all that tonight, if that’s OK.”

It was going on eleven o’clock on a Thursday. There was no doubt in his mind that if he breathed too sensuously on her neck that she’d crumple into a soul-shredding orgasm. “Oh. Um, sure,” he said carefully. It’s what he would have said to Misty back then. Probably. Maybe he would’ve been horny and pushy? This was too nice a moment to ruin by pushing her though. So they laid back and looked at the stars and said very little. Hours later – Friday, technically, but still Thursday in the clock simmering in the soup inside her panties – she rolled over to face him. He’d forgotten she wasn’t his Misty by then, the one who mostly fucked other guys whose names he mostly didn’t even know and came to him when she needed someone to make her feel like dogshit. That night, her illusion was pretty convincing. He supposed it made sense, her ability to roleplay her own self. He expected a kiss, or maybe for her to cave to the urgency he knew she was feeling.

Instead, she leaned in close, smiled warmly, and spoke in a rich, intimate tone. “I’ll never love you again, Sunny. I don’t, and I can’t.”

The two of them bawled over it for hours, though each in their own bedrooms, unaware the other was doing it but hoping they weren’t. She caught up with him the next morning and explained herself, that once the idea occurred to her, her Thursday-brain couldn’t shake it. Nothing could make her feel more ashamed of herself than to do something so unfathomably cruel. Misty apologized, her sincerity palpable, her need for forgiveness visible from space. There was no undoing it, though.

It was quite some time before they gave her another opportunity to pick the theme for Thursday’s degradation. Privately, there were moments where Sunny wondered what it meant that she could feel such remorse over it. Sensing the damage it had done, she apologized again a few days later. He lied and told her that he understood. She lied and promised she’d never hurt him like that again.

Sunny saw less of Misty after that, though he kept an eye on her more than ever. Her friends took on the burden of degrading her when she needed it, which was easier on Sunny but harder on Misty. She was hurting, he could see, and it was more than the Lottery causing it. If she couldn’t empathize with a man she could no longer love, then what? Despite his inability to shake that feeling, though, he was simultaneously impressed with how well she was doing for herself under the circumstances. Much better than Sunny, that was for sure. Even going on a year after their Drawing Day, even as Sunny and Evie and Zee developed a comfort with exploring the perks of the inherent discomfort in their situation, even as he forgot to be cruel to the Cuntz women as a matter of justice, losing Misty still hurt.

Part of it was the way losing someone always hurt, but part of it was the mounting evidence that she was simply *better* than the rest of them. That the suffering that was infused into the walls of Cuntz Manor hit Misty as hard as Zee was just so goddamn unfair that even as his own private heartache slowly mended, he could never stop feeling sorry for letting this happen to her. As Evie and her mother made their deposits in the branches of the International Spank Bank the world over and Sunny only occasionally even contributed to that, Misty had made arrangements to attract a mentor to teach her the ropes of professional photography. By the time spring was nearing, she’d hired tutors for graphic design and videography as well. She complained sometimes, now that the estate was a place that had room for less grievous complaints, that she couldn’t just take classes at the college like some of her friends since she was basically useless two to three days a week. Still, Sunny’s accountants (whom he still had not met) reported that after the initial upheaval of Linsay Kountz being transmuted to a teenage boy’s plaything, even after cabin renovations and cybertits and Loosy Goosy, gross for the year was actually up. Dismissing most of the staff and eschewing travel and luxuries went a long way, it seemed, so even with this splurging Misty warned him of, money appeared faster than he could invent ways to spend it. If he could blow some of it helping Misty have something resembling a productive, occasionally happy life, he could think of no better purpose for money on this earth.

In fact, one afternoon, a couple weeks before Drawing Day, Sunny had awakened early enough to eat breakfast at a normal hour, and in walked Misty. And she was smiling.

“Hmm?” he managed around a mouthful of toast. Zee felt his preference for simple fare was a reflection on her and Evie’s cooking skills, which she found richly embarrassing, but really, he just liked toast. Zee was actually turning into a pretty good cook. It had taken some time, but nothing motivated skill development like advanced brainwashing technology that compelled one’s single-minded obedience to another’s every pleasure.

“Hmm, what?” Teeth today, even! It was a heck of a smile. After the red phase she’d undertaken with Hollie, Misty had dyed her hair electric blue last fall, and gone a bright, unnatural yellow only a month or so back. The smile remained the same, though, white and radiant.

“What’re you so stoked about at eight in the fuckin’ morning?” he said after a swallow.

“Who, me?”

“No, the other loser behind you. Yeah, you.”

“Just having a good morning.” Sunny didn’t let her get away with that, and as she poured both of them a fresh mug of coffee, he was treated to the story of her morning. She’d risen before the sun and gone for a walk in the woods near the shore. She’d brought a camera and gotten shots of a baby deer walking with its mother, and then gone for a brisk swim in the ocean, naked as the day she was born.

“Why naked? It’s Friday – you shouldn’t be that stirred up yet, right? Is something off?”

“I’m not one of the defects in Evie’s stories. Chill. No, I just… felt like swimming naked. I dunno. There was nobody around. Too early in the day, too early in the year. I might’ve done it even if there were. I just… felt like having nothing at all on my shoulders, if that makes sense. What, you mad or something?”

“Mad? No, no no, not at all. Jealous, maybe. Been a while since I’ve seen you naked.”

“And whose fault is that? You’ve been so horny for your mommy daughter duo, I don’t think I could have squeezed in if you’d made it a command.”

“Show me your tits,” he said. Misty snorted, finished her sip of coffee, and raised her shirt. Weirdly, it released a burst of the aroma from her swim, too, so those big luscious boobs he’d loved so long came at him like an ocean breeze.

“Happy? Can I finish my coffee now?”

“So happy.”

She grinned as she let her shirt fall back into place. “So I’m doing my job, huh?”

“You really didn’t even try at that, did you.”

Misty rose, but before flitting out of the kitchen as merrily as she’d entered, she bent and whispered in his ear. “Didn’t I…? Maybe you just weren’t paying attention.”

Sunny watched her leave. Even after she was gone, he continued to pay attention.

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The next Drawing Day came and went. Zee baked a cake the night before and lit a single candle on it. The first of their thirty years of cohabitation was behind them. Only twenty-nine to go. Of course, Drawing Day was on the Friday preceding the high school’s spring break, but their one-year anniversary fell on a Thursday. Only when they’d finished eating their respective pieces did Zee confide that she’d made the frosting with some secret ingredients. Namely, some cum she’d sucked or licked out of everyone else present over the course of the morning and subsequently spit into the mix. Misty was far less involved in the lesbian goings-on of her fellows, but by Thursday, all of them were so keyed up that they couldn’t say no to anybody who wanted to get them off.

“So are we actually going to make it, you think?” Misty asked around a bite of her second piece. While Sunny had reflexively tried to spit out what he’d already swallowed, the confession had only made the girls crave more. He suspected the leftovers would be less of a hit come Friday.

“What choice do we have?” asked a sullen Evie sucking the frosting off a silver fork.

“Oh come now, dear, admit that you’ve enjoyed some of it.”

“Like when I tried to kill you when I found out you ruined my life? Yeah, that was fun.”

Zee took a long, slow lick at the side of the cake where it sat on its serving platter, gathering a huge wad of sugary et al frosting. She walked over to her daughter, pulled her mouth open with a gentle but commanding finger, and kissed her, passing along the wad of cum-infused confection down her daughter’s throat. Evie gasped, but then her eyes squeezed shut as the predictable climax slammed home. A whimper escaped from Misty’s throat as she imagined such deliciously disgusting abuse perpetrated against her.

“As I was saying. If not for our poorly enacted scheme against master and Misty, you’d be in college now. A beautiful, desirable girl at some school with a 90% male population, horny boys, half of them with no losers of their own, throwing themselves at you night and day. None of your stories, none of those dirty, slutty little text exchanges with your readers. No cum cake.” She squeezed one of Evie’s tits, set to their default size as perky softballs. Perfect balance of firmness and jiggle. “For all you complain about these things, let’s not pretend you don’t enjoy the fringe benefits.”

“You’re right, Mother, I just love being turned into some kind of–”

Zee squeezed harder, right on the nipple. As this fresh volley of pleasure assaulted Evie’s senses, her mother followed her to the floor, mitigating the harshness of her fall only somewhat. Evie came to with her mother’s neon green wig hanging over her, and then quickly passed right out again as Zee demonstrated her familiarity with the location of the other nipple.

“Twenty-nine more years of this,” muttered Misty. “I keep wanting to round it to thirty, you know? Like it sounds weird to be so specific when it feels like basically the same number. Look at time the other way, like, thirty years ago, twenty-nine years ago. Same diff, you know? But no. We earned this twenty-nine. All of us. Even you, winner boy.”

“You think so?”

“Fuck yeah, I think so. Shit, Sunny. Us three have our tickets to force us to keep going. Having no choice is its own hell, but I’ll say this: at least I didn’t have to summon the will to find a way through this all on my own. Didn’t have to choose not to hit the shiny red quit button. Even when…”

Sunny nodded. He knew the when she meant. He thrust his fork into her slice of cake, carefully avoiding the frosting, and took a bite. “What can I say, she’s turning into a heck of a cook. Wouldn’t want to miss out on the next cum cake, right?”

Misty nodded, then climbed into his lap pussy-first. She didn’t need to ask permission. She never had. Her arms entwined behind his neck as she began a slow, trembling fuck. “How’d you manage it? You were bottoming out pretty hard for a while there. Relapsed a few times along the way, too, in case you thought nobody noticed, but… even aside from the presence of an absolutely smoking hot chick on your dick, you almost seem… OK?”

Sunny thrust his hips into her, hard, holding her against him when the thrashing, searing pleasure made her lose control. He gave her a few more. He had to hand it to the Lottery Bureau folks – he’d never been able to make Misty come like this before. Small consolation, but it was what they had.

“Tell you what. Ask me again in a few days.”

Slowly, Misty gathered her wits to the point of regaining speech. It was more than could be said for the Cuntzes, who by now had launched into a food fight that quickly devolved into smearing cake on one another and sucking it off. If it was still a fight, the good news was they both seemed to be winning.

“OK. I’ll ask again. But… smack my ass a little, yeah? You know how I fucking hate that. Just keep going? Please?”

Sunny kept going.

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The next morning, Friday, the girls woke up feeling almost like themselves again. The relief at no longer feeling like a crazy horny slut was, as usual, the first blow in the futile war with shame-lust. What was unusual was that they’d been woken up with texts from Sunny. Sunny texts had their own ringtone, and didn’t stop making it until they addressed it. Zee had made sure of it.

*Pack a suitcase. A week’s worth of stuff.* That was it. Misty replied to ask what for, but received no response.

Unsure of the occasion, each girl packed the best they could. They texted among one another while they contemplated the options in wardrobes by now stuffed to overflowing with old clothes long neglected, and the slutwear they more commonly draped themselves in for lounging around the house.

Evie: *Kicking us out for a week?*

Zee: *I told you master was bidding on new losers. He’s replacing us with girls who won’t depress him so much. Happy, giddy little sluts who don’t need to cry before they can achieve climax.*

Misty: *He would never do that. No way. Sunny hates the lottery*

Zee: *Sunny may not be a loser, but that doesn’t mean he is still the boy you once knew.*

Evie: *He’s not going to find anyone hotter.*

Misty: *Ya because he would never try.*

Evie: *Then what are we packing for?*

Zee: *Hotness isn’t everything, dear. We are each of us more attractive than Misty (no offense) but it is a rare man who would be dissatisfied with her, especially if he harbors a grudge against his social betters.*

Zee’s wordy reply came after Evie’s, but it was her question that grinded the discussion to a halt. Nobody had an answer. So the girls packed the best they could. Clothes suitable for public, clothes suitable for private, swimsuits, sweaters, and given how fast their overstimulated cunts ruined panties, as much underwear as their suitcases would hold. Misty managed to sneak in some camera equipment; Evie secured a stash of makeup and some tit cream; Zee used what little space she had left over to snag a variety of wigs, as well as a box of condoms in case she was to be prostituted to unclean men. Here it was Friday morning, and the mere thought of it already had her at Tuesday levels of arousal.

Sunny was waiting for them in the garage next to one of Zee’s rides, the heavy duty SUV that, unbeknownst to him, was her bulletproof vehicle of choice for sensitive travel. The vanity plates read *EZCUNTZ*, something Zee had commissioned one Thursday the summer before when they were due for renewal. Vulgar, but the bureaucrat at the BMV permitted it since the car was indeed registered to Evie and Zee Cuntz.

“All aboard,” he said, smiling.

“I told you he’s been busy at the auction house,” whispered Evie. “He *never* smiles like that over us. Never.”

Zee didn’t have any pushback for that this time. He did not. The boy could watch the two of them enact a choreographed double-slut blowjob and not so much as smirk, most days.

Sunny loaded their suitcases into the trunk as they buckled in. Misty noticed the absence of two other cars, which she surreptitiously texted to the two in the back seat. Sunny ordered the SUV to plan a route to the airport, though as this one didn’t autodrive, he had to do it himself. Meanwhile, the girls texted through their anxiety. Evie remained convinced the missing cars were off picking up their replacements from the high school; neither Zee nor Misty had any strong counter theories.

Finally, Misty broke the silence and simply asked what was up.

“It’s a surprise,” he said. That was that.

Evie: *I wonder how big the surprises’ tits are.*

Zee: *I’m sure if it comes to something as base as breast size, those prurient investments on your chest will win the day, my little idiot slut princess.*

Misty: *Do I need to be part of you two flirting?*

Evie: *I fucking hate you, Mother.*

Zee: *Good. Hate is less terrifying than being disposed of.*

Sunny turned on the radio. No one else shared his taste in music, some loud and angry-sounding hiphop, but no one was willing to complain, either, as if objecting to his soundtrack would be the deciding factor in whether or not he followed through with replacing them. With Evie trying to panic them about who he might be selling them to at the airport, upsetting him with even small criticism was more risk than any of them deemed wise.

Finally they neared the airport. Misty was concerned when he didn’t make for the terminals or even the parking lot, but the others recognized where they were headed. The private air strip. Charles Kountz had kept the family jet in the separation, since unlike the cars and the helicopter and the yacht, he actually had use for the thing. When Misty realized where they were headed, she couldn’t help muttering an accusation that even after burning and drowning the world, the rich still wouldn’t relinquish their private air fleets.

“It’s a rental, Misty. And one little flight won’t reignite the Amazon, OK? Relax.” Sunny nudged her with a playful elbow. He was still smiling. Whoever these new losers were, they must be awfully hot. And none of them would go slapping themselves in the face with his cock until it bruised, either. Fuck.

There was a uniformed pilot waiting beside the open door, stairs waiting to be ascended into the passenger cabin. “Mornin’,” said Sunny. “Everybody ready?”

“Your guests are already aboard, sir. If I may say so, they seem eager for your arrival.”

Misty frowned. Guests? Eager? There was no eager like a freshly programmed loser. “Sunny…”

“Ladies first,” he said, still grinning that insufferable grin. He led the pilot to the back of the SUV to retrieve luggage. For Misty, Evie and Zee, there was no failing to obey an order, implied or otherwise. They made for the plane. Zee went first, clutching her short black wig to her head. In her rush to get ready, she hadn’t secured it as well as she ought to have, and it was windy. Evie mounted the stairs on her heels. Misty followed, but the other two had frozen in the doorway. She had to push her way into the vessel.

There they were. Some losers, yes, but not all of them, and not fresh ones. Not very, anyway. A year was a year.

“Surprise!” called Misty’s friends. All of them, she thought, or almost. Amy and Nichele and Rian and Hunter and Hollie and…

She looked back and front in shock. “Oh my god! What are you guys doing here?!”

Sunny huffed out air from the exertion of lugging both his and Misty’s suitcase up the steps. The beaming group of winners and losers looked to him to make the pronouncement. Misty turned, looking down the steps at her former lover. “Sunny…?” Only then did she notice the cars, the Cuntz cars that had been missing from the garage, parked not far off next to an open air hangar.

“Well if you won’t let me in, at least take this thing, will you? I said pack for a week, not a year, Jesus.” Misty’s hand obeyed automatically, retrieving her suitcase and promptly dropping it at her side. Sunny chuckled, then squeezed past her.

“What’s going on, Sunny?” she asked again, her voice small.

“Don’t like surprises, huh? All right, have it your way.” He clapped her on the shoulder. “We’re going to Disneyland.”

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They went to Disneyland. They drank and partied the whole flight over, landing on the resort’s private airstrip for VIPs. Misty made introductions. Evie knew most of them from school. Was even loose friends with a couple of them, Hollie and another. The presence of a crowd of teenagers made Zee feel her age, but she channeled it in a maternal direction, making sure no one over-indulged and otherwise focusing on being seen rather than heard.

The group had three spacious luxury suites reserved, and VIP passes for all to skip lines and score all the rich folk perks. They got massages in their rooms. No happy endings at Disneyland, but Zee and Evie were happy – or if not happy, more than satisfied where it truly counted for losers like them – to suck or fuck what was put in front of them. Assured that he had no expectations of her, Misty spent a lot of her time with Hunter. After making an apology for his brutish behavior last year, Sunny found himself spending a lot of his time with Hollie, who graciously forgave him and promptly forgot it had ever happened while he walked with her through the theme park.

They rode iconic rides. They ate over-priced food. They splashed in the resort pool, then laughed at the absurdity of it and made for Sunset Beach. They surfed in blue water. They palled around with other winners and losers, many of them only days into their own thirty years, spending their spring breaks learning the ins and outs of their new affiliation. They fucked.

Evie laughed giddily as she got her picture taken with a costumed Cruella Deville.

Misty laughed as she snapped the picture.

Zee laughed to hear it.

Sunny simply kept his smile.

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A knock at his door brought Sunny out from between Hollie’s thighs, wiping his drenched lips on his arm. He ordinarily wouldn’t interrupt a moment like this, but he was paying for everything and didn’t want to leave anybody hanging. This was a just-say-yes week of fantasy fulfillment, and he didn’t really mind if he and Hollie needed to restart. Hunter was more than satisfied with the attention he was at last receiving from Evie, who herself was coming like a freight train as she was repeatedly sucked and fucked by a guy she’d rejected to two separate school dances in some other lifetime. She couldn’t have picked a more arousing nobody to be thrown away on. Plus, he actually did treat her pretty nice, considering, so when she wasn’t whimpering with lust at being pimped out as a party favor, it was actually pretty pleasant to be treated like a person. Not teen royalty, not a loser. Just Evie.

“Misty? Hey, it’s late. Everything good?”

“Yeah, um… is this a bad time?”

“Just me!” called Hollie from the bed. “But I’ll hop in the shower, let you guys talk.”

It struck Sunny that she sounded suspiciously prepared for this interruption, in that way girls sometimes seemed to have a real hive mind. As Hollie waved to her friend and loser lover and slipped into the bathroom, Sunny ushered Misty into the suite. He was naked and he was hard, but they were miles past any awkwardness from that.

They seated themselves at the table where he and Hollie had been sharing drinks before they inevitably gave in to more satisfying urges. “You said to ask again how you could be OK, even though you managed to lose me, and get those two cobras stuffed down your pants, and have your uncle run off to Mexico, and blah blah blah.” She twiddled her fingers for her oft-used world’s smallest violin shtick. The smile that accompanied it was small, barely a curve in those lips he so missed. “Yeah, yeah, I know I don’t usually toss any pity your way, but you’ve been a good boy this week.”

Sunny nodded. “You know how I managed.”

“I don’t.” She did, but that wasn’t the influence she’d used on him that was most pressing in her mind. “Shit, after what I did, what I said to you, that awful way that I… I can’t believe you didn’t kick me out of–”

Sunny spoke over her before she could make it one more word into her needless self-recrimination. “It was you, Misty. Of course it was you. Was always gonna be.”

“What?” She managed to look surprised, although for all the impossibility of real affection for him was forever on their minds, she somehow also looked pleased. “Me? We barely talk, except for slut stuff. Barely that even, lately. What the heck did I do?”

He shook his head. “Nothing. I mean, not nothing, but like, you just… did. I was sitting there too pissed off, too guilty, feeling too fuckin’ sorry for myself to… I dunno, do much of anything.”

“I have no idea what you’re even saying.”

“Yeah, me either. Plus me and Hollie were just smoking up, too, so I’m even dumber than usual.”

“Yeah. I have a nose.”

He leaned back in his chair, cock still twitching, but in a friendly way. “Look, I know I was all ‘consult me once more in three days’ and shit, but I don’t have some speech ready or anything. I don’t even know if I really know, you know? Like… yeah.”

“Really? This *isn’t* a canned speech? You’re sure?”

He dipped a couple fingers in the icy water left in his glass and flicked the drops at her. “Oh fuck you. See if I try to compliment you again.”

“Gee, you go treating me like shit, I might just come harder next time Hunter and I have sex.”

It stung, but less than it would have once. “So you two are, like, a couple now?”

“Eh, we’re not doing labels. But we’re having fun, yeah. I don’t know if it’s just fun. With the Lottery and everything, dating is tricky. Hard to imagine having a boyfriend when there’s you, and Hollie, and his parents are sort of overinvolved, and there’s Thursdays, and ugh, Wednesdays frankly.” She wrinkled her nose, but the smile returned. “But most days, yeah, we do real good.”

“Yeah, good. That’s good. He and I were talking at the beach. First about, you know, more trades, but I think we both figured we could play it by ear. You know, let you and Hollie decide what and when and how works for you. Do like our barbaric ancestors and let you womenfolk decide for yourselves who pulls you by the hair into their cave for snu-snu.”

Her smile widened. “Yeah?”

“Of course, yeah. When you need me to do whatever so your guy doesn’t have to, I’ll do whatever, and the rest of the time, you do you, right?”

She threw her lips at his and kissed him. If she didn’t love him, she could still love what he did for her.

Misty and Hunter married that fall. She still came and went at Sunny’s estate regularly, particularly to collect on his wedding gift – his offer to satisfy her Thursday shame tantrums. The simple act of cucking her husband did the trick most weeks. Meanwhile Hollie moved into the mansion to make space for her winner’s new wife. Sunny was glad to have her while it lasted, but Hollie wasn’t a loser like Evie and Zee were losers. It wasn’t a place that bred happiness. She still visited, though for all she insisted Hunter wasn’t dispatching her out of pity, he had his doubts. They still had plenty of good times, though.

Other times were less good. Misty’s parents divorce. Misty’s own divorce a few years later. The custody battle over her and Hunter’s kids, doomed from the start. Evie’s miscarriages, and the years long cold war with her mother over a single brutal comment she made about them and refused to apologize for. Uncle Ozzy’s drunken, blubbering phone call, Sunny’s mother at last discovered, buried in a little cemetery in Guadalajara under a fake name inflicted upon her by her winner, and even that misspelled. Sunny’s drinking, and eventually drugs, hard ones this time. Months that felt like years, might have really been years, where they sealed up Cuntz Manor and never saw the sun.

It was easy to let those wounds fester. After all they’d suffered, how could it be fair for them to have to keep suffering more? At some point didn’t the cup fill up and stop having room for more? Or at least stop spilling all the extra slop into everyone else’s?

There was nothing to do, though, but keep going. Sometimes Misty got to have a weekend with her kids. Sometimes she let Sunny and Evie hold them. One day Zee apologized, and kissed her daughter’s belly, and while it didn’t erase years of enmity, the years to come were more bearable. Sometimes Sunny was sober, and sometimes he let Misty or Evie take him to a meeting, or a clinic. Sometimes they traveled and saw beauty and nature and culture and they forgot what it was to hate themselves and their wretched lot for a time. Sometimes Uncle Ozzy visited, and his laugh lines were etched a little deeper, his tan a little more baked in. Sometimes he brought Sunny’s new Aunt Rosa with him, and their daughter, named for her late aunt, a bright-eyed baby girl who adored her cousin and her beautiful godmothers.

Once a year there was another candle to light, and sometimes, the cake frosting didn’t have cum.