ENG102

KONUMA Rie



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A word from Rie

Life in small town America can be rough. Jobs are few and far between, the clocks run 30 years late, and if you're lucky enough to have a college, your teacher is usually there because they can't be anywhere else.

But country girls make do.

ENG102 is a story about Yara Charnell (shar-NELL) and Jenn Crane, two 21–year-olds in community college, somewhere in the ass end of Colorado; with little else to do, they busy themselves with their teacher, alongside falling in love, perhaps even with one another.

I would like to extend a heartfelt thanks to the *Book Club¸ Or Else* for their feedback and other help in making this book the best it can be. If you would like to be part of the *Book Club¸ Or Else*, please send an email to `book.club+or.else@raven.garden`.

This book contains sexual content, and depictions of consensual, financially contingent BDSM relationships.

Sex work is work, sex workers are workers, and further to this;

Workers of the world, unite!

Jenn

$$g = \frac{Gm_j m_y}{r^2}$$

This school is a fucking joke.

In what world is English 102 a reasonable prereq for geology? Utter clown shit.

At least the professor is cute. Annie. 37 years old, recently tenured, brunette. Pays students for sex. Well, pays me for sex.

"Looking back to English 101, would we term this irony?"

Of course Tom's hand shoots up. This is a small class, and I've gotten to know Tom. Not personally, I wouldn't talk to him for the world, but he is constantly on his fucking bullshit. Annie is going to call on him, and of course…

"Pretty sure for something to be irony it has to have a metallic luster, prof."

There it is. It takes a moment to land, but Annie brings out her fake laugh. Practiced. Light enough to not give a student like *Tom* the wrong idea, genuine enough to make it sound like the joke was funny.

"Well, we're talking about dramatic irony, of course."

Turning to the board, she continues as she fumbles with the markers. She seems absolutely flummoxed that she has to write something on the board. She always does.

"So in the classical example…"

Black, blue, it doesn't fucking matter.

"Over the break you'll be reading Oedipus Rex, wherein Joca—"

Finish a fucking sentence. It's not that complicated. Clown. Shit.

"Well, both Oedipus and Jocasta are unaware of the true weight of the events, giving rise to the irony."

‘Œdipus Rex’. Thorn posting perv literature professor. Truly a living cliché.

“Um, excuse me professor.”

Sharon. Capital-A Aggie and bitch on wheels. Fake tan, plastic nails, bleached hair. Moved here to be with her boyfriend who had to transfer from Texas A&M after beating up someone who ‘totally deserved it’. Bigot dipshits the both of them.

“This book has some pretty problematic elements, I don’t think it’s appropriate for a college class, actually.”

Sharon’s been riding Annie all semester. For all her faults, Annie’s been good at shutting her down.

“I understand that you’re used to editing the classics in Texas, but here up north we *read*, Sharon.”

Tom laughs, of course. Yara doesn’t.

Yara. The fourth and final student in our little class. God, she’s so hot.

Of everyone in the class, she’s the only one who gives a shit at all. Just spending the entire class with those pale blue eyes locked on the professor, actually paying attention, like some kind of loser. I think I love her.

I’ve never even seen her full face. She’s the only other student at this clown college who masks. Since the start of the semester I’ve seen her use at least fifteen different covers, always matched to her outfit. God, I wish I knew how to talk to girls.

“All right, no class next week, see you all after the break. If you’d rather not be here, I can just give you a D and be done with it, Sharon.”

From back here I can only see the back of Sharon’s head, but I’m guessing she’s making the face she always does.

Before I can leave, Annie waves me over. Yara is still finishing up her notes. Dotting her little i’s with hearts I bet. Fuck.

“I have some advanced material I’d like to introduce you to, perhaps you could swing by my apartment tonight, around nine? It’s some, uh, ENG150 level stuff, but I think you’d do well with it.”

She’s not good with innuendo. You’d think an English professor would be, yet here we are.

“I think I’m a more advanced student than that, Ms McKinney, I feel like ENG200 material is firmly within reach.”

$150? She’s going to pay for even suggesting that.

“Of course, Jenny. And I’ve told you to call me Annie.”

That smile is nearly as fake as the laugh she gave Tom earlier.

“My parents always stressed the importance of maintaining professional separation in school, Ms McKinney. And it’s Jennessica, if you don’t mind.”

Another fake smile. I am going to have to beat her to death with a curtain rod. She's not even paying attention to me, looking up at star student Yara instead.

"Yeah, of course. Uh, of course."

Curtain. Rod.

* * *

Professor Annaliese McKinney lives in a brownstone townhouse on the edge of town. It's a nice place, but far too expensive for a tenured professor at a community college. Even here in Yuma, the ass end of Colorado. Even here in what is basically Nebraska. Aside from her work at the college, she's an author, which somehow pays for a place like this. Must be nice.

There's no way Annie is getting any foreplay tonight so a bit of a warmup in the car is in order. With my panties banished to the purse, leftie gets to play around under the skirt, pretending to be Yara to set the mood. She's helped me out so many times since the semester began, fuck. I wish I knew how to talk to girls.

One last thing before I go in. Discwhored. Annie's never been a problem before, but you never know.

```
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[20:59] < datbtch> GL babe, wreck her shit
[21:00] < jtrix  > gonna beat her with a curtain rod :3
[21:01] < datbtch> To death inshallah
[21:01] < jtrix  > ikr
```

I've never met `datbtch`, but she seems cool. I guess hopefully I'll never have to. Just nice to know someone has you covered, just in case. Amazing what you can get nerds to set up for you if you let them hit. Moist towelette for my fingers, checking my makeup in the mirror, time to fuck this bitch up.

As usual, Annie has left the door unlocked for me. Two crisp $100 dollar bills on the side table, that much at least she can do. Her house smells of vanilla, as usual. Vanilla or cinnamon. I think she likes to bake, although I've never seen any actual baked goods.

"I'll be right down!"

She forgot 'Miss C'. She always forgets. I think she likes the consequences.

"I got a new toy!"

Her sitting room is well appointed, walls lined with bookcases. One of them has all her books in it, formulaic fantasy books bordering on

the pornographic, with big-titted elf maidens ravaged by comically well-endowed barbarians and monsters.

"These are your books, right?"

She was trying to be quiet, I think, but she's not good at being quiet.

"Yeah, they're about—"

"I didn't ask what they're about."

Turning to her I can see what new toy she's got. When she's in class, with her slacks and her tight ribbed shirts, she looks like she's in charge, but now? In a flimsy ass-length kimono with a vapid grin and cradling a strap-on in her hands, she just looks like the pathetic bitch she is.

"I was hoping you could, you know…"

"That I could what? Fuck you?"

She nods timidly. Like she does everything timidly.

"Let's start with you apologizing for not greeting me properly, and then greeting me properly, and we'll go from there."

"I'm sorry, Miss C. Thank you for coming, Miss C."

Untying the sash of her kimono with one hand and taking custody of the strap-on with the other, I can feel her tremble under my touch.

"You're sorry for what?"

Downcast eyes. Weak voice. Loser shit.

"I'm sorry for not greeting you properly, Miss C."

Her nipple is already rock hard as I grab it lightly.

"That happens a lot, doesn't it?"

She nods timidly again. I grasp her more firmly.

"That shouldn't happen at all, should it?"

She shakes her head timidly. I tweak her nipple to a quiet moan.

"Should it?"

She shakes her head more vigorously. I tweak her nipple harder still.

"Should it?!"

"No, Miss C. I'm sorry, Miss C."

I let her go.

"You know, you have really been pissing me off today."

"I'm sorry, Miss C. I understand if you need to pun—"

God, slapping this bitch feels so good sometimes.

"That's not how this works, and you know that. You don't get to rile me up in the hopes that I'll ream you like one of the twee princesses you keep writing about."

"They're el—"

I could fucking cum from just slapping this bitch.

"And this is what you want me to fuck you with. The tiniest strap-on you could find. You write about your thinly veiled self inserts being ravaged by orcs and barbarians, and this is what you bring?"

"It's not th—"

Another free slap. She can't just keep setting me up like this. It's not that small, but she doesn't get to say that. And it's not big.

"If you want to be punished so bad, I'll be happy to oblige, but I don't think you'll like it."

Burying one hand into her hair and grasping her firmly, she's as pliable as always. Too pliable as always.

"The good news is that you're not meant to. Now say aah."

Obedient. Pliant. Quiet.

Boring.

"I'm going to need you to get this good and slobbered up."

Even through my mask I can smell her breath as she begins gently kissing the toy. Warm tea with honey, and something else, citrus maybe.

"You're not trying to get it off, you're drooling on it."

Tightening my grip on her hair, I jam the toy down her gullet. I can feel her gag a little, but she takes it well enough. Spittle is already beginning to drip out against the purple silicone rubber.

I don't need words to drive home what I want her to do now, and she doesn't deserve them anyway. It takes her a moment to realize she needs to breathe through her nose, but she finds her footing soon enough. Four, five minutes should do, I'm sure it'll feel longer to her.

She gasps as I pull the toy back out, desperately chewing the air. It's wet enough, that's not really the point.

"I guess if that's the best you can do, it'll have to suffice. Now put it on."

Placing the toy back in her hands, for once she seems to be offering a tiny bit of resistance.

"I'm sorry, Miss C, I was hoping…"

"Yeah, I know what you were hoping. And I'm not falling for your shit. Put it on."

It's a nice sturdy coffee table she has, good height for leaning against. I don't need to watch her get into the harness, she's been told what to do, and soon a pair of shaky hands find their way to my hips.

I don't know which worked best, warming up in the car, the three real solid slaps she gave up, or the slobber, but the strap slips in as easy as you like.

"This tiny thing is supposed to be your fantasy, is it? This is supposed to be splitting you in half?"

Annie's only whimpering at this point.

"When I ask you a question, you answer."

"Sorry Miss C. I just thought…"

She's getting way into it.

"You didn't think, that's the problem. And put your fucking hips into it, you're here to make me feel it."

She's already making me feel it, but I'm not here to tell her that. She's… distracting, by now. Fuck. I wonder if Yara can do this. I can't really think about that now… Disguising a moan as a frustrated sigh, I push Annie a little further.

"Pathetic. What's even the point of you."

Shit, is she getting angry? She's not supposed to get angry… I can feel her frustration now, and I'm glad to be facing away from her. Seeing me smile… Seeing me smile would probably break the illusion.

I shouldn't have been thinking about Yara. This… this is going to get away from me. Pushing another moan into a sigh, I can't keep doing this…

"Absolutely worthless."

As I turn around and push her off me she's pliant again, whatever came out just now seems to have left her just as quickly. It doesn't take much to get her off balance and push her to the floor. The sitting room carpet is thick enough, she should be fine.

"Until you can show that you can behave, this is what we're doing. Think of it as training."

Running my hand along the strap-on, it comes back covered in juices. Pulling Annie up from the floor by the hair, wiping my hand on her face seems to work fine for her.

"What do you call me in class?"

"Jennessica, Miss C."

She hasn't actually been so clear that she understands this before, maybe I've finally found a way to keep her in line.

"And are you going to try and offer me a piddling one hundred fifty bucks again?"

"No, Miss C."

Letting go of her hair, I throw her to the floor. Standing over her whimpering form I can feel her shallow breaths against my high heeled boots.

"Now, I hope I don't actually need to say this, but this is all you get."

I press the toe of my boot down on her hand, slowly putting more weight on it until she gives up a squeal.

"If you think you can go diddle yourself…"

I grind her hand under my boot.

"Of course not, Miss C…"

"Assuming you can behave until next time I'm here, we can talk about you getting off then."

She nods weakly, and I take my boot off her hand.

"Three hundred is the new rate. I'll see you next week."

"Thank you, Miss C…"

She's trembling as I step over her and make my way out into the cool, dark night.

```
[21:49] < jtrix  > omw home
[21:51] < datbtch> Quick work
[21:52] < jtrix  > all she deserves :3
```

* * *

A shake for dinner never feels good, but sometimes you gotta get in the tub. And gotta stop thinking about Yara at work. Maybe everywhere. Tomorrow, tho'. Tonight she gets to be… glass? Granite? No. The fancy jade cock, with the contouring.

* * *

```
[23:02] < jtrix  > you working tonite?
[23:04] < datbtch> Nah, why?
[23:05] < jtrix  > just wanna talk i guess
[23:06] < jtrix  > about work stuff, i mean
[23:07] < datbtch> I'm doing homework, but I can talk
[23:07] < jtrix  > i got super horny with PAMK earlier
[23:07] < jtrix  > turns out she's a fucking top
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[23:11] < datbtch> I thought you were a top?
[23:11] < jtrix  > only professionally
[23:11] < jtrix  > in my free time i'm :3 all day
```

I didn't realize `datbtch` was in school as well. I wonder if I know her. That's the kind of question best not asked, I guess. God, am I falling in love with her too? Fuck my life.

Yara

$$\mu = \frac{1}{2}\pi \int_0^{\pi/2} a_y sin(\theta) + a_j cos(\theta)\, d\theta$$

“Looking back to English 101, would we term this irony?”

I think professor McKinney is distracted. English 102 has turned into summarizing English 101, which is always a good sign. And I do think we’d call this irony, Annie. Nobody knows you’re wearing a vibe, but I know. I turn it down while Tom is rattling off some insipid joke. Spike it for the punchline. Let’s see if you can do a fake laugh without outing yourself to class.

Her breath catches. She’s *suffering*. She saves it, though. Such professionalism.

Well, she almost saves it. She has to turn to the board to hide her face. That’s not allowed, Annie. Speed down again, lower than it should be, tell her what’s coming.

“So in the classical example…”

Mid-sentence high pulse. A little bit of punishment. She fumbles with the markers, tries to play it off. She knows she’s not allowed to hide like this, and yet.

“Over the break you’ll be reading Oedipus Rex, wherein Joca—”

Spike to ten, down to four. She stumbles. I’m having too much fun. She can’t even write right, her letters run together on the board as is tries to write out the name of the play.

I turn the vibe down to zero while Sharon is talking. Having to raw dog listening to that shit is worse than any punishment I could come up with. I bet she knows what’s going on. She’s a lot smarter than she pretends to be, and she’s as much of a freak as Annie is. I think she’s studying English, too. Looking at that 37 year old divorcée living in what

is morally Nebraska has got to be some Ghost of Christmas Future shit for her.

For now she's getting told off. Good job, Annie. I guess that's enough pushing buttons for today. Or is it?

As class lets out, Annie is waving her teacher's pet over, of course. Jenny. I like Jenny, I think, but she's not fooling anyone. She can dress up in her factory distressed jeans, chokers, and plaid halter tops all she wants, but she's about as alt as Hot Topic. At least she still masks, she has to be the only other person on campus who does. An obvious innocent, and a nerd through and through. I overheard her talking on the phone once, excitedly talking to her crystal dealer about a piece of granite. If she knew about Annie's vibe, she'd have an aneurysm.

So let's turn it up to eight. Mid sentence spike.

Bitch, you do not get to look at me like that. Ten. Mind on Jenny, or I will find a way to turn it to eleven.

With Jenny out the door, I return the vibe to relaxed random patterns. *Now* it's enough pushing buttons.

"Do you have office hours today, professor?"

She nods stiffly. That's cute, she thinks she has anything to complain about.

"I was just about to head over there now, we can walk together."

Relaxed random, was it? Intense random.

"I'd love to, but I've got another class right now. How about I swing by in an hour and a half?"

I look down at my wrist. I don't wear a watch, but the bit is too good to pass up.

"Or how about two, actually."

She nods, leaning heavily on her desk.

"All right, professor, thank you."

* * *

Sitting in the bleachers and watching varsity baseball star Alice Suzuki swinging against a machine sure makes time fly by. Too bad she's straight, I would love a piece of that.

* * *

"Hi professor!"

Annie seems a bit out of it, hunched over her desk in her office like that. Closing the door behind me, she lets out a low moan as it latches.

"You all right there?"

She shakes her head gently.

"Oh, that's too bad."

We're at school, but it's getting quite late in the day, and the offices should be built to maintain student privacy. With the door closed, it's

probably fine to stand this close. Probably fine to run a hand through her hair. To be sure, I lean down and whisper. Well, not *just* to be sure, it adds to the effect as well.

"That's what happens when you spike the camera, though, isn't it?"

She nods weakly. I place my hand on the back of her neck and press a little.

"Isn't it?"

"Yes, Miss C."

I fish the remote out of her book bag and place it on her desk. It's a cool little device for teledildonics, but with the app on my laptop it's more symbolic. The cutoff switch on it is neat, tho'. She eyes the small pink device greedily, but leaves it be.

"You've mostly been good, though, so it'll have to be fine."

She pants softly.

"I know you're going to Aspen for your break, but are we still on for Thursday?"

She nods weakly again. I let it go, for now. I press my mask against her ear and push a stream of hot air through the fabric.

"Good. We can settle up then."

Through my grip on her neck I can feel her entire body tensing up. If I believed for a moment she could hide it this well I might have thought she just came.

* * *

Stopping by Sharon's place on the way home was definitely the right call. She may be a bitch and a chaser, but she gives good head. Never mind needing a release after working myself up with Annie all day, fucking her vapid face into the wall is its own reward.

After a shower to get her cloying perfume off me and a light dinner, it's time for homework. Dosage calculations is dry work, but hey. SWIRC notifications first, though.

```
[20:58] < jtrix  > heading to PAMKs place, out in an hr
[20:59] < datbtch> GL babe, wreck her shit
[21:00] < jtrix  > gonna beat her with a curtain rod :3
[21:01] < datbtch> To death inshallah
[21:01] < jtrix  > ikr
```

With how Sharon's boyfriend is, I probably should be better about using it when I'm going to her place. I feel like `jtrix` can lead by example here, checking in even when she's seeing the single most useless woman in the world.

```
[21:49] < jtrix  > omw home
[21:51] < datbtch> Quick work
[21:52] < jtrix  > all she deserves :3
```

It's rare to see anyone else use it but the two of us. Not a lot of whores in town, I guess, or they all use different channels. I'm sure I've seen some other names on the board at Joseph's. Maybe it's too techy.

```
[23:02] < jtrix  > you working tonite?
[23:04] < datbtch> Nah, why?
[23:05] < jtrix  > just wanna talk i guess
[23:06] < jtrix  > about work stuff, i mean
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[23:11] < datbtch> I thought you were a top?
[23:11] < jtrix  > only professionally
[23:11] < jtrix  > in my free time i'm :3 all day
```

I don't think `jtrix` has a lot of friends. I guess I don't either, so that tracks. Who does these days.

```
[23:20] < jtrix  > kinda odd question
[23:23] < jtrix  > is it weird to think about people you knw
[23:23] < jtrix  > like, when masturbating
[23:26] < datbtch> Yeah, deeply fucked up, but also
[23:27] < datbtch> Who cares?
[23:28] < datbtch> I have a onahole I like, I always, like
[23:29] < datbtch> Pretend its your bitch mouth when I use it
[23:31] < datbtch> Not like that's anything to you
[23:40] < jtrix  > ... you do?
[23:41] < datbtch> Who cares.
[23:52] < jtrix  > i mean, it's fine if you do
[23:55] < datbtch> go to sleep, babe, you're getting weird
```

* * *

The nursing classes that comes with the phlebotomy degree have some upsides. Learning to set my own injections has been so worth it on its own, and setting shots for the dolls is fun too. Besides, learning a bit about pharmacodynamics and tracking my cycle is pretty neat too. For example, learning that there's a reason I get so fucking horny when the tail of my last injection overlaps with the one I'm doing is great. Monday

and Thursday means I get that boost before the weekend, rather than during it. Walking in the door of the club all ready to burst has led to its fair share of bad hookup decisions, but you live and you learn.

Now, aside from the self knowledge of it all, the main beneficiary of all of that is a certain Annaliese McKinney; AJ McKay to her horny, *horny* fans. Her books aren't good, but I don't think that's the point. They sell well, lining the eBook readers of repressed housewives who just want to be split in half by a barbarian. Or, in her latest best-seller, by the mysterious, exotic woman with the big dick. Totally not based on me.

I don't know if it's her being a chaser, or if it's her selling her shit to chasers, but she certainly has a way to talk about the trans experience without ever actually connecting it to transness. I hate that I've read every word of every one of her books, and I hate that I love them. At least I get to actually take it out on her. Maybe I should engage with her fan club. I could cosplay as Yarxha, Barbarian Wild Woman and invite to an immersive theater experience, all officially licensed. Yarxha. So fucking transparent. It's like she knows that I read her books, and she's goading me.

```
[20:59] < datbtch> At PAMKs place, gonna be an hour
[20:59] < jtrix  > gotchu
[21:01] < datbtch> Gonna pretend it's you I'm fucking
[21:02] < jtrix  > deeply fucked up >:(
[21:02] < datbtch> :)
[21:03] < jtrix  > btw i'm charging her $300 now, fyi
[21:03] < datbtch> Nice, thanks for saying
[21:04] < datbtch> Still gonna play pretend, tho' :)
[21:04] < jtrix  > >:(
```

I'm glad `jtrix` helps people keep view of the rates. Letting clients fuck us while keeping them from fucking us is no small feat, and it takes teamwork.

Finally, Annie's porch light goes out. Seven minutes past the hour. What else do you even have to do today, bitch. I guess she likes it when I come in angry. Well, if she thinks she can set me off like that, she's about to learn a harsh lesson.

I let myself in as always. She's already left the money on the side table. $500 is more than I expected, but covers both English 102 and tonight.

"Sorry I'm running a bit late."

She smiles wanly as she stands at the end of the hallway, waiting for me to come in. She's in her pajamas, like that's supposed to be okay. Loose cotton pants, loose cotton tank top, bare feet. No underwear, of course. I don't know if it's on purpose, but she makes me feel overdressed, even in my dirt bag domme look. Black JNCO jeans and a white dress shirt one size too large feels like haute couture next to whatever bullshit she's got going on. I'm leaving my shoes on.

"Who are you talking to?"

She has a nasty habit of forgetting stuff like properly saying hello, even after several months of bi-weekly sessions. I wonder if `jtrix` has this issue.

"I'm sorry, Miss C."

Correction is in order. Walking in, I sweep her up and guide her backwards, past the door to the sitting room, past the stairwell, and into the kitchen.

"Do I have to tell you this again?"

I lift her up and place her on the kitchen island, and she shakes her head.

"No, I'm sorry, Miss C."

I place my hands on her inner thighs, and spread her legs ever so slightly.

"When I arrive, you say."

"Thank you for coming, Miss C."

I dig my fingers into her legs, massaging them, but not for relief.

"And if you're running late, you say."

"I'm sorry I'm late, Miss C."

I slide my hands further up, and tighten my grip.

"And then, in order to clearly articulate why I'm here, you say."

She looks down, biting her lip. I press harder.

"You say."

She gives a little moan before speaking.

"I've prepared the bedroom for us, Miss C."

I press a little harder still.

"And let me ask you, is you knowing all of this and yet forgetting supposed to be impressive?"

She shakes her head timidly. I let go of her legs and place a hand around her throat instead, forcing her to look into my eyes.

"Well?"

She tries to look down, but can't.

"No, Miss C."

I pull her back down from the counter and turn her around.

"Now, just to be clear, we're obviously not going upstairs."

She nods timidly.

"What was that?"

"I'm sorry, Miss C. I understand, Miss C."

Pushing her down onto the kitchen island leaves her toes just barely reaching the floor. She's got shorter legs than me, and laid out on the counter she's at the perfect height for fucking. Pulling down her pajama pants I can feel the heat coming off her in waves, and a drop of grool is already running down her thighs.

Undoing my belt and button fly with one hand, I bury the other in Annie's hair.

"I've been here for three minutes, and you're already this horny? You really are a desperate slut."

She nods weakly.

"Or did you maybe warm up a little before I arrived? Is that why you were late?"

She shakes her head. I tighten my grip.

"Answer me when I ask you a question."

"No, Miss C. I'm just a desperate slut."

I push her face into the cold marble.

"How about you make me believe it. Be a good girl, and act like you've taken a cock before. No squirming, no moaning, no nothing. Just elegance and practiced ease."

She nods weakly again.

"If I have to repeat myself one more time…"

"I'm sorry, Miss C. I will, Miss C."

Pushing my gock into her, Annie takes it with elegance and practiced ease. She's certainly had it often enough, but usually she's way more demonstrative.

God, `jtrix` is such a bitch. Now she has me thinking about Jenny. If I'm going to pretend Annie is anyone, that's who it's gonna be. Dammit. Annie is playing along, too. Staying quiet as a mouse. She's trembling, her legs are struggling with the toe extension, but she's hanging in there. Almost impressive.

Jenny's nothing like this, I'm sure. Warm, sure, soft, sure, but I bet she's a squealer. Or moaner. She's got that dark, soft voice. Annie's voice is kind of nice too, but Jenny's… I've only heard her say like a dozen words in class, but it's seared into my mind. I may be in trouble.

And I may need to focus. Shit… I really need…

I was not prepared for Jen— Annie to cum so soon. I'm fucking Annie. Not Jenny. I'm busting in Annie. Not Jenny. Yara, you *fucking* loser, this is Annie. God I wish it was Jenny, though.

Jenn

$$v(t) = \frac{\frac{\rho_y + \rho_j}{2} - \rho_m V g}{\mu}(1 - e^{-\mu t/m})$$

```
[22:15] < datbtch> Heading home now
[22:16] < jtrix  > almost had me worried there
[22:18] < datbtch> Yeah, well, this is your fault
[22:19] < jtrix  > pussy so good even pretend gets ya :3
[22:21] < datbtch> As if. You got me thinking about this girl
[22:24] < jtrix  > deeply fucked up :3
[22:25] < datbtch> >:(
```

* * *

I love Fridays. No classes, just a shift at the museum. It's a pretty amazing deal; no pay, but it's class credit at CSU and I get to put the Smithsonian on my resume. I have *other* means of earning rent, anyway, but here in Wray a little money goes a long way. Tom has a similar deal to mine at the museum, and he makes rent as a part time gas station attendant.

The geology exhibit is only open on Fridays, since it's not fully staffed yet. I've already been offered a position as docent once I finish my degree, on the condition that I keep working towards an MA. It's a little tempting, to be honest, but I don't know about staying in Wray.

As I pull into the employee lot, there's a rare sight waiting for me. A black SUV, D.C. plates. Seems like we have visitors from Washington. Unfortunately, that means Dr. Thompson is in as well. He's a loathsome man. I do not like the way he smells, I do not like the way he is always undressing me with his eyes, and I certainly don't like the way he insists on personally doing all tours for high school classes. Thankfully, he's on his way out. He's moving up in the world to hear him tell it, but he

wants to see my education finished. Keeps offering to take me with him to Denver.

He couldn't pay me enough, and looking past personality flaws is my *job*.

"Good morning, Ms Crane."

He's showing off for the Washington crowd. He never calls me that.

"Good morning."

"We have some visitors in from the mother church."

He gestures to the pair of visitors; an older lady of perhaps fifty, and a younger woman no older than twenty-five.

"So I see. Nice to meet you both."

The older lady offers her hand to shake. I don't take it. I never do.

"I'm Doctor Carla Martinez, and this is my assistant, Monica Olden."

Monica doesn't try to shake my hand. She's not wearing a mask, but from the way she's looking at me it feels like she would like to. Or maybe a muzzle, she's got that look to her.

Dr. Thompson explains the visit.

"We'll be keeping the museum closed today for a private tour of the collection for Doctor Martiñez, I meant to text you about it."

"I see."

It's a good thing I'm masking, because the face I'd be giving this piece of shit otherwise might have gotten me fired.

"Well, while you're touring the museum, why don't I show Ms Olden the sights here in Wray?"

I give Dr. Martinez a look I hope she can read.

"Yes… Yes, that sounds like a great idea."

"Great! Why don't you text me when the tour is done, and I'll have Ms Olden back to you in a jiff."

Dr. Thompson doesn't look too pleased, but then again, when does he ever.

"You do still have my number, boss?"

I do love it when I can stick it to this piece of shit.

"Of course I do. I simply forgot to text you, Doctor Martiñez wanted this tour on quite short notice."

Throwing the guest under the bus. Classy.

"Actually, I was meaning to talk to you about that, doc. I don't think you really need me in Austin, and I have family out in Yuma I was thinking I'd go see over the break."

For someone with family in Yuma, Monica sure has a thick Minnesotan accent.

"If it's alright with doc Martinez, maybe you could drive me after showing me Wray?"

Dr. Martinez doesn't seem to give it much thought.

"Of course. Enjoy your break, and I'll see you back in Washington."

"And I'll see you in two weeks, Doctor Thompson. Have a good tour."

"Thank you, Ms Crane."

Out in the parking lot, we stop by the large SUV from Washington before heading to my car.

"Yuma, eh?"

"Uff da, I just needed to get outta there. That man gives me the creeps tell you what."

After grabbing her bag, we make our way over to my car.

"You can just drop me at the Greyhound if you don't want to take me with, ya know."

"What, you don't want to see the sights of scenic Wray?"

She laughs, and reminds me I really wish I knew how to talk to girls.

"You know, if you want to drop the mask, I'm triple vaxxed and recently tested."

It's not like the circulation in the car is good enough to keep her off me for the two hours it'll take to get her to the bus station anyway, so before we pull out of the lot I ditch the mask in the glove compartment.

"Don't fall for the temptation to think I'm a slut or anything, I usually don't unmask until the third date."

She laughs again. Fuck my life.

I don't want to drive out to Brush in my work uniform, though.

"Mind if we swing by my place before we head out? I need to change for the drive."

"So long as you give me a tour, I'm fine."

"Sure, I hope you like rocks."

It's not a long drive over to my place, and Monica is surprisingly interested in the sights of the town. There's not much to look at. The old Shell station. The new Shell station. Tabor Hall. The apartment building.

"Why do you wear makeup under your mask, anyway?"

The question surprises me as I'm pulling into the apartment building parking lot. It's not something I've thought a lot about myself.

"In case I meet a cute girl who's triple vaxxed and recently tested, I guess."

I shoot her a grin as I put the car into park. She doesn't grin back. She doesn't laugh. She just smiles. She's got the same pale blue eyes as Yara. I bet she has the same smile too.

"Makes sense."

I tear myself away from her gaze, and manage to get a few words out.

"My place is up on third."

By the time we're outside my door, I notice that she grabbed her bag out of the car. When we set off from the museum, my plan had been to run up and change. Now? Now I don't know what the fuck is going on.

"Let me just change out of my uniform, and we can head out."

"After the tour."

"Right, after the tour."

I leave her in the front room while I go change. When I come back out of my bedroom, I find her on the couch. She has her shoes off, and her jacket is hanging in the hallway.

I put on my best museum tour voice.

"The tour! So this is the sitting room. It was reconstructed after an archaeological survey approximately 30 years after present."

She laughs again.

"Over there you can see a computer, used by ancient peoples for inscrutable rituals."

She looks over at my computer desk with the air of an interested museum patron.

"Over here is a 'television'."

I make air quotes.

"Next to it we have a 'games console'. These were used for divination and entertainment after astrology and oral tradition fell out of favor."

"Ope, very interesting."

"And this is the much vaunted 'Wall of Rocks', an art installation made by the local population."

I bring her attention over to my decorative rock collection.

"It serves as both lapidarium and lithotheque, containing both human shaped and naturally weathered minerals."

"Are these all local?"

She's on her feet now, browsing the rock collection with genuine interest.

"The lithotheque, that is, the lower two rows, are all collected around town and the surrounding environs, and represent the local geology."

She nods.

"The lapidarium on the upper row consists of some modern pieces, found in the environs of the town and shaped to bring out interesting stria, and a couple of archaeological pieces of turquoise."

She picks up one of them and turns it over carefully.

"That one is a thirteenth century piece, probably made by an Apache lapidary from stone imported from New Mexico or Arizona. The other one is a late seventeenth or early eighteenth imitation of earlier pieces, probably of Ute manufacture. It was likely made for sale to or trade with early Spanish settlers."

"Are they valuable?"

"They're both fairly common pieces, I paid about five hundred for the set."

Putting the stone back, she goes over the rest of the rocks again.

"And that concludes the tour, I'm afraid."

She points to my bedroom door.

"What's through there?"

"I'm afraid that's not available for public viewing."

She steps closer.

"The special collection, eh? I love a special collection."

Wasn't her blouse buttoned up further earlier?

"Well, as I said…"

Another button, this time she's certainly showing me what she's doing.

"Are you sure we can't come to some kind of… arrangement?"

She's staring at me now, her eyes fixed on mine. Her pale blue eyes. How is she doing this to me?

"Look, I… I'm sorry."

She laughs again. Steps back. Plants herself in the couch.

"It's fine, I don't want to put you out, you don't have to give me the tour."

She smiles at me.

"Not about the tour. About the rest of it."

She gives me a quizzical look, now.

"You're great. I mean, *great*. But you really remind me of this girl I've been thinking a lot about, and I worry that if we were to take this any further…"

She laughs again, not so warmly this time. It's the kind of laugh that goes with a funny joke, not the kind that goes with a bad joke told by a friend.

"That you'll ruin things with her?"

I sit down next to her, sinking into the couch.

"Maybe, I guess, but more than that I feel like I'd be, I don't know, using you because I can't be with her."

"Why can't you be with her?"

Monica has taken on a serious tone, now. Playing the older sister, even if she's basically my age.

"Because I've not, uh, told her how I feel. She can't turn me down that way, I guess?"

I turn to her with a grin, but she's not smiling now. She looks thoughtful.

"I see."

I have to look away. Her eyes are still fixed on mine, searching for something.

"So, I don't care about any of that, right. I was just looking to get laid, I'm not staying here to be your girlfriend, I'm not doing long distance, none of that shit. So I have a suggestion."

I feel like I must be blushing. How am I blushing.

"You pretend whatever you need to pretend, and give it to me good."

She slips a hand behind under my t-shirt, behind my waist, resting it on my hip.

"I'm usually a pretty good judge of these things, and I caught a pretty dommy vibe off you when we met, and I love that for me. Was I wrong?"

I shake my head quietly.

"All right, so how about you put on your big girl pants and tell me who you need me to be."

* * *

Why exactly Monica has a selection of gags in her luggage on a job trip is a question that I don't really know how to begin to ask. With the mask on, she really does look a lot like Yara. Maybe more than is wholesome. Her hair is a little shorter than Yara's, but it's the same sandy blonde, and she's got the same tall and lightly muscled build.

Before the gag went on, I introduced her to my special collection, of course. In particular, I had her put on my favorite piece, the granite strap-on. Getting it cut was a hassle, but well worth it. I assume. I've never actually had a chance to use it in the harness.

"I guess I don't really know that she's trans, but she gives that vibe, you know?"

Looming over me on the bed, still staring into my eyes, Monica gives me a shrug.

"That *you* are, I mean."

Monica nods, and I dig both hands into her hair.

"How about you show me what you can do, Yara?"

The stone is cold against my skin. Slippery with lube. Heavy. Both the stone itself, and the weight of Monica's body against me. She's not putting it in yet. I think she wants me to tell her to. Does she ever blink?

If she wants for an explicit order, she may have to wait a while. I could lie here for hours, just looking up at her.

But she's patient. She knows she's meant to be. I let go of her hair to let a hand wander down her body. She's so still. I can barely feel her breathe.

Exploring, I find places to touch and rub. Her nipples, of course. Her tummy, her hips, her back. Here and there she makes a little sound, or a fluttering of the eyelids, or a little shudder, but she's so still, so quiet.

I push us up from the bed to sit in her lap, grinding slowly against the granite. How long can I keep this up, I wonder. How long can she keep it up.

A little nibble on her ear. I can feel her shiver. Still quiet, though.

"How about you put it in already?"

Yara's quick to do as she's told. Lifting me up onto the granite menhir, she's careful to let me take it at my own pace. Too careful.

I lean back, and look into her eyes. They're a little unfocused now. She's having fun.

"I said put it in. You're not to here to be a pretty chair with a dildo on it, fuck me like you mean it."

She hesitates for a moment, her eyes snapping back to mine. Then she grabs me firmly by the hips, and drives her cock into me. No gentle teasing. No slow build-up. Just Yara sinking her cock to the hilt with a single deliberate stroke.

Remembering that I'm not on the clock, I don't fight it. I'm not here to impress anyone, I'm not here to sell a fantasy. I just let the orgasm wash over me.

"Keep going…"

I'm panting in her ear, now, letting my composure go. She tips me back down into the bed, and goes to work. Staring into my eyes, she is properly fucking me now. She doesn't need more instruction, no more coaxing. Just Yara being herself.

* * *

```
[19:10] < datbtch> Do you have any work over the break?
[19:37] < jtrix  > nah, everyone's outta town
[19:38] < datbtch> Same, honestly
[19:39] < datbtch> Will probably be slow until PAMK's back
[19:41] < datbtch> At least
[21:53] < jtrix  > same
```

* * *

By the time me and Monica get out of bed, it's Wednesday. Sitting in the parking lot at the Greyhound station in Brush, we're saying our last goodbyes.

"Thanks for letting me stay, I've had a lot of fun tell you what."

She smiles at me again, like she does, before putting on her mask.

"And thanks for the necklace."

I gave her a piece out of my jewelry box, a turquoise pendant I never used much. It looks nicer on her anyway.

"You're welcome, and thanks for the fun."

The bus is taking forever to get here.

"Will you ever be back?"

She laughs.

"Why, have you fell in love with me too now?"

I shake my head.

"You gotta talk to Yara. Tonight, if you can."

I nod my head.

"Promise me you will."

"I promise."

She gives my leg a gentle squeeze.

"I might be back, depends on doc Martinez, honestly."

I nod absently, before snapping back to reality.

"Oh yeah, I meant to ask, why are you even here?"

"There's been some disciplinary concerns regarding your doc Thompson. She's here to investigate, and I came with."

"So he won't be going to Denver?"

"Probably not, but he'll be going. I wouldn't be surprised if he's gone next week."

That would be nice.

"In that case, whether you'd be running the rock collection or reporting to the archaeology department I couldn't tell ya."

"If he's even gone at all."

Monica nods.

"I guess I might be back if I end up taking over doc Martinez' job, or if she wants to tour the museum again, who knows."

She smiles, squeezing my leg again.

"But by then you'll be happily married to Yara, so it doesn't really matter."

Will I? Would I?

"I have enough love in my heart for more than one person. You can spit roast me."

I grin at Monica. She doesn't grin back. She doesn't laugh. She just smiles with her whole face, plainly visible through the mask.

"Sounds like fun."

Down the turnpike the bus glides into view, and Monica gives me a small wave as she jumps out of the car.

Yara

$$D_j \simeq L_y \frac{\rho_y}{\rho_j}$$

Some days you just have to lie in bed and feel the estrogen course through your veins. Are Thursdays always this overpowering, or is it just that I know that professor McKinney is out of town and that I won't be fucking her tonight?

Maybe I should go to Denver tonight. Cultivate some new clients, maybe, or just…

I open my eyes. Counting ceiling tiles again isn't very interesting, but anything to take my mind off the girls in Denver.

I could hit up SWIRC, get `jtrix` over here, maybe. I'm sure she'd appreciate a conference, and it'd be nice to meet her, anyway.

She could pretend I'm whatever girl she's been yapping about, and I could pretend she's Jenny.

Just both get deeply fucked up with it.

I open my eyes again, trying to push back the idea. I think she said she'd be out of town this week anyway.

The wind's picking up, too. Some shutter is knocking against the wall of one of the neighboring houses, I think. This town is falling apart.

Wait, shit. That's not outside. That's someone knocking on the front door. Who the fuck turns up at someone's door at… five in the afternoon. I guess that's fine.

By the time I have a mask on and get to the front door, whoever is out there is still knocking. Whoever they are, they better have a good fucking reason to be here.

"Jenny?"

Of all the people to turn up at my door, Jenny was perhaps the least expected. I could see Tom turn up with some bullshit, or Sharon needing help to read something, but this…

"Hi, can I come in?"

She's smiling, sort of. Her eyes are, anyway, but something else is going on.

"Yeah, of course…"

She's standing in my living room. *My* living room. Jenny.

"Nice place."

My living room isn't really dressed for guests, it's for me. Sharon's been over a few times, and she always pretends not to see the prints of lesbian vampires in Victorian dress, but Jenny seems genuinely interested.

She's so fucking cool.

"Thanks."

I take of my mask, hoping that Jenny will do the same. She does. She's even prettier than I thought she'd be.

"I was kind of worried this idea was silly, but seeing your taste in art, I think I had the right idea."

"What idea?"

"So I was going through my jewelry box, kind of clean it out a bit, and I found this piece that I figured you might like."

She holds up a fine silver chain with a teardrop pendant on the end of it, a black stone with rich red patterning.

"I know you're studying phlebotomy, so I figured you'd appreciate a bloodstone necklace."

I nod, picking the necklace from her hand, turning the stone over in my hand. It's beautiful.

"But then I thought that's silly, because just because someone is studying blood doesn't mean they're into blood, you know?"

She steps closer, and takes the necklace back, before draping it around my neck.

"So I'm glad you like it."

I lean in and kiss her.

"I'm sorry…"

I pull back. She's surprised, and my face feel like hot to the point of bursting.

"I just… I did my injection today, and I'm just kinda…"

* * *

Some days, you just have to lie in bed and feel the blood rushing to your face, feeling like you're blushing so hard you might die. Jenny's surprise didn't last long, but when she said she wanted a comfortable place to talk, I don't think this is quite what she had in mind.

Still, my bed is better than my couch, and being in the bedroom doesn't have to mean anything. It's just a room.

Standing at the foot of my bed, she's an imposing figure. She's almost a head shorter than me, but that doesn't matter when she's on her feet and I'm not.

"So this is where you want to talk, eh?"

She sits down on the bed, on her knees and straddling my legs. Her hands resting on my thighs, squeezing gently.

"Wait, Jenny, I…"

She moves her hands onto the bed. I really wish she hadn't. But it's… fuck.

"Call me Jenn."

"Sorry, Jenn. Yes, I…"

My breath catches.

"I need to tell you something. Before anything else."

She nods.

"Like, just so you know, I mean. That I'm trans…"

She sinks a little into herself. She takes a breath. Way to fuck everything up, Yara. Way to *be*, Yara. She's between me and the door, she can just stand. She can just leave.

She puts her hands back on my thighs, then changes her mind, and puts them on my hips instead, scooting closer.

"First of all, I know. You have one of those animal stickers on your laptop, it's pretty obvious."

"The Sylveon?"

"Gesundheit."

She's got her hands on my sides now, and where she's sitting she has to be able to feel my gock through her slacks.

"And I hate that you feel… that you are *made* to feel like that's some dirty secret. Like something that should scare someone away."

I'm not blushing anymore, I think. I'm just crying now.

"And I want to say that I don't mind, or that I don't care, but you don't need my fucking permission, so what's that even about, right?"

She's so cool. I'm such a loser, just sobbing.

"It's a tricky one, you know? Even saying something that you're beautiful just the way you are is fraught. Because you are, but also, if you have things you want to change about yourself, that wouldn't make you *less* beautiful."

She gently tries to move my hands away from my face. I want to let her, but it's hard. As I look up at her face, tears blur my vision, but I can see her smile.

"I love your eyes."

I try to cover my face again, but Jenn's pinned my wrists to the bed, now.

"And I guess what I mean to say is that I love you for *you*."

I break free from her grasp to cover my face again, harsh sobs ripping through my body. She wasn't holding me very tight. Her hands are back on my sides, she's holding me gently, just waiting. I can feel her breathing.

I don't know how long it takes, but I manage to calm down. When I finally manage to move my arms away from my face, I can feel Jenn wiping tears away with her thumbs.

"You… love me?"

It's Jenn's turn to blush now.

"I mean, like, more generally, you know… Like, the thing to say…"

She takes a breath, shaking her head.

"Nah, fuck it. I'm crazy about you."

She pins my wrists again.

"I love you."

She doesn't mean that, she barely even knows me. I look up into her eyes. I think I love her.

"There's another thing I need to tell you."

"You're gay, too?"

She grins. I shake my head.

"I think it's right for you to know that I do some work as a prostitute."

She looks down at me in confusion. She didn't know *that*. She's not *that* cool, I guess. Her grip on my wrists shift's awkwardly as she prepares to leave. I guess that's too much.

Suddenly, the confusion breaks, giving way to laughter. She topples sideways off of me, unable to control herself, filling the room with her voice. She's gasping for air.

Whatever the joke is, I don't get it.

"What's so funny?"

She looks over at me, and bursts out laughing again. It takes her several minutes to calm down.

"Fuck me, you're that bitch, aren't you."

That bitch? No. She means `datbtch`. How does she mean `datbtch`?

"`jtrix`!?"

She bursts out laughing again. It takes her several more minutes to calm down.

"And here I was, thinking you were some virginal wallflower, trying to figure out how to tell you I'm a dominatrix."

She gets back up, and sits on top of me again.

"I guess you know who I've been obsessed with, now."

I nod.

"I guess if we're sharing stuff, I should tell you something too."

She moves off of me again. Suddenly, she seems almost shy.

"I've been spending most of this week with a visitor from out of town, Monica. She's the reason I came here today, really. And we kinda did some roleplaying… like a lot of it."

"What, with her roleplaying as me, you mean?"

Jenn nods.

"Deeply fucked up."

She's grinning at me, again.

"Anyway, you've been doing that for weeks, haven't you?"

She blushes a little.

"Yeah, but when it's professor McKinney… she doesn't look that much like you, it's different."

She pulls out her phone and flips through the photos. Monica sure is cute, but…

"Jenn, this girl looks exactly nothing like me."

She looks at her phone, then back to me, her face growing even redder.

"Right, well, I'll just drop dead from embarrassment now."

"How is she the reason you came here today, though?"

Dropping her phone and letting it land on the carpet, Jenn climbs atop me, her courage renewed.

"She made me promise to tell you how I felt. So I got the necklace, and here we are."

"Oh so this is new, not an old piece out of your jewelry box?"

"Well, yeah, it's bad form to propose to a girl with old jewelry, isn't it?"

She grins down at me, as if it's a joke. She does that a lot. Too much, frankly.

"Yes. I mean, it's bad form, but also. Yes."

She's blushing again.

"That was a joke."

"Don't care. You said it, I said yes. I'm your wife now."

"That's definitely not how that works."

"Pretty sure I already said I don't care."

Jenn pins my wrists to the bed again, and leans down to give me a kiss. She tastes like a starry night in the desert. She's picking open a

button on my blouse, as if I wouldn't notice. The kiss is good, but it's not… she's so good.

"All right, then, Mrs. Crane. If that's the way you want to play it."

Mrs. Crane. Fuck yeah, that's how I want to play it. She unpicks another button. Or a third one? Her weight on top of me is intoxicating. The smell of her breath. All of her.

"I hope you're ready for the consequences of a professional dominatrix for a wife."

I have never been more ready for anything in my entire life.

"Hey, I'm a professional dominatrix too."

She leans down and kisses me again. I lose track of her hands. I don't even know how many she has anymore. Two, three, four, it all blurs together.

"And I wonder how you get away with that."

God, she can see right through me. Dominating some bitch like professor McKinney who's just looking for a freak to bang is so easy. But Jenn? Not a shot.

"I'll show you sometime, maybe."

"I'm sure you can be mean when you need to, Mrs. Crane, but from now on, for me, you're going to be a good girl."

She kisses me again. Pulling back, she bites my lower lip. She bites hard. I am. The best girl, even.

"I am…"

My focus is more than a little frayed. I don't know when she got my blouse open, but whenever it happened… I didn't think to wear a bra today, and Je— Mrs. Crane is taking full advantage.

"I guess tonight's our wedding night, then, isn't it?"

I force my eyes open, to stare up into hers. No grin now, no soft smile. Just a ravenous hunger. God, she's so cool.

I try to answer, but the words turn to whimpers in my mouth.

Suddenly, she's back on her feet. She's so tall, so strong. I'm on my feet as well, somehow. I can barely keep my balance. She's supposed to be shorter than me, isn't she? It doesn't feel like it when she kisses me. She tastes like the pink of a rose. My blouse hits the floor, and my skirt, and my boyshorts.

She leaves my new necklace on. I don't know if that's ever coming off again.

With a gentle push, she sends me back onto the bed. The springs groan and complain, they have no idea what they're in for. Last I counted the ceiling tiles, I don't think they moved like that.

I can't remember what Mrs. Crane was wearing when she walked in, but when she gets on the bed again it's nothing. Every point of contact

is electric. Her lips against mine, our nipples pressed together, her cunt pressed against the shaft of my gock. Even where her thighs meet mine the heat is unbearable.

She is purring into my ear, or growling, her words accented with kisses and bites.

"Here's what's going to happen, Mrs. Crane. You are going to put me on my back… and you are going to grab a firm hold of me… and you are going to *fuck* me… like you *mean* it."

I nod, trembling.

She is grinding slowly against me, her lips locked with mine. She tastes like mountain meltwater and crisp morning air.

I roll us over, putting her on her back. She is looking up at me, now, still hungry. She mouths 'good girl'. Or maybe she screams it. Outside of feeling the warmth of her body, my senses don't seem to be as reliable as I would like.

I sit up straight, and grab a firm hold of her, wrapping both my arms around her thighs. She's lying between my knees, now, looking up at me with anticipation. One hand is resting on my leg, the other is stroking my arm invitingly.

It takes me a few tries to fuck her like I mean it. Sliding back, the sweet wetness against my cock is too warm, too soft, too *her*. I lose my focus before I can… before… she's staring up at me, making it hard. Staring into her brown eyes, I can barely remember my own name. Yara Crane. Right? That doesn't sound right. She mouths the answer at me again.

'Good Girl'

I finally manage to pull all the way back.

I finally manage to plunge all the way in.

The sound she makes. God. The sound *I* make.

* * *

Waking up next to someone feels nice. I half expected Jenn to go overnight, that's how it usually goes, but here she is, snuggled up next to me. She's still asleep, her arm draped across my chest. It's still dark, what time is it even? Too early…

* * *

When I wake up, Jenn is gone. Waking up next to her in the middle of the night felt like a dream. Of course it was. At least she left the necklace. And her phone on the nightstand? And her clothes, on the floor.

As I wake up for real, I can hear something sizzling in the kitchen, and the smell of breakfast catches up with me.

She's standing there, at the stove, unloading the last of a stack of pancakes onto a plate, wearing nothing but an apron.

"I thought you had left."

I wasn't ready for how fearful my voice was going to sound. How pathetic.

She turns off the stove, before rounding on me to give me a warm smile.

"Mrs. Crane, I have no intention of leaving you ever again."

fin.

About This Book

This book was written on an ailing Apple Mac Pro (Late 2013) by an ailing Trans Woman (Late 1986). It is written, typeset and published using predominantly free software. The text is written in GNU Emacs and typeset using LaTeX 2_ε, specifically using GNU Make, latexmk, xelatex, and xdvipdfmx. The source archive for this book is serialized using bsdtar, and compressed using bzip2. The text is set in Charter Roman, and is dimensioned for printing on ISO A5 paper. It uses the memoir document class for the bulk of its formatting.

This book is, as far as is possible, written without the use of so-called "AI". This includes, obviously, LLMs to generate text, but also all the less obvious ways in which so-called "AI" intrudes on the creative process. Spell checking of this book is done without the use of "enhanced" spell checkers, and is done instead using GNU Aspell; grammar checking is done without the use of "enhanced" grammar checkers, and is instead dutifully done by hand. Research is done, as far as is possible, without the use of large scale search engines, and instead using Wikipedia's and Wiktionary's text search. This research process is also supplemented with the time-honored tradition of making shit the fuck up.

Finally, the writing and finalization of this book is aided by the author masking every day to help keep both herself and those around her healthy. None of us are free until all of us are free, and "all of us" includes disabled and immunocompromised people.

Be kind. Be nice. Be honest. Be good.

Fuck AI. Embrace Human Creativity.