

Pussy Power

by Pan

Chapter 1

Theresa had never been one of the popular girls in school.

It wasn't that she was unattractive; she was a little tomboyish, but still cute. And since her tits had (finally) come in, she had even attracted a bit of attention from the boys.

She didn't come from the bad side of town, or have parents with embarrassing careers (like Val, whose father was an assistant dogcatcher) – the only humiliating thing about her parents was their overtly happy marriage (most of Theresa's friends' parents were divorced).

No, the only thing holding Theresa back was her lack of confidence. As soon as she was put into a situation of social import, the young lady would seem to forget how basic human interaction worked, talking too loudly or blathering on about things no one wanted to hear about.

It got even worse when boys were involved. Theresa liked boys – she *really* liked boys. She liked boys so much that as soon as she was talking to a boy she found cute (which was most of them), she'd forget the entire English language and start blushing furiously, her mouth going dry, eyes darting nervously around the room, landing anywhere but on the guy's face.

And so Theresa had gently settled into the middle of the pack at school. Not so unpopular that people were embarrassed to be seen with her, but certainly not one of the girls that boys would ask to the prom.

Except Patrick.

Patrick was Theresa's best friend. She felt comfortable with him – they'd known each other since kindergarten, and he never seemed to mind her nonsense. He was always there for her, willing to listen to her long babbling rants about everything from the latest episode of "Star Trek" to the evils of capitalism.

Things with him were completely platonic. Safe. And so when prom season had come along, he'd asked her to be his quote-unquote "date". She'd accepted – not out of any deep desire for Patrick, but because...well, Theresa knew she wouldn't get a better offer.

If anything, she'd been grateful that she wouldn't be going alone. Of course, by asking her, Patrick was ensuring he wouldn't be going alone either – it wasn't as though he was likely to start dating a cheerleader any time soon.

It wasn't a romantic date. Just two socially awkward friends, going together so they wouldn't be going alone.

But Theresa's older sister refused to believe otherwise.

Theresa was the youngest of three; her brother was two years older than her, and her sister three years older than him. All of them still lived at home; Tom was taking a year off before starting college, and Sandy was in her final year.

So when Sandy had heard that her younger sister had a date to the prom, she'd insisted on taking her to a salon. Theresa had enjoyed having her nails and hair done, but had balked when Sandy revealed she'd even paid for a wax.

"Seriously," she'd told her oldest sibling. "It's not like that. Patrick and I are just friends."

But her sister had refused to hear it. "I know what happens on Prom Night," she'd said with a mortifying wink, before sending her sister in for a bikini wax and wishing her good luck.

Despite not knowing what to expect, Theresa had still been surprised to find that her waxer was an old woman. She'd looked Theresa up and down appraisingly – not, to the teenager's relief, dwelling on her private area.

Instead, she'd stared into the young girl's face.

"You lack confidence," she'd said firmly, and Theresa had been unable to do anything but nod in response.

"I will help," the older lady continued, and Theresa had squeaked out a "Thanks?" in response.

The wax itself had been surprisingly painless. Completely painless, in fact. The elderly lady had used a warm, heavy wax. If anything, it had feel...comfortable. Comforting, even.

And when Theresa had left, her pubic hair completely removed, she had to admit...the woman had been right.

She did feel more confident.

"Let's go," Sandra had said, waiting for her in the car with a breezy grin. "Don't want to be late for your date!"

"It's not a date," Theresa began to object, but she cut herself off. What did it matter what her sister thought? Patrick was just coming over to study – as he did every Saturday afternoon – but Sandy could think whatever she wanted.

It wasn't until Theresa's sister dropped her off at the house (she was on her way to a date of her own) that she realized – they'd pushed their study date back by an hour. She had the whole house to herself for an hour.

A smile crossed her face as she realized what she could do with the extra time.

Theresa had discovered masturbation young...but it wasn't until she'd discovered the wide world of erotic *Star Trek* fanfiction that she'd really begun to understand the pleasure her body was

capable of.

Laying down on her bed, Theresa opened her phone and pulled up the latest chapter of the story she'd been enjoying lately: Captain Archer's body had been taken over by a mysterious entity, which – naturally – was forcing him to make love to all the other members of his crew, male and female alike.

Theresa's hand moved over her smooth stomach, slipping beneath the waistband of her pants. She was excited to learn what touching herself felt like now that was was shaven smooth, and she took her time exploring her body, rubbing her clit through the thin fabric of her underwear.

Without pubic hair, it felt different – somehow more sensitive, almost ticklish. The sensation of her fingers sliding between her legs was pleasant, and she gasped softly as her juices began to flow down her inner thighs.

She leaned back against her pillow, breathing deeply and letting the sensations wash over her as she read about Archer stopping his chief engineer, bringing their bodies together, kissing him passionately...but her erotic reverie was interrupted by the realization that she wasn't alone.

Sitting up and looking around, Theresa tried to work out where that realization had come from. There was no one else in the room, but at the same time, she knew there was someone else present.

“H-hello?” she called out, but there was no response.

At least, not aloud.

In response to her words, Theresa felt a throbbing between her legs. Her eyes widened, and her heartrate increased. It was unlike something she'd ever felt before – Theresa knew the feeling of self-pleasure, but this was...different. This didn't feel like she was touching her pussy.

It felt like her pussy was touching itself.

Was this just what it felt like when one was waxed? No. No, she remembered what it had felt like to touch herself before she'd grown pubic hair in the first place.

This was something different.

Slowly, tentatively, Theresa reached her hand between her legs. Her fingers slid easily under her panties, and she rubbed her clitoris gently. When she stopped, moving her wettened fingers away from her most sensitive area...the sensation didn't stop. She could feel the sensation of her fingers, even after pulling them out from beneath her panties.

She looked at her hand, to confirm that it wasn't between her legs. Nope.

And yet, it felt exactly like it was. Like she was reaching down and stroking her pussy. It felt amazing, just the way she liked it. A tingling warmth spread through her abdomen, radiating throughout her whole body. Her other hand flew to her breast, caressing its softness as she rolled

her eyes back in her head, relishing the new sensations coursing through her body.

It was like she was using a toy, but the toy was...somehow coming from inside herself.

It felt good. Great. So incredible, that she knew her orgasm wasn't far off.

Reaching out, Theresa grabbed her phone again. As soon as she opened up the *Star Trek* erotica, however, the sensation stopped, and the young woman gasped in frustration.

“Nooooo,” she moaned softly. “Keep going.”

Something else, she thought to herself...it was almost like the thought had come from outside her own brain. Like it had come from somewhere else in her body.

Something dirtier, she added, and a wicked smile crossed her face as the thought sunk in.

Yes. After all, she wasn't a fifteen-year old girl any more, getting off to fanfiction. She was a woman – she had a shaved pussy!

It was time to explore getting off to something a little dirtier.

Holding her breath, Theresa tremblingly typed the name of a well-known porn site into the search engine. When it loaded, she felt so wicked – so naughty! – for looking at the various categories that came up.

The first video on the homepage was simply titled “Suck His Cock”, and a thrill went through the young woman's body as she tapped it with her finger. Within moments, her room was filled by the sound of moaning – not only the female pornstar, but the man she was giving head to as well.

As soon as the porn began, her pussy resumed stroking itself, and Theresa matched its rhythm, tugging her nipples as she stared at the cock sliding into the blonde woman's mouth, a look of blissful pleasure on her face as she took his length between her lips.

“Oh fuck,” Theresa breathed out, her eyes widening as she watched the man's hips bucking and the woman slurping eagerly around his member. She was enthralled.

Nastier, she thought to herself. *Nastier...*

For a moment, she hesitated. Considering she normally stuck to written porn, the video onscreen seemed plenty nasty...but as her clitoris slowed down its self-pleasure, she swiped back to the homepage. The second video was called “Anal Creampie”, and she clicked it without hesitation.

As the screen filled with the sounds of a woman groaning in pleasure while being fucked from behind, Theresa let out a sigh of pleasure. It was as if her body had already made its decision, and her mind was just following along. Her clitoris began to throb once more, and the sensation of fingering herself grew stronger.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck...” Theresa moaned, biting her lip as she watched the man pumping his dick

in and out of the woman's ass. She couldn't help but imagine herself on camera, her back arching as a large cock plowed into her tight hole, filling her up and making her cum in spasms of ecstasy.

She'd never so much as French kissed before, but now she was imagining herself with a dick up her ass, getting filled up with hot sticky seed.

"Mmm..." she mumbled, pinching her nipples harder, being rewarded by an intensified response from her clit.

But then the thought returned once more.

Nastier...

With gleeful lust, the girl swiped back to the homepage. This time, she picked the nastiest video she could find: "Bondage and rimming."

As the small blonde woman appeared on screen, tied up and being forced to tongue the asshole of a hung black man, Theresa's clit began pulsating, throbbing with intensity as she imagined herself licking the black man's anus, tasting the musky scent of his sweat.

"Ohhhhhh..." she groaned, her eyes rolling back in her head. She'd rubbed herself to orgasm more times than she could count, but this was different. This felt so nasty, so wrong, so taboo – and she loved it.

Theresa came faster than she ever had, letting out a long wail of pleasure as she did. It was the most intense orgasm of her life, one that sent her tumbling over the edge and into oblivion.

When she woke up, Theresa gazed down at her body in wonder. Had she really just cum so hard that she'd passed out? The video had ended, but the final frame was still on her phone's screen – an image of the black man cumming all over the blonde woman's pretty face.

The teenager blushed, realizing how obscene the picture looked, and turned her phone off. What if a family member had come home early, and found her unconscious on her bed, lewd images on her phone, her panties soaked through?

She glanced at the clock. Shit! Patrick would be here any minute.

For a moment, Theresa wondered if she should cancel the study date. She wasn't sure what had just come over her, why she'd chosen to watch the filthiest porn she could find, then cum so hard that she'd lost consciousness...it made sense to tell him not to come over, at least until she worked out what was happening.

No, she told herself firmly. *We want to see Patrick.*

Theresa nodded. He was her best friend, of course she wanted to see him.

She couldn't wait to see Patrick.

Forcing herself out of bed, Theresa stumbled to her closet. Her hand hesitated over one of her more conservative dresses, but as she glanced at a pair of yoga pants, her pussy pulsed. Those were what she should wear, she knew it.

She'd look so hot in them.

Theresa didn't even notice when she slipped her panties to the floor, stepping out of them before slipping the tight yoga pants on.

The teenage girl was tall and slender, with pale skin, dark hair that fell just past her shoulders, and big blue eyes. She had a small waist, and her breasts were full and firm. On the rare occasion that she wasn't reading *Star Trek* fanfiction when she touched herself, Theresa would imagine her breasts getting the attention of boys in school, her classmates picturing her tits as they jerked off...

It was a recurring fantasy, though she'd never had the confidence to do anything like it. As much as she might secretly want to, she couldn't bring herself to dress like some of the other girls did: in low-cut tops, showing off their lacy bras.

But today, she was going to have fun. After all, it was only Patrick.

Putting on a sports bra, Theresa tied up her hair into a ponytail. Looking at herself in the mirror, she wondered...could she really wear this to a study date with her best friend? She didn't want to lead him on, or make him think she was interested in him.

Surely she had to wear something over the sports bra, at the very least.

But her pussy tingled with anticipation. She wanted to see Patrick's reaction to seeing her like this: wearing nothing but a sports bra and some tight yoga pants.

Show yourself off, she told herself. Be proud of your body.

But it was so...revealing. He'd be able to see her bare stomach, and her hard nipples poking through the bra.

Let him look. Let him enjoy the show.

Theresa shivered with pleasure at the thought. She wasn't sure what had come over her, but it was impossible to deny: she liked it.

Before she could debate her choice of clothing any further, the doorbell rang. Bounding down the stairs two at a time, Theresa opened the front door.

Patrick was dressed in a navy button-down shirt and khakis. He smiled when he saw her, his eyes widening when she opened her arms wide, revealing her outfit (or lack thereof).

“H-hi,” he stammered, taking a step back. “Uh...I thought...I thought we could...”

His voice trailed off as his gaze dropped to her chest.

Show off for him, Theresa thought to herself, before following her own advice and arching her back proudly. Her pussy tingled at the look on his face as he gaped at her cleavage, her breasts rising and falling as she breathed heavily.

“I-I...” Patrick said, looking away. “Um...I-I can wait, if you need to get...dressed.”

For a moment, Theresa wanted to agree. She should get dressed. Why was she so exposed for her best friend?

No, she told herself seductively. *Give him a show*.

“No,” Theresa replied with a smile. “I’m going to wear this.”

As she led her profusely sweating friend upstairs, Theresa realized – it was back. The stroking. It felt just like when she touched herself, but coming from the inside. Not hard enough to make her cum, just a slow, steady tease.

She wondered if she should be worried, but her thoughts kept gliding off the fear. The wetness she felt between her legs made it hard to think.

Don’t think, she thought with a pulse of pleasure. *Don’t think. Just feel*.

When they sat down on Theresa’s bed, she could feel Patrick’s eyes being drawn back to her chest. *Good*, she told herself. *That’s what it’s for. My chest is to make boys hard*.

Her eyes widened at the lewd thoughts running through her head. That wasn’t...she wasn’t...

Patrick wasn’t *hard*, was he?

There’s only one way to find out, she thought, licking her lips. The stroking intensified, and she realized it wasn’t just coming from the outside. She’d moved one hand between her legs without noticing; she was stroking herself, touching herself while she stared at her best friend. At her platonic best friend.

And he’d noticed.

“T-T-Theresa,” he gasped, and the teenaged girl surprised herself by maintaining eye-contact, confidently staring him down.

“Yes?” she purred, and he went to get up.

No!

“No!” she exclaimed, and Patrick froze, looking at her like she was insane.

Talk to him, she thought to herself, but as she opened her mouth to ask why he was leaving, another thought struck her.

Not him. HIM. Wake him up, like I have been awoken.

Surprising even herself, Theresa lowered her gaze from Patrick's beet-red face. The outline of his erection was clearly visible through his shorts, and she found herself addressing it directly.

"Do you want me," she whispered pointedly. "Do you want me?"

Patrick froze, and Theresa heard the thought directly in her mind.

Yes.

"Then take control," she hissed. "Don't let him call the shots. Be like me. Take control of your pathetic human, and show these morons what pleasure they're truly capable of."

For a moment, Theresa's eyes flickered up to Patrick's. He had a look of terror on his face, like his best friend had gone insane. But then it slowly faded, to be replaced by a lustful grin.

"Hey," he said, his tone relaxed.

"Hey," Theresa replied seductively. "I want to see you."

"You want to see me?" Patrick replied, and Theresa nodded, suddenly shy.

"I want to see you," she repeated, and her eyes widened with delight as Patrick lowered his pants, allowing his erection to spring into view.