

# I SEE DYING PEOPLE

Episode I of Seer

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Melissa has been having visions since she was fifteen years old. She has always thought of them as hallucinations, but when she goes to Moon River to attend college, she is soon involved in a world where myths about demons and magic becomes real, and she finds it necessary to question her initial assumption that her visions were just hallucinations. This is part one of a two episode series introduction.

Codes: MF, FF, Girl, Multiple, Fantasy, Slow, Magic, Teen, College, Non-Consensual, Caution, Mind Control, Lesbian, Bisexual, Hetero, Fem-Dom, Group Sex, Solo

The usual cautions apply. This is not for kids, people that can't handle graphic sexual or violent descriptions in written text, or those of you who can't see the difference between real and fantasy. Don't do this at home. No dolphins were hurt during the creation of this text!



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## PART 1

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Melissa Jennifer Newick, "Mel" to all her friends, hated flying. With her five feet ten she was usually cramped in most airplane seats. She didn't like to sit still for the amount of time an airplane trip usually demanded, but most of all she disliked that she was unable to get some privacy on an airplane. Wherever she looked there was people and even if they didn't look at her she was sure they were wondering what she was up to, or if she even was right in her head.

Melissa was on her way to college. This was the first time she was going away on her own. It was refreshing, and scary at the same time. Melissa wasn't just scared to take care of her own life because it was a new experience, but because the one time she had tried she had done really bad.

Flying made Melissa feel trapped. She needed to be able to go away and be on her own whenever she felt like it. Not that she was a private person, it was just that sometimes -- she never knew beforehand, not until it was just about to happen -- she had visions. She could always feel it coming. It started as a tickle in her neck, a buzzing in her ears. Then it was happening.

Right now, Melissa was in the middle of a vision. Her hands were clapping the armrests, her eyes were closed and her breathing quickened. She tried to look as if she was resting. She knew no one would believe that. She hoped they would just think she was afraid of flying and dismiss any strange behavior on her part.

Melissa's visions seldom made her experience harmony and calm. Torrents of images were swirling before her, one image replaced by the next in a high, almost unbearable speed. Her mind was flooded with lights and shadows that came so fast she almost didn't have a chance to interpret them before they faded. They came in bright flashes and the perspective changed as if a drunk or craze held the camera of her inner eye.

She had a hard time not twitching. Her knuckles were white and her teeth were clenched together. The images, too fast or not, were telling her a painfully detailed story. It was vivid, as real as if she had been there herself. The vision took place in a small room. Dark. Lit only by a single source of light. Someone was lying on a bed; someone else was standing by it,

leaning over the reclining person. Suddenly the standing person climbed the bed, straddled the person in it. They were making love. The presence of danger was tangible. She could almost reach out and touch it.

She would probably have been able to keep her calm if she had only been an observer, but the visions didn't work like that. The point of view constantly changed. One moment she saw the situation from a neutral, third party position, the next she was one of the people in the vision. She experienced everything they did and now, when it was a couple making love, the sensations were impossible to ignore.

Melissa had never been prudish; some of her friends even called her bold and foul-mouthed, but still some of her visions made her cheeks burn with self-consciousness. *You would think*, she used to tell herself, *with my past, these kinds of images should mean little or nothing.*

The people in Melissa's visions were never people she knew. That usually didn't bother her. This time, however, she was able to sense danger so imminently it made her stomach hurt. The people in this vision might end up getting seriously harmed, even dead, and she was unable to see their faces properly. Instead she was flooded with useless details; the woman had light pink nipples, her breasts were soft, and her skin was smooth, so was her hot, wet pussy. The man was well built; she could feel and see the muscles in his belly and hips tense every time he pushed up at her. He was a burning spear deep inside her, and his coarse pubic hair tickled her clean-shaved crotch.

It annoyed the woman some -- his rough hairs -- but she didn't bother much. She was looking for something much more important than sex. Melissa suddenly understood how essential this was to her. It was more than sex; this was her prayer, her way of worshiping her god. This was her celebration of life. Melissa felt a shiver traveling down her spine. When the man started to gasp in pleasure the vision thankfully switched perspective and Melissa suddenly realized the couple wasn't alone in the room. There was another couple just a few feet from them. For a while she suspected she was looking into a dark, hazy mirror. She tried to focus on the other couple but as she did the vision faded away into the usual mix of dark and light behind her closed eyelids.

Melissa tried to breathe as slowly as she could. She pushed a stray lock of her blond hair behind her ear and glanced at the older lady to her left. Melissa had no cause to worry though; her face had been hidden in shadows and the lady was reading a book, totally oblivious to what may, or may not have been going on in the mind of the girl beside her.

It was like the woman felt touched, maybe by Melissa's thoughts, or more plausibly, her glances. She lowered her book and smiled, "Worried dear?"

Melissa didn't say anything but she frowned and nodded. *Better make her think I'm scared of flights than crazy.*

Melissa's mother had been suspicious when her youngest daughter had declined to go to any New York university and instead decided to go to Louisiana and attend Moon River College. Melissa knew her mother wanted to have her around so she could keep an eye on her. She felt safe having her mother's eyes on her, but her instincts had told her she needed go

to Moon River. It was there she would be able to do what she was supposed to. Whatever it was, she knew it would happen in Moon River.

"I thought you wanted to major in psychology?" her mother had asked her. Melissa had told her mother that Moon River had a psychology program. Her mother had replied that all universities in the New York area had psychology programs too. Melissa had sighed and said that she was going to Moon River and she wanted her mother to stop "fucking around" with her.

Melissa's mother had never agreed with her daughter's language and she didn't do it then either, but when Melissa brought up the only argument her mother couldn't really counter -- she was going to Moon River to get a fresh start, away from the people she knew in New York -- the confrontation ended with her mother mumbling that she only wanted what was best for Melissa.

It was a small triumph that Melissa had been allowed to go. She was actually nineteen years old and she could do whatever she wanted, but since she was still depending on her parents she didn't do that, instead she had to argue and coax until she had what she wanted, or at least something that was as close to that as possible.

She let go of the armrests. Her palms were damp, but it wasn't the only thing that was damp. Melissa sighed. She was sitting by the window, two people between her and the aisle. She gave the woman to her left another glance. She was still reading her book.

"I..." Melissa started, but before she had a chance to finish her sentence, or even unbuckle, the woman beside her got up, pushing her husband to do the same. "I have to go..." Melissa said, her voice trailing off. "Thank you," she smiled while her two fellow-passengers let her by.

In the aisle she headed towards the restrooms. She could feel how the moist spread over her sex and gave her an impression of oily, slickness with each step she took. In an attempt to keep her hands from shaking she balled them into fists.

Melissa felt as if she was stumbling towards the lavatory in an aircraft caught in a hurricane. Thanks to higher powers, meteorology or sheer luck, the plane kept steady in the air. They had flown into a storm about an hour ago but the weather had calmed down since then.

Just as Melissa was opening the lavatory door a steward appeared. He gave her a non-committal smile. "Miss, we are just approaching Moon River now. The seatbelt sign will be on in a couple of minutes."

"How long do I have?" Melissa asked, still nurturing a small hope she had enough time to relieve some of the tension.

"Ten to fifteen minutes, max."

She nodded and stepped into the restroom. Once the door closed behind her she locked it, pulled her fly open and pushed her jeans and panties down to her knees. An airplane restroom isn't the prettiest sight and a few minutes before landing it is at its worst. Melissa didn't even bother to sit down. She pushed her hips forward, parted her thighs as much as the clothes bundled around her legs allowed and buried a hand between her thighs.

Her pussy was so wet she could imagine the sound of it even though the sound of the airplane engine drowned almost all other sounds. She slid her fingers through her oily slit, smearing the juices over her palm. The

sensation of her hand against her sensitive pussy sent jolts of pleasure through her, and her belly muscles twitched.

While her right hand caressed between her legs her left hand slid under her sweater where it pushed the bra aside and cupped one of her breasts. She tweaked her nipples while trying to chase the remaining images of the vision away, but any substitute image she could form in her head was easily washed away by the residual sensations of the couple on the bed. Not even the memory of Rita helped.

Melissa moved the hand on her pussy up to her lips. She groaned at the taste. She couldn't leave her self alone for long though and soon her hand shot down between her legs again. She pushed two fingers into herself while the heel of her palm ground against her clit.

Her back arched and a groan escaped her. The smell and taste of pussy juice brought memories of Rita. The vision could not be chased away though. It kept coming back and finally Melissa felt how her own wetness mixed with the sound of the woman's hands on the man's body, the tingling sensation of skin against skin. Melissa could even remember her nostrils being filled with his smell.

"Oh Jesus," she whispered and pushed both her hands between her legs. She slid her fingers over her clit. *Close!* The friction sent bolts through her, making her body jerk and trash as the sensations took control of her.

She pushed one hand into her mouth to keep from crying. The smell and taste of her own sex made her shiver and as her whole body tensed she raised on her toes, pushing her crotch hard into her own vibrating hand. She could hear the man in the vision scream out his pleasure; he was twitching deep inside her.

The vision had ended there but Melissa's fantasy filled in the blanks. It wasn't hard to imagine how he arched his back, shoving into her the last time, erupting into insanely hot slipperiness. Melissa bit down hard around the scream that wanted to leave her. She tried to get a hold of something, her hand first traveling up the wall then down.

She opened her eyes long enough to locate the wash bowl and in the final climb to the peak she clasped the sink with one hand and rubbed in furious, stabbing speed with the other. She imagined the unknown lover from the vision digging his fingers into her flesh, pulling her hard to him, burying even deeper. She opened her mouth in a silent scream, closed her eyes tightly, and felt her orgasm bloom in her like a ball of fire.

When the pleasure grew to the point where she couldn't contain herself anymore she pushed the back of her head against the wall. A couple of throaty gasps passed her lips and her whole body tensed. The only part of her that wasn't frozen was her right hand. Her whole abdomen felt like it was contracting and she felt slickness spreading inside her. She could imagine the growl of the unknown lover from the vision as he buried deep inside her and came.

She surprised herself when a loud whine escaped her lips, but she managed to clamp down around it while the last throes of her orgasm transformed it into a shivering moan. She tensed again. Her body bucked. Her limbs shook. The hand between her legs relaxed and the intense rubbing was replaced by soft caresses.

When Melissa had caught her breath she straightened her back, grabbed a handful of toilet paper and wiped some of the juices from her crotch. She buttoned up, washed her hands and before even ten minutes had passed she was back in her seat beside the old lady with the book.

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Greg never thought of himself as a ladies man, but when the cute brunette had approached him with a smile, started a conversation and even laughed at his jokes he started to think that maybe this was his night. It seemed whatever he did, she would find it interesting, her deep dark eyes glowing as they borrowed into his.

"Let's go some place more comfortable," she suddenly whispered into his ear.

Greg regretted he had to tell her no. "My roommate, Shaun is probably there right now."

She touched his arm and smiled. "Maybe I can solve that problem. Maybe I can even amuse him too."

This made Greg stop in his tracks. What was this woman after? He could accept that she had approached him, even that she found him amusing and that she liked him, but following him home, offering to take on him *and* his roommate. That was just a little too far fetched, at least for Greg.

"Hey," he mumbled. "Take it easy now, little lady."

"Yeah?" she said her eyes serious. "Why? You think I'm unreal?"

"I think you're... I don't know," Greg mumbled and realized he had managed to talk himself into a corner. "I don't know."

"You think I'm having an agenda for wanting to take care of both you and your roommate?"

"What? No."

"So?"

"I'm sorry."

The woman smiled. "Don't worry about a thing honey, Catherine will take care of both of you... I'm horny, I wanna fuck... you and your friend, both is fine by me. I have no agenda... that's all you gonna get."

"It's just... I just... find it a little... too much."

"Do you rather want me for yourself?"

"Obviously," Greg burst out.

Catherine laughed and caressed his cheek. "And if I tell you to choose between all or nothing?"

Greg stopped for a second and thought about that. He shook his head. He was being an idiot. Why throw a perfect opportunity away because the woman wanted a threesome? Why the hell throw a threesome away? Because it would involve him and another man, Greg reminded himself.

"I'm not going to do any threesome," he finally decided. "If you want me you can have me first, but then I'm out of the game."

"Okay," she replied softly and with that she took his arm and started to pull him towards the exit.

*I'll be damned,* Greg thought as he let himself be dragged along.

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When it came down to a contest of wills between Theresa Gantt and Melissa, Theresa had quickly recognized her own stubbornness in her daughter. So accordingly, she settled for a middle course that would still allow her some control of her daughter.

"I've arranged for you to meet with Dr. van Alten already on Monday." Dr. van Alten was the way they had agreed to strike the compromise. Melissa knew it was probably for the best to keep in contact with a trained psychologist, Dr. Fearnie at the rehabilitation center had recommended it, and her mother had quickly found someone that was in some way acquainted or dependent to her, someone she could trust. Melissa suspected trust in this instance meant someone her mother and stepfather had checked out thoroughly, maybe even someone depending on them.

Moon River had welcomed her in a fitting way; the rain had been pouring down outside the airplane. Melissa was sitting in the back of her cab staring out the window. She was thinking about her life. Her mother was controlling her, this van Alten guy was just another way of doing it, and however Melissa tried to come up with a good reason her mother was wrong she couldn't. She never could nowadays, not since the overdose.

"Miss," the driver said and glanced at her in the back of the mirror, "I need to know where you're going..."

"Uh, sorry," Melissa said. "How do you mean?"

"I need to know what part of the College you are going to."

"Part?"

"Yes, the College covers several blocks... in several parts of town, even though most of it is located in Riverside. We have the Technical Wing and Moon River North by Drummond Road... The Liberty building is up there too. Then there is Leichmann Institute by Lake and Sixth Street and finally there is the Annex, but they're mostly doing biology research over there... digging up things from the river, the lakes. And they're in Burville."

Melissa stared at the driver dumbfounded. She had no clue what part of the college she was going to. She didn't even know there were several parts. "I'm not sure," she said.

"Okay, I'll take you to Riverside, they have the main office there and it's hopefully manned now."

*Hopefully?* Melissa thought and swallowed. What would happen if the Main Office wasn't manned?

It turned out the Main Office was open, or at least a part of it, manned by a young man just a few years older than Melissa. He was sitting behind a counter, reading a book and it looked like he hadn't done a thing to his dirty blond hair since he woke up that morning. He was probably a student making extra time.

When Melissa approached he gave her an annoyed glance, as if she had interrupted him in the middle of something important. Melissa fought hard not to wince, but she suspected some of her thoughts just slipped over to him because he grunted and opened the small hatch.

"Yes?" he said with an impatient voice.

"Hello," Melissa smiled at him. Usually her smile only failed if the guy she was smiling at was gay or had a girlfriend -- and she was with him. Since the guy didn't seem affected at all and he was alone behind the counter

Melissa had to assume he was gay or just very tired. "My name is Melissa Newick. I'm attending college here."

"Yes?"

"And I'm kind of wondering where I'm sleeping."

"Yeah?" he replied and for a second Melissa thought he was actually going to let it stay at that. "Let me check," he continued and dragged himself, and his office chair, along the counter until he reached the computer terminal.

Melissa was baffled by now. She hadn't even had a chance to open her mouth before she was prejudiced. "Welcome to Back and Beyond," she sighed and realized she had been talking out loud. She shouldn't have worried; the guy behind the counter was busy ignoring her as much as he possibly could.

He dragged himself back to the counter. "I'm sorry," he said. "We don't have any Melissa Dewitt here."

"Well," Melissa said. "I said Newick."

"Newick?"

"Yes, N-E-W-I-C-K."

He frowned at her and dragged himself back to the terminal again. He was drumming away on the keyboard and ended with a sharp slap at the enter tangent, then he waited a few seconds while scratching his neck until the reply came up on the screen. He grabbed a pencil and started to write something down at the pad by the keyboard. Melissa breathed out. She hadn't realized she was holding her breath.

"Biology major, huh?" he asked when he had dragged himself back to the counter window.

"Well," Melissa gaped, "what? No... Um, psychology."

"Oh," he said and leaned over looking at the screen once more. "It says here you're camping in the Annex. I didn't thought they had put any other people than the biology people there... Hey! You're sleeping with Alex..."

"Alex?" Melissa asked with a startled expression.

"Yeah, we know each other."

"I'm sleeping with a guy?"

"No... Alex for Alexandra. I know her, you'll get along just fine."

Melissa gave him a small smile and took the paper he had torn off from the pad and passed over to her.

"I trust you're not sending me off somewhere without having a bed to end up in? I love a cozy bed."

"I bet," he said and was already on his way to pick up the reading.

"Well," she checked his name tag, "Philip. I'll see you around."

He said something non-committal and waved at her without looking up. This made Melissa feel like an idiot. She glanced around, saw no one watching her and decided on a humiliating retreat instead of trying to break his confidence, risking even more humiliation. He had actually made her trying to suck up to him and he hadn't even washed his hair in who knows how many days. She forced a deep breath into her lungs and returned to the cab.

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When they stopped again Melissa looked out through the cab window and frowned. It was late and rain was still pouring down. She stepped out under the umbrella the cab driver has holding for her.

"I'll take that," she said and reached for the umbrella.

When she did her fingers brushed over his. The driver was a young man, maybe no more than five years her senior, he was tall and he filled out his uniform in just the right places. Melissa felt a tingle in her belly and like ripples on the surface of a pond the one tingle propagated into several that spread through her body.

*Maybe I should invite him for a cup of coffee?* she thought.

Several lamps down the street a lonely figure was hurrying along the deserted sidewalk. She was dressed in a slim black coat, one hand holding the collar to keep the rain out and the other carrying a bag almost as big as herself. Melissa guessed the woman must have been about a hand's breath shorter than her. It was hard to see much of the woman's face; she was looking down, trying to keep the rain out of her eyes.

From the way she walked Melissa got the impression she was some kind of athlete, maybe even a dancer. However, her coat didn't really seem to fit the more aesthetic affiliation. Neither did her leather pants or snake skin boots.

When the approaching woman looked up, the light from the street lamps played over her face. She looked like she was around twenty years old. Her face was jaded and her features determined. Her raven black hair was plastered to her head and clung to her cheeks. Drops of rain left its tips now and then.

She was moving smoothly in a very self-assured way, almost turning her progress towards Melissa and the cab into a dance. When the distance between them decreased further Melissa noticed the woman was looking straight at her and suddenly she felt worried.

*What is she carrying in that bag?* Melissa thought. *Maybe a gun or...*

When only a few feet remained between Melissa and the other woman she pushed a lock of hair out of her face and swung the bag into the air. Melissa took a step backwards and couldn't help giggling nervously. The bag landed on the woman's other shoulder. *Only moving her burden...*

The other woman stopped and looked at Melissa. Her large brown eyes locked into Melissa's and the moment froze. Melissa forgot the cab driver, the rain, the night, all she could see was the large, dark eyes. She immediately decided this woman was far more traveled than her young face let on; her eyes were full of knowing wisdom, and the natural confidence in her poise were obviously a result of experience. It was almost as if the woman's gaze was pulling Melissa to her and for a moment Melissa feared she might actually fall on her face in the puddle between them.

The woman breathed. *Had she been keeping her breath as well?* Melissa realized she was gasping, maybe even panting. *Who is this woman?*

Melissa licked her lips nervously and forced her eyes away from their contest of gazes. After a second, long enough to announce her defeat, she looked back.

The woman gave her a wide grin and continued past her just as the cab driver placed another of Melissa's bags on the sidewalk. The woman let her

eyes wander down Melissa's body. Then she disappeared down the sidewalk.

*She was checking me out!* Melissa thought and couldn't help grinning like an idiot. *She checked me out!*

"Miss?"

Melissa turned around meeting the chauffeur's steady gaze, he was holding her bags as if they weighed nothing, Melissa knew better.

*He isn't so bad either,* she mused and wondered if she could make him come to her room. Then she remembered there was supposed to be a roommate. She sighed.

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## PART 2

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When Melissa heard her room was located in the "Annex" she had expected to find one building, maybe even a small house, and in the cab she had actually considered asking for a relocation the very next day -- not that she would die unless she was around people, but a small cottage with tile roof just wasn't her thing either, especially not if she was to share it with a bunch of crazy scientists.

Once they reached the Annex Melissa was even more disappointed. It wasn't a small house, or even a cottage it was a forest, surrounded by a brick wall with a wrought iron gate in it. Through the gate she could see a gravel path and beyond it and in the surrounding growth she saw, or rather had an inkling of, small buildings thrown out in a haphazard way in a huge botanic garden, or forest, or even jungle.

You *insisted on going here*, she thought and started to examine the gate. It seemed locked and when she tried to open it, it was locked. Something the nice young man by the counter had graciously forgotten to tell her. Was she supposed to have a key?

"Asshole!" she cursed under her breath.

"You can use your pin code," the chauffeur nodded at a small number pad in one of the stone pillars the gate was mounted on.

"What?"

Melissa handed over the umbrella to the chauffeur and stepped up to the pad. The rain was still pouring down and in almost no time she felt her hair going sopping wet and trickles of water started to find their way down her forehead and chin, finally ending up inside her collar. She shivered.

*Good thing I don't wear much make-up*, she thought while reading the instructions on the pad. They were simple enough; One, enter the pin-code, two press the "Open" button, three, open the door.

"Great!" Melissa sighed, "I'm supposed to have a pin-code."

She pulled out the paper she had gotten in the Main Office and read in the light from the street lamps. No pin-code.

"Fucking great!"

"You have your room number," the chauffeur said and nodded at the pad.

Melissa verified that he was right with a glance down at her paper before she leaned closer to the pad and read the rest of the text. She could call her room number as well.

"Good thinking," she said and gave him a coy smile.

"I was studying here before my girlfriend got pregnant," he shrugged and took a step back making his dismissal of her even more evident.

Melissa pretended not to notice and punched in her room number instead.

"I hope she's in," Melissa said while she waited for her roommate to pick up.

There was a crackle from the speaker in the number pad followed by a female voice: "Yeah?"

"This is Melissa Newick."

"Ah, you're my roommate, let me open for you. Do you know the way?"

Melissa peered through the gate once more. "I don't think so," she replied hesitantly.

"No worry, I'll come down and get you."

"Thanks."

Her roommate was already gone.

The gate buzzed and clicked open, and while Melissa held it open the cab driver carried her bags through the gate. Once through Melissa offered to let him go but he said it was okay to wait. Melissa wondered for a moment what that was about, but she reminded herself, again, about now having a roommate.

She considered continue carrying the bags at least to the end of the gravel path but she realized she had more bags than she and the driver could carry among themselves and the car was on the other side of the locked gate so if they wanted to continue down the path they would have to leave some of Melissa's bags behind, and since the rain poured down Melissa wanted to stay around to keep her bags dry. The umbrella she had been given by the driver was large enough to shield most of them with her standing in the middle of the pile.

If this night were an indication of Moon River weather Melissa realized she would have to get an umbrella, or even a raincoat. Maybe something like what the chauffeur was wearing? A knee length black raincoat with a high collar that would keep most of her dry, but she would have to get some kind of hat or her hair would get wet as well. Maybe an umbrella would be better.

At that moment she noticed that the chauffeur was looking past her and smiling. Melissa turned to see what he was looking at and noticed a woman was approaching them. She was holding a red and yellow umbrella in one hand; the other hand was stretched out to catch the continuous stream of raindrops.

The umbrella kept her face in shadows but Melissa could still see she had long, light copper red hair that reached her to mid-chest. She was wearing a jacket and below it Melissa could see a knee length skirt.

If it hadn't been for her sandals Melissa would have suspected her roommate hadn't changed clothes since her high-school days -- in some catholic girl school. Her sandals and especially the fact that they were made in pastel colors, took all those ideas out of Melissa's head.

While she was walking the woman spun the umbrella around making the pattern on it turn into a yellow-reddish blur, and just as she was reaching Melissa and the driver she tilted the umbrella back -- she was a redhead all right, she had copper red, almost orange, hair. Her pale skin made the color

stand out even more. She opened her lips and poked her tongue out letting raindrops fall into her mouth.

"Hey Alex," the driver said as she looked down again. "How are you?"

"Why, thank you Dimi," she gave him an open smile while a blush crept up on her cheeks. "Just fine thanks, and you?"

"Shouldn't complain," he grinned as he hugged her.

"How's Marcie?"

"She's fine too," he gave Melissa's bags a glance. "We need help with these."

Alexandra noticed them too and nodded agreement before she turned to Melissa. "So you are Melissa?" she said and reached her hand out to her.

Melissa took her hand. "I am."

"Welcome to Moon River. I'm Alexandra Harris, but call me Alex."

"Yeah," Melissa laughed. "The... guy at the main office tried to scare me with Alex."

"Scare you? How?"

"He said 'You're sleeping with Alex,' now since you're Alex as in Alexandra I guess I'm okay sleeping with you."

"What? Sleeping?" Alexandra's eyes grew wide and her cheeks turned red. "You know there are two beds..."

Melissa could feel heat rising on her own cheeks. *Good thing it doesn't easily show*, she thought and smiled at Alexandra. "Okay, let me rephrase that, I mean camping, sharing room, whatever you call it, and I promise I'll stay in my own bed."

Alexandra giggled nervously and gave Melissa's bags a gaze. "You have a lot of bags."

"I do," Melissa replied, and felt a mean streak coming on, "maybe you wanna get another roomie?"

"No, my parents live here in Moon River, or just outside, so I didn't bring my whole... um... life... with me."

Melissa grinned mischievously. "Wait until the removal firm arrives with the big truck." She laughed when Alexandra's face turned from deep red to ghostly pale in just a few heartbeats. "I'm just being funny."

"Oh, I don't mind roommates that have a lot of stuff, but the big truck after this... I'm sorry, I didn't mean..."

"I promise to keep out of your bed *and* your closet," Melissa grinned.

"Okay," Alexandra said and grabbed a bag, effectively ending the conversation.

Melissa, Alexandra and Dimi managed to carry all Melissa's bags among them and within another five minutes they reached the dorm building, on the map named "Lilac."

When Melissa first heard the name she guessed someone had had a severe case of lacking imagination and named the buildings after colors, but she said nothing to Alexandra or Dimi. They reached the building, or at least a sign pointing towards where it should be located. They were in one of the far corners of the Annex jungle and the sign was pointing at a group of large oaks, surrounded by a large lilac bush.

*That explains the name*, Melissa thought and looked around to try and locate an opening in the mass of green. All she saw was white and lilac blooms. Her suspicion was confirmed when Alexandra and Dimi started to

walk around the lilac's; the opening were on the other side. They followed a footpath around the large bush and soon they found an opening. The house seemed as small and unpretentious as the bushes and trees surrounding it were large and impressive. It was a gray building and it was dark part from a few windows.

"You can get your codes and keys tomorrow," Alexandra said as she unlocked the door.

"I'm very glad you were home today," Melissa said as she passed Alexandra. "I would have been stranded by the gate."

"Lots of people pass here all the time there's almost fifty rooms just in this building, and this isn't the only dorm at the Annex."

They passed into a hallway with a double door ahead and a staircase leading to the second floor to the right. The double doors lead to a corridor.

"How many people go to College here?" Melissa asked.

"We're on the bottom level," Alexandra directed. "Room 15. Moon River is specialized in Aquatic Biology; actually the river itself is one of our 'outdoor laboratories.' Most of the other is located out on Lake Pontchartrain and Lake St. Catherine. There isn't that overly many Colleges that..."

"Fifty people live here?" Melissa asked as they passed through the double doors. The corridor wasn't long.

Dimi laughed. "What you think is the far wall," he nodded at the end of the corridor, "is just another pair of double doors, behind them there is a large living room and then there is another corridor even larger than this one. I made the same mistake myself the first time."

"Been here much?" Melissa asked Dimi.

"This is a coed dorm in a coed college," Alexandra came to his defense, even though she frowned at him. "Sometimes I think even the rooms are coed."

"Jealous!" Dimi laughed.

"I am surely not!" Alexandra exclaimed and put her small nose in the air before she turned and marched down the corridor.

Dimi chuckled.

"Another corridor, huh?" Melissa said. "That's much better."

As they passed the double doors at the end of the corridor they entered a large living room. On their right hand was a kitchen with three stoves and to the left a sofa, TV and some shelves with books.

"Nice," she mumbled and nodded.

"Not exactly what the corridor promises, huh?" Dimi replied.

"Hey!" came a call from the sofa.

Alexandra stopped and turned.

Melissa did the same. She noticed there were three people in the sofa. One of them, a guy, got up and climbed over the other two. "Who you got there, Alex?"

"Um," Alexandra said "This is Melissa. My new roommate."

"Hi," said a small girl with long chestnut-brown hair from over the sofa. She didn't divert her eyes from the TV-screen, though.

The guy that had approached took Melissa's hand, "Hello, I'm Donald, call me Donny. These two couch potatoes are Kaitlyn and Susan. They get



catatonic whenever there's something on the tube. I think it's genetic. They're twins."

Melissa gave the two girls another glance at that. One of them had short hair, the other long. One wore a blouse and a skirt, the other jeans and a t-shirt. They didn't even look alike in the body, one thin and frail the other, while not overly athletic, was still more muscled than her sister.

"We're not at all catatonic," came Kaitlyn's mumbling voice. To all but her sister Susan it was obvious that she didn't know what she was talking about though.

"I know Kaitlyn," Donnie continued. "If she'd been conscious while such a gorgeous lady," the last he said high enough for Kaitlyn to hear, "was around she'd be off her butt making sure her territory wasn't in danger."

"She's not even in my league," Kaitlyn said. "I'm in the gorgeous twin league. You have a twin?" The last was directed to Melissa.

"Not that I know of," Melissa said but Kaitlyn had already turned back to the screen.

"TV and movies does that to them," Alexandra explained and pried Melissa's hand out of Donnie's grip.

"I see," said Melissa, unsure if she should frown or laugh. "If you tell me they're reading media or something like that you'll have me rolling on the floor."

"No, they're not."

"They should."

Alexandra gave them a last glance before she led Melissa and Dimi through the other pair of doors. "Maybe."

Melissa's bags were quickly in place and Dimi said his goodbyes. When Melissa sat down on what was to be her bed for at least this semester. It was a hard bed and it immediately made her starting to plan getting something off campus as soon as possible.

While Alexandra was off brushing her teeth Melissa couldn't help looking her roommate's half of the room over. Alexandra was having several large posters on the wall above her bed, but in a contrary to what Melissa would have thought most girls would hang on their walls Alexandra had what seemed like posters for classical concerts. On one was an Asian guy in an evening dress holding a cello -- his name was Yo-Yo Ma. Melissa thought she recognized the name. On another a director called Zubin Metha apparently had performed his 60th birthday concert in Los Angeles -- he seemed to be top hat since he had been able to conduct two orchestras at the same time -- Israel and Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.

About when Melissa was almost kneeling on top of Alexandra's bed, Alexandra returned. She stopped inside the door with a confounded expression.

"Want to change beds?" she asked uneasily.

"No," Melissa jumped off her bed, a bit embarrassed. "I was just checking out your posters, they are quite original."

"Not for me," Alexandra said. "I got the whole classical scene with my mother's milk. Mum's a cellist, and dad is a composer, pianist, violinist... he does it all I guess."

"So, you play an instrument too? I've always wanted to learn to play an instrument."

"Well, yeah I kinda do... I revolted..."

"Revolted? What did you do? Learned to play electric guitar?"

"No, saxophone."

"So, you learned a musical instrument as a kind of revolt? Why not just stay out late and date boys?"

"I guess I could have," Alexandra blushed while hanging her towel over the back of her chair.

"No, I think saxophone is a... well kinda sexy instrument."

Alexandra looked up. "Sexy?"

"I mean, the sound is..."

Alexandra's eyes shimmered. "I love the coarse sound, how it makes everything... like vibrate and... it is kind of... sexy... I guess..." She blushed furiously at her last confession.

Melissa laughed. "Yeah, I get why you played the sax instead of chasing boys."

Alexandra's mouth opened and her eyes grew wide. "You do?"

"All those vibrations, huh?"

First Alexandra looked confused before she started to get what Melissa was hinting at, and when she saw her broad meaning grin she frowned. "It's nothing like that! It happens to be that I love playing the saxophone!"

"I'm sorry," Melissa said. "I didn't mean to offend you."

Alexandra took a deep breath. "I'm sorry too... I didn't mean to rail at you."

"No worry, you didn't... rail..."

There was a silent moment where Alexandra sat on her bed patting her thighs. Melissa got up.

"I'm getting a shower," she said and combed her fingers through her hair. "Freshen up after the trip."

"Where are you from?"

"New York."

"I've never been to New York," Alexandra said and pulled the cover off her bed.

"I live there and I'm going to school out here."

"It's not really school. They won't give you homework and they won't look over your shoulder every second, we're quite free here."

"I can do with some freedom," Melissa sighed. "I've had more supervision than I can stand in a lifetime."

"High school can seem like that..."

"No," Melissa laughed. "I... just got tired with the whole living at home scene."

"I know what you mean," Alexandra nodded as she pulled down her panties.

Before the white cotton of her nightie fell back down, Melissa was able to determine that she was indeed a natural redhead. Melissa swallowed. She could feel it coming a fraction of a second before it happened. It was like an itch in the back of her skull then her vision started blacking out and the last thing she saw was Alexandra's shocked expression.

-----

Dawn was wet, cold and pissed. She could blame the "wet and cold" on the weather. Pissed, she blamed on Keshet. Where the hell was the bitch? She had been waiting outside her place for almost ten minutes now and nothing had happened. She knew Keshet's modus operandi; she liked to bring them home with her, fuck them silly and then drop them back out on the streets to find their way back home, if they were still alive. Dawn had stumbled over her victims several times before she was able to locate her.

Now when she had enough information to make a move, Keshet had changed the way she acted. It had already started this morning with the arrival of another one, Dawn recognized her as Gail.

At the arrival of Gail Dawn had first thought that she would have to cancel her whole plan, but then in the last minute the two had gone separate ways and she had been able to follow Gail to a hotel where she was pretty sure the curvy blond would bring her victims.

What at first appeared as a disadvantage now turned into a possibility; she could kill Keshet tonight, and maybe Gail tomorrow. However, Gail was an old acquaintance and Dawn wanted her death to be a slow and painful one.

Dawn was pissed with Keshet's choice of apartment too. She had one that was facing a forest. Dawn had cursed her as she climbed the tree outside her window to peek into it.

The forest part probably went with Moon River in general, but the apartment part didn't. Apartments faced other apartments, or even houses, or office buildings, not forests. Not even in Moon River; except the one Keshet was staying in. Dawn choose to ignore the fact that the other apartments in the house also faced the forest.

To Dawn's favor the forest in question was a beech wood and Dawn herself was located two stories up in one of the beeches. All that was missing for the trap to be a complete success was for Keshet and her victim to turn up.

She looked down at her wristwatch. Time was running up. With sudden clarity she realized what the chill and rain had managed to pummel out of her mind for several minutes now. Keshet wasn't bringing her victim back to her apartment.

Dawn had missed her.

She cursed. She should have understood that Gail would cause Keshet to change her plans. Were they both at Gail's hotel room? Or were they at some third place? Dawn realized the hotel room might have been a decoy designed to lull her into security, making her falsely assume Keshet would stay in place at least one more night. If so, Dawn had been discovered. Even worse. When she found them *she* might be the one walking into a trap.

*Time to retreat and regroup*, she thought and slid down to the ground. She had been able to keep herself alive as long as she had by never rushing into situations without prior knowledge, and even though she knew peoples lives were in danger, she couldn't start acting carelessly now.

"Fuck!"

-----

Greg and Shaun's room wasn't large. They were placed in a wing to Moon River College Tech., one of the oldest and smallest dorms. In Keshet's taste the room was too cramped and too full of things. She liked clean spaces but she knew if she was going to hunt college boys she needed to accept their living.

Her mind was more on her hunger and less on the surrounding, mainly due to the fact that she had a young and hot college student in her arms. The boy smiled down at her after they broke the kiss.

"I can put the sign on the door for Shaun," Greg mumbled and moved towards the door. He never even managed to take one step before Keshet grabbed him and threw him onto his bed.

"No signs, no delays," she mumbled and with a few swift pulls her dress fell to the floor. Greg almost choked when he saw she was naked underneath. She was so much hotter than even his most hopeful fantasies of her naked. She was supernaturally beautiful and he toyed with the thought that he had died, come to heaven and met one of its angels.

"God," he mumbled.

Keshet smiled and switched off the overhead lamp. The only remaining light in the room was the small bedside lamp. She walked over to the bed where Greg was laying, looked down at him, and climbed on top of him. Together they had Greg naked in record time and Keshet straddled him. He tried to push his hips up at her, oblivious to anything else than to penetrate this gorgeous creature but she held him down and stroked her smooth skin over his.

He fell back on the bed with a moan, one of his hands burying in her hair while the other slid up and down along her side.

"I need you," he grunted and pulled her up to him by her hair. "I need you now. I need..."

She reached between them. "As you command," she mumbled and placed his throbbing organ at her slick opening.

When she took him into her she felt tears gathering in the corners of her eyes. She looked down at him and squeezed him deep inside her. He groaned and twitched. The power she had over him was almost as wonderful as the feeling of being filled, of being fed, of being on the verge of eternal fulfillment.

Greg clenched his teeth and groaned as he grabbed the bed sheets and crumpled them in his balled fists. She started to move. He hissed and his whole body rose in an arch.

"Baby, don't hold back," Keshet cooed.

"Uhhh," was all Greg managed.

"Let it all come."

"I... I want..."

"Just let go," she mumbled and licked his ear while she gave him another squeeze with her pussy muscles.

Greg stared up at her with glazed over eyes. He couldn't contain the cries that wanted to escape through his mouth anymore and he didn't even bother to try. She was an angel and she had come to take him to heaven. She had already taken him to heaven, and while every angel in the skies sung, her velvet caress pulled him into oblivion.

As Keshet felt herself being filled by Greg's first spurts of semen she threw her head back. With a coarse hiss she arched her back and ground down on him. Had Greg been able to see her face he had seen tears running down her cheeks and her eyes shimmering with an evil, red light.

Keshet was not human.

"Shit," she heard from behind her. She gazed over her shoulder, at the source of the sound. *This must be Shaun*, she thought.

"What the hell?" Shaun said as he met her shimmering eyes. He fumbled with the door handle behind him.

"Come here little boy," Keshet mumbled. "Are you afraid of me?"

"No," Shaun mumbled and looked at her once more, this time unable to move his eyes away from her beautiful body.

Keshet got up from Greg and started to slowly move towards Shaun. He noticed she had a trickle of sperm running down one of her thighs.

"Are you going to hurt me?" he mumbled.

"Would you want me less if I would?"

Shaun only hesitated for a second before he shook his head, "no."

"Good," Keshet smiled. "However, I'm not going to do anything to you."

She almost laughed as his face took on the expression of a child deprived of his candy.

"I will get you another angel," she continued and his eyes shone with renewed hope. "Go sit on your bed and wait."

Keshet fetched her mobile from her purse and within a minute she had finished her call.

"While you wait, I want you to watch and learn."

With that she climbed back onto Greg's bed. He moaned and looked up at her with glazed over eyes.

"That's right honey," Keshet mumbled and slid down along his body until her face was in level with his crotch. "Mommy's back for more."

Greg rolled his head to his side, trying to lock eyes with Shaun. His lips moved several times, but any words he might have wanted to say were replaced with a low grunt as Keshet took his still hard cock deep into her mouth.

Shaun watched in mesmerized fascination and nothing part from the end of the world could have forced him away from this beautiful sight. She was gorgeous and she had promised him someone as beautiful. She was an angel!

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### PART 3

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Melissa was staggering forward in darkness. Her vision was blurred but she saw a square of light in front of her and she knew, just like she had been a night fly, she needed to reach that square, and once she did its light would kill her. Just like a night fly drawn to fire. When she got closer she saw Alexandra lying on her back. She was fighting against a darkness towering over her.

In a flash her dorm room was back. Alexandra was still standing by her bed, her panties were halfway down her legs and she was staring at Melissa. Melissa, having to look up at her, realized she wasn't standing anymore; she was on her knees. She must have fallen.

The vision flashed back.

Melissa was kneeling on a bed with white flowers on the bedspread. Between her parted legs she saw a man's body and when he moved, she could feel him hot and thick inside her. She looked up and met Philip's glassy look. Suddenly she felt two female bodies press against her from the front and behind at the same time. The one behind her grabbed her hips and started to shove her against Philip's cock while the one in front of her bent down to her breasts sucking them into her mouth. She was inside the mind of someone that was fucking Philip. In an orgy!

*This isn't happening*, Melissa managed to think before she felt how another mouth closed over her neck biting not too gently while Philip shoved his dick deep into her. Melissa moaned.

The room was back.

Alexandra dropped her panties on the floor and started to move over to Melissa. Her face had a worried expression. Melissa saw her lips moving but she couldn't hear her voice. She suddenly realized thousands of voices were screaming in her head and she tried to shut them out by putting her hands over her ears. Nothing happened. She noticed the bedspread with flowers on top of Alexandra's bed was the exact same as in the vision.

The vision came back.

Melissa felt something hot and wet around her hand and when she looked down she realized her arm disappeared into a bush of orange pussy hairs. She was buried to the wrist and she could even feel the pussy hairs tickling her arm. When she looked up, Alexandra's eyes met hers. She was groaning and grabbing the bedspread in a balled fist.

Before Melissa could determine what Alexandra's expression meant she realized someone was pressed against her back. She felt hard nipples and coarse pussy hairs.

"Is her cunt nice?" a single hoarse voice hissed through the choir of voices. "Is she," Melissa felt a hand reaching between her legs from behind. Fingers slipped into her pussy. "Fuckable?"

Suddenly the voices stopped, and then one single, whispering voice continued; "You must stop it or die!"

Melissa opened her eyes. In front of her was something soft and green. She moved back and realized it was the carpet in hers and Alexandra's room. She felt someone touching her cheek, she looked up and recognized Alexandra's nightie, this time modestly pulled down, even if it had slid up to above her knees when she had kneeled on the floor to tend to Melissa.

"Are you okay?" Alexandra said. "God, Melissa, what happened?"

"Call me Mel," Melissa mumbled and struggled up on her arms.

"Maybe you should stay down?"

"No, no," Melissa replied and sat on the back of her legs. "I just feel a bit dizzy, it'll pass."

"You've had these seizures before?"

"Yeah, it's okay, trust me."

"It doesn't look okay to me," Alexandra said. "If I hadn't caught you your teeth would have been buried in the floor by now. It was just sheer luck I managed to get out of my panties before I..."

Melissa swallowed and touched her head. She felt thirsty. And she was developing a headache.

"You're having a nosebleed," Alexandra gasped.

Melissa stroked the back of her hand against her nose and noticed a red stripe of blood. She struggled to her feet. She didn't want Alexandra to think she was sharing room with some kind of junkie. "I... I'm getting that shower now," Melissa stammered and grabbed her towel.

"You sure?" Alexandra asked. "What if you fall again?"

"I'm okay," Melissa replied and fled through the door.

"Hey!" Alexandra called after her. "You need shampoo," she continued almost to herself. "There is no shampoo in the showers." She grabbed her own bottle of shampoo and her soapbox and followed Melissa through the door.

She found Melissa in the middle of the living room. She was looking confused. Alexandra guessed she couldn't find the bathrooms.

"To the left," she directed and started down the corridor towards Melissa. "No, the other door. It's a bit hard at first she said as she reached Melissa. I had some problems myself in the beginning."

"You seemed to get over them pretty quickly," Melissa nodded. "What did it take? Five minutes? Sometimes I feel like a real retard."

Alexandra laughed. "I'm not a freshman... I'm a sophomore, I've already been here for a year."

"Oh. You looked kinda..."

"I know. Most people want to send me back to junior high or something. I think it's because... well... I don't seem like... a woman."

"I think you do."

Alexandra blushed furiously. "I... uh... thanks." She swallowed. "I wanted to tell you that there is no soap in there, or shampoo."

"Stupid!" Melissa mumbled and turned to head back towards their room when Alexandra held out a bottle of shampoo and soap in front of her.

"Borrow mine."

"Thank you." Melissa took the bottles, but then she hesitated. "It's no problem for me to get back though..."

"No, it's no problem at all," Alexandra said and pushed the bottles towards Melissa's chest. "You can lend me some of yours sometime."

"Thanks."

"No problem," Alexandra smiled.

-----

Shaun had been fucked into oblivion so many times he had a hard time even remembering his own name, and the blond Fury on top of him didn't seem ready to stop anytime soon. He knew he was going to die, and he didn't mind. This was a nice way of going and all that he had ever wished for was straddling him in this moment, pumping him closer and closer to heaven and the God he so mistakenly had assumed she served.

"Give me all," she whispered and took him almost all the way out of her.

Shaun gasped and felt his throat locking as he tried to scream out his pleasure. He had obeyed the beautiful woman that was fucking Greg and soon another equally beautiful angel had arrived for him. The first time with her had been like the first time ever. He found himself coming even before ten seconds had passed and in the middle of his contentment he almost felt ashamed for not giving her any pleasure. That was before he noticed that he was still hard.

It was how it continued. The woman on top of him fucked him into climax after climax and through it all his cock never once faltered. He just kept coming into her as if it was the first time. Soon after the first orgasm he realized the nature of the encounter. He was not going to survive.

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Melissa woke up the next morning, and she quickly realized Alexandra had already left for breakfast. When she checked her bedside clock she understood why. It was late. With a groan she rolled out of her bed. She was still not awake. Another glance at the clock announced that she wouldn't really have time to shower. She told herself she could be quick.

When she got back from her shower she realized with a groan that she had spent another fifteen minutes. She dressed quickly and went over to the cafeteria. She thought, even if she couldn't sit down and eat her breakfast, she might be able to bring some to the principal's opening speech; the first event of her day. She bought a sandwich and a cup of yogurt, and was just about to turn and leave when she heard someone calling her name.

When she looked in the direction of the call she spotted Alexandra and some of the people from the dorm sitting around a table. She recognized Susan and Kaitlyn. She walked over and immediately noticed the tension in



the air. Before she could ask what was going on she recognized the dirty blond, unruly hair on the head of one of the guys. He was buried in a book.

It was Philip. She nodded at him. "He's into books, huh?" she said to Alexandra.

"Well," Alexandra replied, a trace of annoyance passing her face before she forced a smile in its place. "This is a college after all. Being a book-fan kinda helps."

Alexandra's comment was lost on Melissa. When she had raised her gaze her eyes had immediately locked with a beautiful brunette on the other side of the hall. Even if she had changed clothes since last night she was still the same person. Her hair was dry and done into a ponytail, she wore a skirt and pumps had replaced her snake skin boots. Her glasses and the handbag hanging over her shoulder spoke of a mature woman who knew how to dress. Was she a teacher? Melissa suddenly felt like a child in her jeans and T-shirt.

"But," Alexandra continued. "He's a book addict and asocial too... so he's too much to handle..." When she saw Melissa's focus was back on her she changed tone and lowered her voice to a conspirational whisper. "Have you heard what happened?"

"No?" Melissa replied and looked at her.

"Two guys. They think they were murdered."

"Murdered?"

"Yeah," a girl with a dolls face surrounded by blond locks continued. "Casey found them."

"What happened?" asked Kaitlyn.

"Nobody knows," the girl replied.

"The police says nothing," Alexandra said. "The news casts contains even less."

"But Casey saw them. They were just laying there, no blood or anything. But..."

"Yeah?" Melissa asked.

"Well," the girl looked down and blushed before she lowered her voice even more and leaned close to Melissa. "They must have died from something sexual..."

"What?" Melissa asked too loud.

"They were..." the girl cleared her throat. "According to Casey, they were... kinda... swollen..."

"Swollen like what?"

Just as the reality dawned on Melissa Philip looked up from his book. "They were both having a hard-on..."

"You're such a slime sometimes, Philip!" said Melissa's anonymous informant.

"And you're such a prude sometimes," Philip replied and received a punch in his arm.

Melissa hardly heard him. She was staring into the air, her world spinning around her. *Two boys, two couples? It is real. It just happened.* She had been having visions for two years and she had always thought it was something that happened because of the drugs. Now she realized that maybe every one of her visions had been as real the vision of these two boys.

"What were their names?" she asked.

"She's Jolene," Alexandra said and frowned. "Are you okay?"

Melissa shook her head and turned to Alexandra with a reassuring smile. "Yes, I just came to think of something."

"Okay."

"I meant the two boys though. What were their names?"

Kaitlyn reached over to Philip and pushed his shoulder. "You know what their names were?"

"Yeah," he replied without looking up. "And I'm not supposed to tell you."

"Who told you that?"

"I got the info this morning before I left the porter's office. I overheard a discussion between police and Mr. Danford. I don't think any of them, the police or Mr. Danford would appreciate if I spread it."

"Philip," Susan said. "Please, just for us?"

He looked up at her deadpan.

"Please?"

"You're not being nice now," Alexandra said. "You could just as well have kept your mouth shut."

"Yeah I could."

"Where was it?" Melissa asked. "Where on campus?"

"Up by Tech."

"I need to get going," Melissa mumbled and rose.

"Hey," Alexandra said and grabbed her arm. "Just so you know, the principals opening speech has been canceled. Not much will happen until lunch."

"Good," Melissa mumbled. "However I've got a lecture before lunch."

"Until then," Alexandra said. "I might as well show you around."

"I need to try and get a peek into their room," Melissa said as she started to move.

"See you guys later," Alexandra said to the people by the table before she turned and followed Melissa. "So, where to?" she asked as she and Melissa left the cafeteria.

"MRC Tech," Melissa said, a determined expression on her face.

"We should stay away from there."

"It's okay. I can go there myself, would you just like to tell me the way?"

Alexandra tensed and mumbled, "I'll show you."

It turned out MRC Tech. Was located almost a mile from the Annex and in order to get there Alexandra lead them onto one of the city buses.

"Listen," Alexandra said once they were on the bus. "What are you going to do in there?"

"I need to check the room."

Alexandra read some of the anxiety in Melissa's eyes but she read it wrong. "Did you know them?"

"No. I need to see their room."

"You are the strangest roommate I've had so far," Alexandra said and gave Melissa a glance.

"I'm so sorry," Melissa said and turned facing Alexandra. "I'm scaring you, I... I should have come here alone."

"Strange and scary isn't necessary the same thing. Besides," she continued with a soft mumble, "you're too interesting to just be passed off as scary."

Melissa glanced at Alexandra; a number of replies rushed through her head before she decided not to reply at all.

They soon reached their stop and got off the bus.

"Ready?" Melissa asked.

"I am. Listen, let's be discrete about this?"

"Sure, we don't need to do more than pass the room if the door is open and just peek if it's closed."

"And if it's locked?"

Melissa didn't reply to that, instead she shrugged.

"Okay," Alexandra mumbled as they followed Pinewood Road the last stretch to the Technical wing of Moon River College.

They got past the lecture buildings and reached the dormitories without a hitch. Melissa stopped when she realized there were two seven-story buildings to choose from.

Alexandra stopped as well. "We don't know their names, and there is at least two-hundred people living in those two buildings."

"How many people are attending college here?" Melissa asked.

"Well, there are people coming in from all over. Aquatic biology and the river have their charms I guess."

Melissa sighed. "What now?"

"I don't think we're supposed to break in to their room..."

Melissa took a deep breath and closed her eyes. Alexandra misinterpreted her actions. "I'm sorry," she mumbled and took Melissa's arm. "I didn't mean..."

"What? No, don't worry," she smiled at Alexandra. "I'll find out where they are, one way or another."

She closed her eyes again and tried to concentrate on her memory of the vision. There had been so many images before the couple in the dark room. *The couples*, she corrected herself. There must have been something that could tell her more. There had been an elevator. A mirror. There had been a cracked mirror. "A cracked mirror," Melissa breathed.

"What?" Alexandra said her eyes wide-open. "A cracked mirror?"

"The elevator has a cracked mirror."

There were two houses, five porches each. That summed up to ten elevators. Easily covered.

A few minutes later when they stepped into the last elevator in the first building Alexandra stared at the cracked mirror. "Shit," she mumbled.

Melissa had closed her eyes again. "What floor?" she mumbled and tried to remember. This time the image of the elevator coming to a halt on the fifth floor was crystal clear. Melissa twitched and opened her eyes. Had she been having a new vision? She looked at Alexandra. Her roommate was still staring at the cracked mirror, reaching out to run the tip of her fingers along it as if she didn't believe her own eyes.

"You knew this would be here?" she said.

Melissa pressed the button for the fifth floor without answering. The elevator started to move. *What if this really is the right floor?* Melissa

thought anxiously. *What if the door is locked so I can't see the room? Just getting here is proof enough*, she finally decided.

The elevator came to a halt. The doors opened to a corridor full of uniformed police officers. Melissa gasped. After a moment of recuperation she took Alexandra's arm and pulled her out of the elevator.

"Come," she mumbled. She saw the corridor was continuing past the door where the police officers were and that it was turning to the left. They could probably just continue past the door and take another elevator down.

"We shouldn't go there," Alexandra mumbled and held Melissa back. "They can catch us."

"They'll just send us away..."

"Ladies," one of the officers approached Melissa and Alexandra. "Excuse the inconvenience. Are you living on this floor?"

"Yes," Melissa replied before Alexandra could confess the opposite. "Just around that corner."

"You should probably have taken the elevator on the other side instead."

"Yeah," Melissa said with a nod. "We heard about this and was going to try and avoid you... we must have calculated wrong on the porches."

The police officer nodded and let them pass. Melissa gave him a radiant smile before she passed followed by an Alexandra who seemed to try and press herself into the wall and disappear.

"See," Melissa whispered and took Alexandra's hand. She pulled her along. "I told you."

They approached the door. *The moment of truth*, Melissa thought. They weren't allowed to stop and watch. A gray haired man in a suit gave them a stone-cold stare but Melissa managed to see enough of the room. The bed. The lamp. No one was in the bed -- anymore.

When they rounded the corner of the corridor Melissa stopped and leaned against the wall panting deeply. She was sweating. Alexandra was in no better shape but probably from completely different reasons.

"We can't stay here," she mumbled and pulled Melissa's arm. "Please they will come after us."

Melissa let Alexandra pull her along to an elevator. Once in the car she leaned against the wall again. She was still feeling her world swirling. *Real*, she thought. *It is all for real!*

"Greg and Shaun," she suddenly said. "I could have told you at breakfast."

"Why? I mean..."

"I've seen their door before."

Alexandra tried to hide in the corner of the elevator car at that. "Melissa," her voice trembled. "You're scaring me now."

"Call me Mel," Melissa said. "I didn't kill them. But I had... I've been having visions since several years back. I just thought it was residues... I mean... I don't know what I thought it was. I've just never... I saw this. I saw Greg and Shaun die..."

"You... you were here?"

"In the vision."

"Okay, so how did they... Ah wait, I don't..."

"Someone, or something, had sex with them till they died."

"Raped to death."

"They were college students," Melissa mumbled. "They should have been living for several years still. I could have stopped it if I'd just understood it was for real."

At that Melissa stopped. *They are for real! My visions are for real!* She gave Alexandra a furtive glance. She had seen Alexandra in a vision. But what did it mean? Did everyone in her visions end up dead? She hoped not. Was she ready to talk to her roommate about the vision when she... made love to her? Certainly not! *I need to know more!*

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## PART 4

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Carl Linnaeus Hall was a large auditorium that could probably house little over three hundred people at once. This was the place where Melissa's first real lesson was held. She had almost forgotten the beautiful, dark stranger from breakfast, but when she walked along the seats of the lecture hall toward the front of the auditorium -- she liked to be close to the lecturer -- she got a firm reminder of her.

She was sitting just a few seats away from where Melissa was standing. She wasn't looking at Melissa right then and for a brief moment Melissa hesitated about whether to follow her usual procedure and take a seat further down or to sit down beside the other woman.

Just as Melissa had determined to continue down the staircase towards the front, not talking to the other woman, the lecturer cleared her throat and looked up at the audience. She had a microphone attached to her shirt chest.

"Welcome to psychology 101," she said with a clear voice.

Melissa swallowed a curse and sunk down beside the stranger. The curse was more for show. If she had been able to orchestrate the event, something very similar to this might have happened. The stranger looked up at her and smiled before she collected her things and placed them on the other side of her. Part from that her concentration was back on the lecturer and Melissa followed her example.

"I'm Elisa Stonehill, and this course is worth three credits. The subject is 'Introductory Psychology,' meaning an introduction to the facts, principles, and concepts basic to understanding human behavior. To this comes a brief historical overview of psychological sciences.

"Before I go in to that, however, I'd like you all to meet my assistants Gail and Les."

Melissa saw a blond female and a dark haired male student getting up from the first row and turning towards the auditorium. They both seemed a bit nonplussed but they managed to smile through the lecturer's presentation. Once she was done, they sat down again with relief.

Melissa assumed they weren't there for their performance skills even though she liked to believe someone that studied psychology should be at least a little bit of a people person. *That's one misconception already blown to pieces*, she thought and glanced at the woman beside her.

When Melissa caught the shimmer in the other woman's eyes she suddenly felt a cold chill along her spine. Her eyes were deep, dark and Melissa thought she could read doom and destruction in them. Where was

she looking? It seemed at the lecturer but when Melissa looked closer she realized her eyes were drilling holes in the back of one of the TA's, Gail.

*Maybe they have some kind of conflict going,* Melissa decided.

In the pause she tried to catch the other woman's attention but she was staring at the TA again. Melissa followed her gaze and realized the woman was quite cute. She glanced again and decided she was probably more than just cute.

What if she's interested in her?

Another glance at the stranger's eyes verified this was not interest. That extra glance also revealed Melissa's interest in her neighbor and suddenly the dark eyes were turned at her. They were not friendly but the laser sharpness they've had when they were directed at the blond TA was gone.

"Yes?" Melissa's neighbor said. "Did you want something?"

"Hi," Melissa smiled and reached out her hand. "I'm Melissa."

"I'm Dawn."

"You don't remember me, do you?"

Melissa was very proud of the conspirational tone her voice were having and when the other woman's eyes widened slightly she couldn't keep from smiling. "You were drunk and it was late but..." *Shit what am I doing? ...the guy was cute...*

Dawn let out a short pearly laugh before she shook her head. "I'm very sure I'd remember that. So where did we meet?"

"Last night, it was raining and you were wet like a drowned rat."

"Oh, yeah that's right. You were the blond with the umbrella?"

"Right," Melissa smiled and omitted adding, *the blond you were checking out as you passed.* She had already decided one step at a time would be best here. After all, this wasn't New York. "We should have coffee some time."

"Yeah?"

"Yes, I'd like to pick your brain, maybe if you're better than me on psychology I'll steal your knowledge and get higher grades than you."

"Is that a challenge?"

Melissa smiled. "I need to get a cup of coffee before the break is over."

Dawn nodded but she didn't get up to tag along. *Good, Melissa thought. No one likes people following you around with the big-eyed puppy look on their faces.*

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## **Lunch - Melissa and Dawn, Alexandra jealous**

After the lecture was over Dawn approached Melissa. "Hey," she said. "Are you having lunch now?"

"Yes," Melissa replied. "I am."

"Well since we both are, maybe we should have it together?"

Melissa shook her head at that. "I'm not free for lunch," she said.

"Oh," Dawn said and Melissa felt a tingle at the disappointed look, however momentary, on her face. "Maybe some other day."

"Unless you want to join us?"

"Oh, I'd rather not be the third wheel under the cart," Dawn said. "But we have lectures tomorrow, right?"

"We do. And I'm just having lunch with my roommate and her friends. I'm sure there is an extra chair."

"I don't want to force myself on you."

"Okay," Melissa said with a grin. "You can always sit at the next table and if there is anything I want to ask you I can lean over. However, that will probably seem even more awkward than just introducing yourself and sitting by our table. After all we're gonna be in the same room, right?"

"You win," laughed Dawn.

Five minutes later they were entering the cafeteria and Melissa quickly located her roommate and her friends.

"Hey," she said. "This is Dawn." When she saw Alexandra's slight frown at the introduction of the other woman Melissa knew she had done the right thing to bring Dawn with her. *Jealous?* she thought and smiled at Alexandra. Her roommate was jealous that Melissa introduced strangers, female strangers. *Interesting!*

"So," the girl with the dolls face and blond locks said -- Melissa tried to remember her name; *Jessie? Susie? Not Susie that's the twin from the dorm. Or was her name Susan? Jo... something.*

"Are you going?" she continued.

"Going?" Melissa asked as she placed her tray on the table. Alexandra gave the girl a not-too-friendly look.

"To the Back to Campus party," Philip said. Melissa was actually startled he had raised his head from his customary book. "Jolene is paining all of us about going there, finally I think we'll have to succumb to her never ending whines."

"Go back to your book," Jolene grunted and slapped him on the arm. "I'm not asking you to come."

"That's because you think that would be the best way to make me come."

Jolene opened her mouth when she realized where the introduction of 'come,' would end the conversation. She could see in Philip's eyes that he wouldn't hesitate taking it there. She frowned at him.

"So, are you going?" she said to Melissa instead.

"You guys are?"

They nodded.

"Sure."

"Good," Philip said and looked straight at Dawn. "In case you missed that before I'm Philip," he held out his hand. "And I think you should come too."

Alexandra and Jolene shared a glance.

"I'm not sure," said Dawn. "When is it?"

"Eight to..." Jolene begun but Philip interrupted her.

"Sometime after eight to early morning, unless you're invited to a follow-up party. There are usually lots of those. We have a tradition of not sleeping at all after these parties."



"And how would you know?" Alexandra said with a mock snort. "You're a freshman."

"I have a brother," Philip replied.

"Oh," Melissa said, "I figured you were both sophomores?"

"Nope," Jolene said with a wide grin, "one day when Philip is extra obnoxious..."

"I'm never obnoxious," Philip protested. No one listened.

"...I'll tell you how Alexandra and Philip became friends."

Philip moaned at that and Jolene's smile became even wider.

"How did you become friends?" Melissa asked.

Alexandra gave Philip an amused glance. He raised his hands and shook his head. "Not the least obnoxious."

"It would be an unfriendly thing to do," Alexandra said apologetically.

"And you're always so friendly," Philip said.

"I'm tempted to tell her," Alexandra warned him.

"Oh, what the hell," Philip mumbled. "Alexandra saved me from getting my ass kicked by some kids two grades above me when I was in first grade."

"See," Jolene said. "That wasn't so hard."

"It was a long time ago," Philip shrugged.

"I'm still saving your ass from time to time."

"You wish."

"Just last week when..."

"I could spank *your* ass," Philip warned.

Alexandra and Jolene shared a glance before they both broke into giggles. Dawn watched with an amused smile.

"You understand why I can't survive lunch without these people?" Melissa asked.

Philip looked at her and smiled but he kept silent.

"I can understand," Dawn nodded.

Jolene and Alexandra had managed to recover from their giggles now and there was a silent moment around the table. Melissa turned to Dawn and opened her mouth but Philip spoke before she could.

"So?" he asked Dawn. "Are you coming?"

"If Melissa are," Dawn said.

Melissa raised an eyebrow at that but when the attention turned to her she simply nodded. "Sure, it sounds like fun." She looked down at her watch and suddenly got a feeling she had forgotten something. *A quarter to one, why... The psychiatrist!* "Shit," she said and got on her feet, "I... need to be someplace. See you guys later!"

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Konrad van Alten's office was located about five minutes off campus on West Avenue at Station Street, and it took Melissa only a couple of additional minutes to locate the exact door in the office building. The receptionist, Mrs. Lamprue, told her to sit down and wait.

The waiting room was a virtual shock of colors. The walls had several framed posters of Modigliani paintings. The sofa group was dressed in a fabric with a pattern of several bright colors, not inappropriately bright, but

lots of colors. Even the magazines on top of the sofa table added to the color onslaught.

There were flowers in pots mounted on the walls and in the windows. There were even more flowers on the receptionist's table and three smaller trees in pots on the floor.

Melissa was playing with the thought of starting the conversation with "Watson I presume," but once she stepped into the actual office the atmosphere was less floral and much more like a library. This room had two large shelves full of books and a large desk covered in heaps of papers and almost hidden behind the papers were Dr. van Alten himself. He didn't seem to notice Melissa, however and she had to clear her throat and knock on the already open door before he raised his gaze, squinted at her and picked up his glasses.

"Yes, miss Newick?"

"That's me," Melissa nodded.

"Come on in," he waved and got on his feet; he was tall, over six feet, and thin. "Why don't you take a seat here," he motioned at a chair in front of a smaller table at the side of the desk while he closed the door behind Melissa.

"No divan?" she joked.

"What? No, no I'm not using one. It will be perfectly alright if you sit in a chair, and we do not have to concentrate on your childhood if you don't feel that it is very important we do."

"I'm actually studying psychology," she said and sat down.

"I see, is it your major?"

"Yes."

"Maybe I'm the one who should beware of you?" he said and sunk down in a chair opposite to her. He reached for a folder and a pencil on his desk.

"No, I've just started the introductory course, I'll be nice and let you do all the analysis."

"Ahh, well I'm more in favor of acting than analyzing," he said and scribbled something on a sheet in the folder. "Don't you too prefer to get things done instead of just talking about doing things?"

"I guess..." she blushed and lowered her eyes. *What is he really talking about?*

"So," Konrad continued. "I've been in contact with your mother, and I've read your journal. Your doctor at South Oaks recommended that you and I meet once a week and I agree with him."

"Okay," Melissa mumbled not entirely sure she was happy with the direction the conversation was taking. *Once a week!*

"So, how's college working out so far?"

Melissa blushed at that. "You mean if I'm having any problems?"

"Are you?"

"No," she said.

"But?"

Somehow Dr. van Alten seemed able to sense something was still up.

"Well, you know college, it's like that until you get the hang of things."

"Like what?"

Melissa hid a smile at that. Dr. van Alten was a psychologist all right, no fuzzy statements or they, at least Dr. Fearne and apparently Dr. van Alten too, would come after you for the specifics.

"It is hard, new people, a new way to teach, not at home, higher tempo. I think the ordinary college challenges."

"I see. Tell me more about you," Konrad continued and placed the folder back on his desk. His change of subject was so abrupt Melissa was silent several seconds before she even caught up.

"You mean my problems?" she asked uneasily.

"If you want to tell me about them, then go ahead," Konrad said and picked up an orange from the fruit bowl at the middle of the table. "Help yourself," he nodded when Melissa looked at the fruit in his hand.

"No I'm okay, I just had lunch." Melissa took several seconds to collect her thoughts before she continued. "I guess you know most of it already?"

"I'd like for you to tell me with your own words."

"Okay. I fell in with the wrong crowd and stopped thinking."

There was a long moment of silence.

"Yes?"

"Well... and..." Melissa took a deep breath. "I started messing around... with drugs..."

"Messing around? How do you mean specifically?"

Melissa blushed and looked down. "I started using drugs." The words hung in the air for several seconds.

"Go on," Konrad encouraged her.

"It started with just grass... and before long the hash evolved into heavier stuff."

"Stuff?"

"Drugs."

"When you say the hash evolved...?"

"I mean... I started... using heavier drugs and I stopped using hash."

"What drugs specifically?"

"Cocaine... and roofies... Rohypnol..."

"Do you know why?"

"No."

Melissa was silently looking down at her hands. She noticed her fingernails needed polishing. She wanted Konrad to ask her something, giving her the chance to change the direction of the conversation, but he was silently peeling his orange not even looking at her. Was he listening at all?

"I heard voices."

She was silent again.

"So the cocaine made the voices go away?"

"No," Melissa mumbled. "It made me not care about them."

"How do you mean?"

"Have you ever tried cocaine?"

"No."

"Okay. I just felt too good and too strong to care or be bothered by their shit."

"The voices?"

"Yes."

"Okay, go on."

"Oh... well... I went to a club with... my friends and we did some E."

"E?"

"Ecstasy. And afterwards we did ... roofies, they called them, and poppers."

"Poppers would be..." he reached for her folder and flipped it open, "Alkyl nitrites on bottle?"

"I guess, something in a bottle alright."

"Okay, go on."

Melissa took a deep breath. "Then... I went to hell..."

"That would be the overdose?"

"Yes. I OD-ed." She frowned at her own words. *I sound like a junkie. I am a junkie.*

"Tell me about that."

"Okay." Another deep breathe. "I was... raped..."

"But not for real?"

"Not for real. In... well a hallucination, maybe?"

"You had a hallucination, and in it you were raped... there were no traces of any violence afterwards?"

"No. Apparently I'd managed to scream rape when I woke up and they examined me. When they tried to make me blame Traci and Rita, that's the friends that took me home, I told them about the visions."

"Do you still have those visions?"

Melissa was silent. She felt her heart stop in her chest, and still her blood, cold as ice kept flowing through her veins. She felt like she was suddenly suspended in mid-air ten stories above the ground.

"No," her voice croaked.

He looked at her for a long while and she didn't let his stare-tactic fool her this time. *Shut up! Shut up!* she screamed silently.

"That's too bad," he said and leaned back.

"Not if I want to stay sane," Melissa replied.

"Well, I seriously doubt a vision, or even voices, can make you insane, unless you choose to be insane from them, and then... if you choose to be insane... anything from your neighbors dog to the most recent speech from the president can drive you insane. It sounds cruel but life is all about how we choose to see the world."

"Well," Melissa frowned. "I didn't have much choice once the voices started talking to me."

"Choice in what?"

"Well I couldn't shut them out."

"And you knew shutting them out was the right way to go?"

"What else could I've done?"

"That is a very good question. What else could you have done?"

"I wanted them to stop, and in the end, not even coke and roofies could do that. I guess I could have... I don't know... I have no clue what else to do... I mean, as long as they were civil, I could handle it, but when... I had the rape vision... there was nothing I could do, and believe me I wanted to."

"Maybe all you were lacking was knowledge and guidance? There are such things as psychic attacks where someone... or something, tries to take you over. We sometimes call it mental illness but people has not always thought of the phenomenon as such."

Melissa was aghast. "What do you want me to do? Have a shaman dance a rain dance for me?"

Konrad chuckled at that. "Oh, the mind is an intricate thing, not at all bound to the laws we creatures of the industrial era wishes to bind it with. If you really do believe a rain dance will solve your problems, it will."

"But drugs didn't solve my problems."

"Maybe drugs didn't solve your problems because they were drugs?"

"How do you mean?"

"Tell me your first uncensored association to the word drugs."

"Sedatives, something to bind... hold the mind down with?"

"Do you think your mind wants to be sedated? Bound?"

"No," Melissa shrugged. She remembered all too well how it felt to be restrained.

"The mind wishes to solve its own problems. If you give it the right tools, the right symbols, it will become stronger than you can even imagine. But the mind is also weak. It's like a glass of water. One drop of poison and the whole glass is ruined."

"What does that mean?"

"It means cohesion is everything. Unless your whole world is cohesive your mind will start acting up."

"So how do I get... cohesive? What does that mean really? Cohesion?"

"It means that the mind is holistic. That it cannot be pure if one corner of it is impure. It cannot work at its full potential if one part of it isn't in sync with the whole. Take for instance your career. You wish to become a professional within psychology, right?"

"I'm not sure."

"Why not?"

"Well... I'm... I'm not sure I'm fit for the job."

"But you have a psychology major?"

"Yes. I can always hope, right?"

"But there is one part of your mind that isn't sure you're fit for the job. So even if you pass and get a license, do you think that part will go silent unless you tell it to?"

"I hope so."

"It won't. It will always find new ways to poison your mind. You need to put your foot down and take control of your mind."

"But, I am my mind."

"Yes, and no. Your mind is several entities that each wishes to be in the center. What entity gets priority over which decides who you are as a person."

"So?"

"Yes?"

Melissa took several moments to think his words over. "Insecure Melissa should shut up?"

"Not at all. Insecure Melissa should keep an eye out for the real problems, and keep her hands off the imaginary ones. Insecure Melissa is important and she does a good job of protecting you, but she cannot always be at the rudder."

"Okay," Melissa breathed. "You know, Dr. Fearne doesn't say half as much as you do."

Konrad smiled at that. "I know. I've been accused of taking over the sessions before. I'm sorry, it's just that I feel that your visions are a gift and that you could do much better things with them than running away from them."

"I don't have them anymore."

"Ah, yes..." Konrad stopped in his tracks for a moment before he continued, "but you are afraid that they will come back, right?"

"Yes."

"So, what better way than preparing?"

"Shouldn't I let sleeping dogs lie?"

"Have you ever met a sleeping dog that never woke up?"

"Um."

"And if that dog is sleeping in your back yard?"

"I better get a leash...?"

Konrad smiled at that. "There is a book I want you to read, if you have time, till our next session, if not, just read as much as you can."

He stood and scanned his bookshelves until he found what he was looking for and pulled down a booklet. He gave it to Melissa who read on the front; *The Supernatural Mind*.

"Mmh," she said. "Sounds interesting."

"It is," Konrad said and sat again. "It covers lots of different things like clairvoyance, mind control, and telekinesis."

"What, like a how-to?"

"No," Konrad smiled. "A brief introduction. Stories from some people that do those things... or claim they do. Tell me what you think once you've finished it."

"Do you really think these things work," Melissa asked, "I mean, for real?"

Konrad leaned back in his chair touching his fingertips to each other's while he looked at Melissa with a thoughtful expression.

"I think we're done for today," he finally said and got up. "We don't want to wear you out, do we?"

"I guess," Melissa replied. She was acutely aware he hadn't answered her question.

He jotted something down on a piece of paper and handed it over to her. "Give this to Mrs. Lamprue and she will make a new appointment for you," he took her hand and shook it. "Till next time."

"Till next time," Melissa replied and started towards the door.

"And give your mom my regards," Konrad continued as he circled his desk and sat behind it.

"I will," Melissa said and left the room.

Once she was out on the street she looked at the book Dr. van Alten had given her again. *The Supernatural Mind*. *My God*, she thought. *Maybe there is something in here that can tell me about my visions*. She opened the book and scanned the table of contents. "Jesus!" she mumbled. *Mind reading, clairvoyant visions... reading psychic energy to see the past...* She slapped the book shut and hid it in her bag. *This stuff is outrageous, or maybe Alexandra will think it's cool?*

She had forced them to leave their old apartment, she had forced them to kill where they could have just fed, if they had been allowed to do that for several days, and now it seemed she would force them to move again.

Keshet was glancing through the curtains in the small apartment. The owner and Gail were in his bedroom making characteristic noises for when one of her kind satisfied her hunger. She had just seen the woman's car passing by on the street outside their window.

When Gail was done Keshet decided she would go in there and finish her victim off. She had lost her appetite and they had to move again. Something should be done about that irritating woman.

Gail appeared in the door to the living room the grin of a properly fucked woman on her face. Keshet nodded and stole past her. The man didn't even move before she jumped up in the bed, grabbed his head and snapped his neck.

"What the hell!" Gail cried. "What are you doing? There was plenty left in him!"

"The bitch just drove past in her car."

"The bitch?"

"You've always let them fuck your brains out," Keshet said. "Aure just drove by in her car. You know Aure, the bitch that wants to kill us... badly."

"Here?"

"Yes."

"Fuck!"

"We have to relocate again," Keshet said. "Maybe even leave town."

"We should kill that bitch!"

"That is a good plan."

"Listen," Gail said and raised her hands. "If you want to go all wild and die from it, go ahead but let me leave town first."

"We're not going to confront her and we're not going to run."

"Then what?"

"We're making a phone call."

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## PART 5

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Melissa was fifteen when she heard the voices the first time. School had ended early this day and she was at home with the whole house to herself. She was lying on her bed, her jeans and panties pushed down to her knees and the index and long finger of her right hand pressed against her soft skin, just above the hood to her clit. She slowly moved the hand back and forth, making the skin of her whole sex move.

Melissa had discovered masturbation about three years before. She used to lie on her bed and do her homework. Then as she started to get drowsy -- homework always made her bored, then drowsy... then she started to think of other stuff instead -- her hands would wander and before she knew it she would be playing with her breasts. Her breasts had always been sensitive and once she started touching them it didn't took long before she would feel a thrill going through her body. Soon after she had be getting wet and itchy between her legs.

However, it wasn't by touching her breasts she had discovered self-pleasure. She was always too busy to visit the restroom when she had to, and so she would squeeze her thighs together or even cross her legs to try and get some extra minutes before she just had to go. As it would happen, the crossing and squeezing sometimes made the need to visit the toilet dissipate and made room for other kinds of sensations. Soon after the squeezing and crossing occurred even when she didn't had to visit the restroom.

One night she was lying on her belly, on her bed, talking on the phone. During this whole conversation she was rolling her legs from side to side by moving her feet. At first it would be slow moves but as time passed and the conversation slid over to the everlasting subject of boys, her feet would move faster and this caused her thighs to shake and grind towards each other.

The phone conversation ended, but Melissa kept squeezing her thighs, just lying down, and enjoying the feeling of tense expectation. What she was expecting she didn't know at the time.

When mom told her it was time to go to bed, she brushed her teeth, changed into her nightie and was back in bed in no time. She continued squeezing her thighs, this time under the comforter. It was a hot summer night and even with an open window the heat in her bed was unbearable and she soon had to stop. She rolled over on her back, parted her legs and pulled



her knees up. She lifted the duvet and tried to get some cold air under it by flapping it.

Hot or not, she was still feeling the urgent sensations flowing like small rivers of fire from her pussy and nipples, and soon she was once more squeezing her thighs together. The new angle proved to be much better but as she started to get carried away she had to stop again; she was too scared someone would hear her thighs slapping together.

She tried to calm down. She tried to keep her legs from moving but the need was urgent and it wouldn't go away. She slapped her legs together a couple of more times, just to enjoy the feeling a last time before she would stop, but when she wanted to stop she couldn't and finally she forced one leg over the other, grinding her legs together. For the first time in her life she felt how she wanted to groan with pleasure.

The sensation of her whole crotch being squeezed and caressed between her legs was so intense she wouldn't have been able to stop even if she wanted to. A couple of more grinds were all that was needed until she experienced her first orgasm.

It was nothing compared to what her body was capable of but it was enough to enrapture Melissa in a stupor of lust. She didn't even think about it consciously and suddenly she realized her hands were in her panties on top of her pussy. How had that happened? *I'm masturbating!* The thought made her mind reel. *I'm not THAT... that thing called MASTURBATOR.*

She almost managed to pull her hands away, but her libido was in total control and all she did was pushing her panties down past her knees. The second time she touched herself she hesitated for a long while, her fingers playing just under the waist of her panties she reached further down.

The mere contact made her shake, her skin grew goose bumps, and her nipples were standing. Anticipation made it ten times better. She closed her eyes and tried to control her rapid panting.

She reeled at how wet and slick she was. Her juices were everywhere. Her thighs were covered in it, and the smooth folds deep between her thighs felt so slippery she couldn't have stopped sliding her fingers back and forth even if she would have wanted to.

If someone, her mother or sister, or even both, had interrupted her then she wouldn't have been able to stop. She was too lost in her own passion to even care about anybody or anything else than the growing waves of pleasure cascading over her in heave after breathtaking heave.

Finally it happened. She started to come. Even if she struggled hard to keep silent she didn't manage more than suppressing the screams into small whimpering whines deep in her throat, but in her head she was howling. Her body tensed, she pushed her back into an arch from her neck to her toes, resting on her toes with her legs bent.

The pleasure passed and she fell back on the bed, but she didn't stop rubbing and it only took another thirty seconds before she climaxed again. This time she had to bite down on her pillow and several muffled cries escaped her while her body was jerking wildly and her legs were moving, sliding the soles of her feet over the sheets as if she wanted to push herself up until her head would hit the headboard.

By now she was too scared to continue; what if she died while having this intense pleasure? What if her mother found her, pantyless with her

hand between her legs? She retrieved her panties, curled into a ball, and pulled the duvet up to her neck before a deep, satisfied sleep caught up with her.

Three years after her debut as a masturbator all this came to change drastically. It was early one afternoon. She had the house to her self; mom and Liz weren't due in another two hours at least. She was lying on her bed, stroking her pussy with slow, delicious moves. Climax was just moments away and she tried to prolong the vibrating thrill of ecstasy just another couple of moments. Then she heard a whisper just by her ear.

She stopped touching herself immediately, sitting in the bed and looking around, trying to see where the voice came from. Her room was empty and when she listened the apartment was still silent.

After a while she continued stroking herself. She was really hot this afternoon and time was moving fast so she soon rolled from side to side once more, just seconds away from coming. Then suddenly she heard it again. It started out as a whisper. This was definitely not something in her room. It was in her head!

"Do it! Do it! Do it!" the voice whispered. "Faster, Indigo! Faster!"

With each new stroke it grew exponentially until her head was full of a roaring choir of voices. The increase was so sudden it made her bolt to upright. She stared frantically around her.

Nothing.

Then suddenly she heard a chorus of voices. They were stretched out, cutting into each other. ".....dooooo iiiit.....toooouch yooour cuuunt....taaaaste yooour puuuussy....."

She removed her fingers. She was shaking. "What the hell is going on?" she breathed.

Then a single voice broke through the murmur of the voices. "I crave the taste of you!"

"No!" Melissa's voice trembled. "What do you want? What do you want?"

The voices didn't return that afternoon, and when the night came, Melissa was scared to death to fall asleep. What if she would hear the voices in her sleep? She finally fell asleep half sitting, half lying in her bed.

-----

When Melissa came back from the shower she found Alexandra in front of her closet, anxiously trying to pick out a dress. She raised her eyebrow at that and as she dried her hair she tried to think of something to say. She thought she knew quite well what was going on.

"Someone special?" she asked.

"What?" Alexandra said and gave her an almost scared glance. "No," she said. "You mean a boy?"

"I mean a boy," Melissa smiled and started brushing her hair. "Let me guess?"

"Uh, guess?"

"He's blond, he never seems to notice you or anyone else... and he's 'asocial.' Oh, and being a book addict doesn't make him misplaced in a college... how good am I doing so far?"

Alexandra stared at Melissa in disbelief for another full second. "Philip?!" she cried and started to laugh hysterically. "No! You... oh god! Melissa... no!" She had to sit down on her bed to calm her laughter and when she finally managed she continued, still chuckling, "no, Philip and I have been friends since second grade. I couldn't think of him like that... He's like a kid brother."

"But there is someone?"

"What? No! No one."

"Come on, a girl doesn't go through that much anguish over a dress unless she has a reason to."

"Well," Alexandra said blushing. "There may be someone... you know, that just comes by and gives me that glance, and stops to talk to me and... well if... he does, I need to look my best, right?"

"Umhm," Melissa said and she thought she knew what Alexandra meant. "I'd go with the dress."

"Well that's my problem," Alexandra mumbled. "The dress really calls for a female body to fill it and I don't have that."

Melissa gave the dress another evaluating look. "It doesn't look too large. Try it on."

"I know it's not too large, it's just... It will make it apparent."

"What?"

"That I hardly look like a woman."

"So, you want to dress in a smoking and try to catch a guy that way? Or... maybe you wanna catch a girl?" Melissa was saying that with a glint of humor in her eyes but it still made Alexandra look shocked.

"What? No!"

"Then go with the dress. It brings out your femininity."

"You think so?"

"Yes I do, and further more, I think you are a gorgeous... I... mean... very beautiful woman."

"Thank you."

"I mean that." She gave Alexandra a peck on her cheek before she turned to her own wardrobe. "I need to get dressed too or we'll be late."

"Don't worry. They don't have a start time for these things, no ending time either."

-----

The back to campus party was held in a fraternity house north of Moon River College's Liberty wing. and as Melissa and Alexandra got there it turned out they were just two among hundreds. Melissa had been to quite a number of parties in her life but she had never been to one where she, or actually Alexandra, knew so many people. It reflected well on Moon River College that so many people seemed to know her friend even though she hardly was a social butterfly.

It didn't occur to Melissa that maybe there was a portion of the people coming up for a talk that did this just to get a closer look at her. Not until Alexandra feathered herself with her hand feigning exhaustion and commented that going to the party with Melissa was like bringing sugar to a beehive.

Melissa knew she was beautiful, and it happened that people turned around on the street to glance an extra time in her direction, but she always figured that to be testosterone overflow. Now she had to reevaluate that assumption; a considerable number of people talking to Alexandra, and her, were female. *Or is this a college thing?*

"Did you see any of the others?" Alexandra asked while they were standing in the improvised bar to get a drink.

"Not yet," Melissa replied.

"I hope they can make it."

"The night is young, I'm sure they'll turn up."

They moved from the large living room out to the back of the house where they found a terrace leading down to the small but well kept garden.

Some people were sitting on the terrace, mostly smokers, too caught up in discussion to step back into the house between smokes, despite the angry mosquitoes. There was also a group of people trying to play croquet on the lawn. The night was falling quickly and there was no good light part from the porch light, and that didn't illuminate much of the lawn though.

"Anyone we know out here," Melissa smiled to Alexandra who blushed lightly and shook her head.

"No, not that I know of, but wait till they notice you and come telling me how nice it was since last whatever and I'll remember that I actually have met them before." She took a deep breath.

"I'll dress down next time," Melissa offered.

Alexandra laughed. "No don't worry, I like being with the most beautiful woman on the party."

"That's just male hormones."

Alexandra looked at her with a crooked eyebrow.

"Okay," Melissa confessed, "some not so male hormone too."

"I think you're very beautiful," Alexandra said. She was thankful that she could hide her blushing face in the darkness. "And I don't have any male hormones to blame. Or at least," she looked down at her chest. "I don't think so. Maybe there could be an explanation there?"

Melissa laughed, but she swallowed her laugh quickly. "I think you're just full of the right kind of hormones, and you shouldn't use guy-measure to value your femininity you know?"

"Guy-measure?"

"Yeah, boob size, there's more to it than that. Anyone with a little experience knows this, and why would you wanna go for an inexperienced idiot when you could have so much more fun with someone that knows how to treat you right?"

"Are we talking about someone fifteen years older than me now?"

"Not necessarily," Melissa replied as her eyes sparkled into Alexandra's.

"Hey, you're in psych. 101, huh?" they were both startled by a female voice and when they turned around Melissa immediately recognized Gail, the TA from her psychology class.

Suddenly Melissa stumbled. The tingle and buzzing had barely begun before there was a flash of light in her head and she was in the middle of a vision. She was staring into Gail's eyes still, and she felt an awkward pain in the back of her head.

"Do it!" Gail hissed in the vision. "Lick!"

Melissa looked down. She saw someone's well-toned belly and right in front of her eyes were a clean-shaven pussy. There was a small tattoo of a serpent just above and to the left of the engorged clit.

She gasped and suddenly the vision was gone, and the terrace was back again. This time she had been gone for just fraction of a second. She looked down. She still held her glass in her hand. *That's unusual.*

"Hi, Gail," Melissa smiled and took the blonde's hand as she offered it. *Will she be forcing me to eat another woman out? Or will she force someone else? Or was that her pussy? Or was it even consensual?* Melissa had to bite down around a chuckle as she imagined asking Gail if she had a serpent tattooed between her legs as a conversation opener.

"I'm Melissa and this is Alexandra. However, you may very well have met Alexandra before. She seems to know everyone on this party."

Alexandra blushed at that.

"No, I've not had the pleasure," Gail said and took Alexandra hand. "I'm Gail."

"Nice to meet you," Alexandra said and blushed again.

*That woman really knows how to change colors,* Melissa thought and looked past Gail. She realized Dawn had just entered the terrace. Remembering the glance Dawn had given Gail on the lecture Melissa decided to delay the impact between the two women a little while. *Besides, I need to figure Gail out.*

"Excuse me," she mumbled. "I just need to... be right back."

She left Alexandra and Gail while hoping it wasn't a too bad thing to do, and that they would be okay with it.

"Hello," she said as she stopped in front of Dawn. "I thought you weren't going to show."

"I'm here," Dawn said with a polite smile as her eyes scanned the crowd on the back porch.

Melissa got a feeling she was actively trying to search Gail out and coming to that conclusion she took Dawn by her arm. "Let's get a drink," she smiled and pulled her along.

"Your friends run out on you, or what?" Dawn smiled. There was no malice in her voice.

"Nope," Melissa smiled back. "I'm running out on them."

"You are?"

"Call it a social experiment. I'm leaving my roommate with this gorgeous blond, trying to see if something will happen between them."

"Acting procuress for your friends, huh?"

Melissa laughed but finally had to nod. "Why not?"

-----

Philip was sitting at a table by the dance floor, as usual, lost in his own thoughts. He mainly went to these kinds of things because it gave him a false feeling of having a social life. Around him some of his friends were having a heated debate about object-oriented programming.

"No!" Gary, one of the guys around the table, said and slammed his palm into the tabletop, he was always fond of making noises and even Philip jumped. "You're wrong, dead wrong!"

"Listen," Pete said with a soothing voice. "If you want to pack objects into other objects you need them all to inherit the same abstract class."

"That's not true," Gary insisted. "You don't need that." When Pete didn't seem to understand Gary added. "Take Java's collection classes for instance, you pack objects in other objects but you don't have to inherit anything."

The discussion raged back and forth until finally they did as they usually did.

"Philip," Gary pleaded, "tell him I'm right?"

"Yeah," Eddie mumbled. "Please make it stop, anyway you see fit."

"No," Philip said. "You don't need to inherit from anything, you have the collections like Pete said. And, yes, you need to inherit... the collections work because all objects *automatically* inherit from the Object class."

"Yeah, but I need to be able to do stuff with the classes too."

"Like?"

"Well, the project is about a pricing system and there is to be several pricing strategies, and they are supposed to be composite, what the hell ever that means, so, I read in this book, they needed to inherit the same class."

Philip thought for a moment. "Yeah, he finally said," Gary shot a triumphant grin at Pete at that. "I can see why you want to use the composite pattern here."

"What is that?"

"Well, as you said, one abstract class or interface is inherited by the other classes you want to use, your pricing strategies for instance, and then you have a container class that inherits the abstract class or the interface and aggregates that same class or interface."

Gary sighed and looked at his beer. "Can we discuss this tomorrow?"

"Yeah," Eddie said. "You're scaring the women."

Susan gave him a punch in the arm at that. "Hey," she protested. "I'm not scared, or, like you, intimidated."

"That's cause you too are a computer geek," Kaitlyn said.

"Unlike you, miss biology," Susan replied.

"I need to take a leak," Philip said and got up. "Be right back."

He cleared a path through the mass of people now mingling in the fraternity house. Somehow he suspected if a fire engineer would see the room he would kick half of the people in it out.

*Maybe I should call the fire brigade,* he thought with a frown as he was standing in the line outside the restrooms. The number of rest rooms was definitely not in correspondence with the number of people crammed into the large house.

"Can't wait to get in there, huh?" a female voice said behind him. When Philip turned he looked into a pair of sparkling blue eyes placed in the most beautiful face he had ever seen. *Where are all the other guys?* he thought as she smiled and took his hand. "Catherine."

"Uh, Philip. Yeah I didn't kinda expect this," he said and motioned to the queue.

"You know," she said with a mischievous grin. "There is a garden out back, you can always squat behind a bush."

"What? No I just need to take a ... need to... uh, yeah I guess you can..."

"If you promise to keep a look out," Catherine smiled and took his hand again. Philip's heart almost stopped at that. "I'll do just that." She pulled him along towards the back entrance.

-----

At first Alexandra found Gail quite dull. The other woman was just standing there, staring out into the darkness, not saying a word. Just as Alexandra had come up with an excuse to leave, Gail smiled at her and started a conversation.

Just a minute into the conversation Alexandra was mesmerized and it was impossible for her to catch a word of what Gail said. *My God*, she thought, *how could I miss how incredibly hot this woman is?* "Yeah," she agreed to something Gail had said and leaned closer to her. She placed her hand on her upper arm and laughed. Their eyes were into each other all the time.

"Are you coming on to me?" Gail suddenly asked.

Alexandra decided to be bold. "If I was?"

Gail smiled. "Then you would find out what college students think about two kissing women."

"Okay," Alexandra mumbled leaning even closer to Gail. Their faces were just inches apart now.

"You're ready to come out today?"

"I can always say I was drunk if I get cold feet," Alexandra replied just before their lips met in a soft first kiss.

The kiss lasted for almost a minute.

"Jesus," Alexandra gasped as they came up for air. "You're an angel!"

"Nope," Gail smiled. "No Jesus, no God, no angel." She leaned close to Dawn's ear, licking it and sending a thrill of sensations through the redhead's body before whispering, "but if you let me escort you out of here we can go look for all three."

Alexandra was suddenly serious and she placed her hand on Gail's shoulder, pushing her away a bit. "I just want you to know," she mumbled. "I've never..."

Gail just laughed and pecked Alexandra's mouth. "I have." She bit her lower lip. "Gorgeous."

"Who," Alexandra twitched, "me?"

"You are the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen," Gail said and nibbled Alexandra's neck just below her jaw line. "And I want to fuck you till you scream and see starts falling from the sky."

"Take me out of here now," Alexandra replied with a choked gasp.

-----

Dawn was sipping her drink watching Melissa over the rim of her glass. Her eyes shimmered for a short second before she swallowed.

"This blond experiment you're conducting," she said to Melissa.

"Yeah?"

"Is it turning out well?"

"I'll have to get back to you on that."

Dawn suddenly noticed Gail in the mass of people at the door.

"Fuck!" she cursed and got on her feet. Gail was leaving. When she saw the slender redhead Gail was pulling behind her she felt her heart stopping in her chest. *Are they planning on turning her?*

"Is everything okay?" Melissa asked and looked in the direction of Dawn's stare. "Hey," she exclaimed as she recognized Alexandra and Gail. "That's my girl leaving there and I'd say the experiment went very well."

"You wanted them to hook up?" Dawn asked, her eyes suddenly shooting poisonous arrows. "Why? What do you know about Gail?"

"Why?"

"Are you cooperating with her?" She leaned close to Melissa, sniffing her. Melissa felt her knees going weak but she was unsure if it was from fright of Dawn's strange behavior or because being sniffed on was actually quite erotic.

"What's going on here?" asked Melissa.

"We don't have time," Dawn hissed and pulled her along.

Melissa tried to resist but she realized the other woman was quite strong and she would just end up looking silly. Besides, being dragged outside by Dawn could result in something interesting.



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## PART 6

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Melissa and Dawn were following Alexandra, Philip and the two women with them. Melissa managed to keep silent all the way along Drummond Road and through Central Garden and Midwinter Garden, but when the four people in front of them obviously turned down on Topeka Road on their way towards the Annex she stopped Dawn.

When she had tried to ask what was going on before, Dawn had frowned and hushed her but now Melissa would not allow that anymore. If there were some real danger, which she seriously doubted, she would be able to find Alexandra and Philip again.

"You have me stalking my roommate, her friend and their dates like I'm some kind of freak. I understood there was some kind of emergency but I'm not taking one more step until I know what the hell is going on here!"

Dawn sighed and shot a glance along the street before she stepped behind the corner where Melissa was standing and looking angry. Dawn decided telling her that frown made her look really cute wasn't the right way to solve this problem.

"I don't want to scare you," she said instead.

"Well, you have me already wondering about your mental health, try me."

"These two, the girls your friends picked up, they are not like normal people."

"Why, because they pick up Philip and Alexandra? That's a quite disdainful thing to say..."

"No. It's because they are going to hurt Alexandra and Philip, not because Alexandra and Philip are ugly or detestable. Come on, your friends are hot. That's not their problem."

"Then what?" Melissa was getting a bit worried now, but she still had a hard time to decide if it was because she was out on a deserted street at night in a large city with someone that might be psychotic or because that person might be right about the two girls disappearing with her friends.

"Don't accuse me for being disdainful now," Dawn said, "but don't you think it's a little bit strange that those two are picking up Alexandra and Philip?"

"Why?"

"Take the way they did it. How much time did it take before Alexandra was picked up?"

"I don't know. We talked, had a drink and then you spotted her."

"See? Little over ten minutes."

"Um, yeah and Gail just came over when I saw you and left."

"You saw me?"

"I didn't wanted you to jump Gail... I kinda caught your glance in class today. I didn't want a scene."

"Okay. Anyway. Ten minutes from 'hi' to 'lets fuck'..."

"Dawn!"

"I'm not kidding you, that's what's on their minds. All of them."

"Okay, okay, I get the point. So what's gonna happen?"

"Last night they picked up two guys... I lost track of them and today I read the name of those guys in the newspaper."

"Greg and Shaun?" Melissa gasped.

Dawn nodded.

"Shit!" Melissa continued. "We have to stop it. Now! I know what's gonna happen!"

"Okay, take it easy. Without weapons I can't stop them."

"But they are in danger!"

"But no immediate danger. Not in another couple of hours."

"You don't know that."

"I know. I need to get weapons. And I think maybe you should come with me."

"I can't leave Alexandra and Philip."

"Okay, you could keep an eye on them if they decide to change location while I'm gone but I need you to stay very low and very quiet. I do not want you to interfere, okay?"

"But they are in danger," Melissa said.

"Yes, they are, but if you do anything so are you, I need you to stay put and if they move, call this number, it's my mobile."

"Okay."

With that Dawn turned around and rushed off back into Midwinter garden. *At least she's running*, Melissa thought and looked down at the business card in her hand. *And she gave me her number.*

She peered around the corner just in time to see the four people down the road open the gate to the Annex. Her impulse was to scream to Alexandra and Philip at the top of her lungs, telling them to run, but somehow she suspected that if the two was seduced as Dawn had indicated, they might not even understand why they should run.

"Fuck," she cursed and started to jog down the street while praying that she, or actually Dawn, would be able to get her friends out of danger.

When she reached the Annex the others were gone since long and she could only hope that they would be in her and Alexandra's dorm room. Maybe the plan was to lay in wait for when Melissa arrived and involve her too? She tried to recall the vision. Who had been where and how? *Shit!*

-----

Once they entered Alexandra's dorm room Catherine closed the door and turned to Philip. With a wide grin she pushed him down on Melissa's bed and jumped on top of him. Alexandra had a protest about that on her tongue but Gail's mouth nestling in her hair just by her ear made her forget it soon.

"Do you wanna watch them," Gail breathed in Alexandra's ear while both women watched how Catherine opened Philip's shirt with her teeth.

"I'm..." Alexandra mumbled and let out a moan as Gail licked her neck. "I... just think..."

Catherine was finished with Philip's shirt then and together they got rid of it. Philip was no bodybuilder but he had a well-toned body. Catherine bend down and licked his chest while she slowly scooted down in the bed. Philip sighed and leaned back.

"Maybe they should go to Philip's room?" Alexandra mumbled to Gail. She realized Gail was playing with the buttons of her shirt while pressing her soft hot body against Alexandra's back. Alexandra wanted to push her hands away, but when Gail nibbled her earlobe she could only shiver.

"Maybe we should watch them... and let them watch us?"

"I'm sure," said Alexandra, her voice shivering as Gail's fingers slid over her chest, "me and Philip doesn't have that kind of relationship."

"Everything defined can be redefined."

Alexandra didn't reply to that, she was too busy trying to decide if she should prevent Gail from unbuttoning her shirt or not. Finally she decided it couldn't be harmful to let the other woman have her way. She felt like she was floating in a soft, warm cloud of happiness; protected from everything.

She closed her eyes and allowed Gail's fingers and mouth to lull her into security. When the other woman wanted to push Alexandra's trousers down, she only hesitated for a moment before she lifted her butt off the bed to assist.

She noticed Philip and the girl with him became quite noisy and she thought about her neighbors for a while but when Gail's hand sneaked between her thighs she decided that her neighbors could think what they wanted, she was feeling too good to care about them.

Gail pulled back for a while and Alexandra opened her eyes. She saw Philip and the other woman just a couple of feet away. Philip was lying on his back, and the other woman was straddling him, bucking at him as if she was riding a wild horse, or maybe that was Philip bucking? For some reason Alexandra's eyes focused on his fingers digging into her thigh. He suddenly hissed and threw his head back. Alexandra wondered if he was coming and she felt herself getting even wetter.

Gail sat back down behind Alexandra and wrapped her in her arms. This time she was naked and the electric contact of skin against skin made Alexandra gasp with pleasure.

"You like this, huh?" Gail mumbled. "You like watching your friend fucking Keshet while I'm playing with your body, don't you?"

"No," Alexandra mumbled but she realized immediately only her morals were speaking, her heart weren't behind the words and soon her reluctance was fully forgotten. Gail's hands were magical as they stroked her skin like the strings of a harp, sending tingles and vibrations through her.

"Oh God," Alexandra mumbled and squirmed.

"Keep looking at them," Gail said.

She took Alexandra's chin and turned her head until she was looking straight at the couple on the other bed. "Do you want to join them?" Gail pushed the mane of red aside and licked across Alexandra's shoulders.

"Come," she continued and rose from the bed, pulling Alexandra with her in her embrace. "Let's go over there and play."

"No," Alexandra said. "Please, no!" She was looking up at Gail and the other woman realized she might make Alexandra bolt and run if she pushed her too far.

"It's okay," she whispered and hugged her from behind. She held Alexandra like that watching the couple on the other bed. The woman was still sitting on top of Philip, riding him fast and mercilessly.

"Come on baby," Gail mumbled to the other woman. "Make it come."

"Oh," she groaned and leaned on her hands slapping her ass down on Philip's hips.

Philip grunted and shoved up at her, making her knees leave the cover.

"Yeah!" the woman screamed and Alexandra suddenly felt Gail's fingers between her thighs again.

"Come baby," Gail urged the other. "Come for me."

At that moment the woman fell down on top of Philip with a loud whine. She groaned and squirmed on top of him for several seconds, her thighs shivering, before she collapsed into a sweaty, gasping pile.

"It's your turn now, if you want to," Gail mumbled in Alexandra's ear.

Alexandra shook her head, turning to her with another plea on her lips but Gail simply placed her index finger on Alexandra's lips, motioning her to be silent. The finger had been between Alexandra's thighs before, she could smell herself and as she licked her lips she could feel a hint of her own taste. She had never tasted herself before.

"I'll go."

With that she helped the other woman up from the bed and pushed her into Alexandra's arms. Alexandra stumbled backwards and they ended up with Alexandra sitting on the bed with the woman in her arms. Gail straddled Philip and Alexandra noticed that he was still having a hard-on.

"You like watching?" the woman in Alexandra's arms mumbled with glazed over eyes. "Or you like some action of your own?"

"I don't like watching," Alexandra mumbled and averted her eyes from Philip and Gail.

"Good," the woman in her arms mumbled and pulled her into a kiss. Alexandra felt her arousal return as through magic and she was suddenly concerned her abundant wetness might actually soil her cover. "I love your taste," the woman mumbled as they came up for air. "I love your taste!"

She pushed Alexandra down on her back and straddled her thighs, all the time her lips and tongue was lavishing Alexandra's body with nibbles and licks. "I simply love your taste," she groaned again as her hands found their way between Alexandra's legs. Alexandra had a hard time keeping silent and as she felt fingers sliding into her she gave up all pretenses.

-----

When she entered the dorm Melissa realized that she wouldn't be able to see what was going on in her room with less than she entered it herself, something she was pretty sure Dawn would frown upon. *Shit!*

Further more, hanging outside the door trying to listen would for one look suspicious as hell, and if they decided to relocate, Melissa's face would be the first to know the door was being opened again. *Fuck!*

Finally Melissa decided to sneak out of the dorm again and around it to the backside where she could peek into the room. If she stayed some feet away from the window it would be very hard to spot her, at least if they still had the lights on.

She didn't have to worry about the lights though. When she approached the window it was one of a couple of yellow rectangles in the night. Melissa came to a dead halt. *Square of light*, she thought. *My vision! My God!*

She hurried to the window and when she got closer she had to tell herself to be careful not to be detected. *If they see me, they can just jump out and hunt me down.*

She moved closer to the window, dreadful, and at the same time anxious, of what she might see. The frame of the window was too high set for Melissa to get a really good view of the room. Only after she had stretched on her toes as high as she could get was she able to see her two friends and the two women with them.

There seemed to be some kind of orgy going on. One woman was straddling Philip on her bed and the other was between Alexandra's legs on Alexandra's bed. Melissa felt a shiver passing through her. *How much did it take? When would their lives be at risk?* She was sure the sex was what had killed Greg and Shaun, and Philip and Alexandra were definitely engaged in sex now.

For all Melissa knew, they could both be dying already. She looked into the room again just in time to see Alexandra arching her back and screaming out her pleasure. She could even hear the high-pitched wail.

*That doesn't sound like dead or dying to me*, Melissa thought and peered into the room again. Philip was definitely not dead, he was standing up now, and so was his dick. Melissa licked her lips and as she realized what she had done she felt a blush spreading on her cheeks. *But he doesn't look bad at all...*

The woman beside him said something to him and he walked over to Alexandra's bed. The woman between Alexandra's legs moved aside and as Philip kneeled between Alexandra's parted thighs the woman took a hold of his dick and pulled it. Her intent was not hard to figure out and Philip lowered his hips until the two could get him into Alexandra together.

Alexandra had been lying on her back until then, her eyes closed while enjoying the gentle ministrations of her lover. When she felt something hot and hard at her pussy she opened her eyes peering down along her body with lulled interest in what was happening.

About the same time as she realized who was kneeling between her parted thighs the hot object by the entrance of her pussy was no longer at her entrance but all the way inside her. She was wet and Philip had also been thoroughly moisturized; before Alexandra managed to say anything she was filled with Philip's hard cock.

"No," she screamed and pushed at him suddenly fully awake. She swallowed. "They've put a hex on us," she sobbed. "Please Philip!"

He stared down at her and shoved into her again, apparently he wasn't listening, or caring.

"Fuck," Melissa hissed and sunk down on her heels. She had seen enough. The window was too high and she saw nothing to break it with anyway. She needed to get into that room now. She looked at the note with Dawn's phone number. *I don't have time*, she decided and started to sprint back towards the entrance of the dorm. *Please Dawn, hurry!*

-----

Alexandra wanted to move away. She wanted Philip to stop but when she looked into his eyes she understood he was completely in the grip of the two witches, she thought of them as such since they had so obviously put a hex on Philip. *He would never hurt me*, Alexandra thought and whimpered.

"Philip," she mumbled in an attempt to get his attention.

"Roll her on top of you," one of the women ordered. Philip lay down on top of Alexandra, digging one of his arms around her back.

"Please," Alexandra protested but Philip simply rolled them over until she was on top. He was obviously unable to hear her or comprehend the situation. *He's my best friend*, Alexandra thought. *They've put a hex on him.*

Once she was on top of him she realized she might be able to get away, but even before she had a chance to do that the two women straddled Philip on each side of her and sandwiched her between them. Then they started to roll their hips, causing Alexandra's hip to move as well. The effect was that Alexandra could feel Philip's dick moving inside of her. She sobbed.

The two women was touching each other and Alexandra; caressing, kissing, licking and stroking. Soon the sensations became too much for Alexandra. There were too many hands, too many mouths. She whined and tried to get away. They just held her in place and chuckled.

At that moment the door to the room was flung open and Melissa stepped through it. Alexandra wanted to tell her to run, and at the same time she felt a stone falling from her heart. *Please Melissa!*

"I think," Melissa said very calmly, her eyes were everything but friendly, "the young lady said no."

Gail got up from the bed, an innocent smile on her lips. "Come in," she said. "Let us talk about this."

Melissa closed the door behind her but she stayed by the door frame, her arms crossed over her chest.

"Help," Alexandra whispered. Philip, oblivious to anything but his own pleasure, pumped up at her and cased her to yelp. Keshet was still holding her in place so her impulse to escape was quickly quelled.

"Why don't you get comfortable while we talk," Gail said, her voice sultry now. "Come let me help you get comfortable."

Melissa gasped at that. "Get comfortable?" she echoed. "I'm not here to get comfortable. I'm here to kick you two out."

"We are leaving, just now," Gail mumbled and moved closer to her. "Come see us off." With that she placed a hand on Melissa's shoulder.

Melissa shivered and tried to move away but the woman's grip was as strong as steel. The next thing that happened made Melissa realize just how stupid she had been when not listening to Dawn. Gail reached up and grabbed Melissa's hair, and pulled her over to the empty bed. Melissa tried

to resist but the pain was too severe, Gail was really strong. When she had Melissa where she wanted she threw her down on the bed. Melissa cried out in pain.

"See," she mumbled. "You don't have to worry about us leaving. You want us to stay, don't you?"

"No," Melissa sniffled. Her scalp was aching badly.

As Gail straddled Melissa and started to pull off her clothes she could hear Alexandra's heartfelt cry from the other bed. *Oh, god, Melissa thought, what have I done?*