

EDWARD LEE



GOING
MONSTERING

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You girls'll want coffee, I take it?" Kezzy asked. She came around the kitchen table with that big bright phony smile of hers, holding the pot. It's a smile I'd get to know well.

"Oh, yes, thank you, Miss Kezzy!" the skinny chick said. Her name was Mercy Dexter and she was so skinny I don't know how she bought clothes. I wished I could be skinny too but, shit, not *that* skinny. We found out real quick she was one of those Bible-thumping holy rollers—for fuck's sake. Oh, and she wore a big cross like the one Ozzy Osborne wears. All three of us were nerds, but Mercy was a *Super Nerd*, Ink-black hair, bangs, gawky. The kind of girl a novelist would call "mousy" or "li-brarianish" 'cos he didn't feel like thinking of something better.

"Sure, I'd love some, Miss Kezzy," the second "initiate" said. Her name was Hannah Bowen and I knew her from orientation a couple months ago. She was all right, I guess, a little snooty 'cos her folks were rich but, shit, *all* of our folks were rich. How else could we get into a private girls' college? One thing I liked about Hannah was her glasses looked worse than mine. You know, Coke bottles. But what I liked most was that she weighed more than me. I weighed 190 at five-foot four, and she was over 200, but the kick in the ass was she didn't *look* as fat 'cos she was almost six feet tall. Guys called her Sasquatch behind her back. "I've always been a coffee drinker!" she said, like it was a big deal.

Next, Kezzy's phony smile swerved to me, like a flashlight beam in my face. "And you, Ann?"

"Ann" would be me, Ann White. I'm fat, uninteresting, and morose. No brag, just fact. I'm a pot-head, I drink too much, and at 19 years of age I have less motivation than an old person on their death bed. My belly turns into six rolls of fat—serious, I counted 'em—whenever I sit down, and one time I was walking down the street and some dude I never seen before says, "Hey, baby, I didn't know they *made* blue jeans for elephants!" Just like that, out of the blue. Another time I was actually on a "date," and when we were making out, the guy opens my blouse, but when he took a look at my tits, he started laughing. The fucker wouldn't stop. "Sorry, Ann, I can't help it!" he kept hee-hawing. "It's just that your tits... look ridiculous!" How do you like that shit, huh? I gave him a blowjob anyway 'cos he had pot, which I guess gives you an idea of just how fucked up I am. Oh, and my hair? Looks like somebody plugged me into a wall socket, and it's the color of... well, you ever see a white poodle that's got away for a couple weeks, so it's all dirty and mangy? *That's* what my hair looks like. Thanks a lot, God.

Anyway, as to the coffee offer, I said, "Yeah. Anything with caffeine."

She kind of froze, glaring at me. "What was that, Ann?"

Asshole, I thought. "Yeah, anything with caffeine, *Miss Kezzy*."

"Better," she said. See, she has this superiority thing. Mere pledges must always show respect to senior "sisters." She poured three cups, her perfect teeth gleaming like that stupid commercial with the Australian chick or some shit. Kezzy Mason was the S.S.S. — the Senior Sorority Sister — so it was her ass we had to kiss if we wanted to get into Alpha House. She made me sick the first minute I saw her. You know, the phony smile, the Fuck You face, the *perfect* body, the *perfect* blond hair. The bitch looked like Pam Anderson but, like, when Pam Anderson was fuckin' 20.

"You girls will just *love* this coffee. It's Costa Rican!"

Big fuckin' deal.

"Oh, and Mercy, dear?" Kezzy raised her finger. "Since you haven't yet been fully initiated, it's understandable that you're not familiar with the Alpha House dress code, but I'm afraid you'll have to lose the cross."

Mercy's skinny face kind of twisted up like someone just told her that her whole family got killed in a car wreck. Her skinny hand reached up and touched the cross. "You can't make me get rid of my cross..."

"I have no desire to make you get *rid* of it," Kezzy came back. She had a way of talking that reminded me of scissors. Snip, snip, snip. "I'm simply informing you that your cross is considered a violation of our dress code."

"But, but, I'm a Christian! Christians wear crosses!"

"That may well be, but what you must understand is that Christians who wear crosses in Alpha House, just as any girl who wears *any* unauthorized jewelry, are not *admitted* into Alpha House." Kezzy stared, tapping a foot. "You *do* want to be in this sorority, don't you?"

"Well, well, yes, but, but, I should be able to wear my cross. It's the symbol of my Lord and Savior!"

"Fine. Then you can take yourself along *with* the symbol of your Lord and Savior out of this house right now and never come back."

Silence. What a bad scene right off the bat. But it got worse when Hannah's eyes narrowed and she said, "That seems fairly discriminatory, Miss Kezzy."

Kezzy's glare snapped to Hannah. "Does it, now? Discriminatory? It's a good thing for you we don't discriminate against girls with 1.3 grade-point averages, hmm?"

Hannah's mouth fell open. "You didn't have to say that in *front* of everybody!" Her shitty grades were something she tried hard to keep from others. A pride thing. So she'd lie

about them just like she lied about her weight, "boyfriends" she'd never really had, how she was the darling of her rich family when she was actually the clunker. You know the type.

"What about you, Ann?" Kezzy's gaze felt like an ice-cold draft. "Do you feel I'm being discriminatory, *you* meaning a girl with a 1.2 average?"

"No, Miss Kezzy," I sucked right up. "Mercy, take the cross off. Rules are rules. Jesus isn't gonna condemn you to hell for obeying the rules, is He?"

"Well, no," she peeped. "He does know that I'm His faithful servant."

"Good. So take it off. And Hannah, you need to get into a sorority as bad as I do, so why not...appeal to Miss Kezzy's good nature and say you're sorry for implying that she's discriminatory?"

Hannah —the pussy —wiped a tear out of her eye. "I'm sorry, Miss Kezzy."

We all looked at Mercy. She gulped and took off the cross.

Kezzy smiled. "Good!"

Time out, just so you get the gist. Girls always have their own reasons for wanting to get into a sorority, but nine times out of ten it's got something to do with family. You have to *prove* something to your family, you have to *prove* to them that you can fit in the way *they* did when they were in college; you have to give them something to yack about at dinner parties, you know, "Oh, my daughter so-and-so is in the best sorority!" It indicated *refinement* or some shit. The fact was, me, Hannah, and Mercy were three misfits who'd been turned down by every house on the row. Mercy wanted in because her parents told her they'd stop paying for college if she didn't "socialize" more, said her obsession with church was making her too introverted, and even though her grades were average, her dad didn't want to spend the bucks just to have his daughter wind up in a convent holding a \$200,000 degree. With Hannah, it was her sisters. Three princesses, and she was the ugly ducking. They were *all* in sororities, and she was sick to death of her parents always asking her why she couldn't be like her sisters. My reason's more blunt. My folks are pigshit rich, but they "won't stand" to have an "under-achiever" for a daughter. "A little motivation's what you need," my dad said to me when I eked out my high school diploma after getting an academic waiver —which dad *paid* for —and then I got busted on graduation night for buying pot. (Oh, and I gotta add that blowjobs were more the reason I graduated, not studying.) The short version? Dad gave me the ultimatum: "Graduate from college or you're out of the will." Shit, that inheritance is *the only thing* I got going for me. He and mom both smoke and drink bigtime, so, shit, they'll both probably be in the ground by the time they're fifty. But if I don't pass college they're gonna leave everything to —can you believe it? — the fuckin' Salvation Army. So it was sink or swim time for me, and I'd been pretty much sinking my whole life. Now, you're probably wondering

something like, *What's she talking about? Getting into a sorority can't guarantee a college diploma.*

I'll get to that part in a bit.

Anyway, the air cleared after the fuss about the cross, and Kezzy put her phony smiling fuck-you face right back on like nothing happened. Remember, she'd just poured the coffee, so now she asked, "I trust you girls would all like cream?"

"Lots of cream, yes, Miss Kezzy," Hannah said. "And sugar, please, thank you."

"Just a little cream for me, please, Miss Kezzy," said the sulking Mercy.

My turn. "I'd prefer mine black, Miss Kezzy."

She scowled. "So. *You're* the maverick now, Ann? Everyone *else* wants cream, but *you* don't? Are you too *good* to have cream like the rest of the girls? Hmm?"

Oh, for fuck's sake! "I'm sorry, Miss Kezzy. I meant that I *do* want cream."

"Good." Snip. She glanced over her shoulder toward the door. "Zenas!"

NOW what? I thought. I dared to speak. "Urn, Miss Kezzy? Who's Zenas, if I may ask?"

"Why, Zenas is the maid, Ann."

"Isn't, uh, isn't the name Zenas a *man's* name? An old name from Colonial days? Old Yankee, or whatever they call it?"

"Yes, it is."

Me, Hannah, and Mercy all looked at each other, but I was the one who kept talking. "You mean the Alpha House *maid*... is a *man*?"

"That's correct, Ann," but then she shot a glare toward Hannah. "You see, we don't *discriminate* here."

I guess I suspected that shit was seriously fucked up all along, you know, subconsciously. But there was no doubt when the kitchen door swung open, and in walked this brawny, strapping, ox-necked guy with biceps that looked like fuckin' mangoes. He had kind of greasy rednecky hair and serious five o'clock shadow. But, see, it's what he was *wearing*...

He was wearing a *maid's* outfit.

"Oh, my gosh!" Mercy squealed, and she was actually laughing. She thought it was a

joke.

"Come on!" Hannah exclaimed. "What kind of gag is this?"

But, me? I think I'd already gotten the idea because I'd heard all the stories about "hazing." All I said was "Oh, fuck."

"Zenas," Kezzy introduced. "Meet our three new pledges. Mercy, Hannah, and Ann."

"Hey-yuh, girlies. En't a bad place ta live'n dew yew're larnin', eh?" the guy said in the heaviest New England redneck accent I ever heard. No lie, this rube was decked out in the real deal: black stockings, the short fringy petticoat thing, a serving apron, laced cuffs, even a fuckin' bodice and matching pumps. And I could tell right off the bat he was no swish. It had to be another one of Kezzy's gigs; you'll know what I mean later, about how she *loved* to demean people. But even before it happened I knew what was going on here, which tells you just how deep in the gutter my mind lives. "Miss Kezzy? May I ask the maid a question?"

"Of course, Ann."

I couldn't help eyeballing the guy's pecs bulging through the black bodice. "Zenas, why's a gorgeous meat-rack like you dressed up like a French maid? Ain't no way you're gay, ain't no way you're a transvestite. So..."

He shot his pecs, then —I guess it's called pronation — *pro-nated* his arms to show off the triceps. "Kezzy, she pays me some long coin, ee-yuh, Whud'jew think, fattie?"

You have no idea how much I appreciated the "fattie."

"Zenas is compensated one thousand dollars per week to serve as Alpha House's maid. He's also quite a serviceable housekeeper, cook, and driver."

Somehow I figured he was also a quite serviceable cock vendor, reserved exclusively for Kezzy.

"This is ridiculous!" Hannah said. "I can't believe he's dressed up like that!"

Mercy just kept giggling.

Kezzy gave her most smug smile yet. "Zenas. Pour the cream."

"Wuz hopin' yud ask. En't got one off since yestuh-dee, new suh," he gruffed and kind of hitched his hips when he slipped down the pantyhose and pulled out a cock that looked like something hanging in a deli. Then, right there in front of us, he began to beat off.

Mercy screamed like a train whistle, and Hannah, she brought her hands to her face like that Edvard Munch painting that got stolen. But me?

I just pursed my lips and nodded.

Zenas kept whipping his flaccid cock until it started to go. The fuckin' thing *had* to be ten inches, and it was about as thick *as* a can of Red Bull. I'd seen some off-the-wall shit in my life, but this? Shit. For some reason, it wouldn't have been quite so bad if he hadn't been wearing the maid suit. And the sound of the guy jerking off was like someone slapping raw burger.

Hannah just sat there, open-eyed and open-mouthed, but Mercy squealed, "What, what is he *doing!*"

Kezzy looked to me. "Ann, you seem to be more cognizant than the others. Why don't you tell our naive friend here what he's doing?"

I rubbed my face. "He's gonna come in the coffee cups, Mercy. And we gotta drink it."

Mercy looked like someone just walked right up to her and kicked her in the cunt. "What? *Come?* What do you mean?"

"He's going to *ejaculate* in our coffee, bonehead. It's a sorority prank, you know. *Cream in your coffee?* Get it?"

"No!" she wailed. "You mean like, like...sperm?"

"Yeah, Mercy. Sperm. Dicksnot. Man-batter. So just...get ready."

They watched in shock as Zenas began to huff and twitch. It really was the most ludicrous thing I've ever seen: a grown man in a maid's outfit, jerking off in *coffee*. Eventually the guy's nuts bunched up, and then he —what's the word? He *inclined* his pelvis over the table edge, and said, "Cream on the way..." He fired two big spurts into Mercy's cup, grunted, "Two fuh yew, string bean," then two into the second cup, "Two fuh yew, Bigfoot," then...

The asshole *rips five* spurts off into my cup.

"Eeee-YUH. Extra cream fuh Jobbessa the Hut."

This guy's load was so thick it looked like Udon noodles coming out of his dick. My karma, I'll tell you. Oh, and I really appreciated that Jobbessa crack.

Hannah kept looking shell-shocked, and Mercy was *vibrating* in her seat. Meanwhile, Zenas slapped the rest out on the table, and it was like someone slapping a pork loin

down. Then he shoved all his deflated junk back into his pantyhose. "Theer's yer cream, ladies," and then he laughed. There were little wisps of white film floating on top, but I knew what was sitting in the bottom...

Jesus Christ, Mercy was *crying* now. She pointed to the cups with a shaking finger. "We, we...we have *to...drink it?*"

"Fraid so," I said. "Miss Kezzy didn't go to all this trouble just to have us look at it."

"Maybe, maybe," Hannah stuttered, "maybe we really don't have to. Like maybe, maybe, Miss Kezzy just wants to gross us out. And maybe, like, just before we're *about* to drink it, she'll say we don't have to."

At that remark, we all looked up to Kezzy. The expression on her face was like a fuckin' bust of Napoleon.

"I wouldn't count on that," I said.

"But why?" Mercy kept wailing. "Why do we have to drink it?"

"It's *hazing*, Mercy," I told her. "That's just the way it is, it's tradition. It you want to get into a sorority, you have to go through an initiation period. When our parents were in college, they'd have to do stuff like moon the dean, or toilet-paper the police station, pull a jock-trap raid, or walk around with a dunce hat for a week, candy-ass stuff like that. But in *this* day and age, it's different. You gotta eat a banana you wiped your ass with, run across the quad naked, fuck a guy on the dean's front yard, or, or—"

I pointed to the coffee cups.

Kezzy crossed her arms and tapped her foot. "I'm waiting, girls. Would you like to sit here all day, or would you like to see your room?"

I sighed. (I'd be sighing a lot over the next week.) "Come on. Let's just do it. We *have* to do it."

"I'm not drinking coffee with sperm in it!" Mercy wailed. "I've never even *seen* sperm before, much less *tasted* it!"

"Neither have I!" Hannah added.

"Oh, fuck you, Hannah!" I yelled. "You've sucked plenty of dicks. You told me so!"

"I can't *believe* you just told them that!"

"Look," I tried to reason. "If we don't do it, we're out. It all ends right here the first day,

then we go back to our loser lives and we'll be flunked out by the end of next semester. So let's just do it and get it *over* with."

"But I'm a Christian!" Mercy shrieked. "I can't drink coffee with *sperm* in it! It's a sin!"

"Bullshit, Mercy. Does it say that in the Bible? Does it specifically *say* you can't drink coffee with sperm in it?"

"Well, well, no, but-"

"Did somebody pull a stone tablet out of a bush that said Thou shalt not drink coffee with sperm in it?"

Her lower lip trembled. "Well. No..."

"Then shut up, stop whining, stop being a pain in the ass, and drink the goddamn coffee!" I yelled at her.

"You didn't have to use the Lord's name in vain!" she sobbed.

"Oh, for fuck's sake," I mumbled.

Kezzy's foot continued to tap. "So, girls? How many of you are weaklings and how many of you are Alpha House material? Make up your minds now. No one's forcing you to stay. Is Ann the only one who truly wants to be in this sorority? Hmm? Well, I'll give you to the count of three. One... Two..."

I picked up my cup.

"Oh my God, oh my God!" Hannah groaned.

"I don't think I *can!*" Mercy squealed next.

"Three."

I swallowed my coffee in one gulp, and could feel all that cum floating down with it. Then I slammed the cup on the table and looked at the others.

Mercy and Hannah's faces were shriveled up like prunes, but believe it or not, they chugged theirs down too. Mercy actually fell back in her chair and hit the floor, and Hannah started hacking.

"Congratulations, girls," Kezzy told us. "You've passed the first test." Her foot tapped. "Now let's see how many of you have the fortitude to pass the rest."

Aside from having a dirty mouth, I've got a *big* mouth. I was never "pretty" so I grew up like a Tom Boy, I guess they call it, and for some reason trash-talk always stuck to me. I'm like some punk, pain-in-the-ass teenage boy from a trailer park clap-trapping around all the time on a skateboard and cussing, but I've got the body of a fat *girl*. Dad's money's the only thing that got me into a school like this.

The school's called Dunwich Women's College, and it's very much a private institution. Huge tuitions, no scholarships, no athletic programs, nothing like that. Rich girls who couldn't get into Harvard or Yale went to Dunwich 'cos they didn't care about GPA's for the first semester. Lotta parents packed their daughters off here because they knew they couldn't get into much trouble. The nearest coed college was fifty miles away. Daddy knew he could send Princess to Dunwich and not worry about her getting knocked up. Nearest decent-sized town was Wilbraham, like, seventy miles west, and even *that's* about as dull as dull gets. Dunwich was in the sticks, in other words. There was, like, *nothing* to do off campus. The location kept the girls out of mischief, or I should say the girls in any sorority but Alpha House.

Because my high school grades were so low, when the first semester starts here next week, I'll be on academic probation. That means I get *one more semester* to get my grades up, or I'm out. And that's what I want to get to next—the deal with Alpha House's rep for helping girls get their grades up. But I'll tell you about the house first.

Alpha House looks like every other house on Greek Row. Old but well-tended, white-painted brick, big bow windows, plus second-story dormers sticking out of the roof. It's also got these stone pillars across the front porch. I guess *stately* is the word. Only weird thing is the letter A on the door looks more Arabic than Greek, and there's this word on a little brass plaque just underneath it that says *Azif* in cursive letters, almost as if they're saying it's Azif House, not Alpha House. But I'd seen the inside of just about every other sorority house during application week, *then* I saw the inside of Alpha House. All I can say is *holy* FUCK. It blows every other house away by a mile. It even looks better than the inside of my *parents'* house, and *that* hell-hole cost six million. I'm talking the best furniture, the best carpet, the best fixtures, the best everything. *Giant* crystal chandelier in the foyer. Statues and oil paintings all over the place; huge plasma TV's all over the place, too, even in the bathrooms, and the fuckin' bathrooms look like something you'd expect in Bill Gates' house. Shit, they've got *heated toilet seats*. When I asked Kezzy why this sorority house was so much fancier inside than the other houses, the snooty bitch said it's 'cos of contributions from Alpha House alumni. Well, all I can say to that is she's talking *serious* contributions. Oh, and the Alpha House car? It's a Rolls fuckin' Royce. No bullshit.

Anyway, here's the deal with the grades—the matriculation rate or whatever they call it. See, Alpha House has its own tutoring program. Any girl who gets admitted to the

sorority, if she's got shitty grades, the tutors help her. Kezzy even showed us the stats: *Every single Alpha House sister*, since, like the 1800's when the school was founded, graduated with honors. No exceptions. They all got 4.0 averages.

No exceptions.

So with stats like that, I figured even a lazy, unmotivated loaf like me could get a college degree, and with a college degree?

Dad would keep me in the will.

That's why getting into Alpha House meant so much to me. In fact, it meant more to me than anything else in the world. Any girl could get into the sorority if they passed all the tests during pledge week, but not any girl could *apply*. Here's where I lucked out —and it's pretty fucked up, too, and after the cum in the coffee thing, you're already getting the gist that there's a *whole lot* that's fucked up about Alpha House.

See, you have to be a virgin to get in. Kid you not—a *virgin*. It's the first question on the fuckin' application: ARE YOU A VIRGIN? It sounded like more pledge foolishness to me —like if a girl lied and said yes, how could they check? A fuckin' lie-detector, or hypnosis, or a GYN exam? But for me it didn't matter because, technically, I *was* a virgin. I've blown a lot of guys, sure, and I've taken it in the rear a bunch of times, too (shit, a *whole bunch* of times), but since there's never been a penis in my vagina, as far as I'm concerned, that makes me a virgin. So I didn't even have to lie on the app, as ridiculous as the whole thing was. If you're a fat girl in this day and age, you pretty much *have* to suck dick if you want guys to have anything to do with you, and you've got to take it up the ass, too. If some dude had *wanted* to put it in my pussy, I'm sure I would've gone for it. But no one ever did. And I know the reason. It's the "fat girl" thing. To most guys, if you're a fat girl, you're desperate, and guys *like* the desperation element. They also like the degradation element; it turns them on. "Yeah, I cornholed a fat girl last night, har-har-har," they'd tell their buddies like it was a badge of honor. Or, "Blew a load right down the fat bitch's throat, and the 'ho loved it." That sort of thing. It's really depressing that people can even be that way, that they can *disregard* you that much, just because you're fat and most everyone else is beautiful. But the most depressing part of all is me going along with it. Usually the guys had pot or beer so, sure, but mostly? It's because I was lonely.

Pathetic, huh?

Anyway, there you have it. I was a virgin only by circumstance, and that turned out to be my good luck as far as Alpha House went. In fact, now that I think on it, it was the first time in my life I'd ever had an advantage over anybody; it's not like 19-year-old virgins grew on trees. Hannah was pretty much in the same boat; she'd never been fucked 'cos no guy'd ever wanted to fuck her. But she'd blown her share of dudes for the same reason as me, and taken it up the butt a few times, too — not that she'd ever admit it. And Mercy?

Christ, all you had to do was *look* at her to know she was a virgin. I doubt she'd ever even kissed a guy. To her, any intimacy out of wedlock was a sin. I wouldn't be surprised if we were the only three virgins on the whole fuckin' campus. And it didn't matter if the whole virgin thing turned out to be a sham—all I cared about was having a chance to get into Alpha House.

Kezzy showed us our room right after "coffee." Pledges all had to share the same room and this one wasn't bad, just a typical dorm room with bunk beds, desks, a TV. But, "Once you've passed your tests during Pledge Week," Kezzy told us, "you each get your own room, a room like mine," and then the Pam-Anderson-looking 'ho showed us *her* room...

"Wow!" Mercy exclaimed.

"It's *beautiful!*" Hannah said.

But I was speechless. Kezzy's crib looked like a smaller version of the Presidential Suite at the Mayflower. She had a *round* bed with a mirrored ceiling, a vanity that could've been Queen Elizabeth's, the highest-class furniture, even her own fucking sauna. The haughty bitch pushed a button, then the entire wall opened up to reveal the entertainment system, the centerpiece of which was a 100-inch plasma TV. Shit, I didn't even know they *made* them that big. After a minute of gawping, I finally said, "This is the coolest room I've ever seen..."

Kezzy's high-heels took her across the shag carpet where something seemed to catch her eye. All of a sudden she looked distracted.

It was an oil painting she was looking at. I mean, it had obviously been there since the day she moved into the room but the way she was looking at it, you'd think it was Mercy looking at a painting of Jesus. What's the word? Reverence! That's it. Kezzy was looking at this old oil painting with *reverence* in her eyes.

Weirdest thing was, the painting itself. It was just an old shack on a hill with straggly open fields around it. Nighttime. A full moon in the sky.

"What's with the painting of the old shack, Miss Kezzy?" I asked.

"It's more than a shack," she snipped sternly, but when she turned, I saw a tear in her eye. "It's something very near and dear to me, and it'll be near and dear to you...if you've got what it takes to be an Alpha Sister."

I didn't know *what* she was talking about, but I didn't push it, either, 'cos I could tell it was a touchy subject. All I could think was, *It's just a fuckin' shack. Why have a gorgeous pad like this and hang a picture like THAT in it?*

"Oh, Miss Kezzy? What's this?" Hannah asked, pointing to a much smaller picture frame on the back of the door. "It looks real old."

"It is indeed, very old, Hannah," the Senior Sister said. "It's a very old and very important document, and I'd like all three of you to look at it now."

We approached the door, squinting. Like she said, it wasn't another painting, it was a document, yellowed with age. Big handwriting read:

Transfer Of Land Title & Deed

Witnesseth:

On this 30th Daye of Aprill, in ye Yeare 1750, I, Micah Whatley, do hereby grant to my deare Friend & Confidante, Mr. Joseph Curwen, of Stamper's Hill in the Rhode Island Colony, one hundred Hectares of my Land in the East Region, commencing at ye Glenn know'n as ye Cold Spring Glenn & extending to ye stone Fence of ye Roade know'n as ye Ayles-bury Roade, in ye Towne of Dunwich, formerly know'n as New Dunnich, in the Colony of Massachusetts.

**Sighed,
Micah Whatley
Joseph Curwen
Witness: Elmer Frye, Recorder of Deeds**

"An old land deed or something," I said.

"What land?" Hannah asked.

Mercy just looked at it, her nose scrunching like at a stink.

"Who knows what a hectare is?" Kezzy asked.

None of us knew.

"Such a *bright* group of pledges this time." Kezzy smirked. "It's how they measure land sections in England, and most of Europe now, actually. But in England, they've measured land in hectares since just after the time of the Romans."

"But this says Massachusetts," Mercy whined. "That's not England."

"That's very astute of you, Mercy. You should be on Jeopardy," Kezzy laid on the sarcasm. "But in 1750 what country owned the colonies?"

"England," I said.

"I knew that!" Hannah said.

"No, you didn't, you dim, dim bulb," Kezzy kept on. "A hectare equals about 240 acres, and in that deed a man named Micah Whatley legally gave 100 hectares of his land to a friend of his named Joseph Curwen. Now, girls, why might this be important to you?"

Hannah raised her finger. "Because....," then she sighed. "I don't know!"

"Well, the college is named Dunwich," I took a stab, "and that same name is on the deed, so I guess those 100 hectares that Whatley gave to this man Curwen wound up being some of the land this college was built on."

"Very good, Ann! Not only are you the fattest pledge this year, but evidently the smartest!"

I really appreciated that.

"Dunwich College was actually *founded* by Joseph Curwen, shortly thereafter, with an endowment he'd amassed specifically for that purpose, and his friend gave him the land on which the campus was later built," Kezzy explained. "You'll learn more as Pledge Week proceeds. Now, for the next five minutes, I'd like you girls to read that deed over and over again, at the same time contemplating its importance. While you're doing that, I'll tend to a momentary private matter."

Of all the silly *shit*. I expected her to leave the room, for whatever "private matter" she had to do but when I looked over my shoulder, I saw her standing at the other side of the room, staring up at that old painting of the shack.

"Ann?" she said without seeing that I was looking at her. "Do you have a problem comprehending instructions from the Senior Sorority Sister?"

"No, Miss Kezzy."

"Then why are you looking over your shoulder at me when I *just* instructed you to look at the document? Hmm?"

Cunt. "Sorry, Miss Kezzy." I kept my face pointed at the dumb-ass document. Re-read it to myself a couple of times, then just waited. But when I glanced to the right to admire that dynamite vanity, I caught the reflection of Kezzy's back, and when what I was seeing registered, I almost had to put my hand in my mouth to keep from laughing...

Kezzy was *playing* with herself. I'm *not* making this up. She was standing there with her

feet apart, looking up at that ridiculous shack painting, and she had her skirt up and her panties pulled down. The motion of her right elbow left no doubt. She kept whispering to herself, "Fuck, fuck, oh, yeah... Fuck," like that, then she goes up on her tiptoes, arches her back, and mutters, "Shit, fuck, oooooo..."

I just shook my head. I could understand if she'd been looking at a picture of Brad Pitt. But...an old shack?

Crazy...

"Now go unpack," Kezzy said when she turned with a flushed face, "choose your bunks, and get more acquainted. Dinner's at seven. One thing you'll like —and I mean you, Ann, and Hannah, in particular—is that we *serve fabulous* meals here at Alpha House. Tonight, for example, Zenas will be serving two-pound New Zealand lobster tails."

The lobster tails sounded great, but I *had* to smirk. "Miss Kezzy? I presume that when you said Hannah and I *in particular...you* meant that because *we're fat*?"

Her flushed expression didn't change. "You *presume* quite correctly, Ann. Am I detecting a touch of the smartass? Hmm? Fat and dejected is one thing, but there's really little that's less commendable than a fat, dejected *smartass*." Her perfect fuck-in' teeth sparkled at me. "Please keep that in mind. And, now, girls? Be on your way. If you must know, it's wearisome for a high-spirit like me to be in the presence of three exceedingly *Imp* auras such as yourselves for any length of time." She batted her long lashes. "No offense."

Oh! None taken! I thought.

We went back to our room and stowed our stuff.

"How do you like that Barbie Doll battle ax?" I gruffed when the door was closed. "I *hate* girls with implants. It turns their personalities to shit."

"Jesus! Did you hear what she said about us?" Hannah whined.

Mercy looked shocked. "Why did you have to say *Jesus*?"

"Shut up, Mercy," I said. "Sure, it's tough taking the shit she flings, but remember — during Pledge Week, that's the way it goes. If we don't like it, we can lump it. And I *can't* lump it. I *have* to do this."

"We all do," Mercy piped.

"Basically, all this is a week's worth of pranks. We can hack *that*, can't we?"

"Drinking coffee with *cum* in it is just a prank?" Hannah complained.

"Well, yeah, that *was* a little over the top..."

"It tasted *awful!*" Mercy made a face that looked like a Gumby doll in a vise. "I almost upchucked."

Great... We started unpacking but I heard voices in the hall, so I cracked the door and we all peeked outside. Zenas, in his maid's suit, was walking toward the stairs with Kezzy, and in that smooth and very appealing New England accent, he said, "Shee-it, Kezzy. Which dog pound yew get them three from?" but he pronounced "dog pound" as *dog pee-aound*. "En't seen me a uglier crew, thet's for shuh. Even wuss than last year."

"He's so mean!" Hannah whispered after I closed the door.

"Dog pound?" Mercy questioned. "What's he mean by that?"

"It means we're *dogs*, Mercy," I informed her. How she could have a C average in high school and still be that dumb, I couldn't tell you. "It means we're ugly."

"Yeah, well, he can go to heck!"

"It's weird, though," I told them, putting my stuff in a dresser. "Alpha House had three pledges last year, and I met them all, talked to them during orientation. In fact, they're the ones who told me about the sorority in the first place. And guess what? None of them were dogs. They were all hotties like Kezzy."

"But didn't he just say that we're uglier than the ones from last year?" Hannah asked.

"That's what it sounded like to me."

"And what was the fuss about that old silly document on the wall?" Mercy asked next.

Just an old land deed. "Who knows?" I didn't even bother to tell them I'd seen Kezzy playing with herself while she was staring at the even sillier shack painting. Who would believe it?

We flipped coins and I lost -I *always* lose things like that - so I got stuck with the top bunk. I just sat up there awhile, staring at the wall and wondering what the fuck I'd done with my life...

Around seven, Zenas barged in, chest bulging in the frilly bodice.

"Thanks for knocking," I said.

"Daon't get smurt, fattie," he said.

"You mean *smart* ? Is that what you said? I thought you said *smurt*."

The tough redneck face eyeballed me. "Td wutch thet if n I was yew," and then he rubbed his junk. "I jess might have ta bust yew're cherry. Then yew'd be aout."

"So the virgin thing *isn't* a sham?" I asked. "It's for real?"

"Fuh reel, aw right, and if'n yew girlies're lyin', Kezzy'll personally throw you aout the haouse."

The other girls stared at this freak in sheer horror, but I said, "What do you want, *Zeena*?"

The room turned dead silent.

"It's time fuh dinner, but fust..." The big hands on those gorgeous muscular arms shot upward, grabbed me under the armpits, and next thing I knew, I was on my knees right before him, and he'd already pulled down the pantyhose to get his cock out.

"Yew ast whut I want? How's ababout a blowjob?"

I looked, first, at his fat cock, then up at his face. "You're shitting me, right? I'd rather hang myself than blow a redneck in a maid's suit."

"Aw, thet's tew bad, fattie," and then he started putting his junk back.

"Wait, wait, wait, wait!" I blurted. "Are you implying that if I *don't* blow you, I'll get kicked out of Alpha House?"

"Mebbe, mebbe not. But whut'jew gotta understand is Kezzy caounts on me fuh my input. I could put in a good wurd fuh ya, or's a bad wurd."

"So you're *blackmailing* me to suck your dick?"

"New, jus givin' ya a choice," but he pronounced "choice" as *churce*, the hayseed. "Curn't *make* ya dew it. Hail, that'd be sum kind'a rape, I 'spose. Whut I'se reely dewin', though, is dewin' yew a favor."

"A favor!" I yelled. "By letting me blow you?"

"Ee-yuh. See what Kezzy durn't like is gals with sass, and gals with lotta sass ken git theerselves kicked aout'a heer a right fast. But what I'se larn't in my time is a cock in a chick's maouth is the *best* way tew tamp down her sass."

"Oh, bullshit! You just want head!"

"Wai... Thet tew. But a'curse, it's *yew're* decision..."

My shoulders couldn't have slumped lower. I just pulled the asshole's pantyhose back down, stuffed his dick in my mouth, and started sucking. It got big quick; in fact, the damn thing was *so fat* I could barely get my lips around it, and it didn't help that the dude'd been sweating in those pantyhose all day, either.

Dick-stink, you know?

Then the rude bastard actually grabbed my ears and started pumping his hips. How romantic. "Ee-yuh, ee-yuh, that's a good li'l fattie," he grunted, and then, "Boo-yaa!" The shit fired right down my throat so hard I thought it'd go in my fuckin' epiglottis or whatever it's called. Best way to keep from choking was to just swallow as fast as I could, so that's what I did. When he was done, he pushed my face off, and I swear when his dick came out of my mouth, it made a sound like a cork coming out of a bottle.

I fell back against the edge of the lower bunk. He patted my head and said, "Yew suck like a champ, fattie."

"Oh, thanks very much. That's a *very nice* thing to say..."

He clapped his hands. "Come on, losers! Time fuh dinner!"

We filed out after him, and all I could think about now was that big two-pound lobster tail waiting for me. Thinking about it took my mind off the gruesome fact that I now had *two* of Zenas' loads in my stomach. But just then he looked back at me and said, "And it's a good thing yew swallowed, Ann." Needless to say, he pronounced the word "swallowed" as *swallered*. We headed down the beautiful curved staircase. "See, theer en't no spittin' heer et Alpha Haouse. But...Kezzy'll 'splain the rest'a thet tew yawl later."

Me, Hannah, and Mercy all looked at each other.

"What the hell does that mean?" Hannah said.

"Yuh-yuh...yeah?" Mercy said.

"Hey, Zenas!" I called ahead. "What did you mean by that? Kezzy'll explain *what* later?"

But Zenas just laughed and led us into the dining room.

Hindsight gave me a pretty good clue what he meant. I'd heard about this girl at USC last year who had to swallow the cum of, like, fifty guys as part of her sorority hazing. The guys all jerked off in a teflon sauce pan, and that poor stupid bitch drank it all, then had to

have her stomach pumped at the hospital. Would love to have seen the look on the doctor's face who did *that* job. None of us really *said* anything about Zenas's remark, but I think we all knew deep-down that we'd have to suck a *lot* of dicks if we wanted to make it through Pledge Week.

The dining room looked fit for a king's banquet. Twenty-foot-long table, silk napkins, *gold* knives, spoons, and forks, Sterling dinner plates. Another crystal chandelier overhead. Fuck. This house had *money*. Mercy and Hannah sat down but before I could, Kezzy's voice called out from the hall behind us.

"Zenas! Have Ann come in here a minute, please."

Zenas shot his thumb toward the hall. "Yew heerd her, fat-tie. The powder room, just off the foyer."

Now what the fuck is THIS all about? I wondered and went to the foyer. I saw a door open a few inches, and Kezzy's hand shot out, and her finger pointed, then curled inward.

"Here, Ann."

I walked in. "What the-"

"Hello, Ann," Kezzy said. "Are you and the others properly settled in your room?"

I just kind of stood there gaping, when I answered, "Yes, Miss *Kezzy*," because the floozy was sitting on the toilet right there in front of me with her skirt jacked up and her panties down to her ankles. Her back was arched and her chest was thrust forward. She grunted daintily and —

plip!

I saw a little turd hit the toilet water in the V between her legs.

"Pardon me a moment, Ann. I'm defecating."

"I can see that!"

"And don't be uncomfortable. After all, we are both women, aren't we?"

I nodded, kind of numb. Her pussy, by the way, was shaved bald. And, as I might have expected, it was a *perfect* pussy...

"There is, however, a transitive *reason* why I happen to be defecating while giving you the opportunity to witness it," she said, and then she relaxed and —

"Ahhhhh..."

— began to pee.

"You see, I'm testing your powers of observation." The stream of tinkle dribbled down. "Now, watch very carefully, and — please — be observant." She stood up, pulled her panties back up and her skirt back down, flushed the toilet, washed her hands in the marble-basined sink, then said, "Come along," and took me back to the dining room.

Immediately, I thought, *What finishing school did YOU go to? You forgot to wipe your ass!*

"Hello, girls," she greeted. "I trust you're all settled and find your room satisfactory?"

"Yes, Miss Kezzy," Hannah and Mercy said.

I started to move off but Kezzy stopped me. "Don't sit down just yet, Ann." Then she turned right to me, unbuttoned her blouse, and pulled her boobs out.

The room went dead-silent, just like upstairs.

See, Kezzy's boobs were the kind that just about any girl would *sell their soul* to have. They were perfect 38DD's, with just as perfect medium-pink nipples big around as silver dollars.

She walked to the end of the table where Hannah and Mercy sat. "Girls?" she said. "I'd like each of you to take a moment and feel my breasts," and she leaned them over toward Hannah. Hannah's eyes went wide; she hesitated, and then eventually touched Kezzy's boobs.

"Don't be bashful, Hannah. Squeeze them." She chuckled. "And you needn't worry. I'm not a lesbian."

Hannah squeezed them a few times, still tongue-tied, and then Kezzy put them right up to Mercy.

"Go on, Mercy. I assure you, this isn't a sexual thing, so there's no reason to fret about Christian sin. I'm merely initiating an exercise of observation, the reason of which will be revealed momentarily."

"I-I-I," Mercy blabbered, then she squeezed her eyes shut and felt Kezzy's tits.

"Good, good." Kezzy's smile beamed when she walked right up to me, boobs out-thrust. "Feel my breasts, Ann."

I did what she said but was already feeling a little sick.

"There. Now." Kezzy redid her blouse, crossed her arms, and began tapping her foot in that irritating way she always did. "Observation lends itself toward experience — *tactile* observation just as much as visual observation. During the time each of you were feeling my absolutely beautiful breasts, did any of you receive the impression that they were *implants*?"

Mercy and Hannah shook their heads in silence. Then Kezzy's smile collapsed and turned back into that Napoleon-bust grimace. "Earlier, our friend Ann here made the remark that she '*hates* girls with implants,' Ann, who were you referring to, since you now know beyond a doubt that my breasts are one-hundred-percent natural? Hmm?"

Then I got the gist, like that, like a light switch, and that's why I suddenly wanted to throw up. My voice sounded like rocks being ground together when I said, "You've got a bug in our room, don't you?"

"Why, of course, you silly, drab, dour, overweight thing, you. We have tiny microphones all over Alpha House, and each and every one of them is turned on during Pledge Week." She pulled her panties down and her skirt up. "Ah, but as the old adage goes: the best way to learn is the *hard* way. Yes?" and then she leaned over the table. "Ann? The 'Barbie Doll battle ax' wants you to lick her ass." She spread her butt cheeks wide.

My knees were wobbling. "But, but...you didn't...wipe..."

"Very good! You're observant after all! No, I deliberately did *not* wipe myself after defecating, Ann, because, as punishment for your bad attitude, your obstinance, and your shameful be-hind-my-back insults, *you* will wipe for me. With your tongue."

I stared at her ass. It was perfect, just like her boobs and pussy, the kind of ass I'd do anything to have but knew I never *would* have. No matter how much weight I lost, how much exercise, whatever. Bad genes versus great genes, I guess. Kezzy had the best body I'd ever seen on a woman, period. I envied it, and I guess that just made me hate her more. Great body, sure, but she was a shitty person, so that had to count for *something*, right?

All in all, though, it didn't matter how great her ass *looked*. She had *shit* in her crack right now, and if I wanted to stay in Alpha House...

I had to lick it.

"Well, Ann? Just how badly do you want to be an Alpha Sister?"

I got down on my knees. *Holy, holy shit...*

Hannah looked petrified, but it was Mercy who piped up, "Don't do it, Ann! Don't let

Miss Kezzy manipulate you like that! It isn't right!"

"Really, Mercy?" Kezzy said. "I think I'm being quite a generous sport about this. In the past, any Pledge with the audacity to *insult* the Senior Sorority Sister has been immediately expelled from the house. I *could* do that, but I'm not. Ann, do you believe you should be punished for your insults?"

I had no choice but to answer, "Yes, Miss Kezzy."

"But it's demeaning!" Mercy harped. "Don't do it, Ann! It's not the end of the world if you don't get into Alpha House!"

I just kept staring at her butt-crack. I could see some brown in there...

"I'm glad you said that, Mercy," Kezzy remarked, still bent over the table. "I believe that Ann *will* do it, because — *unlike* you — she has resolve. She has set a goal for herself, and that goal is to become an esteemed Alpha House Sister, and she will do anything necessary to achieve that goal. Of course, there are very rare occasions when I'm wrong. If Ann decides right this very minute to get up, put her things back in her suitcase, and leave this house...then you, Mercy, will lick my ass in her stead."

"Do it, Ann!" Mercy railed. "Don't be a sissy. Just do it and get it over with!"

"You're so predictable, Mercy," Kezzy chuckled.

Fuckin' Mercy. But Kezzy — correction, *fuckin'* Kezzy — was right. A second later, my face was stuck right up her unwiped butt, my tongue wagging away. That smear of poop over her butt-hole came off on the first lick, and let me tell you—it's a taste that takes a long time to go away. I tried to breathe through my mouth but that only worked part way. After a few more licks I just said fuck it, and lapped her asshole like a dog licking its master's face.

"Good, good, Ann. That feels quite nice. Five more minutes will be sufficient."

When you're licking ass, five minutes seems like five hours. Ever try eating ass? Don't. Oh, and get this. The bitch was fingering her clit while I was doing it, and she even had the balls to reach around with one hand and push the back of my head to get my mouth tighter. Then she kind of tensed up, stamped a foot, and got off. She even squealed. When she said, "That's enough now, Ann. Your punishment has been dispensed," I jumped up and ran to the powder room. I washed my face and lips with the bar of soap, then I even *sucked* the bar to try and get the taste out. *Two-pound lobster tail*, I kept thinking. At least I had *something* to look forward to. But even with the soap-taste in my mouth, I could still taste a ghost of her shit.

"What the hell's this?" I demanded when I got back to the dining room. Kezzy and Zenas

were cutting into their giant, broiled lobster tails and dipping the chunks in drawn butter, but Hannah and Mercy were dragging their spoons through these little plastic cups. There was an identical cup on my plate. "This looks like yogurt!"

"It is, Ann. The store-brand kind," Kezzy said and ate another chunk of butter-dipped lobster.

"That's fucked up! You said we were having lobster tails!" I yelled.

"Ann? It's uncouth to raise your voice at the table," Kezzy chided me. "And, yes, I did say, precisely, that Zenas would be serving two-pound lobster tails tonight. But I *never* said he'd be serving them to *you*." She huffed a laugh.

"You girls are *pledges*, for goodness sake. You'll get your lobster tails when you pass initiation."

Another rip-off. I was so pissed I thought my head would explode. You don't fuck with fat people like that. Fuckin' *yogurt*, I *hate* yogurt. *Yogurt* is boring. By then I was too pissed off and humiliated to care, so I just stirred the slop around and ate it. Oh, and it was the unflavored kind. Dynamite. We spent the next twenty minutes watching Zenas and Kezzy eat their gorgeous lobster tails.

But it was Kezzy herself who brought out dessert. She and Zenas each had a giant piece of triple-layer chocolate cake. Hannah and Mercy each got one M&M. But me?

I fumed. "Where's *my* dessert. Miss Kezzy?"

"You had *your* dessert early, Ann." She grinned and forked into her cake. "My ass."

A half-hour after dinner, Zenas led us back up the stairs, but once we were on the landing he turned us away from our room. He took us down the opposite hall and into —

"Wait, a minute," I asked, as confused as Hannah and Mercy. "What kind of room is this?"

Bright white lights shined down on the tile floor.

"It's the exam suite," came a cultured voice from behind an opened door in the back.

"We have to take *exams*?" Hannah whined.

Mercy whined right with her. "The semester doesn't start for another week!"

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