

Re ESTABLISHING SHOT

A novella by
aurora light



Reestablishing Shot

an erotic novella

written for the prompt
“Superhero/Supervillain x Teacher/Student”
for K!nktober 2025

aurora light

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Cover and interior design by aurora light

If you don't want to be a digital serf, you have to start stealing from your digital lord.



*For the girl who helped us plot this on
a midnight drive across the Sonoran desert.*



THIS BOOK TAKES PLACE primarily on the historical and unceded lands of the modern-day Seminole people, referred to throughout with its modern-day English name: Ocala, Florida. Ava, the main character, has heritage from the Nimiipuu people, also called the Nez Perce.

We encourage all people, including those with cultural ties to Turtle Island indigenous people and those without, to learn more about the these tribes' rich history and modern-day experiences. You can learn more about the Seminole tribe through their website, <https://www.semtribe.com/>, and you can learn more about the Nimiipuu people through their website, <https://nezperce.org/>.



Content Warnings and Kinks

Content Warnings

Description of OCD thought patterns
Description of panic attacks
Depiction of being in a high-control group (cult)
Discussion of rape/sexual coercion

Kinks

BDSM & D/s dynamic
Cockwarming
Cum on body
Cum swallowing
Degradation
Dildos/Strap-ons
Dirty talk
Exhibitionism/Sex in public places
Fellatio/cunnilingus

Fingering/Handjobs
 Fingers in mouth/throat
 French kissing
 Hair pulling
 Hickeys
 Honorifics
 Licking/saliva
 Loose punishment dynamic
 Multiple orgasms
 Overstimulation
 Ownership talk
 Remote-control vibrators
 Slapping
 Teacher/student dynamic
 Thigh riding

CONFIDENTIAL

ENVIRONMENTAL PLAYLIST

the movies.....*Nightly*

Infinitely Falling...*Fly by Midnight*

Moment in the Sun.....*Sunflower Bean*

Hearts Don't Break

Around Here.....*Ed Sheeran*

Foxglove.....*Murder By Death*

rollercoaster.....*sundial*

Impossible.....*Nothing But Thieves*

Just Fine.....*spookyghostboy*

Malibu.....*Mumford & Sons*

the warmth.....*Paris Paloma*

I DONT KNOW HOW BUT

Kiss Goodnight.....*THEY FOUND ME*

[Click here to listen to the official playlist!](#)

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Chapter I

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

AVA WAS NOT HAVING the greatest introduction to college life.

To be fair, things had been stacked against her from the get-go. She was entering college at 22, after four years of Bureau pre-study, in a city she wasn't used to, with no in-person support system, just a bunch of people on her phone who all knew what she was going through.

The Bureau had made it very clear how much they would have loved for her to relocate to San Bernardino, where three of the other probability manipulators lived, but that was on the other side of the country, and she didn't have the guts to pack up and leave. So, Ocala it had been: far enough that she was on her own, but close enough to see her parents every so often.

And yet, it seemed that fate was steadfastly not on her side. Ava had gone through frustrating setback after frustrating setback all morning: not all of her books had come in on time, she hadn't been able to find her first class, she'd run into a door after mistiming the automatic closure—really, the works.

Of course, it didn't help that every time she tuned into a probability, she was making it more likely that things would go wrong. That was out of her control, once she started feeling like the world was against her. You could wish things would go well all you wanted, but that probability would rebel against you regardless.

But Ava clung to the fact that her last class was at 3pm. After that, she had the whole afternoon free.

Introduction to Screenwriting. It was what Ava actually wanted to do with her time; after some hemming and hawing surrounding her major, knowing the Bureau would finance her way through college proper, she'd finally settled on Film Design. It seemed to be a better choice for an aspiring screenwriter than something broader like Creative Writing, after all. And, hey, putting herself *way* behind the camera hopefully meant interacting with fewer people who would know her, whether from the tabloids or from the press releases the Bureau had to put out at the beginning of every year.

Plus, this was a book she actually had. She hadn't forgotten her notebook, she hadn't left her backpack at home, all her pens were writing fine.

Things were starting to look back up, maybe.

And then the door opened, and Ava's Introduction to Screenwriting teacher walked into the room.

Quite tall, for a woman; Ava had to guess five foot nine, maybe five foot ten. A black dress shirt and tight pencil skirt that hugged every curve of her body, the type of thing that *had* to be intentional, that *had* to be drawing far too much attention to her wide hips and prominent chest on purpose. The makeup didn't help, either, a dark red lip tracing a smirk at the corner of her mouth, a sharp eyeliner flick that *couldn't* be appropriate for a *professor*, of all people. Long, curling dark hair with balayage streaks through it, catching the light, pulling your attention in a way that felt like it had to be supernatural. Sparkling light brown eyes, gold-flecked, intense almost to the point of fear, her gaze stronger than any Ava had ever felt.

And those eyes were burrowing *directly* into her.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

AVA LARSON (early 20s, distractible, but a good student) is sitting in the second row of the classroom. The teacher, MS. VIERA BRYANT (late 30s/early 40s, strikingly beautiful and put-together), breezes into the room and almost immediately homes in on AVA, ignoring the other students in the class. She looks like she KNOWS SOMETHING.

PROBABILITIES start to creep into the air behind VIERA, all-caps, yellow text, intentionally ominous looking, recognized to a single decimal point, with a final digit that constantly flickers. As they do, the LIKELIHOODS adjust, visually indicating the way the PROBABILITY changes when AVA focuses on them. The first to emerge are the most innocent: "CHANCE OF PASSING THIS CLASS," about 98%. "CHANCE OF MISSING AN ASSIGNMENT," about 72%. "CHANCE OF MISSING A CLASS," about 23%.

A large percentage jumps to the front, taking up space right in front of VIERA, bold and unabashed.

"CHANCE OF HAVING SEX WITH YOUR INTRODUCTION TO SCREENWRITING TEACHER." 42%, and rising quickly.

It was such a surprising probability for Ava to have accessed so quickly, it startled her out of the screenplay framing. She choked on a breath, pushing her into a moderately embarrassing flurry of coughing.

"Chance of dying from choking on your own spit" only peaked at around 0.5%, at least.

By the time she recovered, she'd attracted everyone's attention, though she only really cared about those piercing brown eyes from the front of the classroom.

"Quite the introduction," Viera purred. Her voice was deep, complex, and layered; light and feminine in pattern, but revealing fully in its own depth and timbre. "Are you alright?"

"Never better," Ava managed to squeak, blinking sharply a few times, pulling her eyes away from Viera's gaze. "Sorry about that."

Her throat was hot. By the time she'd managed to stop thinking about it long enough for the solid number to disappear from her head, the likelihood for that final probability had been at a solid 57%. That was better odds than a coin flip, and with her *teacher*, for god's sake.

Fuck, she didn't even know if she was *allowed* to do that. Ava didn't usually accelerate likelihoods that strongly, but if her power had anything to do with the inflation of that likelihood, it couldn't be ethical to let it happen, surely. She was a hero, she couldn't do something evil like that.

Right?

"No need to apologize, Miss Larson." The smile on the corners of her lips turned up a little further. "I am glad you will be able to join us for the rest of the semester."

Oh, *motherfucker*.

Teachers were allowed to know their students' names, obviously, but the fact that she was able to pull it out so quickly meant that she *knew* Ava. Whether she'd recognized her name from a bulletin or her face from any number of pop culture sources, she already knew Ava.

So much for things looking up.

Viera moved on surprisingly smoothly, and most of Ava's classmates did the same after a few minutes. The first class period of most freshman classes was just going over the syllabus and other expectations, and Ava found herself desperately grateful that she usually read syllabi before the class, on her own time.

It gave her plenty of time to obsess over her situation.

She had to be insane, and a pervert to boot. Ava didn't know, off the top of her head, how she'd moved the likelihood that strongly, but it had to be her fault, somehow. A small, logical part of her brain argued that she could usually only move a likelihood by 20% of its initial value, max, and that was a good 35% increase, which would be reason enough for the Bureau to take her in for rank reevaluation. The less logical part of her brain—the part that had gotten her diagnosed with obsessive-compulsive disorder—argued back that maybe she shouldn't say anything, then, because reevaluation might very well ruin her life.

Probability heroes all got diagnosed with OCD. It was hard not to develop OCD when magical thinking was actually real for you. By thinking about a probability, you were actively adjusting it. Why wouldn't you be constantly thinking about every probability, all the time? Why wouldn't you be tearing yourself apart thinking of new probabilities, pushing yourself as hard as possible to minimize the likelihood of your dog dying, of your car crashing, of your mom losing her job?

For any other power, a 20% impact rate would be laughably weak, Tier Four at best. Ava, on the other hand, was arguably the strongest probability hero on the planet. The group chat generally believed that a much stronger hero—with a 50% or 100% or even higher impact rate—would have so much impact, the obsession would kill them before their powers even fully manifested.

Ava had done a pretty good job not letting it kill her. But the thought of potentially having sex with the bombshell who still sat up at the front, confidently scrolling through syllabus

sheets—not to mention, the thought that she might have impacted that likelihood in any way—sure was threatening to do so.

“And that’s our time,” Viera said, looking up at the clock behind them as students started grabbing their backpacks and filing out. “Only reading for homework, we’ll have a written assignment next Tuesday.”

Somehow, miraculously, Ava managed to slip her way into the stream of students leaving the room, evading her teacher’s intense gaze, leaving the whole scenario behind her, the world fading into a stream of text.

**INT/EXT. HALLWAY - COLLEGE CLASSROOM BUILDING
- DAY**

AVA finds her way through the group of students. Quick JUMP CUTS indicate that other students are at least passingly aware of who she is. Focus on SUSPICIOUS GLANCES, WHISPERED RUMORS, and students MOVING AWAY from her. She keeps her head down and walks toward the DORMS.

OUTSIDE CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

AVA is looking down at her phone, typing haphazardly. She chews on her thumbnail. She looks NERVOUS.

SPLIT-SCREEN, one side with AVA and the other with a GROUP CHAT named “FUCK GEROLAMO CARDANO.” As AVA proceeds through her day, the conversation in the GROUP CHAT proceeds alongside it.

Ava

first day of college done!!

Skyler

yaaaaayyyy!!!

Katerina

Hell yeah let's go

Skyler

it's only NOON HERE you bastard i have two classes to go today still!!!!!!

Ava

not my fault you live in the evil pacific time zone.

come to florida, we have the beautiful eastern time zone. <3

Skyler

i would never come to florida.....

except to visit you, i GUESS

Rayyan

lol i dont have classes on tuesdays this sounds like a yall problem

Katerina

I only have one, but it's an 8am

Ava

that sounds awful.

Katerina

Eh. It's my only day with an early class

Ava

still awful.

Ava hummed softly to herself, trying to find an “in.” She needed to ask a question, but if the response was too strong, she risked immediate questioning. The Bureau was probably watching her to *some* extent, but she didn't know how far that extended, how watchful their eye was. If there was a way for her to fly under the radar—especially if she was going to make the choices she was already leaning toward—that would be ideal, if she wanted to avoid getting extracted to fucking San Bernardino.

Ava

anyone run into some potential lovers?

not sure how accepted it is for us to do the college thing and get promiscuous or whatever.

Samuel

Not very.

Skyler

well like

classic wisdom for us is that there's no way to have someone REALLY consent to having casual sex with you

like, because if you want to have sex with them, you're going to skew the likelihoods :(

Rayyan

ya

thereve been seventeen probs with longterm relationships bcs in a longterm relationship yr more likely to build bonds thatll withstand likelihood manip

but nothin else official

soz chief

Samuel

Nothing else *official*.

Rayyan

prism or stfu lol

u cunts can do what u want

im not fuckin talking ab it

It wasn't good news. Probability manipulation *would*, necessarily, impact her ability to obtain truly informed consent. If she wanted to have sex with someone, it would make them more likely to have sex with her. Even if she wasn't the sole driving factor of that decision, it was still... immoral.

But that last exchange intrigued Ava. Prism was an end-to-end encryption app that all the probability heroes used when they wanted slightly more privacy—more certainty that the Bureau wasn't watching.

Ava

official?

Samuel

You aren't supposed to, and I won't argue it's not ethically shady, at least.

But almost every PM has had some kind of romantic connection at some point.

It's one of the reasons the Bureau doesn't expressly tell you this. We've come up with our own guidelines, and they seem to let us self-manage.

The Bureau, and most PMs, won't consider it rape unless you intentionally fuck with the probability.

The reason we'll publicly tell you not to is that the Bureau will really start stalking you if you're having extremely public romantic connections. It would be bad for their reputation if someone were to accuse you of power-bolstered rape.

If you want to fly under the radar, you'll keep that shit to yourself.

Ava

but... other PMs will be okay with it?

Samuel

Mostly.

Can't guarantee anything. But mostly.

It didn't feel good.

When contemplating consent, you didn't really want to start your journey with something "most PMs won't consider rape." You'd much rather start your journey with something that *decidedly* wasn't rape.

But... Viera knew her. Ava wasn't tricking her into doing anything, wasn't misleading her regarding the circumstances they were going to be in. Viera certainly already knew she was a PM, would know what she was getting into with this. As long as Ava wasn't lying, maybe it would be okay.

Maybe.

That was the thought that followed Ava for the next two days. Her Intro to Screenwriting classes were on Tuesdays and Thursdays, which meant she had plenty of time to lay in bed, walk to class, sit in lectures, and obsess.

It was, after all, something she was pretty good at.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Framing flips through various places, including multiple different filmmaking courses, a lunch room, a library. In every one, those big, yellow PROBABILITIES follow her.

Smaller ones are focused on more mundane elements of life: "LIKELIHOOD YOU TRIP," "LIKELIHOOD YOU FILL UP YOUR GAS TANK TONIGHT," "LIKELIHOOD YOU GET FOOD POISONING FROM LUNCH."

The larger ones are almost entirely now centered around VIERA: "LIKELIHOOD VIERA ENJOYS HAVING SEX WITH YOU," "LIKELIHOOD VIERA THINKS YOU'RE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HER," "LIKELIHOOD VIERA HATES YOU FOR KNOWING THIS IS WRONG."

Above all, however, the probability that keeps showing up is "CHANCE OF HAVING SEX WITH YOUR INTRODUCTION TO SCREENWRITING TEACHER."

Specifically highlight the way in which AVA looks at the probabilities. She doesn't shy away from them; in fact, the audience should believe that she's specifically SEEKING THEM OUT.

There should be a sense that she's constantly looking for more, that she wants to check for every probability, no matter how scarce, made obvious by the sheer number of probabilities that show up for a second or two at less than 5%.

INT. AVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

AVA is lying in bed in a set of demure black pajamas. Those probabilities still surround her, overlaid on every surface of the room, bright yellow and impossible to ignore.

We watch AVA intentionally bring up that core probability two or three times. While the final digit keeps moving up and down a digit or two, the decimal point fluctuating constantly, it seems to be hovering around 58%.

There's a look of resigned frustration on AVA's face. She flips over and the screen cuts to black.



Chapter II

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

THURSDAY ROLLED AROUND FAR too quickly for Ava's liking.

And yet, she still had to go to class. She still had to show up for school as if she wasn't going insane, as if she wasn't keeping the world's closest eye on that one fucking probability. She had to head into Introduction to Screenwriting and consciously decide to put herself under Viera's watchful, burning gaze.

Maybe Ava should have been calling her Ms. Bryant.

Then again, thinking about calling her Ms. Bryant made her obscenely horny, so maybe that was actually a little off the table.

But that gaze didn't look detached. Every time Viera looked over at her, it was with the hungriness of a big cat, something that knew how to play with its food, something that very, very badly wanted to do so.

And that probability was hovering at around 65%.

The hour of class flew by faster than it had any right to, and before Ava knew it, Viera was turning back to her desk. "See you all next week," she said, sitting down and pulling out a pen. And then, as Ava started to pack her things into her bag, hoping to get the hell out of Dodge as quickly as possible, another statement, as if an afterthought. "Also, Miss Larson, if you could stay."

She felt the room's attention turn to her. Viera didn't even have her eyes up, was looking down at whatever she was writing, but a dozen people very clearly looked over at her, forcing redness into her cheeks.

There was no way to ignore the request. Instead, Ava sat at her desk, face hot, waiting for her classmates to file out of the room. The door closed behind the last student, and suddenly, the room fell quiet, almost suffocatingly so.

"You're as interested as I am, I feel." The words were clipped, direct, and far too light for the situation they found themselves in. For fuck's sake, Viera didn't even look up.

"You sound crazy," Ava replied, making the rapid choice to respond with aggression. It wasn't fair, no, was giving the game away by its sheer intensity, but she was so unsure, it had flipped around into stark embarrassment. She needed to push back somehow.

At Ava's statement, Viera looked at her. Those light brown eyes caught hers, so intense, so aggressive as to be inexplicably haunting, and Ava felt her heart skip a beat. A tiny little smile danced across Viera's lips, the gesture knowing, smug, certain. "Mmhmm."

That percentage, floating now just to the left of Viera, shot up considerably, finding its footing at 72%.

With a sigh, Viera set her pen down. "I know what you are," she said calmly, casually. "How could I not? Even if I didn't have powers, I would know the probability manipulators."

It was enough to throw Ava off considerably, and her jaw dropped. "You have powers?" she asked suddenly, the words coming out as a surprised bark.

"Babe, there are a lot of people who go into teaching with their civilian identities," Viera laughed. "You thought I was just, what, a very interested civilian? I keep tabs on Tier Ones."

Something stuck in Ava's throat, and she nodded uncertainly. "I guess."

It wasn't something she was unfamiliar with. Being a Tier One came with this unsettling mix of celebrity status and radioactivity. People treated you simultaneously like a pop star and like uranium glass, at once something that you wanted to be around and something you were scared of—whether or not you rightly should be. She'd had her fair share of people who just wanted to hang out because she was famous, because she was powerful.

She didn't want that again.

She couldn't have that again.

Viera furrowed her eyebrows, just slightly. "I've had other people with powers in my classes," she responded, as if answering Ava's unspoken thoughts. "Other Tier Ones, in fact. I don't care what your powers are. You're the only person who's actually interested me enough to consider offering an... opportunity."

It was enough to pull Ava from the whirlpool of self-deprecating thoughts already dancing around her head. And her thoughts started to shut down entirely as Viera got up from her seat, all five foot ten inches of absolute, raw sex appeal, every line and curve of the clothes stretching across her torso begging you to imagine what was underneath, and walked over to Ava's seat, a row back and to the left of the desk.

Viera leaned down, so close that Ava could feel her breath, could almost taste the mint in the back of her throat, remnants from a breath freshener that she hadn't noticed before. Her first two fingers hooked under Ava's chin, pulling desperation to the surface. "I have heard a lot about how neurotic probability manipulators can be," she breathed, quiet enough to make Ava strain to hear her. "I happen to like having sex in ways that might help you with some of that stress." She smiled, the gesture silky, intentional, erotic. "If you are interested, stay after class on Tuesday. I will not remind you. If you do not stay, I will assume you are not interested, and I will not pursue you further."

Viera's fingers left Ava's skin, and she had to suppress a whimper at the loss of contact. Deliberately, precisely, she walked to her desk, sat down again, and pulled out a red pen, starting to mark up papers.

Ava cleared her throat, trying not to focus too hard on how red she knew her face was. Silently, she gathered her things and headed out.

INT. COLLEGE SCHOOL BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

AVA stumbles into the hallway, clearly flustered. Her entrance into the hallway draws some glances, though they're all quite passing. She shuffles her books around, swings her backpack onto her back, very clearly unprepared for being in the hallway at all.

The camera follows behind her as she hurries out of the building and then toward one of the dorm buildings, fumbling with her phone. We peer over her shoulder, watching as she types with shaky hands. The camera zooms in on the message she sends.

Ava

anyone available for prism?

Thank god, someone was available. Pretty quickly, she got the notification from Skyler, messaging her directly without waiting for any follow-up. It was probably the best person Ava could have asked for, too.

Ava and Skyler had been friends for almost eight years; Skyler was a year older than her, but in the same class year, and Tier Ones stuck together, even if they were being schooled entirely

across the country. Despite going to two separate pre-study locations, they'd stayed fairly close, if not exceptionally so, and Ava trusted them with her life.

Skyler

what's up?

you okay?

Ava

i. yeah i'm okay.

i think i'm going to have sex with someone.

what do i do.

Skyler

oooOOOooooOooOooOooo

Skyler

i mean, like, first things first. you want to have sex with them, right?

It was enough to make Ava laugh, the first real tension break she'd experienced in a few days. She slowed her stride, concentrating more fully on the conversation.

Ava

yeah.

i mean, enough so that i keep freaking out that i'm manipulating the probability.

i don't think i am, at least not so much it's going to change much, but, y'know.

Skyler

okay, well, that's a good starting point!!!!

can i ask who?

Ava

don't know.

it might be a lot to talk about, if i tell you.

Skyler

alright, fair enough

you can tell me later, hehehehe

are you a virgin?

Ava

did some hand stuff in pre-study.

that's kind of it.

Skyler

okay, do you know what kind of sex you're interested in?

Ava's cheeks heated up. Yes, she'd trust Sky with her life; Tier Ones stuck together, after all. But talking to one of your closest friends in the world about what porn you liked? Well, that was far more humiliating than trusting them to talk you down off the roof.

Ava

uh

well.

i literally only watch bdsm porn. so. i think so.

Skyler

lol okay :p

so, do you know all the tropes of being safe with bdsm?

Ava

probably enough to get through, at least??

i at least don't think i'm going to be floundering.

like, i know what a safeword is, i know a lot of the words for different kinks, i'm pretty acquainted with what i like.

Skyler

hey, better than a lot of people going into sex for the first time!!!!

well, i think you're more prepared than most

if you do end up having sex with this mystery person, good or bad, you can always come talk to me!!!! i promise

i have had both good and bad sex before, so i can commiserate or congratulate, whichever you need :pppp

Ava

okay.

thanks, sky. it means a lot

Skyler

don't sweat itttt

we gotta stick together :)

Ava took a deep breath, opening her bedroom door and walking inside. The room was quiet, almost cold in a way, no character, nothing that brought the place to life. Not even a roommate--it wasn't allowed, not for someone of her caliber.

Tier Ones weren't allowed much. They were too powerful. It wasn't even really your choice; the Bureau assigned you a tier based on your power and how impactful it was. Tier Five through Tier Two all got civilian identities. They were largely allowed to live civilian lives; even villains got civilian identities for the most part, as long as they were a low enough tier.

Tier Ones, on the other hand, were just Tier Ones. That was their identity. So much so that every year, the Bureau sent out a bulletin regarding both newly graduating Tier Ones and current

active Tier Ones. Even civilians—non-governmental civilians, for god's sake—could sign up to get it.

It was a weird experience, seeing your face and name, even scaled down at a 2 inch by 2 inch square, on the wall next to the bank teller. It was weird, seeing them look at your name and jump a little bit.

It made you feel a little bit evil.

You understood the villains better, in that moment.

Against her better judgement, against her own *desires*, Ava pulled up the probability that had been looming over her shoulder for the last few days, giving into that itch to check.

84%. The type of bet you'd be a fool to pass up.

That fear creaked at the base of her spine, the fear that she was manipulating the probability, the fear that this wasn't entirely Viera's idea, the fear that she was doing something wrong, doing something immoral.

But Viera seemed to want to do this. After all, the probability had *started* around 40%, which meant there had been some kind of natural chemistry even before Ava had fully tapped into the probability. Even if she had increased some of the probability, she hadn't increased all of it.

Hopefully.



Chapter III

INT. AVA'S DORM ROOM - DAY

IF THE STRETCH FROM Tuesday to Thursday had been exhausting, the stretch from Thursday back around to Tuesday was downright brutal.

Ava had been checking the probability endlessly, despite the fact that it didn't seem to be interested in moving much beyond 87%. There didn't seem to be much that would increase the percentage without them being in the same room—a reality that Ava was *desperately* looking forward to.

It wasn't much, but Ava had taken a shower, brushed her teeth, even styled her curls into a cute little half-up bun, anything she could do to make herself seem a little more presentable. More than anything in the world, she wanted that percentage to go up when Viera saw her.

And maybe she hated herself for it, just a little, but it was so all-encompassing, it was hard to think about anything else.

Still, though, her breath stopped for a second when she opened the classroom door and saw Viera already there, in that uniform she always wore: her pencil skirt, her V-neck top, her long, winding curls. The woman fully smirked upon seeing Ava, a gesture that felt somehow vulgar, in their situation.

Sneaking out from behind Viera's body, that glowing yellow probability hovered in the corner of Ava's vision, giving her just enough space to check.

89%. Higher than it had been at any point in the last week.

Ava tried her best not to wince. It wasn't *dramatically* higher than it had been, no, but fuck if it wasn't *distinctly* higher. A two percentage point increase wasn't a lot—and, at their current probability, it was only maybe a 2.5% impact—but it was more than nothing.

Maybe a better person would try to stop wanting. Maybe a better person would try to stop thinking about it.

But the way Viera was watching her made that a difficult fucking proposition.

And yet, the lesson itself was... normal.

Ava was having a hell of a time concentrating, a bit too focused on the battling desperation and terror inside her, but she was sitting through just a normal screenwriting class. They were studying the basics of screenplay formatting, going over font, font size, stylistic points, the things you needed to know to get creative thoughts down on paper.

And not once did Viera ever stray from the teaching portion of the class.

She was a good teacher, too. Engaged with the students, asking questions that inspired responses, discussing the concepts openly and directly, but with a casual demeanor that made her feel approachable. It was easy to feel comfortable in the class, to relax and let yourself learn what she was talking about.

At about 3:45, Viera started handing out stacks of papers to the students sitting in the front row of seats. "Pass them back, if you would. Quiz on screenplay formatting," she continued to the class at large. "It's closed book, but I'm just grading for comple-

tion and to see if there seems to be any gaps in my teaching ability. Any time you format your screenplays in the future, you'll be able to look up your questions on the internet, like an adult." Once she'd passed out the required number of sheets, she headed back to her desk. "As soon as you're done, feel free to hand back the quiz, then leave. I'll see you on Thursday."

That was clearly an out for Ava. An easy way to leave—and, equally, an easy way to stay.

And, despite her racing heart and trembling fingers, Ava took her time with the quiz. Over the next fifteen minutes, her classmates trickled out, individually and by groups, until, finally, it was just her and Viera, silently sitting in an otherwise empty classroom.

That damn percentage kept climbing, resting now at 97% like it was mocking her, unwilling to go all the way until something actually happened.

Viera got up from her seat, walking over to Ava, taking her sweet fucking time, all sex and confidence, every seam on her clothes begging you to look for more. The click of her heels on the floor, making her even taller than she would have otherwise been, was so evocative, so purely dominant, Ava could have exploded then and there. Her fingers—warm, long, comfortable—curled under Ava's jaw again, pulling her face up, bringing her mouth so, so close to Viera's, so close she could all but taste her. "Having sex with your teacher on the *third* day of class," she purred. Her voice was low, a gravel to it that made Ava's cunt ache, obviously completely aware of the impact she had on the other. "Never met a superhero quite that bold before."

Ava couldn't breathe. With all her might, she managed to squeak out, "No, ma'am."

Viera laughed, and *fuck*, even that laugh was sexy, dark and languid and low, intentional and yet completely casual. "Oh, you know exactly what you want," she replied, her fingers tightening around Ava's jaw, adjusting up closer to her throat. "So, tell me. With your words, if you would. What do you want, little one?"

Ava wouldn't be surprised if Viera could feel her pulse against her fingers, if Viera could see it in her eyes, if her pupils were so large they were completely swallowing her irises. But she gathered herself as best as she could. "Whatever you want, ma'am," she replied hoarsely.

"Any hard limits, then?" Viera continued, a casual certainty in her tone that brokered no argument.

God, she didn't want to have any, not with this woman. But to have no hard limits was often to be seen as thoughtless, and so she forced herself to think, despite the fact that thinking, this close to Viera, was like wading through a diving pool of maple syrup. "No pregnancy talk, it freaks me out," she finally managed, swallowing hard. "I like when you say... fuck, *anything*, so you can say whatever you want to me," she continued, *thinking* turning very immediately into *rambling*, "praise, humiliation, degradation, all of it. I like pain, I don't know if you're into that, too. Not really into watersports, but I guess I might be willing to try? And I—"

Ava was saved, thank fucking god, by Viera's lips against hers. She relaxed into Viera, letting the other woman guide the kiss, letting the warmth and richness of her lips calm her racing mind. Ava let herself stop thinking, the vibrating, aggressive patter of her thoughts floating away almost entirely as Viera dragged her hand up against her jaw, her fingers sliding into Ava's hair. As she pulled Ava's head back, Ava whined, the noise building to a moan as she created an inch of space between them. "I can see why you're so interested," Viera said, a grin on those full lips, her lipstick as perfect as it had been before the kiss. "You have a lot of thoughts going on in that head of yours, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," Ava replied, like clockwork.

Viera made a little approving noise, the sound vibrating through her chest like a living thing. "Would you like to be my little brainless whore for a little while, then?"

Ava's breath caught in her throat, but she didn't need to think about her response. "Yes, ma'am."

"Good." Viera's fingers tightened into Ava's hair, and she pulled the woman out of her seat, bringing her to the desk at the front of the class. The shock of pain that ran through her scalp at the sudden movement was bright, waking up her veins, making her entire body sing, and she had to suppress yet another moan as Viera pulled her up to an almost-standing position, kissing her as though nothing else in the world mattered. Her fingers drifted down to Ava's jaw, and they pulled apart, just a finger's distance. "If you have to step back, you always can," Viera said quietly, a little breathless laugh dancing across her lips. "I promise, it won't affect your grade."

Ava, frankly, hadn't had so much as a passing thought toward her grades since the first time she met Viera, and she wasn't going to start doing it now. She nodded and, eyes fixated on Viera's lips, managed, "Can I kiss you again, ma'am?"

"You're very obedient." Viera leaned in, closing the gap between them, soft lips and warm skin and pressure and need flickering between them. "Take your shirt off," she continued, pulling back a little, enough to give space for obedience.

And obey Ava did, pulling her T-shirt over her head, rewarded by Viera's fingers tracing over her chest, into the cups of her bra, gently running across hardening nipples, bringing her in again and kissing across her neck. Her left hand moved down Ava's side, dipping into her waistband, starting to run well-manicured nails across her hips.

Ava was trembling, a fact she didn't even realize herself until Viera pulled away, her lips ghosting up to just below Ava's ear. "Still good, little one?" she breathed, punctuating the statement with her tongue tracing across the shell of Ava's ear.

Above all else, Ava worried that if she even tried to say anything, it would come out in a decidedly unsexy cluster of confused sounds. Rather than attempt a sentence, she nodded five or six

times, managing something that she did think read quite like, “Yes, ma’am.”

“Good.” Viera resumed her touches, now seemingly bolstered by Ava’s acceptance, slipping Ava’s bra straps off her shoulders, ghosting delicately across the expanses of skin it revealed. As she pulled Ava in closer, licking a stripe up her neck, she hummed, “Have you ever had sex with a girl with a dick before?”

Ava shook her head. “No, ma’am.”

“Have you ever had sex before, period?”

A slight blush ghosted Ava’s cheeks as she shook her head again. “No, ma’am.”

“A lot to put on my shoulders,” Viera laughed, though her tone of voice was gentle. She kissed down Ava’s jaw, once again claiming her lips. “Let’s make sure you’re comfortable, then,” she continued, her left hand moving from where it had rested on Ava’s hip, drifting further into her underwear, brushing across the dense curls there.

The moment her fingers met Ava’s clit, she almost collapsed, pressing herself harder against Viera. She’d masturbated before, sure, and even fooled around a little with that one girlfriend, but it was such an obscenely different experience, having someone else—someone who knew what they were doing—take control over the pressure, over the sensation, over every movement. Viera’s fingers were decisive, intentional, certain, and Ava found herself doing nothing but clinging to Viera, whining over her skin, grinding her hips intently against the woman’s touch.

As she got closer to orgasm, she felt it, a wave shoring aggressively around her, heat rising through her, urging her onward. Her fingers fisted in Viera’s shirt, pulling her tightly in, and she managed to get her thoughts together enough to ask, “Can I cum, ma’am, please?”

Viera laughed, her teeth ghosting softly across Ava's neck, the hint of aggression blooming into warmth on her skin. "Go ahead, little one," she breathed. "Cum for me."

It didn't take much; those words exploded into a wave of warmed honey in Ava's core, and she barely bit back a whimpering moan as she rode it out on Viera's fingers. The sensation was overwhelming enough to practically tip her over, and Viera followed it, pulling Ava down to her knees, letting her collapse in front of the desk and the woman still standing by it.

Ava leaned her head on Viera's thigh, breathing heavily, her eyelids fluttering as her body fought past aftershocks. Her hands, she realized, were on Viera's leg, trying to maintain that connection, even as she'd been unable to stay standing.

After a minute or so, Viera spoke, her fingers carding deftly through Ava's hair. "Still good to keep going?" she asked gently, her voice soft.

Ava nodded, resting her cheek against Viera's bare skin. "Yes, ma'am," she replied decisively.

"That's my good girl."

For some reason, the words really hit something inside Ava, something to do with how "my good girl" implied some kind of ownership, some kind of belonging. She tilted her head up, looking at Viera from her vantage point on the floor. The woman was absolutely glowing, still as certain as ever, but with a hypnotic excitement to her face. She looked as enamored as she had claimed to be by Ava, pupils wide as a canyon, hair slightly out of place, breathing heavier than it had been a few minutes ago, and Ava found herself knowing, more than she'd ever known anything in her life, that she needed to see more of it.

"Put your hands into my waistband," Viera nodded, relaxing against the desk behind her. "Pull my skirt down just to a low-rise position, and I want you to explore the skin you can see for a little bit."

Ava brought her hands up, still resting on her knees, and did as she was told, pulling the skirt down just enough to expose a large swath of Viera's skin, enough that the hint of neatly trimmed hair rose past Viera's waistband. Her fingers traced over soft, velvet skin, getting used to the idea of this level of intimacy, getting used to the concept of touching someone this gently, this intentionally.

"Now bring your hands up into my shirt," Viera continued, her palms resting on the surface of the desk behind her, allowing her body to mold to Ava's hands. "As high as you can reach, as much as you can cover. Show me that you want to touch me, that you want this as badly as I know you do."

Ava's fingers covered the swaths of skin visible to her, reaching up underneath Viera's shirt, bringing her arms up as high as they would go. It was a position so like prayer it felt intentional to be on her knees, obeying every command this woman provided her, every word scripture, every movement an offering. She wanted to kiss her skin, to taste the expanse she was being allowed access to, but held back, waiting for the next command to obey.

"Now pull my skirt and underwear down further," Viera continued, watching Ava now, her eyes hot. "About to mid-thigh, I think."

The movement finally revealed Viera's dick, framed by coarse, dark hair, trimmed neatly around the base. She was probably half-hard, and Ava found herself desperately wanting to explore her, desperately wanting to experience more.

"Touch over the head with your thumb," Viera said, her breath a little shorter. "Kiss down the length, then take as much of it as you can into your mouth. Mind your teeth, let your lips do most of the work."

It tasted more bitter than Ava was expecting, but she found herself instantly drawn to the experience of having Viera's dick in her mouth. For someone whose prior experience had been restricted only to dildos, it was new all around: Viera was warm,

soft, velvet, her dick pulsing with blood, swelling against her throat a little bit as she leaned into it. She tried to disengage her gag reflex, opening her throat as much as possible, changing how her mouth opened and her tongue cradled the dick in her mouth to do whatever made Viera gasp, just a little, and move in time with her more intentionally.

“Good girl,” Viera managed, and Ava felt a little proud of how successfully she’d taken her breath away. “Fuck. Run your fingers underneath my dick, very gently. Play with the skin underneath, see if you can trail around my balls with my dick down your throat.”

Ava adjusted her fingers, which had mostly stayed around Viera’s dick, and moved underneath, running her fingers very gently across Viera’s perineum, looking for the skin there. She wanted to explore, wanted to find out even more about this woman’s body, but something about doing exactly what Viera wanted from her, something about having Viera call out just how good she was at following instructions, kept her to exactly what Viera had asked. She bobbed her head slightly, seeing if she could add some extra sensation while her fingers gently played over Viera, exploring the loose skin around her balls delicately.

Viera’s dick swelled slightly in Ava’s throat, an accompanying gasp of air causing her to look up at the woman above her. “You can spit it out or swallow it,” she managed, a moan emanating from her chest. “It’s up to you.”

Ava redoubled her efforts, the slickness on her tongue egging her on, wanting to prove just how good she could be. And, surprisingly quickly, Viera moaned, warmth suddenly filling her mouth, salty and bitter and sweet, coating her tongue with Viera.

She pulled back, stuck her tongue out, and swallowed the mixture of cum and her own spit, which had been building the entire time she’d had Viera’s dick in her mouth.

“Christ,” she heard Viera mumble, before she reached down, grabbed Ava’s hair, and yanked her up, pulling her in for a searing

kiss strong enough to knock all thought from her brain. She manhandled Ava to flip the two of them around, holding Ava against the desk, and slipped her fingers into Ava's underwear again.

It was at that exact moment that Ava suddenly realized *exactly* how turned on she had become, sitting there and being good for Viera. She could practically hear her own cum on Viera's fingers as they curled up inside her, two fingers entering her body, her palm providing friction on Ava's clit. It happened so fast, she didn't even realize it was happening until, all of a sudden, the strongest orgasm she'd ever experienced reached up inside her, tearing her stomach open from the inside, exploding in a chaotic storm of whines from her throat.

And Viera didn't stop, either. She slowed down for a second, but as soon as Ava started breathing again, she picked up speed, stimulation on top of stimulation, practically painful in its intensity. Viera leaned in, breathless and undone, kissing her madly, sloppily, desperately, her voice so low as to be a growl. "Stay quiet," she hissed, the words laced with unquestioned authority. "You don't want someone to come find you."

That was it for Ava. She felt her body lock up as another orgasm washed over her, tightening her core muscles so intensely that it really truly *hurt*, a sound somewhere between a moan and a sob and a choked gasp dropping from her lips as she tried to stay as silent as possible.

For a while, the only thing Ava was cognizant of was Viera's lips on hers, open-mouth kisses bringing her down from the soaring high she'd been sent to. As the rest of the world slowly faded in, she also started to recognize Viera's fingers in her hair, Viera's hand on her neck, Viera's scent permeating her world, Viera, Viera, Viera.

"Holy shit." Ava knew she was still pretty glassy-eyed, and the words came out as a dying croak, but it was all she could process. "That was... holy shit."

Viera laughed, a high, loose sound, gentle and comforting, the only thing Ava ever wanted to hear again.

And suddenly, Ava realized that for that entire time, for maybe as much as half an hour, she didn't think about probabilities. She didn't think about likelihoods in any capacity.

She just thought about Viera.

INT. CLASSROOM - EARLY EVENING

AVA and VIERA are still in various states of undress, AVA looking up at VIERA like she's something divine. VIERA's face is softer and more comfortable than we've seen so far, a gentle smile on her face.

We peer over AVA's shoulder and watch as the probability we've been following, "CHANCE OF HAVING SEX WITH YOUR TEACHER," slides over VIERA and hits 100%. It snaps and fractures, and each fractured piece of the probability remolds into a new probability. They're all smaller than the original, but are largely about things that could go bad: "CHANCE OF VIERA WANTING YOU TO LEAVE HER ALONE," "CHANCE OF VIERA DECIDING SHE DIDN'T ENJOY THIS," "CHANCE OF VIERA SPREADING RUMORS ABOUT THE TWO OF YOU," etc. These broadly have quite low percentages, but the camera should largely be focusing on the words, not the numbers, reinforcing the idea that the likelihood itself is not as important.

It took a good ten minutes, but after a bit of relaxing, Ava had finally manifested back into her body. She took a deep breath and struggled to sit up all the way, a wave of uncertainty hitting her as she tried to determine what, exactly, you were supposed to do after a sexual encounter with your teacher in her classroom.

“That was really nice,” she laughed, a blush creeping up her face. “I can... I can go back to my dorm, now, if you want.”

Viera looked like she'd been physically attacked, her eyebrows all but disappearing into her hairline. “Jesus, what do you think of me?” she asked pseudo-mockingly, shaking her head a little. “No. We're going out to dinner. Get dressed.”

Ava blinked a few times, but the no-nonsense, dominant tone Viera continued to wear helped move her to finding her shirt and putting it back on, to making herself look as presentable as possible. Viera pulled her skirt up, grabbed her purse from behind the desk, and walked over to Ava, helping her put her hair in order again. The movement was so domestic, Ava almost found herself blushing again.

“Remember your backpack,” Viera continued, gesturing behind the two of them.

Christ, those casual demands really did something to Ava. She ignored the way it riled her up enough that she could probably go for another round already, slung her backpack over her shoulder, and followed Viera out the door.



Chapter IV

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

So, WHERE DID YOU go after having sex for the first time ever, with your Screenwriting teacher, in the classroom where she had been teaching you half an hour before, and cumming so hard you fear you're about to leave this mortal coil?

Olive Garden, it turned out.

Once the two of them were seated and the waiter had come by to get their drink orders, Viera turned her full attention to Ava. "So," she said, her tone half-joking, "should I feel offended that you assumed I was planning on nothing past a one-night stand?"

Ava's cheeks heated, and she laughed a little. "I don't think so," she replied honestly. "I guess I wasn't... I mean, I just wasn't thinking about it. The main probability I had really zoomed in on was 'Chance of having sex with your screenwriting teacher,' I wasn't really thinking about that becoming 'Chance of being *in a relationship* with your screenwriting teacher.'"

"So, you were monitoring it." Viera's grin was practically impish.

Again, a blush, so close to the last that Ava couldn't even be sure it had faded yet. "Yeah, it was... uh. It was on my mind. You seemed... interested."

That grin on Viera's face widened, and she nodded. "I was," she confirmed. "They released the information on all the PMs when you graduated pre-study, so I already knew of you, vaguely." Her

eyes swept over Ava in a way that shouldn't have been as hot as she found it. "I have to say, your picture was... arresting."

At this point, Ava's face was never going to return to its original color. "Alright," she laughed, flustered. "Flattery is definitely getting you places here."

Viera shrugged casually. "I have been in my fair share of relationships," she replied. "I like to think I'm alright at complimenting someone I'm interested in."

Interested in. It was, if nothing else, quite strong wording, and Ava had opened her mouth to respond when the waiter came by for their food orders. Chicken Alfredo for Viera, ziti for Ava, and a refill on both of their waters, and they were left to their own little corner of the restaurant once again. Finally, Ava continued, "'Interested,' huh?"

Another shrug from Viera, although this time, it was accompanied by another grin, mischievous and intent. "Does it make your life easier if I say, 'someone I'm currently having sex with?'"

Ava rolled her eyes. "Alright, whatever."

"I'm not *that* much older than you," Viera continued, "but I'm older enough to already know how I feel about relationships. I don't enjoy casual dating." Her eyes met Ava's, and that fire found its footing in her gaze again, certainty glowing through those golden flecks of color. "If we're going to continue to have sex, I want to be in an actual relationship with you. You can turn down this ultimatum, and we don't have to be in a relationship." She grabbed a breadstick, allowing a beat of silence as she chewed. "But I, for one, enjoyed this. And I want to keep doing it."

Ava had a hard time thinking past the dryness in her mouth.

She wasn't supposed to be doing this. Wasn't that what Sam had said, that you weren't supposed to have any kind of extremely public relationships as a PM? Wasn't this something she had

already thought through, that this was *wrong*, and wouldn't a relationship be worse?

Long-term relationships might be better, though. There had been long-term relationships for PMs in the past. And did she really want to pass up that opportunity?

Yes, it was probably wrong. Yes, she was pretty sure people would judge her for wanting it as badly as she did, for pursuing it, despite her reservations.

And yet, she just couldn't bring herself to walk away.

"I think I would really like that," Ava finally replied, taking a sip of her water to lubricate the words.

The smile on Viera's face was bright enough to make Ava feel like she really had made a good choice. "Alright," she said, leaning back in the booth a bit. "Then perhaps we should have an admittedly overdue conversation about sex, hmm?"

And there was the blushing again, the tingling in Ava's face as blood rushed to it. A bit teasingly, she replied, "Yes, ma'am."

She was rewarded for her playfulness with a laugh from Viera. "Alright, so, the BDSM interest is apparent. Have you gotten *all* your information from BDSM porn, or do you know the basics of more real-world practice?"

"I think I know the basics," Ava replied hesitantly, worried she was about to embarrass herself. "It's a pre-negotiated power exchange between characters, fundamentally. Like a movie, y'know. When you pull a Kubrick and treat the actors like shit just because things are bad for the characters, you're an asshole." She took another drink of her water. "Just because we're being cast in roles of dominance and submission doesn't mean we don't respect each other. If one of us starts acting like we don't, that's, like, *the red flag*."

Thankfully, Viera looked impressed with Ava's response, and she nodded. "I agree," she replied. "Do you have any experience with sex, even just what you might think of as foreplay or 'fooling around'?"

"Eh, a little bit," Ava shrugged. "I had a girlfriend in Bureau pre-study. We fooled around a little bit, masturbated in the same bed, that kind of thing. But I never really found myself super interested in having sex with her, and it sort of seemed like she mostly liked me as a novelty, a girlfriend who was a Tier One." She sighed. "We broke up pretty quick, not a lot to say there."

"Fair enough," Viera replied, resting her head on her hand. "I really like the dynamic of teaching my partner about my body," she replied. "I think I'm good at teaching. I also think it's hot to be able to tell you exactly what to do and how to do it." She winked deftly. "And I would say you seemed to feel the same."

The jump of embarrassment in Ava's chest was somewhat surprising. It was comfortable embarrassment, not humiliation, like being teased by a friend. "You're not wrong," she replied, managing a little laugh alongside the words.

Their conversation was derailed, once again, by the waiter, this time bringing their food, along with water refills. They started in, taking bites in between their discussion, as they let the waiter get far enough away to avoid any accidental eavesdropping.

"I consider myself many things," Viera finally said, once the waiter had retreated. "Transgender, sometimes transsexual if I'm in the mood, a girl with a dick. You can use 'dick' to refer to my penis, but I also don't mind 'clit,' they're pretty similar in practice." She paused to take a bite. "If you're interested in more classic penetrative sex, I probably won't use my dick, because, to be honest, I think strap-ons are hot, and they're better at it than my dick is." Another bite, another pause, as she seemed to figure out what else to say. "I only like feminine adjectives, and they're broadly all fine. You can call me pretty, don't call me handsome. I'm not especially into anal, and you don't seem like the type to

push to top, so I don't think it'll come up." She shrugged. "If you're not sure, just ask. I'm sure you've heard about the importance of communication in a relationship."

It was a lot to take in, but it was direct and clear, not cutting any corners, not pulling any punches. Ava nodded, trying to figure out exactly how to respond in a way that recognized that transparency. Finally, she elected to go with the same shotgun approach Viera had, putting whatever thoughts she had on the table.

"I'm very, very into impact play and degradation," she replied. "I really like the idea of you treating me like an object that you own, the idea of you corrupting me and making me something specifically for you." She considered her own gender experience for not the first time, pausing to take a drink of water. "I don't have specific overwhelming preferences for feminine and masculine words, I guess. I do prefer feminine overall, but more than anything, I like the idea of being yours. As in, I can be your good boy or your good girl, but I want to be your good whore." The words felt a little embarrassing to say, but she continued, "I don't really have specific language preferences for my body parts. You can use 'pussy' or 'cunt' or whatever you like. Just nothing stupid, if you call it my 'love tube,' I'll be upset."

Viera laughed, adopting a mock-hurt facial expression. "No 'slippery love hole' during sex?"

Almost uncontrollably, Ava groaned, sticking her tongue out. "No, please," she shuddered.

The nod Viera gave her was light, but something about the brightness in her eyes, the way her gaze swept over Ava, made her feel so at home, it was hard to cast her thoughts to anything else. "Alright," she replied. "I can do that."

The rest of the night was full of much lighter conversation, and by the time Viera was driving Ava home—with a container of fettuccine Alfredo to go, which she had insisted was "for breakfast"—Ava felt she had known Viera for far longer than the week

they'd been in contact. It was something about the way their puzzle pieces moved in unison, the way their jokes landed with each other perfectly, the way they could have that kind of serious sex conversation at an Olive Garden in the first place.

They pulled up to Ava's dorm building, and Viera put her car in park. "I had a nice night with you, Ava," she said gently, her voice soft and smoky. "And, indeed, a nice evening before that."

"I also had a good time, ma'am," Ava replied, watching Viera's face intently. She didn't miss the way a smile crept onto the corner of Viera's mouth at the honorific.

Viera brought her hand up, gently cupping Ava's jaw, and she leaned her face into it, relaxing into the gesture. "I'd like you to stay after class on Thursday," she said gently. "I have another class on Thursdays at 4:30, and I think we could have some fun with that."

"Yes, ma'am," Ava said, eyes half-closed. "I would like that."

Viera leaned in further, and their lips met, the kiss gentle, sweet, soft. "Get some sleep, little one." As she pulled back, she winked. "My personal number's on the syllabus if you want to text me."

The sudden reminder that she was having sex with her teacher suddenly leaped up Ava's throat again, and heat rushed into her cheeks. "Okay," she squeaked, nodding a few times.

"See you Thursday."

"See you Thursday, ma'am."

The full weight of exactly how exhausted Ava was still hadn't really hit her. It might have been the lightness she felt around Viera, the excitement of the day, or just the fact that she hadn't really considered how tired she was for hours, at that point.

But the moment her head hit the pillow, the fettuccine safely in her room mini-fridge, she passed out.



Chapter V

INT. AVA'S DORM ROOM - MORNING

THE MOMENT AVA WOKE up, she remembered that she hadn't plugged her phone in before going to bed.

"Motherfucker," she mumbled, scrambling for her charging cord, breathing a sigh of relief that it was still at 11% and she hadn't missed any of her class alarms.

With a good half hour before she had to be out the door, there was plenty of time for Ava to check on what had happened overnight—and, in fact, most of the previous night, as she'd been a bit... distracted.

The streets, it seemed, were buzzing about a potential new PM; apparently, there'd been a 4chan leak surrounding a 12-year-old being followed up on by the Bureau. Ava didn't know if she bought it, not entirely—but they *were* due for another batch of strong heroes entering high school.

Ava had been in the last high-powered "batch," so to speak. Though there didn't seem to be a strong scientific reason for it, the pattern, at least, was clear: every ten or fifteen years, a group of especially strong Tier Ones manifested. Ava, along with Sky and Irene, had been part of the last batch; Katerina, Rayyan, and Sam were anomalies, Tier Ones that had manifested alongside *maybe* one or two others for their whole year.

The '23 class, when one accounted for the entirety of North America, had seventeen Tier Ones, including two PMs; the previous batch, the '08 class, had been even bigger, at twenty-three Tier Ones, albeit with no PMs. If the leak was to be believed, they were looking at something like a '34 class for the next batch—which would align perfectly with expectations.

But, of course, that relied on believing a 4chan leak, and you didn't do that unless you wanted people to think you had a parasite.

Instead of dealing with that first thing in the morning, Ava swiped over to her DMs with Sky, hoping they were up, despite it being *much* earlier in California.

Ava

so.

i had sex with her.

Skyler

omg!!!!!!!!!!!!

omg omg omg

okay. first things first. good or bad

Ava

really good, haha.

i... i'm pretty sure we're dating now??

i mean, like, she at least said she wanted to be exclusive.

that's dating, i think.

Skyler

omg!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

i'm SOOOO so so so excited for you :DDDD

i HAVE to know who. please i have to know who it's so unfair that i don't know :(((

Ava was chewing at her nail again. She did want to tell Sky; they'd been friends for long enough, and, of course, Tier Ones did stick together. It just felt...

It all felt wrong. She wasn't supposed to be having sex in the first place, and besides, most people would probably have some kind of issue with the fact that she was fucking her somewhat-older-than-her teacher. Viera wasn't *old*, no, but she was probably in her late 30s or early 40s, and that definitely didn't sound as ethical as it should be.

Although...

Well, when she put it that way, it did sort of feel like the two compounding factors were butting heads against each other.

Ava

okay.

look.

i know for most people this would be a negative.

but keeping in mind that i'm a pm.

would you absolutely skewer me if i said it was one of my teachers.

Skyler

NO WAYYYYYYYYYYY

o my god AVAAAAA hahahahaha

Ava

you have to keep in mind that i'm a pm!!

i would probably have more power in a relationship than most people, right??

so, they... cancel each other out.

that makes it okay.

i think.

Skyler

o my GODDDDD

you're literally such the type of person to end up in this situation too hahahaha

i should book the next flight to come kill you

but i technically can't argue with your logic

so i GUESS!!!!!!!!!! you're off the hook for now :ppp

Ava

good.

look, i...

i really liked it, lol.

she took me to dinner afterward, we talked about a bunch of stuff.

she also has powers.

she knows who i am, but i don't feel like a "celebrity" around her, y'know?

Skyler

well that's good!!!

what are her powers :O

Ava

uh.

i don't know actually?

we didn't get around to talking about it really.

we were, uh.

busy.

Skyler

you HAVE to find out for me!!! it's weird she hasn't told you

It... did feel kind of weird. But, then again, it also just hadn't come up. It probably wasn't as weird as it felt.

Ava

fine, i will.

Skyler

and i DO have to get your ass in some capacity for
FUCKING YOUR TEACHER!!!!!!!!!!

freak!!!!!!!!!!

Ava

i'm sorry!!! she's hot!!!

Skyler

a likely story

hot and WRONG

Ava

and what if that makes it hotter?

Skyler

FREAK!!!!!!!!!!

Ava

maybe so.

Skyler

i'm gonna trust you on this

but i do have to warn you

if it crashes and burns. i do get to say i told you so

Ava rolled her eyes and switched over to the group chat, back-reading a little to get a better understanding of the new Tier One.

Given that it was a 4chan leak, there wasn't much to talk about. The group chat had gone a little off-topic, talking about the Bureau in general, about the North American superhero structure in general, and there had even been a few pushes indicating that, perhaps, a few DMs had expanded on these concerns in-depth.

It would be intentionally obtuse for Ava to pretend she didn't get it. On especially bad days, when one too many people had looked at her as if she was necessarily a threat, she also railed against the Bureau. Internally, mostly, but she'd had some damning conversations with her peers, too.

But she didn't have any better ideas, not when she knew that if she got too angry, if she let herself slip, she could do some damage. A villain PM could really, *really* fuck things up for everyone.

And so, it had to be worth it.



Chapter VI

INT. AVA'S DORM ROOM - MORNING

AVA swings her backpack over her shoulder and exits her dorm room, heading down the hallway. Probabilities follow her, some of them slightly darker than ones we've been seeing recently. "CHANCE OF THE DORMITORIES BURNING DOWN," "CHANCE OF YOU RUNNING INTO SOMEONE WHO HATES YOU," "CHANCE OF THE BUREAU REASSESSING YOU."

The camera should linger more on the stares, whispers, and general attention being paid to AVA than it has been previously. AVA seems to be putting on an air like she's intentionally ignoring them, but we watch her pay attention to the people around her with eyes that look haunted and paranoid. She looks unhappy.

The moments we get with a happier-looking AVA are now mostly confined to her texting with VIERA, who she's gotten in contact with. We watch them exchange a few texts over the days between Tuesday and Thursday.

Ava

so, does it grind your gears that i type like this when i'm in a writing class?

Viera

No.

Why would it?

Ava

i dunno. english majors are like that?

Viera

I'm technically an English minor.

Besides, I'm not grading you on how you text.

When it comes to texting, the only important aspect is making sure you're communicating effectively. As long as you're able to get your point across, what's the problem?

Ava

weird.

Viera

So, now I'm "weird" for being more open to alternative forms of communication.

I see how it is.

Ava

you're so annoying.

Viera

Lol.

By the time Thursday rolled around, Ava and Viera had established quite a comfortable texting relationship. Viera typed with essentially perfect grammar, but it somehow made it even easier for Ava to hear her voice through the screen. They'd flirted a little bit, but stopped short of actually sexting, although Ava wouldn't pretend her face had stayed completely free of red the whole time.

The probabilities were still around, obviously. Ava saw them wherever she looked, taunting her, so overwhelmingly pointing her towards the worst things that could happen, a hundred thousand ways this relationship might crumble. But at least she *had* something else to think about. And god, she wanted so badly to feel Viera brush every thought in her brain away again.

The only pointers Viera would give her for Thursday were to, "Wear something comfortable," which definitely allowed for an *array* of clothing options. After a bit of hesitation, Ava had opted for a comfy T-shirt and a simple little skater skirt. After all, she wanted to look cute for whatever strange sex she was sure they were going to have.

Viera was good at not letting anything slip. She barely gave Ava a second look when she walked in, dropping her purse to the side of the desk and setting up the smart board. "Three-act structure," she started, pointing to the first slide of her presentation, leaning back in her seat a little. "If you're here, you probably already know the basics, but in the Western canon, it's essentially the foundational core of storytelling, so we're gonna do it again."

Indeed, Ava was *exceptionally* familiar with the three-act structure. While she did need to stay a little tuned into the lecture to make sure she wasn't blatantly missing anything, there was quite a bit of open space for her to think about anything she wanted.

Mostly, her mind kept drifting to the fact that her and Viera had fucked on that desk two days ago.

Fundamentally, it was difficult for Ava to have thoughts for anything except just how hot it had been. An idea kept popping up in the back of her mind, only a fantasy, but so desperately erotic as to be unavoidable.



“Wrong,” Viera sighs, shaking her head a little bit. “Come up here. If you repeat it enough times, maybe we’ll all remember.”

Ava takes her position in front of the class, folding her hands in front of her, everyone’s eyes heavy, waiting.

“One way to describe the three-act structure: setup, confrontation, resolution. Repeat it.”

“Setup, confrontation, resolution,” Ava grumbles.

“Again.”

“Setup, confrontation, resolution.”

“A second.”

Ava frowns. “... exposition, rising action, denouement?”

“Another.”

Ava huffs. “I don’t—”

Viera slips her hand over Ava’s shoulder, down her neck, and into her shirt. “If you don’t know storytelling basics like the back of your hand, you’re going to have a hard time crafting stories,” she says. Her breath is hot against Ava’s neck, and Ava could hear the smile on her lips. “You have to be able to lay out a story, even when you’re distracted. Distracted enough, little one?”

Ava nods intently, suddenly acutely aware of everyone's eyes on her. "Yes, ma'am," she breathes.

"Common elements of the first act."

"...exposition," Ava starts, gasping briefly as Viera's other hand traces around her hip, fingers dipping into her waistband. "Introductions. Dramatic premise. Inciting inci—fuck—" she cuts off as Viera's fingers find their way inside her waistband, pressing idly against her clit.

"Not very school-appropriate language," Viera chides, tsking softly. "I'll have to punish you."

The words roil in Ava's stomach, enough that it completely catches her off guard when Viera grabs her hair and pulls her over to the desk. She forces Ava down, bending her firmly over the desk, still facing the class, all eagerly taking in the sight.

"It's your job to be obedient," she says, the words clipped and short as she works Ava's skirt over her ass, fingers thrusting shallowly into her cunt. "You're here to learn, isn't that right?"

"Yes, ma'am," Ava gasps, putting her head down, so overwhelmed as to be completely bluescreening.

Viera fists her fingers into Ava's hair, pulling her head up. "Watch them," she hisses into Ava's ear. "I want you to watch them as I claim you. You like that idea, don't you?" A cold, rubbery dildo nudges at the entrance of her cunt, Viera lubricating it in Ava's fluids as she teases her. "The idea of having other people see how entirely you belong to me. The idea of being marked like this in front of an entire classroom, the idea of having other people see you submit to me." Her tongue dances around the edge of Ava's ear, and a soft, velvet chuckle teases her jaw. "Ask me to fuck you, little one. Right here, right now."

"Please." The words come out as a croak, but Ava's so turned on she thinks she might die if she doesn't manage it. "Fuck, please, ma'am,

claim me, fuck me, do whatever you want to me, make me yours, please.”

“That’s what I like to hear.” The movement of the dildo is sharp and quick, hitting itself all the way inside her in a single movement, enough to make Ava’s eyes roll back into her skull. “Good girl. Cum for me, in front of all these people. Show them what a good whore you can be for me.”

The embarrassment it sparks, the humiliation of falling apart this publicly, is enough to very quickly push Ava over the edge, and she grasps the side of the desk, battling through an orgasm that feels harsher than any she’s ever had before, embarrassment rising in her stomach at the idea of these people having heard her.

“What do you say, little one?”

“Thank you, ma’am.”



“Miss Larson?”

Ava blinked, red threatening to flood her cheeks as she realized Viera was talking to her. “Yes?” she asked, trying to extricate herself from the daydream.

“Main purpose of the second arc?” Viera asked, a little gleam in her eye that implied she knew exactly where Ava had been that whole time.

Ava blinked a few more times. “Mostly character development,” she replied, trying to get her thoughts in order. “Rising action to the climax.”

“Pretty much,” Viera replied.

Despite her attempts to pay attention throughout the lecture, Ava regularly found herself thinking about fucking Viera instead.

It wasn't entirely her fault, she thought; after all, it was probably going to happen in less than an hour.

Finally, the end of class rolled around, and Ava managed to dawdle behind everyone else long enough for her to find herself alone in the classroom with Viera.

"To my desk, if you would, Miss Larson," Viera finally said, gesturing her forward.

Ava stepped forward, around the side of the desk. "Are we not close enough for you to call me Ava?" she snipped lightly, intentionally pushing her luck a little.

In response, Viera grabbed her jaw, her fingers clamping around Ava's face tightly. "What would people think," she replied, the words so sweet as to be cloying, "a professor calling a student by their first name outside of class?"

A whine made its way past Ava's lips unheeded. "I think it would be normal," she breathed.

"Hmm." Viera adjusted a little bit, her left hand now holding Ava's face. Quickly, without much telegraphing, she slapped Ava across the cheek, a bright spark of pain that only served to stoke the flames her fantasizing had already been tending quite effectively. Ava whimpered, and something shifted slightly in Viera's eyes. "Color?" she asked, voice still as dominant and unyielding as ever, but using that power to guide Ava to check in, pulling her up for air for just a second.

"Green, ma'am," Ava gasped, her eyes fixated on Viera's, holding onto that contact like a lifeline.

Viera didn't reply physically, but she gave the tiniest nod. "And if someone thought," she continued, as though nothing had stopped them in the first place, "it was inappropriate, for me to refer to you this way?"

Ava's head was spinning, though it was entirely due to the arousal that flowed through her like lava, the impact itself brief and sharp enough to be little more than a tingle, even just a few seconds after it happened. "Maybe they'd be right, ma'am," she replied, eyes fixed on Viera, every atom in her body wanting something like that to happen again.

The response opened a bright grin across Viera's face. She slipped her fingers into Ava's hair and pulled her down onto her knees. "Maybe they would be," she replied.

Very quickly, Ava found herself manhandled under Viera's desk, sitting on her knees, as she found a position that felt as comfortable as possible. The desk was quite sturdy, with a full-structure build, and that meant it kept her completely hidden from view at essentially every angle except those directly in front of her, right where Viera would be sitting.

But that wasn't mostly what she was paying attention to.

Viera's skirt was long enough that Ava hadn't noticed that she wasn't wearing underwear. But here, sitting underneath the desk, right at eye level with Viera's dick, she sure as hell wasn't looking past it.

"Pets are there to provide something for their owners," Viera purred, her fingers relaxing in Ava's hair, carding through her locks deftly. "I want you to show me how good you can be at cockwarming, hmm?"

"Yes, ma'am." Without even thinking, reacting purely on instinct to Viera's words, Ava leaned forward, taking the woman's soft dick into her mouth, adjusting her position to be as comfortable as possible.

The other woman seemed content to let her sit how she wanted. Her dick hardened a little bit at the friction, but not much; it was soft, comfortable, making the situation feel somehow at once both less sexual and more sexual. Above all else, it felt *right*, like

Ava belonged there, being an object for Viera, making her feel good in whatever way she wanted.

“Any time I am sitting here, you will keep my cock warm,” Viera expanded, nodding shortly. “You can rest your hands on my thighs if you like. But you will be silent, you will do nothing else, and you will do it until I tell you to stop. Do you understand?”

It was enough to fuzz Ava’s brain completely. She nodded, her eyes already half-lidded.

“I have quizzes to grade,” Viera said, petting through Ava’s hair one last time. “Be good.”

Time started to dilate, almost, being in that position. Ava knew, conceptually, that there was a half-hour break between her class and the next class, but in this state, she had no real way to conceptualize of “a half-hour.” Time didn’t hold any meaning for... whatever she was, in that moment. A toy, an object, a piece of furniture. All that mattered was the warmth in her head and the knowledge that she was doing well.

Viera didn’t seem especially sexually forward, either. She didn’t fuck Ava’s mouth, she didn’t move Ava at all; her cock mostly stayed soft inside her, comfortable and unbothered. She just sat there, grading papers.

And then, people started to file in for the next class.

Ava’s immediate response was fear, a kind of bone-deep terror that crawled up her arms and threw her haphazardly into the world of words, trying to calm herself down.

INT. CLASSROOM - EARLY EVENING

STUDENTS start to stream into the classroom. The first group is two or three boys, chatting with each other.

BOY

Hi, Ms. Bryant.

VIERA

Hi, Mr. Durham. Good to see you.

VIERA's speech is easy, calm, entirely in control, no insight whatsoever into the situation underneath her desk. There isn't even a hitch in her voice.

The camera pans to the teacher side of the desk, showing AVA under the desk, VIERA's dick in her mouth. Her hands are on VIERA's thighs, grasping her skin more tightly than looks comfortable, her eyes open wider than normal. She looks scared.

Without looking down, VIERA brings her left hand under her desk, threading her fingers through AVA's hair, gently massaging the woman's scalp. We watch Ava relax, her fingers unclenching from VIERA's thighs, all but physically moving back into subspace.

Ava trusted Viera. She trusted that Viera knew what she was doing.

She didn't have anything to be afraid of.

This class was on more advanced creative writing, focused heavily on historical styles of creative writing, the type of class you'd take in a full creative writing major. In any other situation, Ava may have found herself especially interested in the class, in dissecting various forms of poetry and rhetoric.

In this case, however, Ava had more important things on her mind.

Like, primarily, the fact that all this was happening in front of an audience. The daydream from earlier played in her head again, the concept of Viera punishing her in public, the idea of other people getting to see what a submissive whore she could be for this woman, the idea that it would only require one mistake, and everyone would know what she was doing.



"Couldn't even sit there and be good for me, hmm?" Viera slaps Ava across the face again, drawing a pained whine from her, cloaked in the heaviest arousal she's ever felt. "Too stupid to know better?"

"Yes, ma'am," Ava whimpers, still on her knees in front of Viera, pulled out from under the desk, now in full view of every student in the class. "Yes, ma'am, I'm sorry, ma'am."

"Dumb whore," Viera hisses, grabbing her by the hair with one hand and shoving her other hand's fingers into Ava's throat, causing her to gag around them. "Maybe I'll start putting a dick gag in your mouth all the time, so you get very, very good at keeping my dick in your mouth for as long as I like. Maybe then, you'll learn how to be good for me."

Ava's eyes water as Viera pulls her fingers out of her mouth. "Yes, ma'am," she whines. "Please, I just want to be good for you."

Viera pulls her forward, her dick resting in Ava's mouth once again. "Now you're going to have everyone watch while you warm my cock like a good slut," she chastises. "You'd better convince everyone

here that you're a good dumb bitch for me, or I'll have to punish you again."



It was starting to get incredibly difficult for Ava not to touch herself.

In fact, it started to become a primary reason for keeping her hands on Viera's thighs, as it meant that Viera would know if she made any changes, and as hot as she found the idea of punishment, she *did* want to be good. A few times, Viera had to get up to go help out a student, and that was far more challenging than it had any right to be—Ava thinking about Viera's spit-soaked dick out there with her, the idea that she could be caught at any point still dancing in her head, split equally between wanting class to be over so Viera would fuck her and wanting class to continue forever so she could stay in this haze for eternity.

And yet, it eventually did come to a close. Viera released the class, and they started filing out of the room, chatting with each other and giving Viera their good-byes. Finally, the door swung closed for the last time, leaving them in silence together.

Viera leaned back and looked down at Ava, her eyes bright with pride. "Good whore."

Even before Ava could try to respond with much of anything, Viera grabbed her by the hair and pulled her up to kiss her. The spit that had been collecting in Ava's mouth spilled across the two of them, messy and embarrassing and *searingly* fucking hot, a dead giveaway for just how desperate Ava was, and Viera's mouth crashed into Ava's, their tongues aggressively seeking each other.

With a quick adjustment, Viera pulled Ava's leg over hers, straddling her knee, and Ava gasped sharply as Viera's knee pressed up into her cunt. Almost without thinking, she ground her cunt

down against her, that red-hot embarrassment building in her stomach as she humped Viera's leg.

"Did you like that, little whore?" Viera breathed, her fingers clutching Ava's jaw, holding her still an inch in front of her. "Knowing that anyone could see you serving me? Knowing that you had been reduced to an object, just a pretty fleshlight under my desk?"

Being edged for over a full hour had already left Ava pretty sensitive, and her body didn't seem especially interested in waiting for too long. As she ground down on Viera's knee, she felt something unspool in her stomach, like a latch breaking, and she rode out her orgasm against Viera's leg desperately. Viera's mouth found hers, and she let her moans muffle against the other's lips, so high she didn't think she would ever come down.

Once Ava had started to find her footing on Earth again, Viera laughed. "Greedy little thing." Without skipping a beat, she pushed Ava onto her desk, legs hanging off the side of the furniture, and hiked her skirt up. With very little fanfare, she pulled Ava's underwear slightly to the side, running her middle finger through Ava's soaking wet cunt before thrusting three fingers inside.

A choked moan made its way out of Ava's throat. She leaned back on the desk, her frame giving out on her a little bit as her eyes rolled back in her head, back arched as her brain tried to process everything going on. The friction should have been welcome, and it sort of was, but so soon after she'd just cum, her body was a mess of senses, and it was a lot to take in.

Viera's left hand found its way up to Ava's throat, and she held the woman against the desk, barely tight enough to hint at cutting off her breath. "Does it turn you on, the idea that anyone could walk in and find you like this?" Viera breathed, her voice dark and aggressive and dominant. Her hair was wild around her face—although Ava probably could have read her interest exclusively from her eyes, wide and fully dilated. "The idea that

you're completely unprotected, that if someone *did* walk in here, I might just let them watch me fuck you like this?"

It threw her into those obscene daydreams again, a rush of desperation washing over Ava so strongly that she felt it break into another orgasm, her cunt clenching around Viera's fingers. Ava did her best to stay quiet, although she felt a muffled groan of need press up into the top of her head.

And when she had started to come back to her senses, Viera hadn't stopped.

She slowed down a little bit, but her fingers kept fucking in and out of Ava, occasionally curling slightly upward, trying for as much stimulation as possible. Her thumb pressed under Ava's neck, rubbing down over her jaw a little, that hand still wrapped around her throat enough to be something like a deeply erotic threat. "A shame I haven't fucked you on a proper bed yet, but it seems like you enjoy it," Viera continued, Ava straining as hard as possible to even process the words. "Maybe you'd like a proper bed just for the ways I could use you on one, hmm? Maybe you'd like a proper setup, with me torturing those pretty boobs while you take a dildo all the way into that soft cunt. Paddles, nipple clamps, the whole nine yards." She leaned in further, words dripping like warm oil over Ava's body. "I'm sure you'd look so pretty, writhing underneath me, begging for that dildo in my harness."

God, she was so turned on it hurt. Ava could all but feel her body fighting to try and cum again, to push herself past the desire to take a break, to take everything she was being given and then some more. "Please, ma'am," she managed to choke past her lips. "Want you to fuck me so hard it hurts, want you to keep going no matter what."

"Good." The word was sharp, but languid, honey-warm and delectable. "As long as you keep being a good slut for me, I'll keep fucking you as hard as I can."

That absolutely did it. Ava felt herself arch off the desk, her teeth digging into her tongue to keep her from screaming so loud she'd

notify everyone in the building and then some. It all but launched her into orbit, her brain decoupling from her body, throwing her into that comfortable, gentle sensation of being in the clouds once again.

By the time she wandered back down to her body, Viera was sitting in her chair by the desk, petting through her hair and reading a book.

As if on instinct, Ava sat up—and then regretted it when the world started spinning a little. Viera put her book down and pressed Ava down to a supine position before handing her a water bottle, which she immediately started sucking down.

“Calm down,” Viera laughed, grabbing the water bottle before she’d drank too much. “You’re not going to absorb any of it if you drink it too fast.”

Upon having the bottle returned to her, Ava managed to slow down, trying to remember to sip a little more slowly.

Viera leaned forward and down to kiss her forehead, cupping her cheek. “That really wiped you out, hmm?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Ava breathed, still trying to regain her bearings. “You could say that.”

That bright laugh rang between the two of them, Viera’s broad smile giving Ava an anchor to hold onto. “I was going to take you out again,” she replied, “but I wonder if you might be a bit too exhausted. If you’d be comfortable with it, I’d love for you to come back to my place for dinner.”

Ava’s gaze flicked up, and she nodded. “I’d really like that, ma’am,” she replied. “...If you’d be willing to have me.”

“You need higher standards, baby girl,” Viera replied with another laugh. “Any time someone fucks you, the least they can do is get you dinner. Ideally breakfast, too.”

“You seem dedicated to it, so I don’t think I’ll ever have a problem with it,” Ava replied, her floaty headspace keeping her from thinking twice about the statement until it was already out of her mouth.

It was a pretty blatant way to express that Ava very much expected this to last... well, forever. Again, that terror in her stomach, her need to tap into every probability rising, that fear she’d done something really wrong, that she’d said too much, that she’d made a mistake—

But Viera only smiled, lazy and carefree. “Alright, then,” she replied. “Grab your things. We’ll head over to my place.”

And the fear melted, pushed to the corners of Ava’s mind once again.

She could get used to this.



Chapter VII

EXT. VIERA'S HOUSE - EVENING

VIERA'S HOME WAS MODEST, but quite nice. It was an actual house, for one thing: two bedrooms, in a fairly decent neighborhood, and not even that far away from the college. It was in the suburbs, yes, but less than fifteen minutes of driving was a pretty good commute.

"It's pretty," Ava mused out loud as they walked up.

"Thank you," Viera said with a smile. "I'm really happy with it."

The inside, too, was charming. Lots of little tchotchkes, Precious Moments figurines sharing table space with cute little sun and moon salt and pepper shakers, but not so many it felt overwhelming. It just felt like Viera: comfortable, personal, and safe.

"I was planning on loaded baked potato soup for dinner," Viera said, setting her purse on the counter and heading into the kitchen. "Any objections?"

"No, ma'am," Ava replied, following over to the breakfast bar and taking a seat on one of the bar stools.

Viera leaned over the breakfast bar, kissing Ava's forehead. "That's what I like to hear." Not missing a beat, Viera started to grab items for dinner, rummaging through the pantry and the refrigerator. "So, how'd you end up over here?" she continued. "I'm surprised they didn't want such a powerful person closer to their headquarters."

"It's sort of a fluke," Ava replied, sighing gently. "My family's always lived over here. They basically offered to let me go to college in Florida as long as I didn't rock the boat too much." She looked down at her nails, feeling a little embarrassed. "I'm... not telling anyone about the relationship, because of that."

While they'd been talking, Viera had laid out a bunch of large potatoes on a cutting board, starting to run through them with a large chef's knife. To Ava's relief, she just nodded. "They might have a problem with you dating your screenwriting teacher, yeah."

Ava laughed, a bit surprised at the response. "God, I wasn't even thinking of that," she mused. "No, I'm just... not supposed to casually date. Y'know, being a PM. If I think about the probability of something, it'll change. So... well, I could manipulate people into having sex with me."

It felt oddly disconcerting to lay it out to Viera so directly, and she almost felt the need to hold her breath, hoping it didn't land badly. That uncertainty only cranked up when Viera hummed lightly, choosing not to respond directly.

In a little bit of a panic, Ava grabbed a few probabilities, retreating into the words that never failed her, hoping to come out of the situation on top.

INT. VIERA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Bright yellow PROBABILITIES sneak across the various surfaces in VIERA's house, illuminating the surfaces around them. "LIKELIHOOD THAT YOU'VE UPSET VIERA," "LIKELIHOOD THAT THIS WAS A BAD THING TO ADMIT," "LIKELIHOOD YOU BREAK UP."

AVA's eyes dart aggressively back and forth across PROBABILITIES. They should blip in and out far more quickly than we're used to seeing in the background, implying that AVA is intentionally pulling out probabilities to "check" on them.

Through it all, the camera should avoid focusing on VIERA, who is finishing up cutting potatoes, keeping her decisively in the background. The camera only shifts its focus to VIERA when she talks again, bringing her to the forefront and pushing the PROBABILITIES to the side.

VIERA

Well, do you know that?

The response shocked Ava so much, it startled her out of language entirely for a second, her own voice completely falling her. She blinked a few times, at a loss for a response. "I..." She furrowed her eyebrows, watching Viera transfer the potatoes to a bowl of water. "Yeah. Obviously."

"How?" The single word wasn't accusatory, was quite gentle, in fact, but was very direct, brokering no argument.

As Viera organized the onion, garlic, and scallions, Ava blinked again, wishing she could organize her thoughts so easily. "That's how being a probability manipulator works," she replied, acutely aware of how circular that explanation felt. "You have to be aware of it all the time. Any time you think about a percentage, no matter how vaguely, you're influencing it, to some extent."

Ava caught the way Viera pursed her lips a little, the movement waking something tense and uncertain in her stomach. After another few seconds of quiet, she replied, "And the Bureau told you this is how it works?"

Ice filled Ava's veins, that mounting dread crawling up her neck. "Yes."

Viera nodded. Her voice was still soft, still as gentle as anything, but it wasn't helping the fear that curled up in Ava's stomach. "And you think the Bureau wouldn't lie to you to keep you in line?"

"That's ridiculous." It was, admittedly, a knee-jerk reaction, viciously railing against something that couldn't be true, because if it was true, it ruined her. But she couldn't recognize it enough to rescind it. "I've seen it happen."

Viera shook her head. Her aromatics chopped, she pulled out a huge stock pot, heating some olive oil within. "You have to be intentionally moving the dial," she replied firmly. Her tone was intense, but not aggressive, just completely sure of herself. "You can't do it on accident. There are lots of powers out there, and people don't just use those powers on accident. It doesn't happen."

"Probability manipulators do," Ava replied with a certainty she didn't feel the half of. "We know they do. People who make these kinds of reality adjustments can just accidentally change the world around them. We know this."

Again, a shake of Viera's head. "Look, I will show you," she said, looking away from the onions cooking in the pot, locking eyes with Ava. "On Tuesday. I'm smarter than I look. I will show you how to test it."

Silence stretched between the two of them. Ava wanted to reply, but her options weren't great. She didn't believe what Viera was saying—but, to be fair, she didn't know if it was a good idea to take what the Bureau was saying wholesale, either. She wanted to believe Viera, wanted to believe there was another option, one where her OCD didn't hang over her head like a fucking wasp's nest for the rest of her life, but... well, that had to be wishful thinking.

The only way to manage things was through the Bureau's strategies. It had to be. She just had to stop thinking about it.

It wasn't their fault that she wasn't very good at sticking to that strategy. It wasn't fair to blame them.

Suddenly, Viera's hand was on Ava's jaw, tilting her head up, pulling her gaze to the other woman's. "I promise, I am doing this because I want you to be happier, okay?" she said softly, so softly, like she was afraid to break Ava. "I know the Bureau has a lot of power over us. I don't want you to just accept that power."

The only thing Ava could bring herself to do was nod.

God, she wanted it to be true. She wanted, so badly, for Viera to be right, that there was another way, that there was something else out there for PMs, but if she let herself believe it, it wouldn't happen. She knew it wouldn't happen.

The Bureau has a lot of power over us. That "us" reminded Ava of the question she'd been wanting to ask. She opened her mouth to ask it, to find out what Viera's power actually was—

But Viera's next question cut her off. "What draws you to screenwriting?" she asked, heading to the stove to stir her onions and garlic.

It was sort of out of the blue, probably a question meant to redirect Ava's thoughts and bring them back to a less emotionally uncomfortable conversation. And yet, being fully unprepared to answer it, Ava spent a few minutes considering her answer. "I like telling stories," she finally replied. "I'm Nimiipuu, even if I didn't grow up with that strong of a connection, and the Nimiipuu traditionally have a quite strong oral history. I always say that telling stories is in my blood," she laughed. "To some extent, I just... feel like I have stories to tell, y'know? Being gay, being mixed-race diasporic, having OCD, there are so many stories I want to tell people in so many ways."

Viera nodded. "And are you prepared for people to not care broadly about those stories?" she asked with a little laugh.

Ava laughed back, feeling some of the tension dissipate from the room. "Yeah, I am," she replied. "A lot of the stories I love the most have a very small reach. I want to make my salary with something else in the film industry, then make a hundred little passion projects that I pay for out of pocket."

"As long as you're realistic about it," Viera replied, draining the potatoes and setting them to boil. "A lot of us with niche stories to tell have big dreams, but there isn't always the audience for it."

"Yeah," Ava sighed. "What about you? Why did you get into writing and screenplay?"

Viera shrugged. "Mostly through theatre, actually," she replied. "I was crazy into theatre all through high school. Really into teaching people about it, especially," she smirked, sending butterflies fluttering through Ava's chest. "The classes I would have needed for my first semester in theatre education were full, and instead of waiting a semester, I decided to pull film design out of thin air. The rest is history."

"Weird way to get there," Ava mused, "but... well, I'm glad it happened."

"I am, too," Viera replied with a grin. She grabbed the chicken broth from the counter, adding a full container to the pot with her aromatics, and set it to boil before heading to the sink to wash her hands. "I've always liked teaching," she continued, pulling out a dish towel to dry her hands. Free of the cooking for at least a few minutes, she walked around the breakfast bar, pulling Ava close, right up against each other once again. "I'm glad it ended up being with you,"

Ava's throat swelled, just a little, as she put her arms around Viera's neck. "I don't know if I could have asked for something better than this," she said with a nod.

Viera's hands traced down to Ava's hips, then ran up into her T-shirt. Ava jumped slightly for a second at the way her still-slightly-wet hands drifted over her skin, bringing with them a light chill, but they warmed up pretty quickly. Viera leaned in, tracing her tongue across Ava's jaw. "Three orgasms earlier and you're already ready for more." She tsked, mock-disappointed. "Insatiable."

"For you?" Ava managed, her breath escaping her a little bit. "Always."

That seemed to do something for Viera, and she ran her hands up further, reaching around Ava entirely to unclasp and pull off her bra, along with her shirt. "Bring your hand into my underwear," she breathed, her fingers starting to knead Ava's breast. "I want you to play with me the same way you play with yourself."

Ava nodded, her fingers delving into Viera's waistband. As she did, Viera also slipped her fingers against her, gently at first, as though she was waiting for something.

As Ava started to get her bearings, she realized exactly what Viera was waiting for. She ran her thumb around the head of Viera's dick, gently, as though getting acquainted with her position, and Viera's thumb pressed across her clit, running in a similar circle, pulling a quick gasp out of her. She brought her fingers down to the root of Viera's dick, running her middle finger down the underside, all the way to the head, and again, Viera mimicked her, running two fingers through Ava's cunt.

It was a strange little game they were playing, but fuck if it wasn't working. Ava soon found out exactly *how* good Viera was at mimicking; thrusting her hips into Viera's hand didn't seem to work to increase the pressure, but when she started running her fingers more firmly across Viera's dick, she was rewarded, both with more intentional pressure and with Viera's voice, thick with desire, murmuring, "Good girl. See, I knew you would pick it up."

That almost set her off, but Ava managed to hold it together. She kissed Viera hard, whining when the woman's tongue pressed

hard to hers, harsh breathing turning into moans and whimpers, desperate for more. "Please," she breathed, rocking her hips against Viera's touch, feeling the other's dick, warm with blood, under her fingers. "Fuck, I want to hear you cum again, so bad. Want to be good and make you cum."

"My good whore," Viera replied, the words coated in a line of desperation. "You're doing so well. You sound so pretty. Focus on the head of my dick, use more of your fingers. I think you'll like how it feels on you, too."

Ava obeyed, introducing her thumb and first two fingers, rubbing the head of Viera's dick, focusing on the top and sides. As she did, Viera's fingers copied her, her thumb and fingers gliding across Ava's clit, and she shuddered, chasing Viera's lips, wanting more.

The wave of orgasm rushed over her in a surprisingly gentle way. With the focus shifted a little bit, paying more attention to gentler movements—and, certainly, piggybacking off the orgasms from earlier—Ava found herself more awash in the sensation, overwhelmed like being lost in the ocean, rather than the sudden snap of most of the orgasms she'd previously experienced.

It let her stay in her body enough to feel Viera hold herself tightly to her, to feel her cum coat Ava's hand, to hear her moan tangle with Ava's, their tongues meeting and pulling apart and meeting again.

As their kisses slowed, a weight pressed against Ava's eyelids, making it hard for her to open her eyes. She managed to pull them open once Viera kissed her forehead, but she certainly wasn't all there.

"You are starting to look a bit shaky on your feet, pretty girl," Viera laughed. She grabbed Ava's hand, bringing it up to her mouth and twirling her tongue around the woman's fingers, licking her own cum off them. The sharp blush it brought to Ava's cheeks only heightened when she pulled Ava in, kissing her hard, her tongue sharing the taste of Viera's cum between them, bitter and salty and musky, encompassing her senses entirely. Viera

pulled back, then laughed a little. “I’m going to have you take at least a nap,” she said, “although, given that it’s already six, it may just end up being a very early bedtime.” She hesitated for a second, looking behind her. “I do... *have* a guest bedroom—”

“Nuh-uh,” Ava replied, the haze of fatigue letting her say more of what she was thinking, even though she still felt a little embarrassed. “I wanna sleep in your bedroom.”

A smile spread across Viera’s face, golden and gleaming and perfect. She turned the heat down on the stove, set an alarm on her phone, and took Ava’s hand, leading her to the bedroom.

The bedroom was quiet, simple, less of the little tchotchkes and personal statement pieces Ava had come to expect from the living area. Viera seemed to take sleep hygiene quite seriously. A few pictures in black-rimmed frames rested atop various pieces of furniture, but Ava was far too tired to hunt through them for Viera’s face.

Ava tumbled into the King-sized bed, Viera sitting on the mattress next to her. “What if we cuddled before I went to sleep?” Ava asked, words muffled against the bedsheets, barely even pausing to think about what she was saying.

“If that’s something you would like,” Viera said gently. She slipped into bed next to Ava, pulling the blanket at the foot of the mattress over the both of them. As she did, she pulled Ava close.

Viera smelled... *strong*, but Ava wouldn’t be able to place any of the smells. She just smelled like the person Ava had started to grow quite fond of over the last week, that precise mixture of sweat and laundry detergent and skin microbiome and body wash and every other thing that created each person’s own personal scent.

Ava buried her face in Viera’s chest, breathing in deeply, and before she knew it, that comfortable, calming scent had lulled her to sleep.

She fell asleep too quickly to realize that she had never actually gotten around to asking Viera about her powers.



Chapter VIII

INT. VIERA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

WHEN AVA WOKE UP, Viera was gone.

Immediately, her brain started firing on all cylinders, desperately reaching for something, *anything* that could have happened.

INT. VIERA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

AVA sits bolt upright in bed. Her breathing should be quicker than we're used to, we can hear her pulse in her ears. PROBABILITIES start gathering on every surface of the room, all dark and mean and angry, glowing yellow in a noticeably brighter way than is typical.

Lots of quick cuts here, trying to visually exemplify the way AVA's brain is working overtime.

And then there's a noise from the front room -
PANS CLATTERING.

AVA takes a deep breath, putting her face in her hands, and gets out of bed. We follow her cautiously walking out of the bedroom and to the kitchen, where VIERA is putting away dishes.

VIERA

Good morning, pretty girl.

Ava felt herself relax, felt the fear being replaced with embarrassment. "Good morning," she replied, taking a seat at the breakfast bar.

"I put the soup away when it was finished," Viera continued, gesturing to the refrigerator and its many magnets. "How do you feel about loaded baked potato soup for breakfast instead of dinner?"

"Fuck yes," Ava replied, a grin stretching across her lips.

It turned out, loaded baked potato soup for breakfast was actually an incredible idea. By the time Viera was gathering the dishes, Ava was mostly relaxed again, ready for another day of school.

"Can I drop you off at your first class?" Viera asked, ladling some soup into a plastic bowl. "We both have classes today, to my knowledge."

Ava nodded. "I'd like that."

The drive to school was quiet, gentle indie rock playing over Viera's speakers as they chatted mostly about the drive itself. Viera pulled up to the E building and leaned over, kissing Ava's forehead. "I'll see you on Tuesday," she said gently. "Come in twenty-five minutes early, alright? I already know what I'm planning to do with you."

Heat raced down Ava's spine, and she nodded. "Yes, ma'am," she breathed, a smile blossoming across her mouth. She grabbed the container of soup and headed into her College Algebra class, the first of two she had on Fridays.

While College Algebra wasn't Ava's strongest subject by any means, it was fairly easy to prep for; lectures weren't especially important to give your undivided attention. That meant she found herself backreading the group chat for the first ten minutes of class.

The new PM had actually been confirmed; the Bureau had put out an internal memo, and were planning to put out their public statement next week. Some of the details of the leak had been wrong, but they'd at least gotten the basics right. They were probably looking at a class of '34, unless it turned out to be a fluke.

That did also mean the chat was already buzzing a bit about the Bureau, about PMs, about how to reach out to this new kid, and all the noise made it pretty easy to find an "in" to try and talk about what Viera had said.

Skyler

okay but like

the kid deserves SOME kind of help up

we have a lot of resources they literally won't get in bureau ed, why not at least ask them if they want them

Rayyan

n get us all fuckin nuked? dont be stupid

Irene

I do think it is probably a good idea to wait until they get to pre-study.

By 18, they will have a basic understanding of their powers.

Skyler

and a LOTT of bureau talk in their brain!!!!!!

Rayyan

u wanna go over exactly what that means? here?

dumbass

Samuel

We don't have to worry about that now.

The basics don't change much. We can give them information as soon as they hit pre-study, like the rest of us.

Ava

are we sure the basics don't change much?

Rayyan

wtf do you mean by that

Ava

everyone here has been told that just thinking about a probability changes it, right?

Rayyan

ya

Katerina

Yes

Irene

Yes.

Skyler

uh huh

Samuel

Yes.

Ava

do we know that?

Katerina

In what capacity

Ava

i mean, has anyone considered that maybe you have to be making changes on purpose?

Rayyan

no

Samuel

This isn't a broadly supported concept, to my understanding.

Irene

We know that probability manipulation is unstable. It naturally results in change upon perception.

Ava

ok but how do you know???

the bureau told you, right??

Rayyan

prism

now

Okay, yes, Ava had gotten a little more... *direct* than she had initially wanted to. But this whole idea was scary, and she needed reassurance from the other probability manipulators that her line of thought, at least, wasn't insane.

Rayyan probably wasn't the best person to give her that reassurance, but Ava didn't have a ton of other options.

Rayyan

idk who tf youve been hanging out w, but this is a dangerous fucking line of thought

i insanely do not fw it

Ava

i have a girlfriend who's also a hero, and she doesn't agree.

Rayyan

o well thats fucking great for you!!!!

i on the other hand have done everything i can to keep the bureau off my fucking back

n i don't need you to fuck that up fr me forever

Ava

but if we know something new, shouldn't we tell them?

hell, at the very least, shouldn't we tell each other???

Rayyan

tell the rest of the gc individually here

do not tell the bureau FUCKING ANYTHING

in fact that shld be your #1 primary driving force in life as a whole

rule #1, don't tell the bureau fucking anything you fucking moron

idc what your girlfriend is telling you

Ava

i think she might know what she's talking about.

Rayyan

not applicable to u

ur a pm you stupid asshole

how much research have you even done on her

how much do you know ab who she is?

Ava furrowed her eyebrows, whirling discomfort threading through her stomach again, that feeling like she was on the brink of throwing up.

Ava

do you know something??

Rayyan

anyone worth their salt shouldnt be trusting the bureau

but ur making it ur problem by making it THEIR problem

ur cunt of a gf is putting ur stupid ass in danger

Ava

this is stupid.

leave me alone.

Ava dropped her phone face-down onto the table and rested her head on her hands, letting herself really truly think.

Her pulse was racing, her heart stuck in her throat. Everything was... *bad*. Rayyan was abrasive at the best of times, but this had clearly come from the heart. There was something about this concept that Rayyan, at least, seemed to think was quite dangerous, and Ava couldn't help but think that it might be right.

Ava didn't know Viera's power. She could be reasonably certain she wasn't a PM, but outside of that, she could be anything. And with Rayyan's questions rattling around her brain, Ava was starting to wonder just how much of this whole situation had been accidental.

How much research have you done on her? How much do you know about who she is?

She hadn't. She didn't. Viera was someone she had met essentially randomly. And it wouldn't even be impossible to surreptitiously corral Ava into that class. Viera had admitted to knowing who she was from the get-go—not an inherently suspicious thing to admit, but it wasn't nothing.

Ava had taken it for granted that Viera was safe, and she didn't know exactly why she had done that.

Or... well. She did have an inkling.

Viera had been nothing but thoughtful, the whole relationship, as short as it had been. She'd seemed quite cautious about consent, allowing Ava to take things at her own pace, asking questions, talking about things openly.

The whole time they'd known each other, Viera had been more thoughtful and more kind than essentially anyone in her life. She had treated her as a *person*, not as a celebrity, not as a ticking time bomb, not as someone who was a soft breeze away from being a villain, but as a normal, living person, someone with dreams and aspirations and thoughts and feelings.

That trust hadn't come from nowhere. Viera had proven herself to be trustworthy by treating Ava as a real person.

The uncertainty in her head poked through, though, telling her that it could all be a ruse. It could all be a way to get to her. It could be a lie.

Ava did not want to think about all that.

Instead, she resolved to figure it out later.



INT. AVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ava

sorry i've been mia

i wanted to talk about your power

Viera

No problem.

We can talk about it the next time we meet up.

Or, perhaps, slightly after we meet up. It doesn't seem like we end up talking about many important things right when we meet up, lol.

Ava

okay

i'd like that

sorry, i can't stop thinking about everything

i'm really really worried i changed something

Viera

I really don't think you can do that accidentally, sweetheart.

I'll see you at 2:30 tomorrow, okay?

Ava

yes ma'am

i'm sorry

Viera

Don't worry about it.

You didn't do anything wrong.

I promise.



INT. CLASSROOM HALLWAY, LATE AFTERNOON

Flash with a TICKING SOUND EFFECT to a clock, showing the time: not quite 2:30. Ava is standing outside of the classroom that hosts the Intro to Screenwriting class.

The world is spinning, PROBABILITIES covering every surface, sometimes layered on top of each other, so we can't see them. The TICK EFFECT continues, switching shots on every other tick, but always going back to her wide, uncomfortable, panicked eyes, showing Ava's deteriorating mental state. A shot of her hand, resting on the doorknob; a shot of her eyes. A shot of her left hand, her teeth tearing at her nail; a shot of her eyes. A shot of her feet, rooted to the floor; a shot of her eyes.

We zoom into her eyes for four tick effects.

The tick effect stops as flashback shots then proceed, showing scenes where she feels like she could have made a mistake, playing out in reverse chronological order. Her on her phone, in her College Algebra class, talking to RAYYAN. Her in VIERA's home, deciding not to pursue the question of what the woman's power is. Her in class, daydreaming about VIERA. Her waiting, quiz in hand, for her fellow students to vacate the room.

We linger on a shot of VIERA holding Ava's jaw in her hand, that first Thursday, of her inviting Ava to stay, of Ava knowing just how badly she wanted to stay.

The clock ticks once again, and we linger on a full-body shot of Ava for four ticks, then a silent shot for what would be four more ticks. We hear and see Ava take a deep breath and open the door.

Viera was already sitting at her desk, which had a seat pulled up to it on the student side. She smiled, looking over at Ava as

she walked into the classroom. “Hi,” she said gently. “I have a few things for you, if you’d come over here.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Ava could hear the hoarseness in her own voice. She hoped it wasn’t too apparent.

“I know this is going to be weird, but sex stuff first. I promise, it’ll make more sense in a minute.” As Ava walked around the desk, Viera pulled her in, pressing her lips to the other’s. Ava’s body loosened, her eyes closing as Viera held her tightly, confidently, assuredly. Her fingers brushed up into Ava’s underwear, and she jumped a little bit when a vibration pulled her attention to the device she was now aware Viera held in her hand.

The vibrator she was holding was small, but astonishingly strong. Viera held it against her clit, and Ava whimpered, her hips seeking more, body melting in response to the touch. After a few seconds, Viera nested it in Ava’s underwear, made a few adjustments with her fingers, and then pressed it tightly to her, extricating her hand from between them. She looked over at her phone, making a few adjustments, and suddenly the vibration shut off entirely.

“Good girl,” Viera said with another gentle smile. “Alright, on the other side of the desk for me.”

Obediently, Ava walked around the desk, looking down at the array of items already laid out on its surface as she sat down. Viera had set it up like a casino table: a few coins, a deck of cards, multiple sets of dice.

“I want you to tell me when it’s noticeable, but not so much so that you’re completely out of it. I promise, there’s a reason for all this.” Viera adjusted her phone again, and Ava gasped, her eyes suddenly glazing over.

“That’s a lot,” Ava managed to get out.

Viera slid her finger down the phone screen, and the vibration abated slightly. It was clear enough, a vibration that absolutely

reminded her that it was there, but not so strong that she worried she was going to fall over. "More accurate?"

Ava nodded. "Much," she replied, breathing a sigh of relief.

"Good." Viera gestured to the spread of items on her desk. "The most fundamental tests of probability are random-chance events." She grabbed a quarter, holding it up to Ava. "What's the probability that it lands on heads?"

Ava focused, pulling the probability out of it, causing it to materialize. "Something like fifty-two percent," she replied. "Coin flips aren't exactly fifty-fifty, for the most part, and focusing on it changes it a little."

"No, it doesn't." Viera's fingers returned to the vibrator control, pulling it up until Ava started whining and panting, her eyes wanting to flutter shut. "Keep watching the percentage."

Ava forced herself to obey Viera, wrenching her eyes open and watching the probability, bright yellow and hovering right next to the quarter Viera was holding. The last digit still spun, just as quickly as before, only allowing for an estimate of the percentage.

"It still dances," Viera continued, as if confirming what was happening. "Right? It still changes."

Ava felt her breathing pick up, uncomfortable and uncertain. "Yes," she confirmed, speaking the words through a haze of arousal and fear and desperation.

"Every event is fluctuating in chance, all the time." Viera threw the coin into the air in a rhythm, over and over again. "The way the breeze blows, the way I flip, anything can change it." She held it still again. "I'm going to increase the chance by intentionally flipping it maliciously, by deciding I will do some sleight of hand. You will do nothing, and it will change."

Sure enough, Ava watched, with her own two eyes, that vibration stealing so much of her attention away, as that probability climbed. Sixty-something, seventy-something, evening out at about 87%, probably accounting for Viera being unable to perform the trick or deciding, at the last minute, she wouldn't.

"And?"

Ava hissed, the vibration starting to really get to her, so turned on it echoed throughout her bones. "Eighty-seven percent," she ground out.

Viera lowered the vibration, and Ava wasn't sure whether to be grateful or angry. "Now, I want you to *concentrate* on it," she said quietly. "I want you to think about influencing that percentage. With your impact level, I know you can get it to around sixty percent. Do so."

Ava's breath caught in her throat. She frowned, mind racing.

Her whole life, the Bureau had hammered one thing into her brain: do not think about probabilities. To adjust probabilities made you bad. Influencing the goings-on around you made you bad, made you wrong, was expressly disallowed.

"I have to get permission from the Bureau," she croaked, eyes flicking from the quarter to Viera's face. Despite her roiling uncertainty, she didn't miss that the percentage stayed around the same, even after having the *idea* of changing it introduced to her. "I need Bureau clearance to make intentional changes."

"No, you don't." Viera's words were sharp, clipped, intense. "You only need permission from your dom."

There was something otherworldly in having Viera expressly name that position in Ava's life. She'd wanted Viera to fill that role, wanted her to really be that, but having her state it so directly filled her with a deeply comfortable warmth she wasn't sure she'd ever felt.

And, imbued with a burst of confidence, Ava mentally reached out and made that change.

Immediately, Ava recognized the foreign nature of what she was doing. Her mental understanding of the probability scrambled around for a second, unsure exactly what to “do” to make an intentional change. She formed her mind into a hand, reached out to a probability shaped like a dial, and turned it to the right, coaxing that number higher, reshaping reality around her wants and desires.

She’d never done this before. Even when she’d been first appraised, they’d used an EEG machine and whatever other proprietary tech they had to make a judgment. As a child, her few instinctive uses of her power had been like anything else children did: imprecise and awkward. This precision, this certainty, it was new, terrifying, almost violent.

By 59.2%, Ava felt the strain behind her eardrums. The dial didn’t want to keep turning, was pushing against her instead. But the number was solid: it wasn’t flickering the way probabilities always did. It ticked up, 59.3%, again holding still as she tried to force it further, as she tried to make it obey.

The vibration that suddenly sparked against her cunt startled her out of her concentration. She squeaked, slumping in her seat, and watched the probability drift down to somewhere around 52%, jumping and flickering once again.

“See.” Viera’s eyes were intense. “It’s different when you’re using it. You always have the power to see the probabilities. But you are not always changing them.”

Ava took a deep breath, looking down at the spread of probability games beneath them, mind racing.

Everything was wrong. The things she’d structured her whole belief system on were untrue. Intentionally or unintentionally—and she sure knew what she had her money on—the Bureau

had lied to her. The Bureau had lied to her friends, to her family, to everyone she'd ever talked to.

The Bureau had told her she was inherently, inexplicably dangerous. The Bureau had told everyone else she was inherently, inexplicably dangerous.

And they'd lied.

"I can do it again with different probability games," Viera continued. "It's going to be the same thing, every time. If you're changing it at all, the amount you're changing it is... I mean, it's minuscule, at most."

There was a beat of silence, and Ava could swear she *felt* the world crumbling around her. "I want—"

But before she could say what she wanted, before she could complete the sentence, the door opened.

Both of their eyes drifted to the boy walking through, one of Ava's classmates, a full 15 minutes early to class.

Ava's eyes caught Viera's. There was a moment of hesitation, and then Viera gestured to Ava's typical seat: second row, just to the side. "We can keep talking about this later."

She didn't have much of a choice. Ava stood up and walked back to her seat.

And, as she walked, she almost fell over as the vibration on her cunt started up again.

Thankfully, Ava was able to suppress any noises. Her gaze whipped around to Viera, who was sitting innocently in her seat, her phone in her hand once more. An impish grin crossed Viera's lips.

The good news was that, it turned out, insane public sex games were really good for taking your mind off the way your reality was crumbling around you.

As the lecture started, Viera transferred her phone into her hand, keeping it in her lap as she discussed how to effectively set up screenplay action: how much detail to go into, what to focus on, how to get the shots in your mind onto the paper.

Ava already knew most of this, which was good fucking news, because she was not in any position to be paying attention to class.

The vibration was the only thing in her world. She could feel it, could feel every adjustment, could feel every distinct, intense sensation. And she could feel the weight of being in public, the weight of knowing that every movement, every noise, every outward indication of that feeling might very easily clue someone else in to what she was doing.

She felt herself cresting into an orgasm by the ten-minute mark. Viera had turned the vibrator all the way up and left it for a good sixty seconds. With the extended foreplay they'd already been doing—and the added excitement of being in the middle of class—Ava found her fingers curling, almost unconsciously, around the edge of her desk, her breath catching in her throat as she felt herself drift closer, closer, closer.

Viera casually locked eyes with her, turned the vibration down for a second, then ratcheted it up again, unrelenting, unstoppable.

As she came, Ava bit her tongue, so singularly focused on not getting caught that it blurred the world around her. Her ears filled with the rushing sound of blood, her mouth watered, a taste like pennies blossoming on her tongue.

By the time the world came back, Viera had turned down the vibrator again, teaching as if nothing had just happened.

That wasn't the end of it, though, not by far. She kept playing with the vibrator, on again and off again, keeping Ava turned on, but not enough to do much of anything about it. It was more

than enough to keep her floaty and out of it, but not enough to actually let her cum.

Until they were around fifteen minutes from the end of class. Viera was making comparisons between a screenplay and the final filmed product, and every time she played the video, she turned the vibrator back up to full capacity.

It was so intentional: that surprisingly strong vibration, rattling Ava's bones, and then nothing. Over and over and over again, an intentional tease, tempting her close before it turned her away. She wasn't even sure exactly how Viera was teasing her so effectively, because she didn't seem to be directly watching Ava—at least, not exclusively. She was actually teaching, was actually paying attention to the words she needed to say, was actually engaging with her students.

She just also happened to be keeping Ava's body wound as tightly as anything she'd ever felt in her life.

The on-off nature of it all was a little more than Ava could fully handle. It took a good while, but finally, Viera seemed to make the choice to increase the vibration as high as it would go, watching a longer piece of the movie at once, and it was far, far too much for her. Almost without her own consent, Ava felt it snap again, felt a noise like a whimper make its way out of her mouth, thankfully masked by the movie soundtrack that kept playing around them.

Viera watched her, too, watched her fight through the orgasm to keep it as quiet as possible, watched her clench her jaw and tighten her fingers around her desk, watched her shoulders tighten a little bit as she tried to ride out the aftershocks.

And then she turned the vibrator down again, so low as to be imperceptible, before shutting it off entirely.

Ava tried not to slump over in gratefulness, tried not to let it show to everyone exactly how intense that class session had been. She relaxed her grip from around her desk, let her shoulders move down to a slightly more normal position, tried to make her eyes

focus once again, all without letting anyone know what had just happened.

Her whole fucking body was on fire. As much as she still had the thought, in the back of her mind, that she needed to talk to Viera, she couldn't ignore the fact that she was calmer and more comfortable than she had been in any of the days between their classes.

Not that Ava had ever needed to be convinced of the benefits of a D/s relationship, but god damn if she wasn't actively being convinced.

"Alright, I'm going to let you go. We have a quiz on Thursday, and I'll also be assigning you your first writing assignment, which will be due on Tuesday." Viera's phone pinged, and she looked down at it, frowning sharply. "...I'll see you then."

As Ava moved to walk up to Viera, she, in fact, walked around the desk, meeting her halfway. "I completely forgot we have a staff meeting," Viera sighed, her lips pressed into a thin line. "I'm sorry. It shouldn't be any longer than an hour, and we can talk then, alright?"

It seemed legitimate enough. Ava nodded. "I'll just be here, if that's okay."

Viera returned her nod. "Thank you. I'll be back as soon as possible." She leaned over, leaving a quick kiss on Ava's temple, and left the room.

As the door was closing behind Viera, Ava pulled her phone up. On the lock screen was a single notification from Prism.



Chapter IX

INT. VIERA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Rayyan

it's your intro to screenwriting prof isn't it

Ava's mouth ran dry, her heartbeat speeding up in her ears.

Ava

??????????

why do you fucking care so much??

Rayyan

god ur so fucking stupid

you never paid attention to anything about the '08 class did y

not a single goddamn thought

Ava

what the fuck does any of that have to do with anything??

Her feet were carrying her around the room as if of their own volition, no control whatsoever ceded to her brain. Her teeth chewed at her nail, that penny taste spreading over her tongue once again.

The fear in her stomach was growing: it was in her chest, in her neck, in her throat.

Something bad was happening.

A picture popped up from Rayyan.

Rayyan

this is her yeah

And it was. She was probably fifteen years younger in the picture: her makeup had that very late '00s look, big, thick eyeliner and strong eyeshadow colors, and she definitely wasn't carrying herself with quite the same confidence she'd developed. Her clothes didn't fit her quite as well, her smile was a little more childish, and her curves weren't developed the way they had ended up.

But it was very, very clearly Viera.

And she was very, very clearly standing next to a lot of people Ava *did* know.

Even if you didn't know the '08 roster by heart, it was hard not to know the biggest villain names from the last 20 years. They all had stupid fucking names, shit like Terminator, Battlestar, Firewatch.

But they had all been responsible for death, at some point. Civilian death, even, most of them. The Bureau didn't have the capacity to arrest a villain; that wasn't why the Bureau existed. It tried to steer those with powers into being heroes, and when it

inevitably failed, it kept everyone's information on file for when the cops came knocking.

And they'd certainly come knocking for many of these people.

Ava

yes.

what about it.

Rayyan

ur dating coyote, dumbass

viera bradley is her civ identity

its super well known

or like, it is to anyone who has fucking brain cells

inhibition manipulation

shes manipulating you

thats why ur being so fucking weird and cagey and unpredictable recently

Ava

she wouldn't do that

Rayyan

didn't tell u she was coyote

sounds like you don't know what tf shed do

INT. VIERA'S CLASSROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

AVA's knees get weak, and she falls into a seat. The phone falls out of AVA's hand, slipping onto the desk in front of her. We hear more pings from the phone, but AVA's attention is no longer on it.

The noise of AVA's PHONE is drowned out by a tinnitus screech, the white noise of the room starting to eat everything around her.

Quick flashback shots show us the "warning signs," accompanied with dreamlike recitations of the sound in those scenes. VIERA talking down on the Bureau.

VIERA

I know the Bureau has a lot of power over us. I don't want you to just accept that power.

Flash to VIERA cutting off AVA's question, multiple dreamlike cuts implying that VIERA may have seen AVA's lips start to move before she says something.

VIERA

What draws you to screenwriting?

Flash to VIERA encouraging AVA to use her powers, just an hour ago.

AVA

I need Bureau clearance to make intentional changes.

VIERA

No, you don't. You only need permission from your dom.

A scream bubbles in AVA's throat, but it comes out as only kind of a choked growl. Bright yellow PROBABILITIES come out of the walls, and AVA sifts through them, a process shown mostly through quick flash cuts between her eyes, the bright yellow glow catching her brown irises, and various PROBABILITIES.

She arranges PROBABILITIES in front of her: "CHANCE THE STAFF MEETING ENDS EARLY," "CHANCE THE MEETING ONLY TAKES HALF AN HOUR OR LESS," "CHANCE VIERA GETS BORED AND LEAVES EARLY," "CHANCE SOMEONE CANCELS THE STAFF MEETING."

We focus in on her eyes as she grits her teeth and pulls internally, an experience presented to us as cutting between AVA's face and a hand gently turning up a dial, the dial turning shot slowly getting more static-y and corrupted as the dial turns further.

The door opens again.

“...Hey, sweetheart.” Viera’s voice was soft, gentle, and Ava’s heart wanted to be soothed, but she couldn’t shed the stunning rage inside her. “What’s going on?”

“You lied to me,” Ava shrieked, completely uncaring of who could hear, of who could be scared of her, because maybe Viera *should* have been fucking scared.

Probabilities danced before her eyes, and she knew she could use them. She knew she could hurt Viera if she wanted to, could increase the chance of a hundred thousand things all at once, could run numbers into the wall until one of them snapped.

She wanted to. She wanted to feel those numbers between her fingers, wanted Viera to know how dangerous she was, wanted to let herself be dangerous. She *needed* to be dangerous, to show that she was right, to show that nobody could fucking lie to her like this and get away with it.

“You’re Coyote. You fucking *lied to me!*”

A frown crossed Viera’s face. “I have never lied to you. Not once.”

“You did,” Ava growled, her hands clenching into tight fists, hunting around for something to do, for a way to be *dangerous*.

“I will admit that I was not as up-front with you as I should have been.” Viera stepped into the room, closing the door gently behind her, starting to cross the distance between the two of them. “And for that, I apologize.”

Ava found herself stepping forward, wanting to aggress, wanting Viera to know she could do something if she wanted to. It was just a single step, but, by *god*, she’d been passive for too fucking long, and she wasn’t going to let people just keep taking advantage of her. “Then why did you do it?” she hissed.

Viera paused, the silence stretching out between them for eons, even though Ava knew it was only a few seconds. She continued to walk, her steps even and measured. Her eyes passed over Ava's frame, taking in the anger, taking in the desperate reach for violence, and just *allowing* it, not moving away, refusing to treat Ava like the ticking time bomb she wanted to be. "I know how the Bureau is," Viera finally replied. "I know how it feels to believe what they've told you. I know how hard it is to believe anything else."

"So, you lied to me."

"I intentionally avoided giving you the full picture," Viera countered. "I needed you to believe I wasn't officially designated a villain, so you would take me seriously."

"You told me you were a hero." The words were rough on Ava's throat, still stuffed chock-full of rage, but with pain now leaking through.

"I told you I *had* powers," Viera corrected. She calmly wandered over to the desk next to Ava, pulling out a chair, turning it to face the other, and sitting down on it.

It was a very intentional move, one that put her well within strangling distance, putting her trust in Ava, even now. Ava didn't have the type of powers that could kill someone directly, but she had a lot of ways to try, and she had two working hands that could brawl with the best of them.

And Viera allowed her to be that close, despite the way she'd screamed, despite the anger that must have consumed her eyes, her face, her structure as a whole.

It was enough to get through, at least a little. Enough for Ava's shoulders to start relaxing, enough for Ava's jaw to unclench a bit, enough for Ava to think that maybe, just maybe, Viera wasn't trying to manipulate her.

"The '08 year was... difficult," Viera started to explain. "A lot of us disagreed with the very concept of a hero/villain dichotomy, the way the Bureau would assign you as a villain in their database if you did something they considered evil, even if that something was... pretty morally grey."

She used her hands, Ava was starting to realize, when she was talking about something important. She'd done it at the Olive Garden, she'd done it at her house, she'd done it just an hour and a half ago, when she was explaining her theory about Ava's powers. She needed to be moving, and she was, positioning the concepts of "hero" and "villain" as archetypes on each side of her, as though she could hold them in her hands.

Ava wanted to hold onto that anger, hold onto the feeling that she'd been lied to.

But it was starting to get to her, the way Viera was opening up, was disarming those concerns.

"The structure itself assumes a lot of things," Viera continued, "and it's not something civilians deal with—most civilians, even those who are bad people, aren't broadly encouraged to think of themselves as being fundamentally 'villains.'" She was sort of looking past Ava, a little bit lost in the memory, and her eyes were soft, a hint of pain to the way her eyebrows furrowed. "I was the one spearheading the movement to boycott how the Bureau categorized us, to try and force their hand into just maintaining files, not designating us as anything." She shrugged, the movement light, airy, unsure. "It didn't go anywhere. The Bureau separated us after pre-study and our little movement collapsed quite quickly." A sad smile crossed her lips. "But I made friends with both sides. And because I refused to revoke my friendships with people they designated villains, they decided I was a villain, too."

Technically, it could have been a lie. A trick, something made up by a villain to appear more sympathetic.

Ava didn't believe that, though. She *didn't* trust the Bureau, and that sure sounded exactly like something they would do. It made too much sense that they might want to force someone's hand that way, that they would use villainhood as a piece of their playbook.

But she had to try. She had to pretend. She couldn't just give up.

"Your power is inhibition manipulation," Ava responded, with more bravado than she felt. "You manipulated me."

"Absolutely not." If the rest of Viera's speech had been a hot spring—warm, soothing, comfortable—this accusation made her suddenly freeze into ice, sharp and deliberate and intense. "I do not secretly use my powers on my partners."

It was so different, her tone of voice so aggressive, especially when compared to the rest of the conversation. And the only difference, it seemed, was that now, Viera was defending herself from an actually incorrect accusation. It said something about Viera, it said something about what she believed, it said something about what she was and wasn't lying about.

Viera's lips pressed into a firm line. "That's a big part of the reason I was so certain that probability manipulation requires intent, because *my* powers require intent; I do not just leave a trail of manipulation wherever I go." Her voice softened a little, and she let out a sigh. "The Bureau wants us to be scared of ourselves. They want us to believe they hold the only key to managing ourselves, that you can't exist outside the Bureau, because it would be madness. And I refuse to allow it. I don't want you to allow it."

Ava let out a long, slow breath, every defense she had starting to crack. She knew, in her heart of hearts, that Viera wasn't lying, but it would fucking ruin her to believe it. "How do you know?" she asked uncertainly. "That you... that I'm not..."

"I can use it on you, if you want." Viera laughed, the sound more sad than gleeful. "You'll know."

It was a dumb choice. Every instinct inside Ava screamed that this was an incredibly fucking stupid decision, that she shouldn't let Viera do more, that she shouldn't put herself in a vulnerable situation around a villain.

But, then again, those instincts had been honed by the Bureau.

So, Ava held out her hand, palm up. "Show me."

Viera nodded, her face deadly serious. She ran her fingers over Ava's wrist, trailing delicately across her palm.

Serenity gathered around Ava's shoulders, a feeling like a warm stole, melting into her body like butter. She felt her shoulders un-tense, felt her frame relax, her facial muscles even adjusting to bring her a more comfortable facial expression.

Viera nodded to the backpack sitting next to Ava. "Get me a pencil from your backpack, sweetheart."

Ava reached down. Why wouldn't she? It was the right thing to do, after all—to help someone she liked so much, to give her something she was asking for. Hell, she should probably be doing more; getting a pencil was nothing, compared to what else she would do for this woman. She found the pencil, then reached forward and dropped it into Viera's outstretched hand.

"Thank you, baby girl," Viera replied. She waved her hand, and immediately the stone fell on Ava's chest again, a wave of roiling anxiety that was so strong as to feel suffocating after having not felt it for a few moments. Viera laughed gently, watching Ava respond to the feeling. "You're too anxious to be under my powers," Viera explained. "Inhibition manipulation doesn't make you do things you *don't* want to do; it makes you do the things you *do* want to do. And most people want to help other people, so it makes you more likely to do the things I ask. If I was manipulating you, ironically, you'd be a lot more comfortable with this relationship."

Ava could feel the horrified tears building in the corners of her eyes. She snorted, well aware that the sound was cynical, upset, hopeless. “I can’t be with a supervillain,” she managed to push out, so exhausted, so unsure, begging for an answer. “They’ll have my fucking head.”

“Maybe.” Viera shrugged, leaning back in her chair a little. “I certainly won’t tell you they wouldn’t. They wanted to have mine, after all.” She tilted her head a little bit, watching Ava closely. “But is it worth being free, do you think? Is it worth pursuing happiness, pursuing something you want, something you *need*, to disobey the people who have constructed what you believe life has to be?”

Ava ran her fingers through her hair, trying to imagine what that would mean. “Do you want to be with me?” she finally asked, hesitantly.

The laugh Viera gave was full of love. “More than anything, sweetheart,” she replied. “I click with you in a way I’ve never clicked with anyone in the world.” She reached out, taking Ava’s hand in hers, lacing her fingers together with the other’s. “But you’re the one who has to make that choice.”

Ava nodded—once awkwardly, as if the movement was foreign to her, another hesitantly, and then more, intentionally, as if she was gaining confidence by the second. “If... if you’re willing to help me walk through it, I want to try,” she said breathlessly. “I don’t...” She carefully considered her words, tried to narrow down the endless stream of thoughts barreling through her head. “I don’t think I trust the Bureau. But I don’t know how to not trust the Bureau. And I need you to help me do that.”

The grin on Viera’s face could have lit up a cavern. She nodded a few times, bringing her hand up to Ava’s jaw. “Alright,” she replied. She pulled Ava in, and they kissed, first softly, and then more intensely, Ava relaxing into her and letting her take the lead. “And plus,” she continued, a mischievous sparkle in her eye, “when you

have a consent structure in place, I think inhibition manipulation is a sexy power to have. One of the sexier powers, I would say.”

Ava laughed gently. “I’m sure it is.” She moved her hand up over Viera’s chest, the tension and uncertainty she’d been holding in her stomach leaving a kind of tingling feeling as it dissipated—or, at least, lifted slightly. “I mean... it is kind of sexy to be dating a villain. Villain/hero couples are uncommon to begin with, and there’s that kind of...” She threw a hand over her forehead, batting her eyelashes and looking up with a coquettish stare. “Oh *please*, Miss Coyote, don’t *attack* me, you know?”

“I should introduce you to Argo,” Viera mused, a bright spark of comfortable assurance in her voice. “He’s dating a hero, too, although it’s a bit under the radar, the Bureau seems to either not know or maybe just not care.” She rolled her eyes. “They’re always doing their stupid villain/hero roleplays, usually at an astonishing level of public perception.”

“Villain/hero exhibitionism sounds crazy,” Ava laughed.

Viera pulled Ava toward her, taking her out of the chair she was sitting in, pulling her into her lap. Her lips traced down Ava’s neck lazily. “How different is that from normal exhibitionism, though, especially for you?”

It was so nice, being able to relax into this, being able to give control over her restless brain to Viera, being able to give up that fear entirely, so reliant on Viera’s ability to manage it. “A little different,” Ava responded, a whine on her lips. “Because everyone else knows *something* is happening, they just don’t know *what*. I like the idea of people assuming a fight is platonic when it’s actually sexual. And there’s always something so fun about hiding the BDSM in public.”

Viera’s fingers crawled into Ava’s waistband, pulling her more firmly onto Viera’s leg, straddling her knee, and suddenly, she was very aware of that vibrator, still sitting there in her underwear. “I’m sure we could come up with more ways to hide the

BDSM in public," she mused. "Put a harness on you, maybe. Do you think you could learn to walk with a dildo inside you?"

A moan dripped from Ava's lips. "I don't know, ma'am," she finally replied, sinking into the structure, desiring anything Viera would give her, *wanting* so fully she felt like a man dying of thirst. "It seems like it would be difficult."

"I trust you to learn how to do difficult things, silly girl." Her fingers delved more fully into Ava's underwear, circling past the vibrator and swirling gently around her clit. "Do you agree?"

"Yes, ma'am," Ava replied, her whole world nothing but Viera, nothing but this woman, forever.

Viera licked a stripe up Ava's neck, then pressed her mouth to the base of her neck, sucking a hickey into the soft skin there. It flared into bright pain, and Ava whimpered, letting it build before Viera pulled away and licked over the mark. "You want to be publicly mine, pretty girl?" she breathed over the mark, her breath passing perfectly over Ava's spit-soaked skin. "Want to be marked by me in ways no one could possibly ignore, ways that you can't pretend don't exist, more than just a look, more than just our hands touching."

It broke into a moan on Ava's lips, the concept of being so visibly *owned* climbing into Ava's body and taking her over entirely. "Yes, ma'am," she gasped, "please, I want to be yours, I just want everyone to know I belong to you."

"I know you do." Viera's tongue traced patterns up Ava's neck, up behind Ava's ear. Her voice dropped to a husky, low tone, barely intelligible past the blood thumping in Ava's ears. Her fingers worked Ava's cunt as she did, the constant motion centering everything in Ava's life to just her, only her. "You want everyone to know. Your friends, the Bureau, everyone you interact with, permanently, that you belong to me. Why wouldn't you?"

Ava thrust her hips to reach Viera's fingers, but she was adamant about teasing her, keeping the friction she needed barely out

of reach. "Please, ma'am," Ava begged, her brain starting to melt from desire. "Want you to do whatever you want to me, no matter what it is. Want you to hurt me, want you to fuck me, want you to tell me I belong to you."

With a quick movement, Viera pushed Ava against the desk next to them, pressing her down so that her back was flat on the desk. Her fingers found their way into Ava's cunt easily, what felt like three fingers rapidly finding a spot in that soaking wet cunt. Her other hand dipped up inside Ava's shirt, trailing over her bra cups, running a thumb across her nipples.

It was so fucking much, especially after the rollercoaster of emotions Ava had already been through that day. She found herself grinding into Viera wordlessly, begging with her movements.

"My girl," Viera breathed, her tongue tracing patterns on Ava's neck again. "My stupid, thoughtless girl."

Completely without warning, those words exploded against Ava's cunt, and she came, hard enough that she had to shove her hand over her mouth to keep it from accidentally making itself known. Her cunt convulsed around Viera's fingers, eventually relinquishing its death grip as her orgasm melted into a floaty, comfortable, happy feeling.

They sat there for some time—Ava couldn't tell you exactly how long, just that it was some amount of time, Ava floating somewhere outside of her body every step of the way. "Please," she finally breathed, "can I touch you. I want to touch you."

"Go ahead, doll," Viera replied, helping Ava sit up. "Do you think I've taught you well enough to do it on your own?"

"God, I hope so, ma'am," Ava replied, taking a deep breath. She pulled Viera close to her again, running her fingers over Viera's hips, over her waistband, into her underwear. As their lips met, Ava opening her mouth to allow Viera's tongue inside, she brushed over Viera's dick, her thumb running over the head gen-

tly. It hardened slightly in her hand, warm and gentle, begging her to keep her hands around it.

Ava focused on kissing Viera, on the way their tongues pressed against each other, the way their spit moved back and forth between them. And then Viera snuck her fingers up inside her underwear again, and she relaxed, letting Viera do what she wanted, enjoying herself, allowing herself to be comfortable, allowing herself to relax, even if it was only a little.

As Ava continued to wrap her hand around Viera's dick, finding more spots that the other liked, finding more ways to touch her, Viera hissed through her teeth, bucking her hips against Ava's hand. "Good girl," she breathed. "Do you want to cum with me, pretty girl?" she continued, her fingers finding their position on Ava's cunt. "Do you think you can cum for me while you make me cum?"

"Please," Ava breathed. It was a lot, to already have cum so recently and then to have Viera's fingers on her again. But she wanted Viera so desperately, it seemed to work for her anyway. "Fuck, I want that, *please*."

Viera slipped her hand inside Ava's underwear, so wet as to be practically audible when Viera ran her fingers against the woman. "All you want is for me to fuck you, isn't that right?" she murmured, a little grin on her lips. "All you want is for me to make you my toy."

"God, yes," Ava whimpered. "Please, can you cum on my tits, ma'am, want to feel your cum all over me."

Viera wasted no time laying Ava over the desk, her fingers following the woman, continuing to touch her, continuing to overstimulate her. With her left hand, she pulled Ava's shirt up, exposing her tits, still covered by her bra. "Such a pretty little whore," Viera mused, still letting Ava touch her. "Are you going to make me cum all over those pretty tits? To feel me all over you, like a good slut?"

It was almost enough to make Ava cum, herself. She kept running her fingers over Viera, fucking her with her hand, until the woman shuddered a little bit and came across her chest, cum painting her skin and bra both.

As she did, she quickly thrust her fingers inside Ava, causing her eyes to roll back in her head, the sudden change in sensation tipping Ava over the edge once more again. Her head tilted back, and she moaned, her right hand grasping Viera, for stability as much as anything.

The orgasm rolled through her like a living thing, shaking her body from the foundation up. It was starting to feel like every orgasm she had was this way: new and aggressive and *everything*, the only thing she could possibly process anymore. Something about allowing herself to be at Viera's mercy, something about putting her soul in Viera's hands, made every orgasm that much more intense.

That sensation of floating on air never got old. The probabilities were still there, in the background, but that's all they were: in the background. They didn't press against her eyeballs the same way they always did; they just let her rest for a few minutes.

Ava was remarkably spent, but not so much she didn't find herself kissing Viera back when her lips found Ava's once again. She managed to move her hand up into Viera's hair, pulling her close. "I really, really think I love you," she breathed, the words vibrating between the two of them.

Viera smiled, the movement languid, soft. "I also think I love you," she replied.

"I want to do this with you," Ava continued, the words shaky, but certain nonetheless. "Thank you for letting me."

The smile on Viera's face grew into a laugh, and she leaned back in to kiss her again. "Any time, sweetheart."



Epilogue

INT. VIERA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

AVA ROLLED OVER AND groggily reached out to Viera, who pulled Ava close, kissing her forehead. “Good morning, pretty girl,” Viera said gently, resting her head against the other’s.

“Good morning,” Ava replied, her voice still lazy and slow from sleep. “I missed you.”

Viera laughed. “You’re silly.” She kissed Ava’s temple, though, still holding her tight. “I missed you, too.”

Ava had been waking up every morning pretty sure she was dreaming. After moving in with Viera a few weeks ago, she’d been a little bit worried about whether things might fall apart, about whether they maybe weren’t made to live together, about finding out too late that this relationship wasn’t right for them.

She’d been worrying about nothing, as was so often the case.

They were nearly at the six-month mark on their relationship, and things were as good as they’d ever been; better, really, since they’d started to be able to really discuss their individual pasts and the way they intersected with the Bureau.

Most of the PM group chat had come around on Viera. Not everyone was completely convinced—Irene seemed to be having the hardest time, strangely enough, while Rayyan had only taken one direct, blunt conversation to come around—but no one was threatening serious violence or anything.

Not even the Bureau, who had, of course, been Ava's first fear.

They didn't seem... *happy* about it. She'd gotten a very strongly worded letter the week after her and Viera had gone public, reminding her that villain/hero relationships were supposed to be registered, and that the ethics board of the school needed to be notified if they had gotten together during the school semester, something both of them had gently brushed off and broadly sort of ignored. But no one had shown up at either of their doors, taking them in for reassessment. No one had contacted them directly to tell them this was wrong. No one had tried to assassinate either of them.

Which was better than the alternative.

There was still a fear in Ava's stomach that, at some point, the Bureau would decide they'd had enough and snap, but... well, it hadn't happened yet.

Not that it meant it would never happen, but it was a good fucking sign.

And living together had made the process of trying to break down those ingrained thought patterns a little easier. Ava and Viera had been having serious, intense conversations a lot, a dozen times a week at least, but now they were falling into them even more frequently: over dinner, during breakfast, cuddling after sex. It felt like Viera introduced her to a new concept every other day. Some of them felt very obvious, like the idea of not dividing people with powers into "heroes" and "villains" at all; some were more esoteric, like the idea that powers might come from anywhere, and the Bureau's insistence that it was an evolutionary brain adaptation was... scientifically uncertain, at least.

But their conversations were never mean-spirited. Sometimes they got heated, sure; Ava had a hard time believing some of the things Viera brought up as though they were nothing, and Viera didn't always consider that before coming up with her wording. But they both wanted to be good to each other, something that

had only become more apparent upon moving in with each other and having those conversations even more frequently.

It had been weird. But Ava had been enjoying it.

And consistently waking up next to the person she'd been having all those conversations with had been like rediscovering oxygen.

Ava brought her head up to Viera's, peppering sleepy kisses over her lips. She slung her arms around Viera's neck, letting her more comfortably snuggle up to Viera, her eyes closing as she let Viera's presence completely consume her.

The world was like this so often now. It was starting to rebuild her, to make her whole again, to make her complete and far sturdier than her previous form.

Everything just felt so much easier when she was with Viera.

Ava's hands drifted down, over Viera's tits, down over her stomach, across her hips, her thumbs dipping into the woman's waistband. And that was when she noticed something different.

The waistband had an extra strap laid over it, and as Ava's fingers followed the curve, she felt a plastic buckle as well. Her touch kept going until she found the strap-on, positioned at the front of Viera's crotch, silicone and sturdy.

"Hi there," Ava giggled, knowing her cheeks were a little pink.

Viera grinned, kissing Ava again, her tongue gently swiping across Ava's mouth, a little whine on her lips as she did. "Hi there," she replied, pulling away for a second before nestling herself close to Ava, their bodies entangled with each other's, Ava letting Viera move and adjust her however she wanted.

The other woman held Ava down to the bed, her lips starting to roam as she moved Ava underneath her. Kisses stretched out across Ava's neck, and Viera nipped and sucked at the corner of

her jaw, adding to the constant, shifting mess of hickeys that Ava always had now.

It had been more surprising than Ava had expected, how much she really did enjoy being marked by Viera, on her neck, on her chest—even places people couldn't usually see, like her thighs and her stomach. The bruises made a mosaic that was different every day, reminding her of how close she got to be to Viera now, of how visible their relationship got to be.

Viera's fingers ran down her sides, slipping into her waistband, running over the swell of her thighs. She pulled Ava's underwear down and off her frame, Ava arcing her hips off the bed to allow for easier movement, and quickly returned to being as close as possible to Ava, her warm, soft body cuddling up against her.

Already, Ava was trembling, shuddering, wanting more. Viera's lips started again at her own, but then they traced down Ava's neck, over her shoulder, down her chest, across her hips. She kissed down over Ava's thighs, teasingly brushing right past where Ava really wanted her, before returning up the crease in her hips, pressing a kiss over the dark curls there, then licking a stripe up her cunt.

Ava gasped, arching up to meet Viera's tongue, and Viera took the chance to bring her fingers up, swirling her touch gently around Ava's clit before thrusting her first two fingers inside the other.

Viera's movements were slow, measured, teasing—she knew what she was doing to the other, and she knew she could keep doing it as long as she wanted. Her fingers rocked in and out of Ava, seeking around the inside of Ava's cunt, looking for the right angle, the perfect way to fuck her.

After a few minutes, Viera pulled away for a second, moving up to Ava's lips, her tongue tasting Ava's mouth and lazily interfacing with her own tongue. Ava tasted her own cunt, a whine leaving her mouth as they tangled up again, as Viera held her down against the mattress.

And then, Viera adjusted the dildo to be right at the entrance of Ava's cunt, kissed the corner of her mouth, and fucked inside her.

Ava's eyes rolled back entirely of their own volition. She slid her fingers up into Viera's hair, pulling Viera tighter to her, her hips rocking against the other's as she fucked her. A moan dropped from her lips, her body so full and desperate and needy it felt impossible to completely experience it.

"Good girl," Viera breathed into her neck, her own breath short and tight. "Such a pretty girl for me, isn't that right? So desperate for me, wanting to be mine so badly. Wanting nothing more than to have me inside you all the time, to be full of me, to take me however I want."

Ava shuddered, rocking her hips up into Viera. "Fuck, yes, ma'am," she managed, the words stuttered and uncertain, but needier than anything she'd ever expressed before. "God, want you to do anything you want to me, want you to fuck me like I belong to you."

"That's it." Viera pulled away a little bit, using her hands on Ava's chest to give herself some distance. On her knees, looking down at Ava with those hungry eyes, she was somehow even more beautiful than normal. Her body was so... *tangible*, somehow, the way her skin curved around her boobs, over her ribs, down her stomach, over her hips, stretch marks yawning over large expanses of skin that had grown and changed over the years. Her hair cascaded down her shoulders, covering her form just enough to be tantalizing, just enough to goad you into taking another look, to try and see what was highlights and what was skin.

And as her eyes roamed, Ava also had a hard time looking away from Viera's dick, pressed up to her body, held there by the strap-on apparatus. Only the head peeked out over the top, the straps holding it tight against her skin. As she moved her hips, as she fucked that hard, unyielding cock inside Ava, she saw Viera's dick rub against her own skin, rub against her underwear behind

the strap-on, and watched her lean into the sensation, watched her enjoy fucking Ava as much as Ava was enjoying being on the other end.

God, it was fucking hot.

Ava thrust her hips against Viera as she fucked into her, a movement that had her eyes rolling back into her head again, so full of cock that there wasn't any space for anything else. No thoughts, no feelings, nothing but exactly how desperate she was, nothing but how her cunt clenched around Viera as she fucked her.

Viera pulled her hands down over Ava's hips, bringing her closer, making sure she could fuck as deeply into the woman as possible. Ava's back arched, the fullness inside her somehow expanding, and she heard the keening moan come out of her lips almost beyond her own choice. "You take that cock so well," Viera purred, and when Ava tried to focus on her, she found her eyes hooded, her voice silky and luxurious, even past the heavy breathing as she got closer, too. "You like being mine? You like knowing that cunt belongs to me, knowing that you can never be whole again without letting me do what I want?"

"Yes, ma'am," Ava gasped, her whole frame trembling. Her hands grasped around Viera's, scrambling for something to hold onto, something to ground her as she felt herself almost separating from her body. "Fuck, yes, ma'am, need you to own me, need you inside me, *please*."

"Good girl." Viera moved her right hand, her thumb rubbing circles over Ava's clit. Her hips jerked slightly, a little more precise than before, breaking the rhythm just a bit as she crested closer to her own orgasm. "Come on, pretty girl. I know you can do it. Cum for me like a good whore."

Ava's hips bucked up into Viera's hand, and it coincided with a thrust that managed to shake her completely free of her body. She let out a strangled moan, like she was exploding, and, in some discreet corner of her mind, she noticed Viera tremble as she also, assumedly, came, their moans tangling in the air together.

Viera leaned over her, taking Ava's lips, her hands moving up into Ava's hair as they kissed, languid, slow, but intense. She could feel Viera's cum sandwiched between them, something that sent tingles up her spine and through her stomach, their physical reactions to each other so visibly present, so obvious, as though it was a claim staked on their bodies.

After however long they kissed—Ava couldn't well tell and didn't really care—Viera pulled away a little bit, flipping the two of them onto their sides, allowing for somehow even closer cuddling.

"This is so awesome," Ava laughed, the words coming out as a comforted sigh. "I have such an awesome girlfriend."

Viera grinned, her hand moving to Ava's jaw, thumb stroking across her skin. "You're far too nice to me," she replied softly.

"It's true." Ava nuzzled her nose against Viera's, taking a deep breath and relaxing. "I'm so glad villains are so hot."

"Oh, so now I'm not even special?" Viera asked with mock offense. "I'm just a villain to you, that's why you like me so much."

Sleepily, Ava nodded, a broad grin on her lips. "Exactly," she replied. "I'm using you for your dubious sense of morality and your boobs."

"Don't sell yourself short, your sense of morality can be at least as dubious as mine." Viera kissed the other's forehead, relaxing back against their pillows. "And you have a *killer* rack."

Ava giggled. "It's average."

"Now you're being stupid on purpose."

The afterglow was warm, welcome, bright, settling over the two of them like a canopy of stars. They both had to get to school eventually, but it could wait for a bit.

When life had turned out like this, it just made sense to take every second of it as completely as possible.



Recipe

Hi! THANKS FOR READING Reestablishing Shot. We hope you loved reading it as much as we loved writing it.

One thing we've learned, as we've started to become more "serious" about writing stories for publishing, is just how much we love writing about making food. Cooking makes its way into a lot of the stories we write—it's one of the most important parts of our life, and it only makes sense that our love for it would also become part of the way we write.

Yes, that scene where Viera is cooking baked potato soup is her following a real recipe, and yes, it's awesome. If you're interested in recreating it, here's the more straightforward version of the recipe that we use at home.

Baked Potato Soup

Ingredients

- 5 large golden potatoes
- 1 large yellow onion
- 4-5 cloves garlic, more to taste
- 1 bunch green onion
- 1 32 oz container chicken stock
- 2 cups milk
- 1 cup heavy cream
- salt, pepper, and paprika, to taste

olive oil, for sautéing
shredded cheddar cheese and sour cream, for serving

Instructions

1. Prep your ingredients: Chop potatoes into 1-inch cubes, dice onion, mince garlic, separate white and green of the green onion and slice each thinly.
2. Par-boil your potatoes. Yes, even though it's called "baked potato soup," we never actually use baked potatoes. Cover with water and boil 20-25 minutes, or until they still hold their shape, but a fork goes through them easily (potatoes can also be par-boiled in the microwave on high for 15-20 minutes).
 - **Pro tip:** If you do want to actually bake your potatoes, that's fine. Consider using baked potatoes from the previous day or "baking" them in the microwave (put your potatoes on a plate, cover with a bowl, and cook on high 8-10 minutes, or until cooked through), as traditional baked potatoes will typically take at least 45 minutes to an hour. Chop the already-baked potatoes and add them as indicated.
3. In a large pot (enough to hold at least 10 cups), add a drizzle of olive oil over medium heat, then sauté the onion and garlic together until soft, 10-15 minutes. In the last few minutes of cooking, add the whites of the green onions. Season with salt and pepper to taste.
4. Add the chicken stock, stirring quickly to make sure all the ingredients mix. Then, add the milk, then the cream.
5. Add your potatoes to the mixture, stirring gently to

avoid breaking them up.

6. Bring your soup up to a boil, then lower the heat to a simmer. Simmer 5-10 minutes, or until flavors have melded and potatoes are fully cooked. Season with salt, pepper, and paprika to taste (We'd recommend about 2tsp of salt, 2tsp pepper, and 1tsp paprika to start).
7. Serve in bowls topped with cheddar cheese, sour cream, the greens of the green onion, and a little extra sprinkle of paprika.
 - **Pro tip:** This is a great recipe to add some protein to. We've been known to add grilled or baked chicken chunks, shredded rotisserie chicken, cooked Italian sausage, rounds of Andouille sausage, truly whatever strikes your fancy. Add it directly to the finished soup or on top of your soup in the serving bowls.

Enjoy!



About the Author

aurora light (all lowercase, plural they/them) is a plural author collective living on Tohono O'odham/Akimel O'odham land (so-called "Phoenix, Arizona"), specializing in weird, fucked up lesbian and transgender erotica. When they're not writing, you can often find them reading other authors' erotica, pursuing other crafts like crochet, and listening to about 300 hours of music per month.

Find more books by aurora light:

<https://auroralightwriting.com/>

<https://instagram.com/auroralightwriting>



Other Books in K!nktober 2025

Hitchhiker x Primal Play

Haze of Sin

Sloane Sabel

Smoke was on a mission when the golden eyes of a hitchhiker caught their gaze. Kae stood at the edge of the battered road, lips chapped and skin bruised. Smoke thought Kae might make a tasty snack—until a seductive rendezvous in the woods turns into a wild fight for survival.

Amazon



Goodreads



Fae x Cumflation**Convincing His Little Bee***Sage L Mattison*

Winning the fae in the auction was the only way to keep him safe, but Tor knew he had to work hard to convince his fated that he wasn't like other creatures who had bid on him. An MX Romance between a swear-happy bossy bottom fae, and a kind-hearted drakonid who's ready and willing to be bossed around.

Amazon



Goodreads

**Gargoyle x Piercings****Carved in Desire***Cheyenne Browning*

I get the surprise of a lifetime when my new house I've just moved into has this gorgeous statue that is apparently a real life gargoyle. Passions burn as I find out the truth and see where the desire takes me. Pierced with desire and fully satiated with the woman worthy of my love.

Amazon



Goodreads



Priest x Shibari**Rope Break***J. L. Minyard*

Father Gideon Gray has spent most of his life haunted by guilt and ghosts. But the one man he should never want, his best friend's younger brother, doesn't want his penance. He wants Gideon's submission.

Amazon



Goodreads

**Arachnid x Suspension****The Web of Athena***M.L. Eaden*

When this unassuming accountant discovers The Playground, a premier sex club on The Firebaugh Resort, she books herself for a free consultation. With Mx. Beverly, an eccentric performer, and their group of nymphs, Melody re-discovers herself in ways she only dreamed about.

Amazon



Goodreads



Naga x Anal**Falling for the Serpent God***Daffodil Rae*

One day on an outing with her friends, Aria saves an injured serpent. Thanat, a divine naga falls for Aria's nurturing spirit after spending a week in her care disguised as a normal serpent. After sparks fly between them, Thanat desires to grant Aria's most sacred wish, for his own satisfaction.

Amazon



Goodreads

**Slasher x Kidnapping****Slasher***Roslyn St. Clair*

He's a dark, deranged, djinn-ridden hero with a need for revenge and a penchant for slashing, murder, kidnapping, stalking... and now, Lila. She may be on his kill list, but sometimes a man just has to go off book when he loses his heart. DARK, spicy romance.

Amazon



Goodreads



Yeti x Sensory Deprivation**Chosen by the Yeti***Cassandra Elizabeth*

Isen steps into the sacred cave as a willing sacrifice, desire burning brighter than fear. Will the Spirit of the Mountain choose her as his own or will she be forced to return to the village, marked forever as unwanted?

Amazon



Goodreads

**Angel x Crossdressing****The Kiss Before the Fall***Ravi Novais*

She is fallen, feared, unrepentant, and the one temptation he cannot resist. Their hunger is forbidden, their obsession is mutual. And in a world where gods drink secrets and monsters feed on desire, worship may cost him more than his wings.

Amazon



Goodreads



Vampire x Triple Penetration**Dark, Stormy Night***VL Banx*

Dmitri wants his vampire queen to be satisfied in every way possible, so he and Natasia host a debaucherously dangerous dinner party to find the perfect sacrifices for their pleasure.

Amazon



Goodreads

**Military x Wax Play****The Trouble with Sprites***Elliot Ason*

Luther has returned home, battle weary and hoping for a good time. His interest piques when Olympia, a raven-haired little fire sprite, catches his eye. He'll see to it that he has her for the evening. All of her.

Amazon



Goodreads



Doctor x Somnophilia**Side Effects***Frederick A. Zaberisk*

Dr. Matthias Fournier is a no-nonsense man, and the idea of sex is a far off concept. That is, until his colleague, Luka Blanchett — a constant thorn in his side — has an “idea”. Will this be a one-off fling, or will it become something more?

Amazon



Goodreads

**Leprechaun x Hucow****Leprechaun's Lucky Hucow***Marilyn Barr*

When an ambitious hucow and an innovative leprechaun build a milk distribution business that's the envy of all Magmell, will mixing business with pleasure be their downfall, or what allows them to survive the unthinkable? The beasts usually capture them, but will they have the courage to fight for what they've built after they've captured each other's hearts?

Amazon



Goodreads



Alien x Exhibitionism**Let Them Watch***E.V. Savage*

After catching her boyfriend making a sex tape with her best friend, Lynna ends up with a non-refundable ticket to *be* the show at the Interspace Cabaret, the notorious exhibitionist club on Cestàhar, and is too stubborn to call it a loss.

So, now, she has only weeks to find someone willing to have sex on stage, and she doesn't even care if he's human.

Amazon



Goodreads

**Wrangler x Branding****Ride a Wrangler***Jorjor Battle*

A Ranch Princess finds out what it is meant to be owned by a Wrangler.

Amazon



Goodreads



Wizard x Breath Play

Elements of Choking

Sofia Graves

The darkest wizard in the realm needs a conduit... and her kink is the perfect trigger.

Amazon



Goodreads



Werewolf x Electric Play

Shock and Paws

Latrexa Nova

What's a werewolf to do with a human taser for a boyfriend—let him help with my revenge... or use his powers for more pleasurable things?

If Mathieu was my tormentor, I would have begged for more. So now my teeth ache for two things: Revenge... and Mathieu.

Amazon



Goodreads



Siren x Breeding**His Siren Prince***Abigail Hunter*

When Commander Carrion returns from the war with the Demon King's head, he is offered a prize, and there's only one thing he desires. But the Prince Azul wants more than one night together, and Carrion becomes obsessed with breeding his siren prince until he is stuffed full and his seed is planted.

Amazon



Goodreads

**Cyclops x Office Sex****The Flower and the Titan***Gracie Cooper*

Flor Domingo moved away from the hustle and bustle of the city and into the cozy world of small-town living. Things were looking up when she was offered the job at The Bookstore.

The job: get the place up and running by the end of the week. Oh, and don't fall in love with your cyclops boss. Easy peasy.

Amazon



Goodreads



Orc x Temperature Play**Just A Small Town Orc***Bevin Shea*

Thrakh, Maplewicket's own golden citizen and respected baseball coach, is thrown into chaos when he recognizes a player's curvy-as-sin aunt as his fated mate. Stevie doesn't know what to make of the incredibly handsome, yet equally confusing orc who insulted her before asking her out on a date. With the help of the town during their renowned Halloween festivities, Thrakh pulls out all the stops to woo Stevie, but can he convince his mate that just a small town orc can love and care for her like she deserves?

Amazon



Goodreads

**Demon x Fisting****The Demon's Vow***L.S. Monroe*

A night of Halloween fun turns dark when an insatiable, seductive demon is summoned, and poor, unsuspecting Lukas finds himself chosen as its eternal mate.

Amazon



Goodreads



Biker x Orgy**Headless Not Heartless**

A.A. Fairview

A widow is visited by her deceased wife, but death changes everything.

Amazon



Goodreads

**Merperson x Bukake****Taste of the Briny Deep**

Coral Alejandra Moore

A submissive witch meets a dangerous merman whose appetites tempt her to give in to the dark desires she's been craving.

Amazon



Goodreads



Elf x Flogging/Whipping**On His Knees***Pix Pentham*

In a world where magic is highly-regulated, a troublemaking elf gets tangled up with a workaholic cop - and quickly discovers there may be a desire to bend the knee beneath the surface of that stone-grey skin.

Amazon



Goodreads

**Satyr x Pegging****Sating the Satyr***Biblio Barbie*

Professor Fylis Thistlehorn, a satyr who has suppressed his primal instincts to fit into academia, finds his life turned upside down when his troll best friend introduces him to Mistress Jade, a confident human dominatrix. What begins as an uncomfortable experiment in submission gradually evolves into a deep, unexpected connection.

Amazon



Goodreads



Shadow Monster x Heat/Knotting**A Final Girl Halloween***RE Johnson*

Wreak some havoc this Halloween, and step back into the world of Amelia and her Monster Man—plus the curious detective they picked up along the way.

Noah gets his own personal revenge, and Amelia learns that one loose thread is still hanging, one she intends to cut.

Amazon



Goodreads

**Minotaur x Voyeurism****Fan Service***Robin Jo Margaret*

As a famous adult entertainer, getting familiar with a fan is rarely a good idea, but Rory finds herself making an exception for Bryce, the polite and handsome minotaur who has been her supporter for a little over a year. Bryce, however, is not the only one interested in her.

Amazon



Goodreads



Ghost x Hole in the Wall**Ghostly Shenanigans***Kat Holiday*

As a previously housebound ghost, Astrid has no clue what to do with her (technical) new found freedom. Luckily she's got a group of housemates more than willing to get up to some (ghostly) shenanigans alongside her, and help her test out her new "abilities".

Amazon



Goodreads

**God/Goddess x Mirrors****Many Reflections of a Storm***Delilah Dare*

Terra was used to feeling watched, but she always chalked it up to her exhibitionist kink. She'd never considered an air god with Wizard Daddy vibes and his werewolf boyfriend were observing her through the mirrors, biding their time to steal her away. When they do, she discovers a home she'd always longed for, and a dormant power the land hadn't seen in centuries.

Amazon



Goodreads



Pirate x Forced Genderswap**Corsairs and Corsets***Frederick A. Zaberisk*

Lord Alistair Beaumont has an idea — to capture a ruthless pirate and “refine” him into something more... feminine. Said pirate, Finnegan, strongly resists this idea. Will Alistair prevail, or will Finnegan refuse to adapt?

Amazon



Goodreads

