The Debt

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A young psych major gets a psychology lesson.

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"Wait! Don't leave! Please. I'm sorry." This is a tale of betrayal in a close platonic friendship. It is also about consequences and courage and finding the strength to do what we can to take responsibility for our mistakes and make the sacrifices required to pay for them. It is not, strictly speaking, a "dirty" story, although there is sex in it. I think of it as a SHIP story, because Sex Has Its Place here. I include it because it is important to the story, not because it is the story. But it is also here because I am a dirty girl and you are a dirty reader. The question here is whether you have what it takes to read my story. Not just to skim over it and sample the juicy bits, but to dive into it and feast on the fare. Do you dare to possibly see a tiny bit of yourself in any of the characters in my little morality play? I am the betrayer. I now believe that close platonic friendships between people who are members of each other's chosen sexual preference are impossible for people who have not achieved the wisdom of my current age. I did not do anything that I thought was unacceptable behavior for a woman who is friends with a man, but I delivered emotional pain to a boy-man who did not deserve it. This happened long ago, when we were both barely in our twenties, and the lessons I learned from it have stuck with me, but they came at an awful price. It is a price I am still paying today and I would happily pay more if ever the opportunity arose. Now back to the tale. I tried to block Charlie from leaving by holding his forearms. He had raised them up to push past me to get out of my dorm room. He was my best friend and he had just told me that our friendship was "toast". I needed to know why. I knew what triggered him to leave, but I did not understand why it would. I knew I should not have done it and maybe that was reason enough. I knew he was emotionally fragile and vulnerable.He had just given up on a girl I had encouraged him to pursue and he was damaged goods since before he could speak. I felt bad for him, but I also felt bad for myself. I had just been dumped by my latest guy and I needed Charlie to be the rock that he had always been for me when the assholes of his gender had failed me. There are two things that you should probably understand before we go on. The first is that Charlie was a virgin. He was tall and skinny, so much of a beanpole that the women he was attracted to rejected him because of it. The fact that he was painfully shy, socially awkward, and smarter than any ten average guys combined did not help. He did not try to make people feel dumb. It was just impossible not to notice how quickly and easily he came up with an answer that was right no matter how unpopular it was. The second thing you need to know is that I was an easy fuck for any guy who

had big pecs and hard abs and made me feel desirable. I tried to tell myself that what I did to trigger Charlie's flight response was only an attempt to cheer him up, but I knew that was not true. He had warned me enough times that it did not come as a surprise that anger was one of the things that I saw on his face. It was the other things that had me scared that I would lose him. So there we were, struggling in the short tight hallway that led to my dorm room door and freedom for Charlie. He was fully dressed and 6'6" tall, with brown hair, freckled fair skin, piercing blue eyes behind gold-rimmed wire-frame eyeglasses and a handsome face that betrayed every emotion he felt as soon as he felt it. I also have to add that he was surprisingly strong for his skinny build. I could feel him holding back some of his strength so that he did not hurt me as he carefully pushed me backwards. I was a slender and athletic 5'9" Polish-American girl and I felt like I had all the stopping power of butterfly on the grill of a truck. My somewhat frizzy shoulder-length brown hair was freshly washed and dried. I could feel tears welling in my light brown eyes. I was wearing a bathrobe and panties and nothing else. Well, there was some eye makeup and nail polish and a little jewellery, but nothing else that you could call clothing. The belt on my bathrobe was untied and if he looked down, he would see right between my 36Bs to my white, semi-sheer panties and right on down my freshly shaved legs to my freshly painted toenails. But he was looking right into my eyes and his eyes were burning with a mix of emotions. Pain certainly. I could tell he was holding back tears. Shame possibly, because of that. Love maybe. Hate maybe. Distress. Frustration. Anger. Fear? I should not have flashed my tits at him. I knew the moment I saw the look on his face as he raised his gaze from my chest to my eyes that it was a very wrong thing to do. I saw the look you would see if you taunted a starving man with a steak dinner at the moment he realized that you were going to eat it yourself in front of him and that there was nothing he could do about it. It was hopeless rage. I had crossed the line he had been warning me about. Maybe I did not take him seriously the first dozen times. Maybe I did o't think he had the strength to resist me. Maybe I thought that flashing my panties and my titties and squeezing his buns and rubbing against his crotch and giving him descriptions of what I did with and to my chosen guys along with taunts, that it was just his tough luck that he did not measure up, were just flirting and that he was weak for letting it bother him. Maybe I thought I had a right to be a cruel bitch to any man who desired my body. Or maybe I just fucked up when I asked him to help me with my Psychology of Abusers homework. I am sure that helped him to understand what I was before I understood it myself. A succubus. A predatory feminine parasite who fed on masculinity. We had been sitting in my dorm room studying .I guess my insecurities over losing yet another boyfriend got the better of me and I wanted to know that a man whose opinion I valued still found me desirable. Charlie and I had been friends for almost two years. You maybe could say we were best friends. I certainly got along with him better than I got along with any women. He seemed to have only a very few friends and none of the others were like me. He had no one else he could share secrets with, no one else who tried to help him get over his shyness and no one else who knew that his height had yet again been offered as the reason for his recent rejection. It must have been tough being so different during his high school years. He towered over all but the tallest of basketball players. He was in the top 1% academically in his graduating class. He could speak in front of a group, but he could not look a girl in the eye or talk

to her unless she initiated the conversation. He never had a date. He did not go to his prom. He smoked pot all through high school. I think that was his way of tolerating the emotionally abusive family situation that he was born into. I met him early in my freshman year at a gathering of stoners in one of the rooms on his floor. That is what pot smokers were called in the late 1970s when we were living on segregated floors in the same dorm building at the University of Wisconsin. Maybe they still are, but I would not know because I stopped getting stoned when I was a junior. The thing that piqued my interest in him was his eyes. They are not the window to his soul, but they clearly reveal that a lot is going on behind them. Most of the other stoners in the room were merry-eyed or bleary-eyed. Charlie, whom I had just seen take the biggest bong hit in the history of the Universe and hold it in for long enough to let it come out clear, had what we called "American eyes", red-rimmed from pot then white, then blue with dilated pupils. But even with the buzz he was carrying, his eyes watched. He drank in the room through his peepers and when he noticed me looking at his face, he looked away like my gaze had burned him. I knew that I was not hard on the eyes of most men, so I had to find out why he flinched. Now I know. He had developed defenses and survival tricks that no kid should have to learn. Not seeing that he was instantly rejected by attractive women was one of them. Another was a strong flight response. And in my room on the night that I flashed my tits at him, I had just triggered it. "Sorry doesn't help, Vickie. That was the last time. I have to cut my losses." "I don't understand." Maybe I knew he had something more to say or maybe I just knew that he hated being misunderstood and I used that against him. He stopped pushing against me as my back met the door. We were alone in the room. My roommate was in a study group at the library. "I've warned you about prick-teasing me. I'm tired of hosting an emotional parasite. Friends are supposed to be symbiotes. The price you're charging for being your friend exceeds the value. You've dangled the carrots in front of me for the last time." "So that's it? Put out or get out? That's what you're telling me? Why don't you just take what you want?" I did o't know then why I said that, but I do know now. It was my subconscious desire leaking out. He never offered me the "put out" option. He never gave a hint that he would consider "taking" me, but I suddenly realized that is exactly what I wanted him to do. I did not find the idea of sex with him repulsive. I just did not find him attractive. That is why I had quickly consigned him to the 'just friends' basket as soon as he seemed the least bit attracted to me. He was angry at first and asked me why. He did not like hearing that it was because he was too tall and not athletic enough. He called me shallow and narrow minded. I told him that I was sorry, but that I could not change what turned me on just by wishing. He seemed to accept that and we then became friends, I think mainly because I asked questions that intrigued him and I gave him honest answers to some of the strange questions he asked me. I understand now that he was systematically filling in gaps in his understanding of people, particularly women, who were not like his siblings, not raised by a fiend with narcissistic personality disorder and his co-dependent doormat of a wife. Charlie was doing his best to learn his way out of his fractured and sheltered development. In a way, he was taking advantage of what I had to offer, but I know now that his use of me as an example of a non-abused woman did not justify my toying with his affections. Maybe I stopped just short of directly telling him to take what he wanted because I was stinging from his rejection, but I was thinking it

would solve our problems and it would take the decision of what to do next out of my hands. I thought that it would happen when he suddenly spun me around and pressed me against the door, immobilizing my arms and the rest of my body completely. His strength and forcefulness shocked me. I could feel his hard cock against my ass despite all the layers of cloth between us and I felt my pussy get wet. Or maybe I should say that it got suddenly wetter, because I am pretty sure that the sexual charge of being freshly showered and sitting in my bathrobe had influenced my decision to tease him in the first place. For some reason, it just felt right that he was behind me and I was helpless to do anything about it. Sure I could have screamed, but I did not want to. "Why don't I just take what I want?" His voice was quiet and eerily menacing and he thrust his hips against my ass as he said 'want'. "If I took what I wanted...", and again he pushed his cock against me. "... that would be your last cherry gone." He knew this because he knew many details of my sex life. He never had a problem with hearing details of my sex life until I used them to taunt him. We had even done some sexual things together, like we had sometimes read the stories together from the Penthouse Forum. That was what they called the letters-to-the-editor section in his roommate's girly magazine. I know that sounds suspicious, but as long as I was not dangling my bait in front of him or otherwise crossing the line, we had no problem with both being horny together and both ending the evening unsatisfied. One of those stories detailed how to prepare a woman for anal sex. I had admitted to Charlie after he had read it aloud that it made me very hot. I joked that at least I had that one cherry to save for the man I married. The story had made a big tent in his jeans and I had succumbed to an irresistible urge to feel his crotch. He moaned with pleasure and I quickly pulled my hand away, but then I made some comment about him having to go jack off. He was a blusher and that made him turn as pink as my pussy lips. I could not tell what he was feeling because he averted his eyes, but when he got up and said that he had to use the bathroom, I just laughed. Unfortunately, when he got near the bathroom door he left out the room door instead. That was probably the first time I crossed the line and the first time that I triggered his flight response. I knew I should not have done it, but I was too stupid to apologize and too stupid to stop belittling him. I did not see him for the next two days and that was unprecedented while we were both at school. When I finally tracked him down, I got my first warning not to toy with him. I had not been the one who gave him the boner, so I guess the lesson did not stick. We went back to being friends after that and again after a few other incidents where I crossed the line and got a lecture about teasing him. I guess I thought that we would one day end up in the sack, but if that day was here, it wa not working out so well. I understand now that what I thought was a battle of wills and maybe even a kind of foreplay between a man and a woman was being perceived much more honestly by him. "But you don't have to worry about losing that cherry. It's safe, because what you've cost me doesn't come back that cheap." "What? What I've cost you? What's that?" "My self-respect, dammit. I ignorantly let you abuse my trust, but I'm not ignorant now. I have to pay the price of earning back my self-respect. Taking you would just be one more abuse you got away with." Then he made a declarative statement in the most commanding voice I've ever heard. "I am *not* a toy." With surprising strength, he dragged me away from the door, turning me so I would not be exposed to anybody in the hall and pushing me deeper into my room before turning around and

storming out. I heard shocked gasps and then giggles from some girls in the hall. I pulled my robe together and thought about going after him, but pride stopped me. To be seen running down the hall in tears by any other girl on the floor after having so recently been dumped by a different guy that too many of my floormates knew I had opened my legs for would be just too humiliating. I had never seen Charlie being so assertive and I began to get an inkling of how badly I had misjudged him.t I was consumed with desire for something that only a man could supply and even though I am sure it was not conscious on my part, I realized that I had been trying to trick him into getting physical with me. I had needed a cock and his was available and I guess I subconsciously knew that I could make him exciting by breaking his self-control. You have heard of the fight or flight response? One of the things I learned in one of my classes is that there should be another F word in there. Charlie did not fight or fuck me. Now he was gone and I was left with only my hands and the knowledge of where to find my roommate's sex toys. I quickly found them both and got into the doggy position on the rug in front of where he always sat when he visited. After slipping her thick dildo into my pussy, I decided to pretend that Charlie had actually bent me over and penetrated my ass. I worked it painfully into my asshole and pulled my panties back over my ass to keep it in me. Then I switched on the vibrator and pushed the crotch of my panties aside so I could rub it on my clit. I took one of my nipples between thumb and forefinger and then I let my imagination run wild with thoughts of Charlie slamming his hard meat into my ass. Soon I was coming with abandon, but the tears kept flowing. When I finally regained control of myself, I had to hurriedly wash and replace Patty's toys. When she returned from studying, she knew something was wrong and she asked where Charlie was. "We had a fight." "About what?" "Oh, nothing, I'm sure he'll be back in a day or two." I figured at worst, I would have to track him down and get another lecture about toying with him. Boy, was I wrong.