

This story is a Harbinger96 original, is owned by Harbinger96, and is not to be reposted by anyone other than Harbinger96 without Harbinger96's permission. All people in this fictional story are of the age of 18 or older.

---

Belle and I quickly exited my car, covering our breasts with our grocery bags as best we could and ran to the back of the house, climbing the stairs leading to my new duplex.

Once inside, we headed straight to my cozy bedroom and I dug out t-shirts for us. After that first experience, I didn't want to leave again unless I had to, so I saw no point in going for a bra.

"Belle, we need to do something," I said as I pulled a university t-shirt over my head. "Even if you want to, you can't be with me to sacrificially take cock for me every time."

Belle pouted. "While I do like dick, I don't want it \*all\* the time," she agreed. "There has to be some kind of Rose clause or something that says homosexuals can't be completely fair game. Male roses are a thing. There's no way straight guy Roses are forced to take it up the ass."

"You might be onto something," I said as Belle fixed her hair. I left my room and went into the living room, finding my laptop sitting on a glass coffee table. I did a quick web search and found out that I had 24 hours from getting my rose marking to change my designation of sexual orientation. It would be a basic added bracket on both sides of the rose.

"Why the fuck wouldn't they tell you that? Why did you have to research it?" Belle asked, her face getting red with anger. She was one of the most excitable people I knew.

"This is just my theory, but I think it's a sinister move to keep me from knowing I have the right to set my sexual preference. They make way more money off of me if I'm fuckable to everyone." That the State would hide such important knowledge to my well-being and preferences was disturbing to me. "I know we just left, but I need to go back to the Office of Tax and Labor right now," I said, fishing my keys out of my purse.

"I'm with you," Belle said, my ever faithful best friend. After putting on my shirt that was a little too big for her, she fixed her hair into a messy ponytail with an eye cover like mine to hide the 'I,' which made her look like Lola Bunny, especially in her basketball

shorts. Given that I was the lesbian, it was a little funny that she looked more butch than I did. I'm not saying that all lesbians are identifiable or have to look a certain way, but out of the two of us, nobody would guess it was me. That's also not to say I was butch-presenting. Straight guys hit on me all the fucking time and I knew I looked good, though I was never a Mean Girl about it.

Once we were casually dressed again and our hair fixed to hide our markings, we headed back to my car, not feeling like we had to run, given we were fully clothed this time. We left without bras, but the t-shirts were a small comfort.

My car was far from fancy, given that I was a lowly community college girl. It was a Chevy Impala, not a sexy muscle car Impala like on Supernatural. It was a 2010 Impala, forest green, and probably on its last legs.

Driving to the Tax and Labor Office, every car, every person we passed felt like an enemy. Every one of them was someone who could use me, defile me, for \$25. Until I got my brackets, any man could scan my code and stick his disgusting cock in me, and the idea made me want to vomit.

Pulling into the first available spot, I broke out of the safety of my vehicle and jogged for the Office, feeling like at any moment I could be tackled to the ground and used, especially as my braless tits bounced as I ran. I wouldn't know a moment's rest until I had my brackets. I wasn't looking forward to getting groped and stripped by anyone with spare change, but I could begrudgingly live with that. The idea of going to class tomorrow, getting bent over and fucked was far too much.

I had to stop myself from bursting through the door. I patiently waited for the two people in line ahead of me to finish their business before the caseworker smiled upon seeing me. "Kate? Back so soon?"

"Yes," I said, trying not to take it out on her personally that she didn't tell me that my sexual preference mattered. "I want my brackets."

I half expected her to look mad, or to look caught in a lie or the dirty trap that this all was. Instead, I saw a relieved smile. "You did some more research, I see." At that point, Belle had finally caught up and stood next to me.

"Yes we did," I said, trying to contain my anger. "We did some research after I almost got fucked by two men at the grocery store."

"I got it instead," Belle grumbled, moving her hair long enough to show the caseworker the 'I' on her cheek. "Give her the brackets, please."

"You're easily within the 24 hour window. Come here," she said, leading Belle and I back to the same room where I was so clinically inked a short time ago.

I immediately sat back on the stool and brushed my black hair aside.

"I'm sorry you had a close brush, Kate," she said, sounding genuinely contrite. Then she turned to Belle. "I'm sorry you paid the price." She pulled open a drawer and came back to me with two tiny tattoos. "It's State policy not to tell unless asked about Preference Practices. It's fucking disgusting, cruel, and barbaric." She leaned in close to my ear and whispered as she applied the tattoos, "There's clearly a lot I disagree with, which is why I became a caseworker." She pulled back. "Because I've experienced what sucks about this. I'm glad you found out in time."

I tried to force a smile, to show my gratitude as I felt the saving ink of the brackets slowly drying on my cheeks. "I hate this system, but I appreciate you," I said as she set up the little fan to dry my ink again.

"Now that you have brackets, there are some more things you need to be aware of," she said as she went to a tall filing cabinet and pulled out a thin pack of papers. "You need to sign this affidavit that states you are claiming to be a lesbian. This will protect you if a man tries to penetrate you. If one does, he will, again, be sued by both you and the State for damages and be faced with a 10-15 years' sentence, depending on the severity of the assault."

"I don't hate that," I said. "However, I feel there's a 'but' coming somewhere."

"The affidavit will also be referenced if you attempt to marry a man while you are a Rose."

"Oh, that's no big deal at all," I shrugged. "I assume a lot of Roses get brackets to try to avoid penetration but aren't actual lesbians?"

"They do," she confirmed. "I didn't drag you through the gauntlet of questions because you were here under five hours ago, you're already in a different shirt, and your friend has dried cum next to her right eye."

"Oh goddamn it!" Belle cursed and licked her thumb before scrubbing at that part of her face. "Well what's the rest of the bracket packet?" she asked before I could.

The caseworker sighed. "Unfortunately, the bracket only stops men from penetrating you. Luckily they can't do felacio, either. But anything they can do with their hands and mouths is legal. The State says it's because those are parts both sexes have. They're missing a lot of the picture, but the State wants their money."

I could feel my face contorting at the idea of a group of guys cornering me somewhere, tearing my clothes off and doing every imaginable thing to me except fucking my holes. "It... it is better than nothing," I grimaced despite trying to see the super thin silver lining. "It's a protection that could be better, but I'll take it."

"Kate," my caseworker called to me before Belle and I could leave. "If there's anything else... please call me. I can tell you're a nice girl, and I want to help you all I can."

"Thanks," I smiled at her, and it still sat weird in my gut that I didn't even know her name. Part of me didn't want to. She was just another part of the system that was fucking me over for money. She was the shinier part of that system, but still part of it. "I know a law student that's focusing on Rose laws," I said. I wouldn't exactly call her a friend.

"That's good. She can help you find loopholes and tips that I'm hamstrung against telling you. Lean on her."

"C'mon, Kate," Belle said, taking my hand. "Let's get out of here."

"Excuse me," she said one more time. "I'm afraid I don't know your name."

"Belle."

"Belle," the caseworker said sweetly. "I can tell that you care for Kate dearly, and that you'll be with her through all of this. It might be in your best interest to electively become a Rose. If you're going to suffer for sticking up for your friend... you might as well get rich off of it. If you do it electively, you don't get extra support benefits, but you can wash off the rose and code when you feel like it. It's a way you and the State can make a lot of money."

"Okay, now we're going," I said, shocked that she'd even say such a thing to Belle, my poor sweet little protector.

“Uh, yeah, no thanks. I'm going to stand up for my friend because that's the right thing to do, but I'm not going to sign up to be a whore.” Belle froze after her last sentence which was meant to be defending me, but... “Oh my God, girl! I didn't mean to call you a whore!” she backpedalled. “You were forced into this, you didn't choose this, is what I'm saying.”

“I know what you meant, Belle. It's okay,” I assured her as we left the Tax and Labor Office. “You're the best friend I have,” I said as we headed back to my car. “We still didn't eat. We got dressed and came right back out,” I pouted.

“Wanna just grab something quick somewhere, or head back to your place where it's safe?” Belle asked.

“A fair question,” I sighed. “It'd be nice to casually sit down, but unless I want to lose more clothing and be utterly embarrassed and assaulted, it's either my place or drive-throughs.”

“We can hit a coffee shop and grab some bagel sandwiches?” Belle suggested.

“Deal,” I said with a smile and pulled my car out of park. “It'll be a nice way of trying to pretend I'm not hunted.”

“I'm sorry, Kate. I know I keep saying it, but I mean it every time. You're a hard worker, you do your best in school, and you're a hell of a basketball player. You don't need this on top of all of that.”

My eyes went wide. “Oh my fuck, the team!” I said in distress. “How are they supposed to feel inspired by their team captain when she's a fucking Rose? Will I still be able to play?”

“Can they kick you off the team for a State sanctioned thing? You're doing your ‘duty’ or whatever, so they can't, right?”

“I-I don't know. But I have scholarships through the team. If I get kicked off the team, I lose them and then I won't be able to finish school, I won't be able to get a big girl job, and I'll be stuck a State slut forever!” Everything in my mind started to snowball and then avalanche. I was starting to have a panic attack, I realized. Did this happen to everyone?

"Hey girl, one step at a time," Belle said softly, rubbing my back. It's okay. Breathe. We'll figure it out. We'll call that one girl, the cute redhead that's a law student. She might have some answers."

"Claire! That's right!" I dug into my back pocket and pulled out the receipt at the stop sign. "Can you text her for me?"

"You kept her number? Were you thinking about calling her for a date?" Belle asked, making her cute blonde eyebrows dance.

"No, Belle," I huffed. "She led to my first public debasement, of which the videos of \*us\* are probably online by now. I kept her number so she can be my unofficial lawyer."

"Okay, so I get that, but like, she did make you cum pretty hard. And I'm pretty sure more than once."

"Belle! There's more to life than orgasms," I said, shaking my head. "I haven't received any calls or texts telling me my life is over, so maybe the videos haven't dropped yet?"

"Or they have and they haven't been seen by anyone we know yet," Belle submitted. Belle was a sweet thing, but she very often said whatever came to her mind, often finding herself doing damage control for those spoken thoughts soon after.

"Gee, Belle, that's exactly what I want to hear," I drawled as we pulled up to our favorite hipster spot, 3rd Ave. Coffee House. "Do you know what you want? It's on me since you took two facials in my honor this morning."

"Aww, that's so sweet!" Belle said, but then she shook her head. We had a bit of time since we were the fourth car in line. "You shouldn't buy for me, though. We need to save you every penny to get you out of Rose duty."

"You won't have to do that ever again for me," I said, feeling safer than before with my brackets. "Let me do you this kindness once, Belle. It's the least I can do for you being here with me on my first day," I said, taking her hand.

"Okay, God, fine. You can buy me coffee and a bagel," she said, rolling her brown eyes and making me giggle.

When we were the next car up, Belle told me, "Claire said she'll answer all of your questions if you go to dinner with her at a place of her choosing."

My jaw dropped. "Are you fucking serious? Claire is extorting Rose info for dates?"

"If it was study questions or something, I'd think it was cute. Given the situation it's actually for, kind of predatory, don't you think?"

"Exactly my thoughts," I said, rubbing my arms. The shiver I felt wasn't from cold. "She even said she'd love the chance to, how did she put it? 'Legally sex me up' on dates."

Belle's lip quirked. "Yeah, this is 100% a trap. If you go through with it, ask every possible question you can think of. Make it worth the humiliation she's going to put you through."

"Yeah," I agreed as we rolled up to the window. I smiled and said hi to Rich, another student we both knew. He was on the football team. Not the smartest guy, but very kind, and very large.

As I put in the order for the two of us, I couldn't help but notice that Belle had gone deathly quiet. "What's wrong, Baby Belle?" I asked, using my oldest nickname for her.

"There are videos, and they are online," she said, a paleness to her skin that matched my normal tone. "Rosewatch.gov," she said and showed me her phone.

"One of them already has 3,000 views and five comments." I wanted to cry. Belle and I, in that video together, were now amateur porn stars.

"One commenter really likes my tits. One says you have a fantastic ass and likes your abs."

"Belle, don't tell me what they're saying about us!" I groaned and covered my face in my hands. I could feel the heat of my blush.

"This guy says it was super hot and we make a good pair," she said, and I swore I could tell she was fucking smiling, like she was enjoying the attention. "Someone wants to know our names and if there's more videos of us."

I grabbed her phone and threw it in the back seat as Rich came back with our orders.

"Cute tattoo, Kate," he said and I froze. I had moved my hair when I covered my face. "What's the little rose mean?"

“Girl with a rose tattoo?” another guy inside the shop said.

“Thanks Rich, bye!” I said and got the fuck out of there before anything more could happen. I knew though, that guy was going to ask about us, that he knew what a rose tattoo meant, and that Rich was nice and fucking stupid enough to let him know everything he knew about me. My secret would not be a secret very long.

“How many views on websites do you think before you start making money? How do they know to pay you for it?” Belle asked as we headed back for the temporary safety of my house.

“I don’t know, Belle,” I sighed. “More questions for Claire on my ‘date’ this evening.”

“I don’t like it any more than you do, Kate, but I think you have to take the date,” Belle said sadly as I kept driving. It was the last thing we said until we got back to my place.

\*Claire, I have too many questions to pass up your... proposition. I’ll have dinner with you\* I texted and hit send. The video Belle had found was a link that Claire had sent me. She was the one who posted the fucking video, and I felt a rage inside.

\*Did you like the video? A friend of mine that works at the store took it and sent it to me. You sound so cute when I eat you out. Hope we can play again soon.\* Claire texted back, and I wanted to vomit as I unlocked my door and locked it behind me and Belle once we were back inside.

\*No. I’m humiliated. Who would want to be exposed and used in public like that?!\* I sent back, telling the truth.

\*You’ll make so much fucking money, though ;)\* Claire was trying to pimp me out!

\*Ur a bitch\*. I sat down on my big plush couch and took a sip of my white chocolate raspberry mocha. The rich flavor helped me forget I was a whore on the run for a little while.

“You okay?” Belle asked, sitting next to me as she took out our sandwiches and a wad of napkins.

“Not really,” I sighed. “Claire, my best hope at finding out how to navigate this bullshit, is the one who put my video online. She said she’s trying to make me money.”

“So your lawyer also wants to be your manager?” Belle said, looking at me with a side eye as she wiped avocado spread from the corner of her pouty mouth.

“That seems to be the way of it,” I sighed. “I have our date, and then office hours. I fucking hate this,” I huffed. “God only knows what classes and the barista job are going to do to me.”

“I know you're scared and this is a brand new, terrifying experience, but you're being a huge bumner to be around,” Belle said, almost done with her sandwich and I hadn't even touched mine.

\*5 p.m. at Oliver's Bistro?\*

\*I guess.\*

\*Wear something flirty\* Christ this girl was making me want to vomit all over my fresh white carpeting.

“Claire's chatty,” Belle noted aloud as she turned on the fancy new TV and started seeing what kind of packages they set me up with.

“Yeah,” I said blankly and reclined, crossing my arms over my chest.

“What'd she want?”

“She picked where we're going for dinner and she told me to ‘wear something flirty.’ Urgh,” I said with a scowl.

“Thinking sundress?” Belle asked like this was a perfectly normal date, and I just stared at her, blinking. “Right. Extortion date. My bad,” she said, and had the good manners to look away awkwardly.

---

“Alright, I guess I'm off on my date,” I pouted as I came out of my bedroom.

“Ooooh girl!” Belle squealed and clapped her hands together as she took in the sight of me. I did put on a sundress, a nice breezy white one. Simple but pretty and elegant. Easy for Claire to take off (which I was fully expecting was her plan) and easy for me to

put back on in a rush. I even had a light evening shawl to wrap around myself in case I got cold, and also hide my QR code.

“As much as I feel this is forced, I'm afraid she won't be forthcoming or as helpful as she can be if I don't try,” I explained. I did put some effort in. I put on a little blush, a light plum lipstick and a slight curl to my long dark hair. The curl also helped hide the rose, just a tiny peak of it hanging out.

“Well you look good,” Belle said, standing up. “Any normal date would say you look stunning,” she told me and gave me a hug. “By the time you get back, it'll be Office hours, so I'm going to take off. I'll see you tomorrow, and please call or text if you need me to cry on if things get really ugly.”

“Thanks, Belle,” I whispered into her hair and hugged her tight before letting go and heading off.

---

I walked into the tiny bistro, a place with only 10 4-top tables. It was really cozy and quaint while still being clean and sanitary. It was too small to ever be busy, but it wasn't a shitty dive, either.

It wasn't hard at all for me to find Claire with her gorgeous hair that was somewhere between copper and fiery, depending on the light. As much as I resented this girl, she was fucking gorgeous, and I knew first hand she knew how to use her mouth on a lady.

“Hey beautiful,” Claire said with a dazzling smile, her pink lips looking damn kissable. I would have felt butterflies if this was a normal date, but instead I just felt queasy, definitely no appetite.

“Hello, Claire. How was work?” I asked, trying to make this feel normal if I could.

“Work was fantastic,” Claire beamed. “It started out so boring, but then this gorgeous black haired girl with a killer body and her blonde bimbo friend came into the store.” My face sank. She would not let this be easy.

“I was kind of hoping for just a normal date, Claire,” I said sadly, toying with my napkin, hoping she'd have mercy.

Claire pouted, but it was a theatrical one. "And I just wanted to have some fun with my new client."

My eyes narrowed. "So you do want to represent me but also be my manager?"

She smiled brightly. "Beautiful and smart! That was my plan from the moment your friend said it was your first day. You see, Kate, some Roses flounder and get stuck and depressed because they feel trapped and don't know what to do with themselves. They can't see the economic opportunity they have. I can make you as safe and happy as possible, and I can help make you rich."

I tilted my head back before sipping the white wine she had taken the liberty of ordering for me. It was a nice, semi-dry chardonnay. "What's in it for you?"

"Why you, of course," she smiled sweetly, reaching across the table and taking my hand. "I really do want to date you," she said, sounding sincere which took me aback. "You're gorgeous and you're smart, and for Belle to be that loyal to your friendship... you have to be a good person. And, well, I also do just want to have a Rose to play with and show off," she giggled.

Before I could say anything else, our waitress came by, and of fucking course it had to be Lara, my basketball teammate.

"Oh hey, Cap!" the pretty brunette said with a warm smile. "Hey Claire," she said just as warmly. "I didn't know you two knew each other." Lara was a business major, so it made sense she would have taken some law or ethics classes with Claire before. I also wouldn't be shocked if Claire was a regular here. It looked like her kind of place now that I was seeing her in a black skirt and navy blue satin blouse. She looked like she was dressing for the job she wanted, not just for our date.

"Hey Lara. I didn't know you worked here," I said, a mix of happiness to see a familiar face, but also some dread at the idea in the front of my mind, that Claire was going to revel in embarrassing me in front of a teammate. "I enjoy embarrassing pretty girls like you," I remember her saying from this morning.

"Yeah, it's nice. Laid back customers, nice tips, never super busy," she said, explaining what I already figured. "Are you two...." asked, gesturing between us.

"Yes we are," Claire said possessively. "First date," she smiled, looking up at the college sophomore with soft hazel eyes and high cheekbones.

“Oh, that's fantastic!” she beamed, not seeming to be judging at all that we were lesbians. The high-school bullshit stayed in high-school, it seemed. “Can I start the happy couple off with some apps?” This poor girl thought this was a real date and not a trap.

“Can we do the cheese-stuffed breadsticks with marinara?” Claire asked, and I found myself absent-mindedly licking my lips. This girl somehow knew how I liked to eat.

As soon as Lara was gone with our appetizer order, Claire turned to me, her face all business. “Alright, you've got questions and I either have answers or I can get them.” She leaned over the intimate table and brushed my hair aside, fully revealing my rose. Her eyes lit up. “Ooooh, Kate got some brackets added. Looks like dick's off the menu!”

“Not so fucking loud!” I cursed under my breath, nervously looking around to see that the three other tables were all looking at us now. “Yes, I got brackets.”

“Take that cute shawl off and let me scan that code again, and then we can talk Rose technicalities.” She was relentless.

I rolled my eyes and took off my shawl, neatly folding it and laying it on my lap.

“There's a good girl. Look at that fit body of yours. You definitely are an athlete.”

“And you're definitely being a creep,” I shot back, shuddering.

Claire just shrugged. “Anyway, let's get some questions answered for you, shall we?” she said as she took a sip of her red wine. I had no idea of knowing what it was. I'm not a wine snob by any means, but I prefer it over beer.

“My first question is can I be kicked off the basketball team once the coach finds out I'm a Rose?”

Claire laughed. “No, not unless you want to own your own sports program. The university, Athletics Department or otherwise, cannot take action against you for activities you will be involved in as a Rose.”

“Damn. You're like an encyclopedia,” I laughed, very impressed. “That's really good to know, actually.”

Claire smiled. "I'm glad I can help." She paused and her smile faltered. "That does mean, however, that you can be stuck in humiliating situations like streaking, being stripped at games and in class. The university can't fine or punish you, but they also can't take disciplinary actions against those who did it to you. It's rare, but some members of staff might even participate. You're safe from retribution, but it does leave you a sitting duck for pranks like getting stripped and pantsed, and having your clothes stolen."

"Oh, what the fuck!" I groaned. I felt eyes on me again. "Sorry!" I bashfully gave the room of diners an apology.

Lara was back as I made my awkward apology, two plates and a basket of delicious, buttery cheese-filled breadsticks in her hands. "Oh those look so good," I moaned like the slut for food I was. Always worried about my gameday shape, it wasn't often I let myself calorie splurge like this.

As Lara was putting our snack down, Claire struck. She poured her red wine all up and down the long white sleeve of Lara's work shirt, making the other basketball player gasp in shock.

"Oh my God, did I do that? I am so sorry!" Claire said in the shittiest, fakest apology I had ever heard.

"Claire!" Lara chastised her, her mouth hanging open. "What was that!"

"I am so sorry," Claire said again as she unlocked her phone, leaned across the table and grabbed me.

"Hey wait, stop!" I shrieked as Claire scanned my code. "What are you doing?"

"I accidentally ruined Lara's nice white shirt. We can't expect her to work the rest of her shift in that. Kate, be a sweetheart and give her your dress to work in, will you?"

"No, that's insane! I'm not going to strip down to my underwear in this bistro!" I laughed incredulously.

"Oh yes you will," Claire said. "I scanned your barcode, which means you have to or I can report you to the State, and all these people are witnesses to it, even Lara."

“Fuck you!” I said in a huff and stood up. With rage in my eyes, I slipped out of my favorite sundress and held it out to Claire, now left in my sandals, bra and panties. The entire bistro was getting a good eyeful of my muscles and curves.

Lara and I had seen each other in class, on the courts, changing in the locker room, and showered together after games. Her seeing me like this was nothing new. Her seeing me like this in front of strangers, embarrassed and humiliated in public by diners now snapping pictures of me in my underwear... that was new, and she pitied me for it.

“Thanks,” she said as she took my dress, like she didn't want to, but knew she had to with everyone watching. She knew if she didn't take my dress and go put it on, my humiliation would be for nothing. She had to make me look like a nice, caring person no matter how thin the act was.

The Bistro had a “No shoes, no shirt, no service” sign clearly posted, but I was a Rose. They couldn't throw me out or call the cops or anything, Claire informed me. I could be like this anywhere I wanted and the QR code, the rose tattoo, made it so the establishment owner himself couldn't throw me out if he wanted to. It was a mechanism to make sure I could still receive products, goods and services, even in or after situations where I had been used. It ensured that I would be the only one like this, increasing my constant awareness that all eyes would be on me, and I would constantly be aware I would be alone in it. Some people might have found it sexually empowering or some shit, but not me. At least not yet.

I sat back down, happy for what parts of me the table and the tablecloth covered. I held my arm over my blue bra clad tits as I ate. It took me a moment, but as people got used to me as I was, the pictures and stares weren't so frequent, and I was allowed to enjoy the cheesy goodness before it got too cold.

One of the lone diners approached me, and he was definitely nervous. “Excuse me, but you-you're a Rose?”

I looked at him with a sort of “duh” expression. “They don't give out these cute tattoos to everyone,” I said. I was not in the mood to be kind right now, especially knowing this guy was going to try to degrade me or feel me up.

He used his phone to scan me. “I'm going to take your bra off.”

“Not so fast there, slick,” Claire said, holding her hand up. “How much did you pay?”

"The \$25 fee," he said, seeming unsure in the face of Claire's aggressive attitude.

"That gives you the right to speak to her and engage. If you want her to take her bra off, that's another \$10. Scan her again."

"Shit, I'm sorry," he stammered and did as told.

"Your initial transaction was recorded, so you won't be charged an additional \$25, just whatever bonuses you put in for," Claire explained. "That's gonna be an extra \$25 to keep the bra. You think Roses can part with their clothes and just get more for free?"

"She can keep the bra, I just want to see her tits until one of us leaves," he said. I'm so stunned the way Claire is auctioning me, by the whole way this is going, that I just sit there, don't even fight as the man undoes my bra clasp and slides it off my arm, baring my shapely boobs to everyone, and then he hands it to Claire for safe keeping. I know Claire won't give it back until the terms are met, if she gives it back at all.

He went a step further, and Claire didn't stop him, when he leaned over the back of my chair and groped my breasts, one in each hand. My jaw was set hard and my face red as he massaged and caressed my breasts. If anything, I was happy it was gentle, almost reverent.

Lara came back with wine refills for Claire and I, but she stopped dead in her tracks when she made eye contact with me. I wasn't about to let them make me cry, but it was clearly written on my face that I didn't want to be here, that this was not my idea. I could see Lara's heart breaking for me. We weren't close, but we had always been kind to each other. We had a mutual respect. I don't think she ever wanted to see me groped like this by strangers, in front of strangers.

"Can I take your orders?" she asked, wearing my damned sundress. She had the body for it, too. She did a lot of the same workouts I did. Her breasts were a bit bigger than mine, but I had a tighter ass. Lara had two inches on me, so a little more of her legs were exposed than mine had been. However, with just my panties on then, I was definitely more exposed than her.

"The Pasta Primavera here is super good," Claire told me, looking at the menu like there wasn't a pervy fucking 30 year old rubbing his hands all up and down my body no matter how much I awkwardly squirmed, trying to get the point across to him that he'd had enough time. I needed a taxi meter or something.

"The blackened salmon is really good, too," he added in like he fucking knew us!

"Can you please get your hands off me while I order?" I asked the man over my shoulder. He almost gave me that courtesy until Claire interjected.

"He can keep touching you. There's no time limit." She smirked at me, clearly getting off on how much I hated this, and then she smiled at him. I started to get the feeling this guy was a virgin by the way he couldn't get over me, how exploratory he was and how he didn't even know what to do with my nipples.

"Just give me the salmon please, Lara?" I asked, trying to stay nice to Lara, knowing this wasn't her fault, knowing that she was the only one not taking advantage of me.

"Want the baked potato and garlic green beans with it?" She was thinking for me, saving me from trying to focus and drawing this out longer than it had to be. The guy's hand started drifting down my belly, towards my panties. Lara flushed a new color and left, probably not wanting to see her team captain like this.

"Dude, please stop," I said in a rushed voice as he played with my panty line. "I just want a relaxing dinner. We don't... we don't have to do this...."

I let out a sharp gasp as he ignored me and let his fingers past my panties, to graze my pussy. My eyes were glued to his hand as he played with me, sensually rubbed me and felt me up, and then I looked up to Claire.

"It's totally legal. The brackets mean he can't do anything with his dick, but if he chooses to rub one out of you... well you should just enjoy," she giggled.

"This isn't exactly my idea of how I want to \*gasp\* get off," I grumbled as his thumb brushed past my clit.

"I'm buying you dinner," Claire scoffed. "I'm buying you dinner, wine, probably dessert, and a stranger you never have to see again is going to work you to an orgasm that he legally cannot make you reciprocate. What's not to love about that evening?"

As Claire finished her line of questioning, a brand new trio of people came in, and naturally their eyes fell to what was going on at our table. "What the fuck?" one of the three guys asked. They looked like they were just old enough to graduate high-school. They still had acne and were trying to grow patchy beards. They came over and saw that my only clothes were panties, being stretched by the man's hand down them.

“Get a load of this babe, just getting fucking fingered in public!” one of them laughed and I wanted to fucking die.

“Can we touch her, too?” one of them asked.

“Pay-to-play, boys. You can't lay a finger on her unless you cough up \$25 per person touching her,” Claire told them as the guy who did pay up was inserting a finger past my pussy lips, despite how hard I was trying to clamp my legs together, making me groan out of discomfort, not arousal. I was popular all through high-school and in college. I knew I was fucking gorgeous, and I shot guys down left and right. Was I smug? A little. But I was never unnecessarily a jerk. I definitely wasn't owed this much karma!

“Do you have any more money?”

“I just got enough for the pizza.”

“I have \$15,” the boys conversed, and I was glad to hear they couldn't cough up any. The last thing I needed were more virgins pawing at me while this finger hero failed at slipping another digit in my lesbian clam. The show they weren't paying for should have been more than enough spank bank as it was.

“Sorry guys. Get jobs by the next time you see her. You can see her first video on [rosewatch.gov](http://rosewatch.gov) for \$1.” She pointed to another diner with his phone out, leaning against his water glass as he ate. “This one will be on later, too,” she laughed. \$1 a view. That's how the State and I made money off of this beyond the initial fee. Every time someone watched me getting used to get themselves off, I made money. I still didn't know how much per view. It was probably pennies on the dollar compared to what the State made, but I figured it would add up to a hefty sum.

“Quit filming me, you limp dick prick!” I shouted across the dining room as me and Claire's food came up. I made money from videos, but my pride wasn't so far gone yet that I would be willingly taped. “Now will you please go back to your fucking table so I can eat dinner?” I screamed at the guy that was now crouched on his haunches next to me, his finger in me to the knuckle.

“Yeah,” he said and slipped his finger out and then sucked my juice off it.

“You're fucking sick, bro! I bet your parents are so proud of who you've become!” Claire laughed hysterically as I roasted the guy who couldn't get me off in the 15 fucking

minutes he was touching me. "For someone that watches more porn than I watch ESPN, you think you'd know what to do with a girl, Christ!"

The three boys that had been hoping to get lucky took off, and I saw that they had gotten hard watching, but scattered without eating, probably afraid of being the next in my tirade.

"Ho-ly fucking shit, Kate. You are a Rose with some big ass thorns." Claire clicked her wine glass to mine, even though I didn't extend to meet her half way. "That was as awesome as watching you get all embarrassed."

"Fuck you. I want my bra back."

Claire smirked. "It's mine now."

"I want \$25 then, like you told that guy."

She shook her head. "I totally made that up. Plus the extra money to get you to take it off. Roses have to be cunning, Kate. If the world wants to walk all over you, you need to make the world fucking pay you, girl. If they're going to use you, make them pay for it."

"Is that legal, to tell people they have to pay me more like that?" I asked, digging into my salmon as I took my Rose Marketing class with Professor Claire.

"It isn't illegal," she retorted. "As long as the State gets their initial bones, what you can scrape up after is none of their business. Most people are like 30 year old virgin over there," Claire whispered, leaning across the table. "He doesn't know Rose law any more than he can name all of his representatives. If you confidently make shit up, they'll usually buy it. Those who don't usually respect the hustle enough to either pay more, or pretend they did so the stupid fucks around you do actually pay in."

"Jesus. As much as this whole thing stinks, that's fucking awesome."

"You see, Kate, you might hate me, but you need me," she smiled and reached her hand across the table. "So what do you say? Will you date me, either real or imagined?"

I crossed my arms over my chest again, feeling highly scrutinized by Claire. She was trying to be subtle, but I could also feel Lara watching me. "I don't know... making money off of it feels like good revenge, good business, but... it also makes me feel like a whore."

Claire shrugged. "You can either be a comfortable whore, or you can be a miserable victim. Take your pick." Claire got up and put \$100 on the table. Why the fuck did she have money like this? "Either way, you're walking out of here in just your panties. See you at school," she said with a wink.

"Claire, no!" I shouted and got up after her, but she went out the door. I'd have to go right onto a busy sidewalk during rush hour if I chased her down for my bra. "Now what?" I asked Lara, who had a "don't look at me" expression.

"I get off work in an hour," she said. "I can give you a ride home."

"Or my dress back," I suggested. "I have a car, but you have my clothes."

"You can hang out in the employee area and you can have your dress back after shift? Or you can wear my stained blouse."

"No, she can't hang out in the back," a man who I assumed was the manager said as he left the said area and went to the till. "She's not an employee."

"Mr. Simms, please don't be cruel!" Lara pleaded for me.

"I'm not being cruel. We have insurance and licenses to think about. It sucks to be a Rose, unfortunately," he said, but didn't stop himself from dragging his eyes over my nude form, my arms only going so far to cover my considerable but not ridiculous sized breasts.

"Two times in one fucking day," I grumbled as I got up long enough to grab a bussing tray and cover myself with that. "Even with your stained shirt, I still wouldn't have pants. We're not the same size."

Lara frowned. "I'm sorry, Kate."

"Give me the fucking shirt," I grumbled and waited, sitting at my table, using the tray to cover my tits, being patient for the understanding girl to come back with the blouse.

I stood up and took the garment with a smile, genuinely thankful for Lara's kindness. As I pulled it onto my shoulders, my arms behind my back and outstretched, I felt hands on my hips.

"What?" I cried and looked down in time to see a pair of large hands pulling my panties down! "Stop that!" I cried as he easily lifted me up out of them as they sat useless on the floor. He put his foot on it, trapping them as he put me back down and slapped my ass.

"I overheard your friend. There was no real extra fee!" He bent down and picked my panties up, pocketing them.

"Please give them back!" I begged as I covered my bare pussy with my hands, Lara's shirt still unbuttoned. I turned my head to the side to see that the guy with his phone was recording again. He probably had been when Claire got up and left with my bra. "Stop filming!" I screamed but he just laughed.

"Lara, please! Please button the shirt!" I pleaded to my friend, but she was gone. "Lara!" I called.

"I sent her on break, sorry," the manager said with a shit eating grin.

"Come on!" I shouted as I ran for the bathroom, using a hand to cover my pussy and one to close the shirt around my breasts. The shirt was just long enough to cover half of my ass.

Coming back out of the bathroom with the shirt buttoned, the guy was still there. Maybe I shouldn't have talked back to him so much. He deserved it, given that he thought \$25 was a reasonable price to do what he wanted to me, but now he wanted revenge for me talking shit back.

Knowing things would only get worse for me if I stayed, I ran past him and out the door and into the busy sidewalk.

Immediately, eyes were on the tall, fit college girl with no pants and a shirt covering only half her ass. I pulled the hem of it down as much as I could and took off.

"Kate! Over here!" Lara called from across the street, standing by her own car. It was a block closer than mine.

I stood there, practically doing the pee-pee dance out of sheer shame as people gawked at me, took photos and asked why I was like this.

“Oh my God, she's a Rose!” one woman said. “Get her shirt off! Scan her QR!” The two other girls that were with her grabbed my arms.

“Lara!” I shouted for help as the girl that called me out tore the borrowed shirt open, buttons flying, and pulled it down my shoulders. She scanned my code and the two girls pulled off my shirt completely, leaving me bare assed naked downtown. Every slowly moving car's driver, every pedestrian saw me, pointed, commented on my body, and took pictures or videos. I had never been more exposed, humiliated and embarrassed in all of my life before more people. My face was red and I wanted to cry, go fetal and make these people stop looking at me

“Kate!” Lara's voice was closer. She hurled herself into the girls, breaking their hold as they shrieked. Cars honked and people cat-called as Lara practically dragged me across the street to her car. I felt like I was in a fucking zombie movie.

“I scanned your code! Get back here!” the lead of the trio called as I reached Lara's car. “You're mine till I say otherwise!”

She was right. I was legally obligated to stand there as she pressed her own body to mine, kicking my legs out to the side from behind me.

“I'm going to make you feel so good, don't worry,” she purred into my ear and clapped my ass in both hands. “I'm going to make you cum in front of sooooo many people,” she giggled. I wanted to fight, but my body froze and I couldn't help but feel an unwanted wetness at her dark promise.

“Kate, take my hands!” Lara offered in solidarity over the top of her car as I felt a hand between my legs.

I grabbed Lara's hands and focused on the soft look on her face as I gasped, the finger sliding inside of my hole. Unlike the incel in the diner, this girl knew what she was doing, and had me getting wetter a lot faster than I wanted. She knew just how deep, where to tunnel, where to press and how to wiggle to buckle my knees and make me mewl.

“You're a responsive one, aren't you?” she asked as she finger fucked me hard and fast, reminiscent of Claire's treatment of me earlier.

I squeezed Lara's hands, but I felt my body betraying me as the older woman, probably in her mid to late 30s, caged me in her arms and now worked my clit with a thumb, two fingers in my pussy from behind me doing sinisterly delicious things to my nervous

system. She had experience and knew what she was doing, had me moaning like a whore and feeling like one as I stood in a busy street without even socks on, trying to fight off an orgasm I knew her friends, and now other bystanders, were recording.

"Please ma'am," I started through gritted teeth. "Please don't!"

"Please don't what? Make you cum in the middle of the road like a gutter bitch?" she hissed into my ear, the two fingers inside me making my eyes roll back and my knees buckle as I held onto Lara's hands for dear life, like without them I'd be torn into the savage current of ecstasy. "Cum on my fingers on camera, you dirty girl."

"I-I don't want to!"

"But it feels so good!" she said seductively, raining kisses on my pale neck. "Block out the cameras, just feel my fingers and my tits pressed against your back," she coached.

"Oh! Oh God!" I moaned and blew dark hair from my face, feeling my body get sweaty and my muscles tightening as this older, knowledgeable woman I didn't even know the name of brought me to a screaming orgasm in the middle of downtown like some kind of carnal street fair attraction, and that's exactly what I felt like I was.

The orgasm, the shame, was so strong I couldn't see for a minute as I absolutely gushed down this woman's skilled fingers and hands.

She extricated her fingers from my soaked pussy and grabbed my shoulders. My grip on Lara's hands was weak, and I was pulled away easily.

"Kate!" Lara called back after me and tried to come to my side of the car, pushing past onlookers who had gotten as close as they could without risky traffic incidents.

My back was pushed into the car, not enough to hurt but enough to tell me she was in charge, and the woman stuffed her fingers into my slack mouth and pressed them onto my tongue, making me taste myself as she fucked my mouth with her hand and my own taste. I don't know what flip switched, but I found myself moaning into her fingers, sucking them and bobbing my head, not believing for myself that I was doing it.

"I think the bitch is starting to like it!" one voyeur with a phone called out, and I dropped my head to the car, losing my eye contact with Lara, who was being held back by two people stopping her from intervening. I'm glad they did, because I didn't want her to suffer the same fate I was, that Belle had suffered with me.

She pulled her hand away once she felt I had most of my flavor and then she groped my firm tits as she stuck her tongue into my mouth to make sure. I didn't want to, but I couldn't hold back the moan. This would have been one of the hottest moments of my life had there not been dozens of people watching it happen, and then thousands more to watch it later in their own homes.

To my foggy mind's surprise, she opened the car door and tucked me inside. "Thanks, that was fun!" she mocked with a wave as I locked the door, not sure if anyone would be so brash or violent as to try to pull me out for more.

As Lara got in and drove us away, I pulled my knees to my chest and cried. I used to like sex. I was never a whore, but I liked to tease once in a while. But this... it was like being in an apocalyptic porno movie.

My only saving grace was that there seemed to be some kind of rule that there could only be one person on me at a time. I'd have to ask Claire about that, if I could ever bring myself to speak to her again.

"So you're a Rose now, huh?" Lara asked softly. "That sucks. I'm sorry. I hope it gets easier."

I turned to her and offered a teary smile. "Thanks, Lara."

"You know, Kate. You're a smart woman. I bet you could make some changes for Roses if you put your mind to it. There are assholes out there that want to take advantage of you, but there are people like me that want to help you. You might not be able to get rid of the system, but I have a feeling that if someone can make it better, it's you."

Lara's words went straight to my heart, and the tears running down my cheeks weren't from shame and humiliation. These were touched, tender tears.

"Thanks, and I think you're right. I think the government can make money, but Roses being afraid to live their lives needs to stop."

"That cougar was fucking insane though, oh my God!" Lara said, changing the subject with a scandalized look that made me laugh a little, despite the trauma.

"I did not see that coming," I said with a blush. "The whole thing, and honestly... how good she was at it. She could have taught me a thing or two if the situation and setting was different."

Lara smiled knowingly, and I pushed her shoulder. "It felt good, but she could have asked nicer," I said with a laugh. "I like sex," I said, leveling with Lara and to some degree, myself. "I just wish the system would make it on my terms, if this has to be a thing."

"Well let's try to make it that way," Lara said. "Also, Kate..." I wondered if she was about to make some kind of deep confession. "I don't know where you live. Are you at the dorms?"

"I'm in a duplex now. Wanna check it out?" I think I just made a new ally, a new real friend through that weird day.

"Yeah, that'd be great. After how my manager treated you, I don't think I want to work there anymore. I hear the coffee outlet at the university cafeteria is always hiring," Lara said as I punched my address into her phone's GPS.

"No kidding," I laughed, not telling her yet that I was the newest hire there.

Now I just had to survive my first office hours.