

He woke up with a hard-on. A one-eyed girl staring at him.

He covered the erection with the same sort of embarrassment as when Mrs. Kerr, his Honors Chemistry teacher, caught him getting hard in class. It happened far too often, but that's because he spent far too much time fantasizing about the Filipino girl that he'd been gaming with online.

"Bitch doesn't say much."

He recognized that voice, and turned to see --

The Filipino girl he'd been gaming with online.

"Oh God, Marissa?!" She was dressed in a Catholic school girl uniform. He didn't know if this was cosplay or if she was actually in Catholic School, but he scrunched up his legs to hide his erection even more.

"Do I know you, creepy McHard-On?"

He tried to think of how to explain that he'd been sort of been stalking her online. She used the same handle in multiple social media and gaming platforms, so it wasn't hard. He'd even created a fake profile to donate to her Twitch account without her suspecting anything. And at the same time that was pulsing through his brain, he was noticing the rest of his surroundings.

An effeminate boy with pink hair and a Nosferatu frame.

A large Samoan boy that looked like he could beat up most adults... wearing no shoes and only one sock.

All five of these teens were in a circular room not much bigger than a classroom, with nothing more in it than a fist-sized stone ball in the center.

"Where are we?" he asked.

"Oh God. I'm not going through this again for another one of you fags," said the effeminate boy with pink hair. "There's some cracks in that wall over there, that makes me think that's the entrance and