

# The Grand Prize

## A TIOS Tale

### Part Eight: Friday Night Plans

Her phone vibrated on her makeup stand, rattling the myriad bottles, jars and tools gratingly. Kirsten glanced down. About time he responded. She'd been waiting almost three minutes.

*Sup gurl? ;)* Owen wrote. God, she hated winky faces. People who used winky faces were morons. People who used them when nothing coy was being conveyed were subhuman. Sometimes it amazed her that Owen's parents had housebroken him.

Finally, she would be rid of him. His awkward, leering, manful ways. It wasn't all his fault he was so inadequate. He was a man, after all. She'd taken him in because he was the cream of the crop, the boy who could have anyone he wanted, which meant she needed to assert that she was the most wanted. Once in a while Hayleigh tried to put on airs and reach beyond her station, so the occasional demonstration was lamentably necessary. Giving her Jayce had been a win-win; it kept the oaf from chasing after her, and it took Hayleigh off the market. Her fake college boyfriend story was held together with bluster and raw intimidation; if anybody scratched too hard and had the balls to call her on it, she'd have had to do some scrambling. Owen had spared her that, but it also meant being touched by a man. Having a penis in her. Ugh.

It had also meant Angelica. She'd miss that. If she had to, anyway. That would be a tricky one. Still, this was Conner mother fucking Fishers. She *had* to have him.

Weirdly, it wasn't even entirely political. It was, of course, because everything was political. Still, now that everybody was so lubed up over Conner, she could dump Owen without worry. Maybe Conner wasn't quite so universally acceptable, but still, all the girls who mattered were into him, and while Owen was more of a "yeah, I'd do him," Conner was proving to be a NHS cultural phenomenon. Those stupid skanks had practically been ready to kill Mary this morning when they found out. As for Olivia...

*"Mrs. Snyder, sorry to be calling, but Olivia wasn't answering and I wanted to make sure everything was OK. It's not like her."*

*"She's fine, Kirsten. She's on time-out for the evening, but she was suspended from school for a week. I'm sure she'll tell you all about it later."*

*"Oh my gosh! A whole week? That's crazy! What happened?"*

*"She got in a fight with another girl."*

*"No way! Was this because they were both sleeping with... Oh crap. I mean... I didn't say that. That's not... I said it badly. She wasn't... I mean, she didn't... Just, she—"*

*“No, I think I heard you loud and clearly, Kirsten. She may have to wait a while to call you after all. Enjoy your Friday, sweetie. OLIVIA!”*

Suspended for a week and grounded for two. Good riddance. The girl had been pulling at her leash entirely too much lately. It was important to curb your bitch.

The phone buzzed again. She ignored the message. If she'd had to wait three, then that meant he needed to wait at least thirty. Shouldn't be a problem. Conner wasn't due for close to an hour. She focused on her makeup. Every eyelash, every strand of golden hair, every imperfection in her perfect skin, all of it needed to be in its place tonight.

Conner was the only man she'd ever wanted in her whole life, and she wanted him more than she'd ever wanted anything. Tonight, she was going to take Conner Fishers. For good.

By the time he was due, she felt prepared. She'd been through her plan, rehearsed, and rehearsed again. Not too much, she hoped. Improvisation was key; scripts were for losers. Like usual, she'd go in with an objective, some tactics, and let her natural cunning handle the rest. It had worked so far.

Last time, she'd over-done it. She'd never flirted with a boy before, at least not for flirting's sake. When you actually wanted them to like you, it was easy to get sucked into your own game. Plus, once he'd been there looking at her, touching her, her brain power had diminished considerably. Her cover had nearly been blown, all so she could lie there with his hard-on jutting into the back of her head. Still, Conner was a Nice Boy, so if she was going to move him past the irritating fact that she was his best friend's girlfriend, he'd need a shove. The other night, she'd whetted his appetite for her.

Tonight... she'd feed him.

At long last, the doorbell rang. She heard her mom answer it, direct him up to the second floor per Kirsten's instructions. Her parents trusted her, and with good reason. Before Owen, she'd never let a boy kiss her, much less fuck her. A boyfriend's best friend was above suspicion. Besides, as she'd made them aware over and over, she was an adult now, and she had every right to live her own life. Her grandparents adored her; her parents would never invite their wrath by doing anything to make her walk out on them.

At last, the door to her room swung open. She'd left it ajar so Conner could sneak a peek at her if he liked before opening it. She was in the midst of doing an involved-looking nothing on her laptop, straddling her desk chair backwards. Her ass looked solid in those jeans, but it wasn't obvious. Merely a girl chilling at her desk, one who happened to have a killer caboose.

She spun around almost at once. Faster than she'd meant to, but, well, she wanted to look at him. He was like a golden idol. She could stare at him for a year and not get bored.

“Oh, am I the first one here?”

“Looks like. Have a seat – nothing spilled this time, I promise.” She gestured to her couch, then turned back to pretend to finish doing whatever it was she’d been pretending to do. “You didn’t come with Angelica?”

“Nah, she wasn’t home. Might’ve been out with other friends or something? I don’t know. We don’t really keep tabs on her since she grad... since she... um, turned twenty-one.”

Her ass must be doing work, tripping up his tongue like that. “Oh. Well I imagine she’ll be along soon. Owen texted, said he had something he had to do, would be here in an hour or so. Probably his bitch-ass mom, right?”

Conner chuckled a bit uneasily. She made a mental note to cool her contempt for her ex’s parents. Probably a second family to Conner or some sappy bullshit like that. “Mrs. Gibson can be demanding sometimes.”

She tapped a few more random keys and then folded the laptop shut and turned around. There it was again. That... *feeling*. So impractical, but powerful enough to almost overwhelm her guiding sense of ambition. She wanted to scurry over there and snuggle up beside him, kiss him, tell him how she felt and how lucky he was about to be. Ram her tongue down his throat (as a transition for her sake from girls to boys), then fish out his cock and get it inside her. Now.

But no. The plan.

“Hey, you bought your swim trunks, right? We finally opened the pool last weekend, and I have been dying to get in there. Sound cool?”

“Yep. Wearing them under my clothes, actually – figured that’d be easiest.”

*Prove it. Take your clothes off. All of them.* She shivered. “Smart fella. Say, speaking of, you’re a guy, right?”

“Um, last I checked...?”

She grinned. “I wondered if you could give me a guy’s opinion.”

He adjusted himself a bit. Still uncomfortable in her house. That could be good though. Kept him off-balance, made him easier to lead, guessing at what was and wasn’t in-bounds instead of sticking to his norms. “Sure. What’s up?”

“Cool. So, tonight is mine and Owen’s three-month anniversary. I know, super mushy, but whatever. You know how us girls are.” She wished she didn’t know that today was – would have been – her seven-week with Angelica. Felt weak. “Anyway, I wanna look cute for him, but I don’t wanna overdo it, you know?”

“I don’t think I’d worry about overdoing it. I mean, it’s a swimsuit, right? And you’re...”

Boom. Got him halfway to flirting, that easy. Now make him say it. “I’m... what?” She looked at herself, channeled her anxiety over the little freckle of a mole on the back of her neck. “Is something wrong?”

“Wrong? What? No!” he rushed to reassure her. “No. I mean, just, you know. You’re... pretty. Like, really pretty. That’s all.”

“Aw. Thanks, Conner.” No overdoing it. It wasn’t believable that a girl as hot as her would be blown over by such a mild compliment, but still, be gracious. The whole point is to get him comfortable around your body. “All right, so maybe you’re already biased, but still, I need boy eyes. Come here and tell me which one you think Owen would like best.”

His hesitation was brief as he followed her into her walk-in closet. Kirsten opened a drawer in one of the two dressers. Per the plan, it was an underwear drawer. On the top was a little yellow thong with blue stripes; beside it was a casual but cute powder blue bra, lacey and potentially revealing. Dozens of other bras and pairs of panties were stuffed underneath them. She rummaged as if it were nothing weird, then at last rolled her eyes at herself.

“Yeesh, sorry, didn’t mean to drag you on a tour of my underwear drawer. Usually I keep my swimsuits in there, but I forgot I moved them last fall when I packed them away, duh. Anyway...”

A few moments later, she had three picked out. After what she’d subjected him to last time, she knew he’d be expecting ol’ No Limits Kirsten to model them, but instead she held each one up in front of her body, giving him a moment to imagine her in them. She could see his unease leaving his shoulders. God, his shoulders.

First was a strappy teal one-piece, fashionable but a bit more modest by swimsuit standards. Up next was a pink and orange sunset-flavored bikini. Conner’s cheeks reddened just slightly as he examined it. Finally came a solid black one with a strapless top and a bottom that was clearly much skimpier than the first two.

“So this one is a little sexier, I think, but... is it too sexy? I always worry things like this makes my boobs look too big, or comes on too strong. What do you think? Is this over-overdoing it?” As he folded his hands in front of him, struggling with a response, she gave a laugh. “Of course, here I am asking the guy who went to prom with Heather Blake if he likes big boobs. You probably think I’m an ironing board compared to her, huh.”

“They’re not— I mean, *you’re* not an ironing board, pretty sure.” He managed a small laugh. “I dunno. I mean, I’d say follow your gut, right?”

“Conner. Seriously? If I wanted to follow my gut, I wouldn’t have asked you, would I? Here. Gimme a sec, I’ll try them on. We got time, right?”

Conner waved his hands. “No no, I... I like the second one. It’s, um, pretty-looking.”

“Oh gosh, am I being too forward? I’m sorry. You know me, I am so bad with boundaries. If I do anything to make you uncomfortable, Conner, just say so. OK? I promise, I won’t make you watch your friend’s girlfriend do a bikini fashion show.”

Conner nodded, looking relieved somehow. “No, you’re fine. I’m just... it’s new is all. Always an adjustment around new, um, friends.”

“You’ll get used to me before long, I’m sure. All right. Think you can find your way down to the pool on your own? I’m gonna change, then I’ll be right down.”

A few minutes later, Kirsten exited the sliding glass door in the back of the house, a stack of towels under one arm, two bottles in the other. The in-ground pool took up a sizable chunk of the back yard, the side opposite the house decorated with some artsy landscaping featuring an miniature waterfall flowing down a sculpted ravine and back to where it was pumped into the large rock from which it flowed. Kirsten thought it was chintzy, but her parents had put it in without consulting her. In any event, tonight the yard had the best decoration she’d ever seen.

“Ow-ow!” she hooted playfully at the sight of Conner in his swim trunks. No tits at all, but somehow still insanely sexy. Was this what she did to people’s brains? Fuck, no wonder it was all so easy.

She set down the towels and handed him a beer. “Do you drink? If not, I can get something else.”

“Your parents are OK with this?” he asked nervously.

“Sure. They figure it’s better we drink here than go out and drink and drive, right? We’re having a huge party for my graduation, actually. Kegs, and we’ll have a full-stocked bar, like a wedding. Should be awesome. Promise me you’re gonna come.”

“Yeah, for sure, why wouldn’t I.” Gingerly, he accepted the beer, peering at the house nervously. Kirsten meanwhile tilted her head back and took a long drink, a quiet invitation for him to inspect her fully extended body while her eyes were on the sky. She looked *good* in this thing. She’d figured he’d take the medium option. Little did he realize she’d overnighted two bikinis in the same style, one many sizes bigger than the other, its oversized status concealed by being made of spandex. The cow-sized one she’d held up for Conner upstairs; the one she was now wearing was frankly too small and a bit uncomfortable, but it looked sexy as hell. The top left a good deal of the sides and bottoms of her boobs squeezing out, and the bottoms crept right up her pussy and at least a little up her ass. A skank move, but she wasn’t going to blow this by insisting on class and modesty.

Besides, he was the one who’d chosen it.

To ice the cake, she let a little of it dribble down her chin and drip down onto her mostly exposed chest. “Oopsie,” she muttered, wiping it off, grimacing as she tried to scrape it off her breast inside its cup. Then she laughed. “Guess I could’ve just jumped in the pool. Yeesh. Anyway, shall we?”

After a timid swig, Conner set his beer by the side of the pool and went for the diving board. Kirsten tried not to watch too intently as he took a few bounces and leapt in rather gracelessly, splashing broadly. She managed a few quick strokes of her pussy

through her bottoms before he resurfaced, then made her way to the shallow end and worked her way down the steps. Her boobs looked fantastic coming down steps. The way Conner stared, he clearly agreed.

Casual. That was the key. Treat him the way normal girls treated normal guys, at least to the best of her knowledge. Swimming was already on the spectrum of sexual activity, even if among the most modest. There was a semi-nakedness to it, though, friends hanging out in underwear by a different name, skin wet and glistening. Ergo, no need to push things. They batted a beach ball around, dueled with pool noodles, and simply swam around stretching and exerting muscles. It was friendly. For people with simpler tastes, it might even be fun. The closest she came to pressing him was when she stepped out for another round of drinks, making sure to let one side of her bottoms ride up into her ass crack.

Asymmetry, she had learned, drew the eye. (All the worthless garbage they taught in sex ed, yet she'd had to discover this one on her own.) In his reflection in the glass on her way in the door, his eyes were riveted to the bared ass cheek. She pretended not to notice they had crept up until she reached the door, then paused to dig them out with her fingers. In she went. Kirsten swore she could see the water level rise as his swelling cock displaced it.

When she returned, Conner was floating on his back, eyes closed. He was dead to the world. She allowed herself to stare, fingers in her free hand subconsciously drifting gradually down her stomach. She was just getting to her pussy when a voice behind her made her nearly leap out of her skin. Both bottles of beer fell to the rug, spilling but thankfully not shattering.

"Is that him?" asked her father as he hurried to the adjacent kitchen for paper towels.

Kirsten watched him with stormy eyes. "Fucking Christ, Dad! Were you trying to scare the shit out of me or what?"

Her father's smile wilted. "Sorry, pumpkin. I've just been waiting so long to meet this boyfriend of yours that I got excited. I've never known you to be so worked up about a guy before."

She knew full well her father had suspected her secret for some time now; no doubt the existence of Owen had rekindled his dreams of grandchildren. Still, as she watched him mop up the beer he'd spilt, she pitied him enough to at least engage. "No, it's not Owen. Owen and I broke up. That's Conner." May as well introduce him, since Conner was going to be a big part of her future.

"Oh. And is Conner a friend, or...?"

"Or." She shrugged. "At least, soon."

"Oh. All right. I only popped down to say goodbye. Your mom and I are heading out, per your request. Just don't do anything too crazy, all right?"

“You don’t trust me?”

Her father stood up, brushed off his knees, and smiled. “I know you can take care of yourself. You can’t blame me for being a little over-protective of the most beautiful daughter in the world.”

Kirsten smiled in spite of herself. Her dad was pretty good about knowing the exact right amount of flattery to employ. “I promise, we’ll behave. We’re just hanging out, maybe watching a movie. That acceptable to you?” She left out what would hopefully, if not better yet interrupt the movie.

“All right, all right. I’ll get out of your hair. You two have a responsible amount of fun, OK?”

Since she was still damp, Kirsten passed on a hug and planted a kiss on her dad’s cheek. “You, too. Thanks for being the coolest dad ever.” Definitely not true; she knew at least three dads she’d trade him for, but she had to admit that being willing to spend the weekend in the city with her mom so she could have the place to herself for once was *pretty* chill. That merited a kiss.

She drew the line when he tried to return one. Her makeup was waterproof, not daddy-proof. Once they were gone, she took a moment to once more ogle Conner in the pool, then a few slow breaths to calm herself. Now that they were gone, it was finally time to go to work.

After a moment to work herself up near to tears, it was a phone rather than alcohol she brought with her outside. Instead of going back into the pool, she huddled at one of the pool chairs, facing sideways, and focused hard on her screen.

Conner must not have heard the door, as it still took several minutes before she heard the sloshing sound of his departure from the water. She hastily set down her phone before he approached, and gave him a patently forced smile. “Oh hey, sorry, I was just...”

She didn’t finish, and after a moment he settled into the chair opposite from her. “Everything OK?”

“Oh. Um...” She took a deep breath. Another. Jaw trembling, she threw her head in her hands, and began to cry.

Crying did not come naturally to her. Cleverness, that came naturally. Ambition, naturally. Strength, as natural as the gold in her hair. She’d learned young that you couldn’t expect other people to go out and do things for you, not if you wanted them done right. Crying, however, was not her way. Crying was an admission of pain. Pain, of weakness. There was nothing worse someone could be than weak. Even when she needed to manipulate someone, it was best to make them do what you wanted because you made them want something from you, not because they pitied you. Pity faded. Desire was a fire that could always be fed fresh kindling.

Tonight, for once, she had a reason to cry. So she put her nature aside and let herself feel the pain. For the first time since she'd hatched this plan, she wondered if this was really worth the sacrifice it was exacting.

It didn't take Conner long to move beside her to her chair. When she didn't respond – couldn't respond, once the valve was opened – he cautiously put a hand on her back and patted softly, then rubbed in small circles. "Whatever it is, it's going to be all right. I'm here. Just breathe, OK? Breathe. Let it out. I'm here."

It felt, strangely, better than it should. It was a damp, cold hand on her back, buffered by her own damp, cold hair. As it rested on her, the warmth grew. Rather than comfort her, however, it only made her cry harder.

What was wrong with her? This was totally unlike her, and not just because she was being comforted by something with a penis. She'd figured on letting a few dramatic dribbles out, but instead, she knew she was making that ugly face girls made when they really, really wept. She'd seen more than her share of that face on friends and enemies alike. Rather than repulse him, though, it only made Conner scoot closer, and then his arm was around her shoulders. They warmed each other bit by bit, and she seized his other hand with her free one and clutched it on her knee.

It was some time before pain gave way to purpose, but when she remembered herself, she managed to take a few deep, if ragged, breaths. "I'm sorry," she mumbled, voice still shaky. As shaky as she'd ever heard it. "I just..."

She swiped her password, then handed him her phone.

Conner accepted it in bewilderment, then, after a wide-eyed moment, dropped it as he launched himself to his feet in consternation. "What the fuck is that!"

"It's... it's..." She picked it up off the pavement, then held it up to him. He glanced, but again whipped his head away, shielding his eyes with a hand. "He cheated on me!" she moaned.

Good. Theater. She could do theater. She looked again at the image. There was Owen in a bed Conner was all too familiar with. He was naked, his ass to the camera, as he buried a large cock (which he thought impressed Kirsten far more than it ever could) inside what must be a rather less familiar pussy. Namely, that of Conner's sister. Angelica's eyes were squeezed shut in obvious bliss, one hand reaching up toward Owen's chest, the other between her legs, in effect stroking his cock as it presumably thrust in and out of her.

They looked happy together. The little of Owen's face that could be made out from this angle stared down at her in what a more sentimental eye would call love. Angelica looked... whole. Like she did every time Kirsten had watched Owen fuck her. Kirsten had waited months to see that look from her own efforts. Sometimes Owen barged in, and she got to see it. Sometimes.

"I... Gosh, Kirsten, I'm so sorry. I don't know what to say."



“Do you... do you think maybe it’s fake or something?” She thrust it up one more time. It was a long shot, for sure, the prospect of gaining Conner and keeping Angelica. Spending any time on the internet, you’d think it was weird for a brother *not* to fuck his sister. Plus, they were siblings by marriage, and only in the last few years; Conner had been well into puberty when his hot new sis had joined the family. Surely he’d noticed, been curious. Maybe even glimpsed something around the house and gotten more curious. Probably not naked, and certainly not impaled on his best friend, but maybe an accidental boob glimpse when she forgot to shut her bedroom door or something. Kirsten had noticed Angelica’s conspicuous absence during her brother’s brief stint as a sub second period, but had assumed she’d ditched and chalked it up to privileges of nepotism. She respected nepotism. Too bad it had led to Angelica not being there, her body displayed to her brother with the rest of the class. It might have put her in a better position to bridge that gap in the days ahead.

Alas, he shook his head. “Sorry, I... I dunno. I think it’s real, but... it’s my sister. It’s really weird to... you know.”

She nodded. “Looked real to me, too.”

“Who sent you that? That’s so awful. What kind of jerk would do that?”

“I don’t know. I didn’t recognize the number. I was gonna delete it from my phone, but then they used Owen’s name, so I figured I should check it out.” It had, in fact, been sent from Kirsten’s own cell phone. Not the one in her hand, obviously, but the other one, the one she used for hazing, leaking gossip anonymously, maintaining her ghost accounts to help promote her social media, and so forth.

“Really? I mean... that’s messed up.” Conner stroked his chin, finally sitting back down across from her. “Can you ask them?”

Oh, duh. Of course he’d ask that. Kirsten he hardly knew, but some anonymous jerk with sex pics of his friend and sister, that was a problem for him. “Conner, you don’t know how it is with our friends. There’s so much stupid in-fighting and back-stabbing and jockeying for position. Ten to one, this is someone who’ll sit with me at lunch on Monday and act like they care about me. At the top of the hill, there’s always somebody trying to drag you back down, just so they can feel like they’re better than you.”

Conner considered this for a moment, even managing to look concerned for her. “What if it’s somebody trying to help you?”

“Help me? Help me, by breaking my heart? Humiliating me?”

“Maybe they didn’t show it to you to hurt you. Maybe, I dunno, it’s... um... been going on for a while? Not that I think it has or anything. I mean, how would I know. Anyway they could just want you to know the truth.”

He definitely didn’t sound as unsure about the duration of things as she’d thought. Not surprising, with Angelica and Owen living across the hall and across the street respectively. After all, Kirsten had discovered them quickly enough, and Conner

probably wasn't a complete idiot. Hell, maybe Owen had bragged he was nailing not only the hottest girl at Northside, but also another in the top five.

Hmm. Nah, top six. Objectivity was important.

"Maybe. Maybe you're right. Here." She picked up the phone and typed out a response, then held it out to him, another chance to entice him with the sight of Angelica's adorable, suckable tits. God, if she could get him on board with that... "Ignore the picture. Does that sound good?" The message, which her other phone would receive when she turned it back on later, simply asked her anonymous benefactor/antagonist to delete it and not show it to anyone else, that Kirsten would hate for it to get out there, no matter how angry they might be on Kirsten's behalf.

He read it, keeping one hand over the pic. "Yeah. That's really good. Good on you for being the bigger person." At her invitation, he tapped send for her. "Man. You know, that's double weird. Not that I was looking, but I'm pretty sure we had all four hands accounted for in there."

"So?"

"So, who took the picture?"

"If I ever find out, the bitch is dead by morning." At the time, Kirsten had been pleased it turned out so good even while she'd been frigging herself like crazy as she took it.

"Man. I'm so sorry Kirsten. Though... maybe it's not my place to ask, but... the three of you, you didn't ever..." He rolled his hand.

Kirsten sighed with false despondency. She'd thought Conner might know something about that. Boys were such fucking gossips, another mark against their ilk. Still, she'd prepared for this "Yeah, sometimes. But not, like, romantically. Only for second period homework." She was loath to discuss such secrets, but since he'd been a sub and it wasn't true anyway, it wasn't a breach of confidence. "She definitely knew it wasn't an invitation to fuck him behind my back, though, and so did he."

"Wow. I'm so sorry, Kirsten. I wish I had the words to make things right, but... Man. I am so sorry. That must be so painful."

"Yeah. It sure the fuck is."

Ugh. Once more out of theater mode and back to reality.

*Five hours earlier...*

“So, you wanted to talk, babe?” Owen asked nervously. Talks, he believed, were never good.

“Don’t you think it’s time? Look, we’re all three of us in a pretty weird little bind here, and I thought it might be a good idea to give our situation a good hard look.”

Owen nodded. “Yeah. My mom totally freaked the other day. I think she’s this close to grounding me for the rest of the school year. Maybe the summer, too. The woman might try to ground me my whole freshman year of college if she ever guessed at even half of what we’ve been doing.”

Angelica looked between them, but said nothing. Kirsten pressed, “I wondered if it might be like that. So... what does that mean for us? It sounds like you’re saying you want out. Do you want out?”

“You mean as in break up?” Owen squeaked. “Jesus, babe, I figured you wanted to yell at me for wearing this t-shirt with the hole in the armpit to school. I wasn’t expecting to make life decisions.”

“I wasn’t asking you to, but then the moment we scratched the surface, you started talking like you think we don’t have a future. Like you’re too afraid of your mommy to be with me”

“Hey now, don’t be like that. I’ve stood up for you to her plenty. Still, though...” He stroked his chin. “Think about it. Do we have a future? We have the next few months, yeah, but then I’m going my way, you’ll go yours. If my mom’s going to make our lives a living hell between then and now, maybe... maybe it’s best if we...”

Kirsten barely kept a song from her lips. She’d thought it would take hours to bring him to this. He might give her the whole afternoon to primp for Conner. “So... you want to break up with me?”

“Come on. Admit it – you barely even like me. You’re just going out with me for the status of it. Fuck, I can’t believe I just said that to Kirsten Vaughan.”

“Please don’t put me on your little pedestal. You know how I hate that.”

“See? That’s what I’m talking about, babe. We’re always this close to an argument, except when we’re fucking. Which is great – really great – but... don’t you ever get tired of it?”

She’d gotten tired of having a boyfriend within the first thirty seconds after she’d seen him naked. “Wow. You’re dumping me. Dumping us, I guess, right? I can’t imagine Mom likes the thought of you nailing the tramp across the street any better than me.”

“Um...”

Kirsten looked between them. It took less than a second to surmise that no, Owen wasn’t putting an end to dating; he was putting an end to dating *her*.

“You can’t be serious. You cannot *fucking* be serious!” she shrieked. “You’re leaving *me* for *that*!” Fuck, it hurt to say that. This was her girlfriend she was talking about. The first real girlfriend she’d ever had. Her first love. Kirsten would make this up to her, when she could. She’d have to.

“Kirsten, look, she and I, we... I don’t know. We have something. Don’t we, Ang? I’m not imagining it, am I? It’s not just the sex. I... There’s feelings. I don’t know what to call them, but they’re real. And no goddamn way did I imagine they’d be spilling out like this and this is such a shitty moment for it to happen, but here we are.”

Angelica looked to Kirsten, then to the floor. “I... Yeah. Me too. Feelings, or whatever. And yes, this is a dumbfuck moment to feel them, you idiot.”

Kirsten’s jaw dropped. “Are you serious, Owen?! You’re leaving me for one of my best friends!”

“I didn’t mean to! Come on, don’t be like this, babe!”

“You do *not* get to call me ‘babe’ if you’re going to leave me for what I thought was my friend!” Kirsten silently prayed she could ever be forgiven for this.

“We’re not trying to hurt you!” Owen pleaded.

“Yeah? So you wouldn’t mind if I started dating one of your friends? Super chill, right, brah?!”

“You can date whoever you want!” he retorted, voice raised to match hers. For a moment, Kirsten thought she saw a glimmer of cognition in Angelica’s eyes. Not that she could follow a plot this fucked up, this devious, this wildly out of character. No way.

“So maybe I will!”

“Fine!”

“Good!”

“Out-fucking-standing!”

“Have fun fucking my ex-friend!”

“I will!”

Kirsten stormed away, a little smile creeping over her face. She’d done it. There was a hole in her heart from what the things she’d said to Angelica, but the cost could be dealt with another day. By the time the boys touched base and Owen tried to convince Conner she was using him to hurt her ex, it would be too late. To believe that and act on the principle such an accusation drew upon, he would have to be willing to give her up. She meant to give him something he would never dream of relinquishing. Besides, by then, she’d have a dozen new stratagems to spin this the way she wanted it.

All it had cost her was Angelica. Oh well. She wasn’t going to cry over it. Tears were weakness.

*Five hours later...*

Kirsten focused on the objective. She had to make this work. Back to the plan. “Why would he leave me for her? Is she that much prettier than me?” She looked up, making sure he could see it was not rhetorical.

“Who, Angelica? No way. I mean, she’s pretty, but... Kirsten, you’re probably the best-looking girl I’ve ever seen not on a screen.”

“What, you mean like a porn star? Real comforting.” Conner was a nice guy. Nice guys tried to be nice. Rebuking his effort to be nice would make him dig deeper, be nicer. Guys as nice as Conner Fishers were the ultimate narcissists, in love with their self-image as martyrs and emotional superheroes. She only had to let him don his cape.

“No! No, not like that at all. Like a movie star. Seriously. Not to be TMI about it, but you are freaking insanely good-looking. You know that, right?”

She sat up. “Yeah?” Leaving it open-ended was good. It forced him to say more, showed him she didn’t mind a physical compliment, however PG.

“Heck yeah. Your hair, your face, your body... you’ve got it all.”

Not good enough. “So then why did he pick her over me?” Kirsten stood up, struggling to pinch a bit of fat at her waist and coming up with a small roll of skin. “I mean, I gained a couple pounds over spring break, but I was going to lose them!”

“Oh my god, you are so not fat. The opposite!”

She frowned. “So I’m too skinny?”

“No!” Conner shook his head, wet hair whipping around. “You’re perfect.”

“Perfect. Pff.” She rolled her eyes. “You’re just saying that to be nice.” If the Nice Guy had a kryptonite, it was accusations of hypocrisy or self-interest.

“What? Come on, look at yourself. Do you have any idea how intimidated I was just being in a room with you alone?”

“Why, because I’m a bitch? Is that what you’re saying?” Kirsten put her hands on her hips, chest thrust forth in invitation for unintentional yet unavoidable inspection.

“Oh my gosh, Kirsten, no! Because you’re...” Or was he saying *your*? Her what? *Say it!* “Because it’s not cool to think those kinds of thoughts about my best friend’s girlfriend, that’s why!”

There. Closer. Good. Now drive the wedge. “Ex-girlfriend, now,” she said, managing what she hoped was a passable half-smile, half-mope. “So I guess you’re off the hook.”

Conner chuckled nervously. “Yeah, you don’t know what kind of thoughts I meant. Probably still pretty uncool.”

“What, you gonna chop me up and feed me to the pigs or something? Jesus, Conner.”

“No, I meant more like—” He paused. “Sorry, almost got pretty inappropriate there. You’re upset. I shouldn’t be worried about my stupid thoughts, no matter how good you look in that bikini.”

She brightened, more than the compliment deserved, but encouragement was important. “You like how I look in this?” She took a step forward.

“Um, duh. Pretty sure every straight guy in the world would love how you look in that.”

“Man, and you wouldn’t let me wear the really hot one.” Another step. He shuffled back one himself, so she took two more.

“At the time, I was trying to be a gentleman...”

“You succeeded.” Two more steps. Almost touching him now. He looked really nervous. This was not the time. Not for that. No, this was time to show him she could be close without being demanding. “Um, Conner? Maybe this is weird, because I know we don’t know each other that well and I only had you over to be a good girlfriend. But... oh my god, this feels awkward to say. Look, I don’t know which of my friends sent me that pic and why, and I really, really don’t want to be alone. Do you think it would be OK if you and I just hung out tonight?”

“I, um... I mean, I’m sure you’d rather be with somebody you know better, right? You have to have at least one friend you can trust. Don’t you?”

She sniffled. “Look, maybe this is weird, but... I can’t be vulnerable around my friends. Even if it was someone genuinely cool, like Heather, the moment they tell Olivia or Hayleigh they saw me crying my eyes out over a boy, those bitches would eat me alive.” A little more truthful than she wanted to be, but he probably had enough awareness of the status quo to buy in.

Before he could answer, she pressed her attack, this time appealing to the Nice guy, not the Guy guy. “You don’t have to. If I’m still ‘intimidating’ you can say no. I’d understand.” She’d be destroyed. She’d have given up Angelica for nothing. Her life would be over. She would melt this worthless planet to slag, then piss out the cinders. She’d—

“No, it’s all right. You seem actually kinda cooler than I thought you’d be. Not *cool* cool, obviously you’re cool, you’re Kirsten Vaughan, but like... cool. If that makes any sense.”

“Nope.” Yep. “You have all night to explain it to me, though. Just remember I feel like dog shit, so be gentle, and don’t be stingy with the flattery, OK? To you I’m Kirsten Vaughan, queen of Northside, but trust me, right now feeling like Kirsten Vaughan, unlovable piece of garbage.” An overstatement, but after betraying Angelica, not the biggest one she’d employed with him.

Ah well. Like her grandfather had taught her: seize it now, earn it later.

“You’re not garbage, and you’re definitely lovable.”

“Good start.” She patted his shoulder. “Come on. Let’s go back inside. I don’t really feel like swimming any more if that’s OK. You can use my shower, rinse the chlorine off so we don’t make another mess on the couch. I’ll take a few minutes to scrape myself out of the gutter and take the next one.”

“Oh. Yeah, sure. Sounds good.”

So far, everything going according to plan. At last, it was time for the first opportunity she’d sketched out to really seduce him. She waited for exactly one hundred and forty seconds after she heard the shower in her bathroom start. Enough time for it to get warm, and give him a few seconds to start but not enough time to try a cop-out rinse and run in case his hygiene wasn’t (yet) up to her standards. She let herself back into the bathroom, which in his haste, he had failed to lock behind him.

“Don’t worry, I’m not looking,” she said, keeping her back to the stall. She caught a glimpse of a shocked expression and hasty movement to cover his privates, but no more. “I’m just doing my post-pool skin care stuff. It’s a whole routine, and if I wait until you’re done you’ll be sitting around waiting for me forever and I’ll feel even worse.”

“I’m... um, don’t turn around, OK? This is a glass door.”

“I won’t. It’d serve you right if I did, though,” she said, bending over, conspicuously keeping herself at an angle to the mirror where he could tell she couldn’t see his reflection. Still enough to make him think about her seeing him. Good enough. Let him imagine the Northside living legend checking his naked body out. Flattery was the ultimate aphrodisiac for men.

“Serve me right? What did I do?”

“I mean, you’ve seen me naked, right? A bunch of times.”

“What? Oh! Yeah, I mean, I guess. That was special circumstances, though, and there were like twenty other girls around.”

“Don’t think I didn’t notice you checking me out, Conner,” she said, wagging a reproving finger over her shoulder. Bent over the sink like this, he should have a hell of an angle on her ass. Grades 5-10, it had been her second-best asset, and it still wasn’t far behind. She could feel his eyes on it, reliving those days in second period.

“I wasn’t... I mean, I couldn’t help *seeing*. You’re, um, kinda hard not to notice. Not to be creepy or anything, but since you said to lay on the compliments...”

“Oh right, like the guy who’s been hooking up with Heather Blake is suddenly going to settle for these,” she said, hefting her tits in the mirror. Second-best asset, grades 11-present.

“Big boobs aren’t everything,” he muttered. *FUCK YES*, she thought immediately. She recognized that sulky tone. Trouble in paradise. Something wrong between them. He’d already slept with Mary, so maybe that had been enough to break them up. Leave it to a priss like Heather to insist on monogamy with this Adonis. Frankly, the thought of

getting to share him with other women was one of the sexiest things about this already overwhelming sexy man.

“Right, but come on. Obviously you two are crazy in love. I saw how you looked at her at prom. I would kill for a guy to look at me like that.” She arched her back, thrust her ass back further. Her bottoms slipped up her butt automatically, just as they had in rehearsal.

“We’re on a temporary break,” he replied. *Temporary break*, code for *one of us fucked something up big-time*. Perfect.

“Well hey, look at us, single and ready to mingle.” She glanced back, though “caught” herself in time and didn’t quite get a look. “I’d offer to help hook you up with another one of my friends, but I think if another guy I like picked one of them over me, I’d pretty much shut down.” Kirsten suddenly straightened, bottoms suddenly nearly a thong. “Not that I *like you* like you. Oh my god, I sound like a child. Forget I said anything.”

“No, I gotcha. It’s fine. I ‘like you’ too. I think.”

She went back to her lotioning for a minute, then finally spoke just loudly enough to be heard over the shower’s spray, “Conner? Can I ask you something?”

“Um, sure. Not like I can go anywhere, right?”

She laughed. “I promise I won’t ransom your clothes.” Unless this all goes terribly wrong. Last resort. “All right, so maybe this is weird, and you don’t have to answer, but... are you hard right now?”

“Am I what?!” She could practically hear him shifting, blocking any chance of her turning and ascertaining for herself.

“Are you hard. I mean, you’re in my house, just the two of us, you’re naked, I’m standing here in a bikini that fit me a lot better last summer...” Kirsten shrugged. “I just want to know if I still ‘got it’ or if I’m a lost cause.”

“Kirsten, whether or not I’m... you know, you’re definitely not a lost cause.”

“So you don’t want to answer.”

“I mean... not really?”

“Yeah, that’s what I figured.” Damn. A *yes* and she would have turned around, letting him keep it covered or turn around or whatever, and ask if she could see it, even the score. Let the dominoes fall. Oh well. Not like she hadn’t planned for a little reluctance. “I’ll let you finish up. Sorry.”

There. A little glum, but not full-blown pity party. She excused herself from the bathroom. By the time he emerged, once more fully (and lamentably) dressed, she was standing outside the door in nothing but a bath towel. It was decidedly too small, clinging low on her chest; a heavy sigh would blow it away enough to show her pussy, freshly waxed only yesterday while she was doing her prep work. She wordlessly squeezed past him, noting but not reacting to his widening eyes. The door swung shut,



but not hard enough, and from her years of experience dealing with the stubborn thing, she knew whenever it wasn't shut tight, it tended to swing back open on its own six inches or so. The towel was dropped, and in she went. She made it a point not to so much as glance at the door. If Conner was looking, great. Break him the old-fashioned way. If he wasn't, then he was surely sitting there torturing himself for not doing so, a heady reminder of exactly who – and what – he was trying to resist.

She exited in the same towel, damp and glistening, leaving her closet open while she “picked out” another outfit (which she had of course chosen long before his arrival). Simple lounging clothes, a pair of loose-fitting cotton dolphin shorts and a square-necked tank top, baggy and ill-fitting. No bra. Panties, yes, but only because if he saw she'd skipped that, her alibi of comfort-seeking would unravel pretty quick.

“So,” she opened, flouncing down onto the couch across from him with enough bounce to make sure he noticed the absence of her bra, “as a player, can I ask you a question? I'll leave your cock out of it this time, promise.”

“Kirsten. Stop. For the love of god, stop.”

Her head snapped back. “What? Stop what? I was only—”

“I know what you're doing. I know what you've *done*. I just... God, I wondered if... Fucking hell, I can't take it any more.”

“Take what? You mean... I'm sorry, am I leaning on you too hard?” This was unheard of. She was flirting. With a boy. And he was telling her to stop? He had to be talking about something else. “Sorry, I guess I was feeling—”

“I know what you're feeling. But this has already gone way too far, and it has to stop. For everyone's sake.”

She scowled. “I don't understand.” Scowling wasn't her best look, but it was an automatic and overpowering reaction to Conner's apparent rejection.

“I talked to Owen. And Angelica. I know what you did.”

Her eyes widened. Had those bitches really ratted her out?! She would *murder* them. No. Murder was too good for backstabbers. See how Owen liked making out with her girlfriend after Kirsten smashed his nuts into oblivion in her dad's vice grip in the garage. (Unless he wanted to go out with her again. The guy could have any woman he wanted, for crying out loud. She'd be an idiot to refuse him. But still!)

“I'm not mad,” Conner added, daring to inch closer. “I... think I get it. Kind of. Heck, between you and me, you probably did them a favor cutting them loose. Not that I like your reasons, as I understand them, but they probably need to be together.”

“But...”

He held up a hand. “Anyway, dumping a guy and trying to hook up with his best friend the very same night... that's really uncool. Not your fault,” he muttered ambiguously, “but nonetheless. To say nothing of the way you've been playing head games with me all week.”

Head games were one of her specialties! How unfair was this?! She twisted a damp strand of hair guiltily. Or what she hoped looked guiltily, at least, as he went on. “It’s been a weird week, though, and lord knows you’re not the only one who’s tried to get me to... you know. Heck, your buddy Olivia practically jumped me in the hallway.”

That conniving whore. “I heard. She deserves everything she got and more.”

“It wasn’t her fault any more than it is yours.” Conner shook his head. “Never mind. My point is, Kirsten, you treat people like commodities. Expendable ones. And it’s just... I mean, I feel...”

She braced herself. Here it came. The only man she’d ever wanted, and she’d bungled things so badly that he—

“I feel sorry for you,” he finished.

For a moment, everything she felt for Conner melted away, seared into nothingness by something so hot it skipped past white and became a flame of pure darkness all the way back at the other end of the spectrum of malevolence.

Only for a moment, though. This was *Conner*, after all.

“And I want to help,” he continued as she steadied herself, trying not to faint from that brief surge of whatever it had been. God, she was dizzy. Her dream hunk’s proximity wasn’t helping, no more than that tender note in his voice. She loved him for it, even as she wanted to rip his throat out. She’d seen someone do that in a move. It didn’t look so hard, and her fingernails were sharp. “I talked to Owen and Angelica while you were showering, and... I’m going to help. Can’t imagine anybody else will ever have an opportunity like this, so now or never I guess.”

“Help? What help do you think I need?” Her desire to keep the vitriol from her voice was at odds with the volcano of it bubbling up from inside her.

Conner nodded, then, to her surprise and glee, stood up and pulled down his shorts. Underwear, too. His cock, the same one he’d bashfully hidden from her when she’d tried peeking in the shower, now shared the same air as her. It was already well on its way to erect, thick and crimson red, jutting out perpendicular to his body. It was close enough she could *smell* the thing. Immediately a puddle formed in her mouth, threatening to leak out onto her flimsy tank top.

“You want this, don’t you?”

She should say something clever. Something classy. Something biting, to regain the upper hand. All three would be ideal. Instead, his musk flooded her brain and she merely heard herself mumble, “Yes. I want it.”

“I’m not sure I believe you. Ask for it.”

She tried to glance up, make eye contact, but her eyes were riveted to that plump red dagger in her face. “Can... can I have it?”

“Ask *nicely*.”

“Please, Conner? Please, can I pretty pretty please suck your cock? I’ll be so good to it, I promise.” Jesus, Mr. Lyons had been right. All that bullshit begging practice might actually pay off. She wished she didn’t simply mouth the words in class and had actually committed to learning them by heart.

“That’s the spirit. Humility, honesty, telling people what you really feel. That’s a good look on you, Kirsten. Ordinarily, it wouldn’t come close to being enough considering you’re my best friend’s ex. Luckily for you, Owen gave his blessing. A little too eagerly, almost. Maybe he felt bad for you, too.”

Kirsten mentally added Owen’s name to her list of eternal nemeses. She better not ever have to date him again, or she’d make him regret it. “I see.”

“Plus let’s face it, you’re the cream of the Northside crop, at least if we’re being shallow, and I have designs of my own. So I’m going to give you a chance.”

“A chance? What, you’re saying you don’t want me? Come on. You deserve me, Conner. If anybody ever has, it’s you. Just take me. I’m yours.”

“See, that’s what I’m looking for. Losing the act, being yourself, saying what you really want.” He sat back down; her eyes followed his dick down. She didn’t know whether she liked it better than his face or not. Perhaps riding both would provide some insight. “I feel like you spend a tremendous amount of your time and energy exerting dominance. Pushing people around, manipulating people. Doing everything you can to stay on top, no matter who you hurt in the process. I know we don’t know each other very well, but from what I’ve heard, anecdotally and from our mutual acquaintances...”

“Sometimes, maybe,” she granted. Charitably, she felt, since it was a very bold (albeit entirely accurate) assessment. “So what’s that got to do with... that?” Kirsten gestured to his dick.

“I’m not opposed to giving you what you want. Heck, part of me even wants it.” Any other man would be dead from those two sentences alone. On Conner, somehow, it was only more endearing. God, she hated how endearing it was. “But I don’t want to feel like you manipulated me into it, coerced me, whatever it was you’ve been trying to do all week. If we’re going to do this, I want it to be as two people who want to enjoy each other. Pleasurable, absolutely, but also comfortable. Fun. No agendas. That’s what sex is supposed to be, right?”

“Right, yeah, totally,” she agreed. Not at all what she’d learned in class, nor what she’d experienced, nor what she believed. Anybody who wanted their partner to not have an agenda was demanding unilateral disarmament and was therefore a threat.

It was *Conner*, though. Somehow, much as it went against every instinct, she couldn’t find anything threatening in him.

“So... how do we do that?” she asked.

“With me so far, that’s great.” He smiled and even put a hand on her shoulder. His touch... god. She was glad she’d kept her panties on. “So I got to hear a little bit about what went on between you and Olivia this week. She’s, um, quite a prolific texter.”

“And a fucking *liar!*” Kirsten snapped automatically. Fuck! Whatever Olivia had told him couldn’t possibly be good for her. “That bitch is so full of—”

“Whoa there, it’s OK,” Conner interjected firmly, but somehow also soothingly, snuffing the flare of her temper with a soft pressure on her arm. “I’m not saying I take her word for everything. Honestly, I sort of got the impression that she might not even grasp everything herself. Not sure I do either. Not sure I even want to, for that matter, if it’s anything like the mind games you were playing on me. What’s clear, though, is that whatever happened, I’ve put a rift between the two of you, and for that, I wholeheartedly apologize.”

Apologize? All this dressing her down, putting her off, the mother fucking *pity*, and now he was apologizing? For Olivia? “What? Conner, you didn’t do anything. That slutty little twit went and—”

“See, that’s what I mean. She’s your best friend, isn’t she?” Kirsten nodded, though she mentally added that only for the past eight weeks or so, since Hayleigh had started putting on airs after Jackson’s scholarship went through. Second period had endeared the girl to her somewhat more, though no way Kirsten would ever admit that to her. “So I want you two to be friends again. And, after what Angelica passed along, I thought... maybe this is the way to go about it.”

Kirsten scrunched her face. “What? I’m not sure I follow. What’d Angelica say, exactly?”

“Um, well, she sort of noted that... you, ah, might have a better time if there was another woman involved.”

Her jaw dropped. Angelica had said *what?! That was barely even true!* Even if it was, you didn’t go *saying* that about people you supposedly *cared* about! Is *that* what love was to her?!

Her response came with a snarl. How about *that* for honesty, you beautiful wonderful fuckable prick. “So what exactly is it you’re asking for, then?”

Olivia checked her hair one last time in the rear view mirror. Good. Not perfect, but Kirsten's weird message had stressed urgency. Which, whatever, but it had also stressed *Conner*. That had been all the incentive Olivia had needed to slip out to the garage and take her dad's car. Her parents were super pissed, totally blowing up her inbox the whole drive over, but what were they gonna do? Ground her? She was already grounded! Jokes on *you*, Mom and Dad.

Belatedly, it occurred to her they could ground her longer, or take other things away. Shoot. Oh well, still worth it. If Conner was really here, really available, she'd have done the same if it meant driving through a hail of bullet fire. Not literally, probably, but only 'cause her dad had been in the Marine Corp and was a real good shot. He'd have sniped her right quick.

Expectations were low, but the potential was high. Olivia strutted up to the door in her white leather mini skirt, a black top that was practically lingerie (or was it *actually* lingerie?), and the tallest heels she owned, easily five inches of glossy black sex appeal. Despite feeling incredibly confident in looking fuckable as hell, the problem was, this was Kirsten she was dealing with. The odds that Conner was sitting inside with his dick out waiting to make her come her tits off seemed pretty fucking low. More likely, Kirsten was going to try to use Olivia's feelings for Conner to extort something out of her, or to record it and blackmail her, or maybe just to steal him away so she could gloat. You never knew with a friend like Kirsten.

There was an unfamiliar car in the drive, and only the one. Olivia made her way up to the door, where it swung open immediately. They'd been waiting for her. On the other side was Kirsten, dressed like she was fresh from the gym except for missing a bra. It was that casual sexy look she thought she'd invented all on her own, the smug cunt. It barely even worked for her. Seeing Kirsten looking casual was like seeing a Lexus with a bumper sticker.

Her irritation with her so-called friend vanished, however, upon seeing the other figure waiting for her, seated casually on one of Kirsten's mom's designer leather sofas across the way. He waved politely in greeting.

"Conner!" she squealed, rushing over and wrapping her arms around him. She kissed his cheek. Would've gone for the lips but he turned his head.

"Hi, Olivia. You look really nice."

"Thanks! Kirsten said you were over, hanging out or whatever, and I wanted to look cute for you."

"Mission accomplished," he assured her. Behind her, the front door had closed, and Kirsten made her way back to the sofa, settling in on the cushion next to Conner.

"Reminds me of the outfit I wore to that college party we went to back in January," Kirsten observed casually. Of course it did. It was literally the same outfit, only a size smaller and a lot less snug across the chest. Olivia had seen how those college

boys had drooled over her friend; she'd bought the outfit that same night while she was in the bathroom trying not to barf up more of that punch.

"So, um, what's going on? Is it just you two? Are more people coming, or...? You said this was a party."

"No more people," Conner said. His voice radiated confidence, like he was the one in charge here. It took balls to take that tone in front of Kirsten, especially in her own home. Mm. Conner's balls. "Only the three of us."

"Oh. Fun! Weird, I mean, but like, whatever. So what're we gonna do? Are we gonna go swimming? I didn't bring a suit but like, I don't mind skinny dipping."

"Maybe in a bit. Kirsten says we have the place to ourselves for the evening. First though, I wanted us to be clear about what we're doing here. I invited you over here for two reasons. One of those reasons is, I think you're cute and if you want to hook up with me, I want to hook up with you."

"I want. Oh god, I want! I want I want I want I want I want!" she gushed, throwing herself into his lap. Her mouth was on his neck in an instant, grabbing his hand and putting it right on her tit. She didn't care if Kirsten was watching. Conner thought she was cute and she was not about to waste a single second by not being impaled on his dick.

"Good, good," he said with a laugh, gently, pulling his hand back. "Easy, tiger. That's only one of the things. The other thing is... well..." He cleared his throat. "It's come to my attention that Kirsten feels about the same way as you do. About me."

Olivia sneered at her friend. A sneer she knew she'd pay for, but so what. Nothing Kirsten could do to punish her would mean a thing if she could have Conner. Besides, having him when Kirsten couldn't... nothing could be sweeter. "So what?! Fuck her – I'll be so much better to you! My pussy is already super wet for you. Here, feel!"

"I believe you – take it down a notch, OK? We're not at the pussy wetness phase of things yet. Right now, the thing is, I see how the two of you are in a kinda toxic thing. I want to try to help you get over it, patch things up. So here's the deal, Olivia. You don't have to agree to it, but if you do—"

"I agree. Whatever you want. I don't care. Just *fuck* me, Conner, *fuck* me."

He held up his hands defensively. "Whoa. The deal is, if you want me, you have to give Kirsten a chance to be nice to you, too. You say she hasn't been a great friend, so tonight, I want you to let her make it up to you."

"What, like, an apology?" Olivia hesitated. "From Kirsten...?" Had he never met her or something?

He glanced to where Kirsten sat, her eyes fixed darkly on her lap. "Sure. I think an apology would be a great place to start. Kirsten? Anything you'd like to say?"

The wrath behind her eyes was palpable as she glanced up to meet Conner's. "And I really have to do this."

“You don’t have to do anything. The two of us can head out and–”

“Olivia, I’m sorry,” the blonde said firmly. “There. I said it. Firmly.”

“Kirsten, I told you. You want to do this, you have to commit to it. Nothing halfway. Either you apologize, specifically, for how you mistreated her, or you don’t.”

God, he was so in control. She hoped he controlled her like that. With his cock. Fuck she wanted his cock. In her pussy. Right now. Stupid Kirsten and her stupid slow apology.

“All right.” Kirsten took a slow breath, then turned to face Olivia head on, legs crossed, arms folded. She didn’t make eye contact though, so maybe it was going to be sincere. Olivia knew Kirsten always looked people right in the eye when she was lying to them about something. Those baby blues could be hypnotic. “I’m sorry for leaking your slutty intentions about Conner to your mom and getting you grounded. I’m sorry I tried to sleep with him even though I knew you liked him, too. I’m sorry I don’t give you enough credit for how hot you are – you look really good tonight, seriously – and I’m sorry I run you down about how fucking dumb you can be sometimes.”

Conner sighed. “OK, not the worst start, but let’s try again, maybe this time without the–”

“*Ohmygoshthankyou!*” Olivia threw herself at Kirsten in an embrace so fierce, so sudden, that it bowled the girl over and landed her on her back. “Just hearing you say those words, like... oh my gosh. And I know you mean it or you wouldn’t say it because you never say you’re sorry unless it’s super serious, like remember that one time we were on that camping weekend and someone put poison ivy in Jordan’s sleeping bag and it turns out he slept in it naked and it it broke out like everywhere and even on his dick and he had to go to the hospital and everything, and you went to visit him and apologized? I remember you made Hayleigh say she did it, but you said you were sorry he felt so bad, and Hayleigh wouldn’t have apologized if you hadn’t made her so he never would’ve gotten any apology at all?”

Kirsten was nodding. “Hayleigh owed me a favor, so it squared things between us.”

“Why in god’s name would you do something like that?!” Conner exclaimed.

“Jordan snuck out after me while I was going to the bathroom and tried to peep. He had it coming.”

“Well, I mean, I suppose... Jordan, after all...” He shook his head. “Anyway, that’s a great start. How do you two feel?”

“Better. A little,” Kirsten admitted grudgingly from underneath the pile of brunette.

“So horny,” Olivia replied. “Can we fuck now? Please? I’m a super good fuck, promise.” She slipped a finger between her legs, rubbed at her bare slit, then sucked her finger clean slowly.

“That was a good start. But now, I want Kirsten not to just say an apology, but to put it into action. Kirsten, you’re in charge. You decide how this goes, but remember what we talked about.”

Her friend hefted Olivia’s body off of her, standing and brushing off her thighs. “Right. OK. So... I thought...” She rolled her eyes. “Olivia. Stop drooling over his dick and listen for a sec, OK? I’m over here. Fuck.”

Olivia nodded, and after a moment heard what had been said and looked over to her. “Right, sorry. He’s just so fucking hot, right?”

“Um, yeah. I guess so. Anyway, so look. As you’re making obvious, you like Conner. Right?”

“Oh my gawd so much!”

“Right. And so, yeah, I like him too. Like, super totes so much.” Olivia couldn’t tell if she was condescending or not. Whatever. Bickering with Kirsten wouldn’t get Conner’s dick in her any faster. “So I don’t want that to come between you and I. He doesn’t either.”

“Really? Mr. Lyons said guys would totally go nuts coming on two crazy hot chicks like us.”

“He... what? Jesus, you fucking airhead, I...” Kirsten glanced to Conner, then back to Olivia with strained patience. “Sorry I called you a fucking airhead. Anyway no, I meant, we need to still be friends, and if one of us steals him from the other, that’s gonna be hard to happen, right?”

“If you tried to take him from me, I would...” Olivia tried to burn a hole in her friend with imaginary eye lasers for suggesting such a thing.

“Right. That’s what I’m saying. So, what I was thinking was... what if, for tonight, at least, you and I... shared.” Kirsten’s eyelids sunk slowly, her chest swelling as she drew and released a slow breath. “As... equals.” The word looked like it pained her to say.

“You mean, like, a threesome? Like in you-know-where...?” Olivia wrinkled her nose. “That seems kinda, like, dirty. What if we just took turns? Like I fuck him tonight, and you guys set up a play date for, like, later. If he still wants.” She had hopes that after he got a taste of her pussy, he wouldn’t even want Kirsten’s, but she didn’t want to say it out loud and be too obvious. Kirsten could be clever about stuff like that if she wasn’t careful.

“No turns,” Conner answered in Kirsten’s place. “You two learn to get along, like friends, or I go home.”

“Can I—”

“Alone.”

“Oh.”

Olivia considered. “But, like, we’re not into girls like that.”



“But we fake it when we have to, don’t we?” Kirsten pointed out. “So if that’s what Conner wants, and it’s that or nothing... what do you think we should do?”

Olivia considered. She was bad at making decisions, she knew that. As much of a controlling bitch as Kirsten could be, it was one of the perks of having her around. When they wanted the same thing, or when Olivia didn’t know what she wanted, it was nice having someone who went out and got it.

Once upon a time, she never would’ve thought Kirsten would go for a boy like Conner. She’d always been so critical of any boy they tried to set her up with, and even when it was just girl talk, she almost never had anything positive to say. Still, after the ass-beating that lucky cunt Mary had gotten, Conner was obviously a hot item, and if Kirsten was one thing, it was trend-conscious. Besides, she’d never pretend to be this interested in a guy if it wasn’t for real. Not right in front of him like this. Olivia didn’t doubt Kirsten’s sincerity, which meant she shouldn’t doubt her strategy either.

“Let’s do it,” Olivia decided. “So, like, what do you guys wanna do? Tandem blowjob? Double titty fuck? Flip a coin? Because I am totally tails.” She wasn’t superstitious, but tails was way luckier when it came to flipping for dick rights. Everyone knew that.

“How about you two get each other started, and I watch?” Conner suggested, smiling softly at Kirsten for some reason.

“If you want, Liv,” the blonde replied. “Up to you.”

“Okey dokey.” Olivia shrugged. Just like in class, making out with other girls was pretty meh. If it got Conner hard for her, though, she’d suck Kirsten’s tits right the heck off. Olivia descended on her friend’s lap, straddling her, then like in class, draped her arms around the blonde’s shoulders and pressed their lips together.

“Your lipstick tastes really yummy,” Olivia murmured, then sampled it once again.

“Thanks. I hope Conner agrees. Happy to let you borrow some if he does.”

Holy crap, was she serious? Kirsten *never* let people borrow things. The fact that she’d let Olivia poaching her outfit slide so easily was wild enough, but now this? Man, maybe she really *was* trying to make things cool between them and not just get Conner’s dick in her.

Olivia decided to extend her friend a little credit, and committed to the makeout.

She helped Kirsten get her top off. The whole point was to turn him on, after all, and like it or not they had no better tool at their disposal than the impeccable titties of Kirsten Vaughan. Big, golden brown, gravity-defiant globes of girl meat. They were the most perfect titties Olivia had ever seen, and she’d seen a whole lot of hot naked girls lately. They were the reason even the other achingly pretty girls in sex ed, like Olivia herself, were still jealous of Kirsten. They were sinful thoughts made flesh.

To sweeten the image, she scrunched down and took one of Kirsten's nipples into her mouth, swirling her tongue around the already hardening pink nub. Kirsten sighed every bit as convincingly as she always did in class. No wonder she had such a high grade in sex ed, sexiness aside. Even in an almost all-girl classroom, she somehow always managed to fake having a good time.

"Fuck, you're good at that. Do the other one," Kirsten ordered. Or pleaded, maybe? Olivia obeyed regardless. Kirsten pressed her breast into her friend's warm mouth, sinking her fingers into Olivia's dark mesh of hair gently at first, but soon clutching her firmly in place as she rolled her shoulder, massaging those big perky tits against her face. It was a sort of massage, soft round tit pressing into soft round cheeks.

"Are you really not mad about my outfit?" Olivia asked when she was finally allowed to come up for air.

"Not when you look that fucking hot in it." Two hands went up Olivia's skirt, kneading her ass. "I see you skipped panties with it, ya lil' skank." It was an affectionate "skank" though, not her usual chastisement at all.

"I wanted to be ready for him," Olivia admitted with a giggle. "Guess it was kinda skanky of me, though."

"Let's see if you taste ready, Liv." Before she knew it, Kirsten had flipped her on her back, a whoosh of air wheezing from the sofa at the sudden impact of her body. The queen bee crawled after her, and Olivia lifted her hips so the leather skirt could be slid up out of the way. She knew this drill well from sex ed. Mr. Lyons insisted on strong teamwork during partner exercises. A thin, neatly trimmed ribbon of hair stood out as a veritable road map to her pussy, guiding lookers-on down to her cunt. (*Oh! Was that why they called it a landing strip?!*) Kirsten followed it in, settling her face between smooth, widespread thighs. The scent of their mutual arousal was heavy in the air.

Being eaten out by girls was actually pretty cool, Olivia thought. Way cooler than she'd thought it would be before she tried it. Kissing girls, sucking on their tits, fingering them, scissoring (which, what the heck was even the point of that aside from making Mr. Lyons laugh?)... All those activities made it pretty impossible to forget her partner had the same XXX chromosomes that she did. (Or was it YYY? She had totally flunked freshman bio.)

Pussy eating, though... it was easy to close her eyes, imagine it was a boy doing it, and lose herself in the pleasure of it. Only one guy she'd dated had ever even offered to go down on her, and him only because after months of sex ed she'd gotten up the nerve to ask for it. In the end, he'd been nowhere near as good as her classmates. Kirsten, frankly, was probably one of the best in class. It was actually unfair that the teacher never got to get his pussy eaten and see for himself so she could get the A+ she deserved for it.

Conner stood up and took a position near the doorway, watching intently. His erection was obvious in his shorts. Good. That meant Kirsten's plan was working so she could close her eyes and enjoy herself. Kirsten's tongue slathered across her clit, darting in and out of her slit like it was out to set a record in the hokey pokey. She giggled at that thought, but the giggle gave way to a gasp as Kirsten wrapped her lips in a snug little O around her juicy clit and twisted softly back and forth, a veritable blowjob for her clit.

Olivia came. Never in a quabillion years would she have imagined she'd come over to this house, Conner in attendance, and come from *Kirsten*. Crazier still, her orgasm, obvious as it was from the way that she arched her back and squeezed hard on her tits through her filmy top, didn't convince Kirsten to stop. In fact, the girl doubled down, sucking on that soft pink marble in her crest like it was Conner's own dick. With minds of their own, Olivia thighs squeezed down around her friend's cheeks, fingernails scrabbling through silky blonde hair in a desperate bid to have something, someone, to hold onto so she didn't float off through the ceiling.

She came again. Kirsten then, somehow not suffocating between her thighs, reached up, and peeled up Olivia's top. One nipple went in each hand, and soon, it all made her come again. It was almost embarrassing how easily she did it.

"Oh my god, you have to stop," Olivia panted at last when Kirsten still didn't let up.

Kirsten's face peered up at her, a thin V-shaped slice of it visible between Olivia's tits and thighs. "It doesn't feel good?"

"No, it feels... fuck, Kirsten, it's, like, *too* good. I gotta save something for Conner, you know?"

Kirsten smiled at that. It was a smile Olivia didn't remember seeing before. On any other face, it might have looked... sweet? She wasn't sure what Kirsten's purpose was, showing that to her. "If you say so. Here, let me help you out of the rest of your clothes."

Olivia felt weirdly fancy standing still, lifting her arms and shifting her feet while another woman did her stripping for her. Once she was naked, she stopped Kirsten with a hand on her shoulder. "Now your turn. K?"

Kirsten nodded. Olivia let her hands tease softly down Kirsten's body as she knelt down, eventually sinking them into the elastic of her shorts. A soft tug brought them down halfway around her ass, resting at the widest portion of her hips. Remembering Conner was watching, and also that Kirsten was being surprisingly cool so far, she paused before continuing and steered the blonde around so that her back was to Olivia. Fuck, Kirsten was turned on. Olivia knew that leaky pussy fragrance too well by now, and Kirsten's scent flooded her nostrils.

*She must be almost as into Conner as I am*, Olivia thought as she sank her teeth into the waistband of the dolphin shorts. Twisting and grunting this way and that, she

exposed Kirsten's panties with mouth and willpower alone, using her hands to caress up and down each smooth, tanned thigh. Kirsten's panties followed and by the same method, though this time she spun her friend around to come at them from the front, her nose trailing down Kirsten's bare-shaven pussy.

"Holy *fuck* are you hot, Kirsten," she exclaimed once the panties hit the floor.

"Um, thanks? Is that news or something?"

"No! I mean, of course you're hot, you know that, but I mean, like, your pussy. It's literally like I've got my face in front of a space heater."

"I think you mean figuratively."

"Your figure is awesome, like I said. Just... wow. Do you, um, want me to do for you like you did for me?"

Kirsten looked to Conner. "You don't have to. I mean, he's probably waited to fuck one of us long enough, right? I don't wanna bore the poor guy."

Conner smiled. "That's very considerate of you, Kirsten, putting others in front of your own desires. Why don't you go ahead and let her return the favor? I don't mind waiting my turn."

"No, we totally don't mind if you wanna jump in!" Olivia reassured him. "Right, Kirsten?"

Kirsten's eyes narrowed, but only for a moment. "No, sure. That's fine. If he wants."

"Olivia, don't get greedy on me now. Kirsten's been really nice to you, right? Don't you think she deserves a little reciprocity?"

She frowned. "A little what? Rectal... property?" It was awesome that Conner was smart (smarter than her, she was pretty sure), but people using big words like that always stung. Olivia had never had a very good instinct for words. Or numbers.

Conner ran his thumb and forefinger along his eyebrows a moment. "Just eat her out, Olivia. OK? Make her feel as good as she made you feel."

"If that gets you off, baby!" she trilled contentedly. At least it was turning him on!

Olivia dove into Kirsten's cunt tongue first, yet it was soon obvious that this wasn't going to work standing up. It never did in class, even though Mr. Lyons thought it was fun to make them try so he could go around and put his fingers in their asses while they struggled with their balance. At least until Jennica toppled over and almost sprained his wrist falling down on it with his thumb right up her butthole.

"Do you, um, wanna do it out by the pool?" Kirsten suggested softly.

"Outside, you mean? We're, like, naked." Olivia frowned.

"There's the privacy fence, and all the trees. Nobody can see back there, trust me. You think I'd let a bunch of plebes leer at me while I'm in my bikini?" Her tone suddenly lost its snotty edge, though. "Sorry, thought it might be fun. Spice it up. If you're comfortable with that. It's OK if you're not."

Hmm. Outdoors was kinda hot. Definitely sluttier. Maybe it'd get Conner more turned on? That was obviously why Kirsten wanted it. She was so smart. Olivia nodded, letting her friend help her back upright and lead her out the back door. Conner followed a few paces behind without saying a word.

They settled on Kirsten sitting on the side of the pool about halfway down to the deep end, right where Olivia could stand and have her face right at muff level. Even with the evening air to cool it, that pussy was an inferno. Olivia was almost afraid to put her mouth on it, but when she dragged her tongue along Kirsten's glistening slit, it was like fresh coffee, so warm it filled her from the inside.

Pussy eating was actually kinda fun if she could think of it as a show for Conner. Anything that turned Conner on was awesome. She mentally went through a list of fetishes she'd adopt for him. Foot stuff? Totally. Spanking? For sure – she had a killer ass, at least as nice as Kirsten's. Bondage, no prob. She'd come so hard if Conner tied her up and used her and fucked her and groped her and smacked her tits and her ass and put clamps on her nipples and made her his fuck slave who did anything she was told to get him off and sometimes it was being a toy for his other sluts like Kirsten and mm that cunt tasted good, tasted good for Conner, Conner's good girl pussy eating tongue slut, and thank god she'd been taught how to do this so she could be a perfect little cunt-munching whore for him, given out when he wanted just to turn him on, to ingratiate herself to him, eating out her best friend because all they cared about was Conner and his perfect fucking dick.

That was when Olivia came, diddling herself under the cool water. It was a reminder, though, that it wasn't why she was here, so she refocused on the slit in front of her. Olivia wasn't as proficient at pussy-eating as Kirsten, but she did her best. If it wasn't amazing, Kirsten didn't complain. In fact, as the blonde beauty massaged Olivia's scalp tenderly, nails tracing little circular trails through her hair, she let out the softest little moan Olivia had ever heard from her. Kirsten was so reserved about letting any sign of pleasure show in class (so long as there weren't points for moaning on the rubric) that Olivia had wondered if she was some kind of homophobe or something.

A little tremble reverberated through her body soon after, a sudden tension, thighs clamping down around her face, and then Kirsten's body splayed out on the concrete.

For a moment, Olivia worried she'd pussy-ate her unconscious! But as she hopped up to inspect her, Kirsten mumbled only semi-deliriously, "You have no idea how long I've wanted this."

Olivia arched an eyebrow. "To have me eat you out?" she joked.

Kirsten took a moment to reply; all Olivia could see of her was a soft pink slit dripping with her fresh, translucent cum and a pair of perfect tits pointed up at the starry sky. "Um, no. I meant, you know, to like, be here. With him."

Conner was standing beside them before Olivia even realized he'd been advancing. "Kirsten... don't you think you ought to tell her?"

"Tell me what?" Olivia asked, puzzled. Did they already fuck or something? She wouldn't put it past Kirsten to be a greedy cock hog.

"Yeah, tell her *what?*" Kirsten retorted with surprising heat in her voice, propping her body up on her elbows.

"She's your friend. Your best friend. I would think best friends can tell one another anything. Shit, if you can't tell her, who the heck can you tell? Nobody, I guess, but... god, that sounds..." He shook his head, looking sad for some reason. Was Kirsten dying or something? What was he talking about? "But that's up to you two."

Conner knelt down offering an index finger to Kirsten, who greedily sucked it between her lips. The other reached down to Olivia, though she had to hop up and balance her arms on the edge of the pool to suck it easily. "To be clear, that's not a condition. I'm not demanding anyone give up their secrets. Though I will say from some of my own recent experience, there's not many better feelings than when you decide to stop living a lie."

*Who did he lie to?* Olivia wondered. Conner had such an honest face. It didn't even dawn on her to wonder who Kirsten had lied to. She was the best liar Olivia had ever known. She'd probably lied three times since Olivia had arrived this evening. Heck, Kirsten probably—

"I'm gay," the blonde said as she released Conner's finger.

Now that was a bombshell as remarkable as the blonde bombshell herself. Olivia was glad she had the pacifying digit in her mouth so she could process. "Wike, *guh* guh?" she managed around it.

Kirsten nodded. "Yeah. I've always been into girls, as far back as I can remember."

Conner recognized he wasn't helping and pulled his finger back. In fact, he walked clear over to the fake waterfally thingy a ways across the grass. Privacy enough if they didn't raise their voices.

"But... your boyfriend. Are you bi?"

Kirsten fell down to her back again, hiding from Olivia's questing eyes. "No. I used Owen, that's all. I, um, actually was kind of in a threeway thing with him and this other girl."

"What? Who?!"

"I'm not going to say who. She was good to me, and I still care about her, and you can't keep secrets for shit." She rolled to her side so the two could see each other. "Though I'd appreciate it if you could make an exception about this. Really not ready to see if I can flex hard enough to make being a dyke cool overnight at a school as conventional as Northside."

“So you’re really...?” Olivia frowned, then took a moment to duck under the water to let the pool wash Kirsten’s cum off her mouth. Nothing against lesbians, but she didn’t want to give people the wrong idea. One thing to eat your friend out to excite Conner; another to eat pussy for its own sake, like you were lovers or something.

“Yep, I’m really,” Kirsten continued when she surfaced, swiping the water from her eyes. “Honestly? It’s actually been really fucking horrible. For, like, years. Watching all you assholes hooking up and having fun and all. Always sort of felt like you were rubbing my face in it. Like, I know that’s not why, but try telling that to my brain, you know? Just being lonely. Like, *all* the time. Lying about having boyfriends, lying about how great things were with Owen, lying about what I want and who I want it from and knowing I couldn’t have it even if... just... fuck. Olivia, you have no idea.”

As Kirsten sat fully upright, feet dangling down gingerly into the water, Olivia frowned down at them. This was so goddamn weird. Not the news, so much— that was making a lot of sense to her pretty fast. She knew Kirsten’s lying MO better than anybody, probably, how she covered her weaknesses, was so cagey about her ambitions and desires. How she acted like boy talk was so beneath her when really, it was suddenly obvious she was only bitter that nobody wanted to talk about pussy trimming styles or whatever lesbians chit-chatted about. No, the weirdness stemmed from hearing her friend be so... open.

Kirsten Vaughan, being vulnerable. To a friend. To a *hot* friend, a *popular* friend, someone who, if she wanted to, could really fuck up her reputation.

But Olivia decided right then that she did not want. In fact, she took a couple steps forward and reached two dripping wet arms up to her friend and hugged her around her waist, her cool cheek pressed flat against Kirsten’s pussy. Whatever. She didn’t care. She’d eaten so much pussy the past few months she was practically gay herself.

Before she knew what was happening, Kirsten was slipping down from the pool’s edge and into the water. Her arms wrapped around Olivia’s shoulders, bare, wet, sharing the girl’s warmth in defiance of the tepid water of the pool. There was a shudder, and suddenly Olivia realized her friend was crying. They’d been friends since middle school, and she was pretty sure the only time Kirsten had ever cried in front of her was that time she’d fallen off her bike and almost broken her leg. Even then, she’d made Olivia and Rory swear on pain of death never to tell anyone what they’d seen. Olivia never did, though she couldn’t be sure about Rory since she moved away in tenth grade. (Or maybe she snitched and Kirsten killed her?)

With a broadening smile, Olivia hugged her friend. Moment by moment, sob by sob, years of competition, one-upmanship, backstabbing and guarded smiles melted away. The girl’s isolation echoed through those trembling, grasping arms, and whatever

else Olivia might have wanted when she came over here tonight, she wasn't going to neglect her in this moment of need. No way.

Though, that did remind her...

"So... Conner?" she asked softly. "I mean, why do all this for Conner, if you're...? Is this like some weird coming out ritual or something?"

Kirsten sniffled and finally released her, bouncing back a few steps. The ice was already returning to those blue eyes, the pool rinsing away the traces of her moment of weakness. That was a good thing, Olivia thought. Icy was their natural state. Revealing herself as a lesbian was one thing; Olivia could wrap her head around that. A Kirsten Vaughan who was soft, vulnerable? That was not a world she wanted to live in.

The blonde shook her head. "No, this was... unplanned, to say the least. *My* plan was to bring him over here and seduce the fuck out of him, knowing I didn't have to worry about my insanely hot-ass friend poaching him out from under me."

"Who? Is somebody else..." She caught herself. A compliment?! Wow! And how!

"There ya go. But yeah, I know I told you I was gay like five minutes ago, but I guess if there's one thing we learned this semester, sexuality's a weird fucking beast. They always say it's a spectrum and all. I guess Conner's the exception that keeps me on it, right off that 100% to-hell-with-all-men zone."

"So, you're into chicks, like only chicks, except Conner?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

Olivia considered, but shrugged it off. Made sense. How any woman could look at him and not want to satisfy his every sexual fantasy was totally beyond her.

"Did he know? Like, is that why you guys teamed up, had you and I hook up like that?"

"Trust me, Liv, when I set my agenda for tonight, you were nowhere in on it. No offense, but I was gonna hog the guy same as you would've. Conner, well... he had other plans."

"Oh. Um, do you think he still wants us to make out some more? 'Cause I don't mind that you're actually into it. Not that I'm gay, too or anything, but it's totally fine that you are. Actually, that you told me, that's... I dunno. That feels huge."

"Feels huge here too, trust me. Jesus, is this how normal girls talk? God, let's get back to fucking. We can braid each other's hair and gossip about our feelings when we're not sitting in front of Conner wasting a golden opportunity."

"Am I hearing my name over there?" he called out.

"Sure are," Olivia called back.

"You got the two hottest bitches in school over here drooling for you. Wanna hop in and take advantage of it, or keep sitting over there stargazing?"

Conner smiled, then stood up and made his way over to the pool. After a moment admiring the two of them, he casually removed his own clothes, discarding them article



by article in a neat pile near the diving board. His cock was already hard when his underwear came down.

“All that for little old us?” Kirsten cooed. Olivia simply stared. God, it was so much better than anything she could ever have imagined. If there was a cock out there that granted wishes, she would still choose his over that one any day.

No, maybe the wish one, but only so she could wish for more time with Conner cock. Hard to say.

With minimal grace, Conner took a couple bounces on the diving board and jumped in with a splash. Amazing that sucker didn’t flounce up and hit him in the chin, Olivia thought. Then he swam over to where they waited, casually placing a hand on each girl’s waist. “You two decide who goes first?”

Olivia glanced down and noted that his erection didn’t quite survive the chill, but no matter. They could fix that easily enough. Lord knows Kirsten’s volcanic fucking pussy would heat it right up.

“I think Olivia should go. She’s actually been amazing tonight. I want her to get a little something for it, and I can’t think of anything better to repay her with.” Kirsten pinched her friend’s ass under the water.

Olivia giggled. Thanks to sex ed, having her lesbian friend goose her like that was surprisingly not weird at all. Maybe she was bi, too? Fuck, Kirsten was so hot, she’d almost be stupid not to take advantage. Either way, “No, do Kirsten first. You’re the first dude she’s ever wanted – seems super lame to make her keep waiting.”

“Seriously, Liv. It’s OK. I don’t mind.”

“Seriously, Kirsten, I wanna see what you look like getting fucked by a dick and actually liking it for once. I bet you’re gonna rock that look like you rock pretty much every other look.”

“Are you hitting on me? Because if so, ya better be careful.”

“Don’t think I can flirt any harder than I did earlier. Remember, when I was lapping up a gallon of your cum?”

Conner smiled between them. “How about we start with something cooperative, OK? Why don’t the two of you both go down on me together.”

“Really?” squealed Olivia excitedly. Even Kirsten looked excited at the prospect of getting to fellate this veritable stranger.

“Sure. Ready whenever you are.” He made way in a bit shallower, leaving his torso out of the water. His hands settled on his hips.

“Um, here? You mean, like... underwater?” Olivia asked.

“Sorry, not my fault you two look gosh darn amazing wet and naked. I have to insist.”

Kirsten rolled her eyes. “Men. See why I’m on the other team?” But she waded over to Conner in the shallow end, her stupendous tits flouncing with every step. Olivia

wished she had that kind of jiggle, but she didn't miss Conner's appreciative eyes on her own chest as she followed.

The two knelt down, took a deep breath, and let themselves sink down under the water. Their hair floated out around them in gold and onyx halos respectively. Then Kirsten took Olivia's hands and pulled. Their mouths floated together, closing on either side of Conner's penis. Bubbles floated up from their mouths as they sucked up and down his swiftly rejuvenating length, their tongues glancing against each other's. Olivia thought she caught a faint note of her own pussy among the flavors of dick and pool water. It was tasty. Though that was probably mostly the dick.

Soon, the girls established a rhythm. Olivia sunk down holding herself underwater with an iron grip on Conner's clenched buttocks, bobbing her head up and down, keeping a tight vacuum seal to preserve as much warmth as possible. Why was it cold water made nipples hard and cocks soft? One of those things science couldn't explain, she supposed. Anyway, then she took Kirsten's hand, pulling herself up and the buxom blonde socialite down to take her place. If Kirsten had any reservations about sucking cock, they sure weren't apparent to her. She looked every bit as cock-starved as Olivia had felt this whole past week since she'd fallen in love with this perfect man.

"Do you like it? Are we good little hungry cock-sucking sluts?" Olivia purred as she sucked on his ear, waiting for her next turn to prove her commitment to earning that title.

"You're great. Both of you. And I didn't overhear you before, when she said... you know. But I caught the basics, and—"

Kirsten tugged, and Olivia was on her knees under the water, cock where it belonged in her cum-thirsty mouth, before she heard the rest of it. God, she could blow this boy for a million years and never get bored of it. Maybe one day, if she could prove she was a better fuck slut for him than all those other skanks in class, they could take a trip somewhere and she could see if she could live on Conner's cum and nothing else, blowjob after blowjob until she couldn't see or hear or think anything but the sparkles in his eyes as she sucked his cock like she was siphoning gas through a hose.

Oh, wait. Those were real sparkles. She needed to breathe. Duh.

She coughed up some water on her way up this time, but hopefully the blonde vixen sucking his dick was enough to keep from putting him off his appetite. Conner patted her back until she recovered. "Sorry, you were saying, about Kristen being a lezzy and all?"

He smiled. "Right. I meant to say, it looked like you handled that very well. I'm grateful for you. Was a little worried I'd forced a moment that could have turned out ugly, but..."

Her turn again. Conner nodded patiently as she slipped down, grinding her pussy against his leg while she slobbered into the water around his perfect cock. Glancing up

in an effort to make eye contact like she'd been taught, she saw the two of them making out. Mr. Lyons was such a pansy about kissing girls when they had dick breath. It was refreshing to see a man who wasn't such a little bitch about trivial stuff like that. Better yet, though, making out with Kirsten Vaughan was a recipe for a fresh blast of jizz. He was getting close. She tried her best to get at his cum, but her lungs only held out so long. Damn.

"But," he continued when she resurfaced, "you were very kind about it, and I wanted to say I appreciated it. Whatever happens between the two of us, I hope you remember that feeling, and that whatever else Kirsten is, she's also a person, and she's your friend, and..." He blinked slowly. "And..."

His head sunk backward, jaw slack. "Oh god, Kirsten, this is the most I've ever liked your mouth," he groaned into the sky, and he came.

Olivia was jealous. All this time waiting to suck him off, and that lesbian bitch got to—

Kirsten emerged from underwater, and before Olivia could say a thing, their mouths found one another. Conner's spunk flowed easily from between her friend's lips, along with the tongue that had coaxed it out. Olivia groaned in prolonged satisfaction as the two made out. Lesbian, straight, bi, all of it was nothing but words, words that had nothing to do with the beautiful woman pressed against her, the glorious specimen of man holding them together with a hand on each girl's ass, the tongue slithering against hers, the cum she swallowed down with glee.

Somehow, Olivia didn't feel like fucking Conner any more. At least, it wasn't at the top of her list. As the final dribbles were slurped down one throat or another, she turned to smile at Conner even as Kirsten contentedly kissed along her neck.

"So, um, I know we were supposed to fuck and all, but... do you think we could do that again first?"

Kirsten laughed softly, her breath like warm sunlight on her neck. "Olivia, I'm not out to convert you. Conner, I think you better fuck some sense into this bitch before I do it for you."

He nodded. "I think she's earned it. Though don't think I've forgotten you, Kirsten. You keep that pussy warm for me, OK?"

"As if I could cool it off with *that* thing waving around in front of me."

She was getting a bit chilly, so Olivia suggested they reconvene in the house. Conner fucked her from behind in Kirsten's shower while her friend stood by, sponging the pool smell off of them. At least when she wasn't busy fingering Olivia's clit or rubbing her wet soapy tits against Conner's back. He came right inside her pussy, but she invited Kirsten to lick it out if she wanted.

She wanted.

The trio retired then to the sofa, damp and naked, and Kirsten put on some movie, sheepishly sharing how in her original plan for the evening, she'd planned to use it to start up conversation about what Conner's perfect woman looked like. He laughed and assured her that he couldn't imagine two hotter girls than them, much less at the same time. Ever a sucker for having her ego stoked, Olivia was totally unsurprised that it was all the trigger Kirsten needed to climb onto his lap, grind her pussy against his cock with grace that would make a veteran stripper envious, and then when he was hard, take him inside her.

"Fucking *god*, all that sex and it's like I'm finally losing my virginity," she moaned, eyes squeezed shut in apparent bliss as Olivia gamely climbed up behind her and rubbed her body against Kirsten's back from behind while her friend and lover fucked. Her tits did actually feel pretty good, but she let Conner take over once he found his way to them. It was just nice to be a part of something. Rather than finish inside her, Conner bashfully admitted he thought it would be hot to spray Kirsten's face. With a wry smile, she nodded and got on her knees. Olivia couldn't blame him. Splattering a facial on Kirsten Vaughan had to be a fantasy nurtured by every male at Northside. Poor dreamers had no idea how much farther they were from ever getting there than they'd even imagined. Not Conner, though.

Regardless, Olivia was simply happy to be there to help lick her friend clean. Mostly clean, at least. Kirsten was still enough of a germaphobe that she still went in and washed up after.

The three of them fell asleep in a tangled web of limbs and hair and genitals sometime not long after, each of them looking in the direction of the TV but each lost in their own fantasies, reverberations of that evening that echoed distinctly in each lover's ear. At some point in the night – morning? – somebody woke up, started stroking somebody's something, and soon they were a living mass of groping tits and drippy pussies and thrusting cock, moaning and sucking and fingering and pinching and licking and coming and coming and coming.

It was just people, just friends, just love. That was all there was.