

## **PREPUBLICATION NOTES:**

This Is Our Story

Chapter Seven

“I can explain,” Owen insisted as Conner entered the basement. Angelica was seated on the couch beside him and didn’t even look up from Owen’s crotch – now covered, and thankfully not by her mouth this time.

“You don’t have to. I know how it happened.”

Owen eyed him askance. “You do?”

“Yeah. It’s TIOS. It’s making the quote *real*.”

“How did... how did you figure it out? I thought we were being pretty subtle.”

“I wish I could say you guys slipped up, but honestly...” Conner eyed his step-sister caressing Owen’s thighs needfully. “Maybe we shouldn’t talk about this in front of her.”

“I already know,” Angelica said, though her tone was dreamy and far away. “You have some kind of weird yearbook software that can, like, rewrite people, or whatever.”

Conner took a full step back. “Wait, you know? And... you’re OK with it?”

She rolled her eyes, which was as close to looking up from her prize. “Of course not. This is fucking ridiculous, and you two losers should be ashamed of yourselves.”

“Have you... told anyone?”

She didn’t answer, instead just lying her head down in Owen’s lap and nuzzling at it.

Owen, after an affectionate pat on her head, spoke for her. “She hasn’t. Like, who would she tell, anyway? Your folks? Miss C? Who would believe it?”

Conner didn’t point out that Owen himself was proof that people could be convinced – no sense alerting Angelica to that fact, just in case. “But... if you told her, why is she still...?”

“It’s pretty fuckin’ literal, dude,” Owen said with a smirk. “She really cannot get enough of it. Can you, Angel?”

Conner braced to see Owen’s jaw get slapped off its hinges – Angelica *hated* being called Angel – but instead she just kissed his zipper. “You know I can’t.” The lust in his voice was so heavy that Conner could feel a mild tightening in his pants.

“OK, but think of it like this, Angelica. You found out that these feelings aren’t real. If he did it to you, surely you could make him *undo* it to you. Right?”

Owen gave him a wtf look, but Angelica managed a response. “But if I made him undo, I might not want to get any more cock. And I *need* his cock. C’mon, baby, just a little taste? Ol’ Goner can turn around if he doesn’t wanna watch.”

His friend waggled his eyebrows, but Conner wasn’t having it. “This is... have you tested how binding it is?” Owen looked plainly confused (or perhaps just distracted). “What I mean is, have you seen how far you can push it?”

“I haven’t conducted tests, but like, it seems pretty ‘binding,’ man. Ever since we... you know, she’s been insatiable. Guess it just needed a few minutes to kick in.”

Conner shook his head. “I don’t think that’s it. I think the problem was that we didn’t save it – once I went to save, it prompted me to tag someone in the quote, but it couldn’t find an Angelica Buck, so it asked me to make one. So I did, and... I think that’s why she’s in our class now.”

“I am still going to fucking kill you for that, by the way,” she said. “Even if it keeps my baby close at hand during the day.”

Aha – that was why she’d put up so little of a fight! Conner should have guessed at this earlier. “Well why don’t we go ahead then, and... you know... test it.”

Owen grinned. “You got it. C’mon, babe, get to it.”

“I thought you’d never ask,” she said with an energetic clawing at his button and zipper. Conner had just enough time to avert his eyes before he could hear her moaning happily at the feel of Owen’s cock back in her mouth.

“Told you so, man. All she needs is my permission, and sometimes she doesn’t even wait for that, do you Angel?” Owen quipped. Conner let himself look back up and tried to ignore the many awkward things about this situation. And not to think about how attractive his step-sister was. Usually she was enough of a brat that it was no problem, but this... this was trickier. A girl with a smoking hot body in the act of sexuality... yeesh.

“Let’s start there. Since when did you let anyone call you Angel?” Conner asked.

Angelica didn’t answer, too greedily suckling at Owen’s cock. “She gets like that, man. Not much for conversation.”

“Well tell her to switch to a handjob or something so we can talk to her, man.”

Owen laughed, then made an awkward face as Angelica did something especially pleasing. “I can’t just tell her what to do, man.”

“Tell her it’s handjob or nothing, doofus! At least *try* to be useful for once, would you?”

Owen glared, but Angelica’s tenderness wore it down quickly. “Fine, fine. Angel, would you mind switching to a handjob for me?”

She barely responded, lifting her mouth only long enough to mutter a breathy “nuh uh, this is better” before engulfing him again.

Conner gave his friend an exasperated look, and so he tried to be a little firmer. “I mean it, babe. Either use your hands, or we’re done for the night right now.”

“*Fine!*” she said with a pout as Owen’s cock plopped out of her mouth. Conner positioned himself behind her so he couldn’t see what she was doing as her hands took over where her mouth had left off.

“Now answer Conner’s questions, and we’ll let you keep going as long as you want. OK?”

“Mm, that’s forever,” she sighed, stroking vigorously, her chin resting on his lap so that her lips were mere inches away.

“Great. Now tell me, Angelica, why allow him to call you Angel? You usually hate that nickname.”

“Still do.”

“Then why are you letting him use it?”

“I... do we have to do this? C'mon, Owen, it's your house. Just tell him to beat it and I'll make it worth your while. I'll suck you so hard your toes never uncurl.”

Owen, however, seemed intrigued at the idea of this little bit of extra power he'd discovered he had over her, and shook his head. “Sorry, gotta play along if you want to feel my dong.”

The step-siblings were rolling eyes in unison at that one, but Angelica did give Conner his answer nonetheless. “Look. I can't fucking get enough of this thing. And if I'm gonna bitch out over every little thing, he might not let me have it as much. So I grin and bear it.”

“What if, instead of Angel, he called you...” He tried to think of something more objectionable.

“A cocksucking bimbo?” Owen supplied, grinning.

Conner could see her muscles tensing, but she didn't let up her grip. “Knock it off, guys.”

“No way. I want you to look me in the eyes and tell me you're a cock-sucking bimbo – *my* cock-sucking bimbo – or we're done. For the weekend.”

“The whole weekend! You can't... I can't...” And like that, her resolve melted. “Fine. I'm your cock-sucking bimbo. Happy now?”

Owen shook his head. “Nope. Like you mean it. With *feeling*.”

Conner wondered what her face looked like just then, but whatever it held, when she spoke, he could only picture pigtails and cotton candy. “Like, I'm totally your little cock-sucking bimbo, 'K?” And she giggled. Angelica. His step-sister. *Giggled*.

“Conner, man... you're a fucking genius. To think, she's been gaming me all week! Now, bimbo, I wanna see you naked. Totally naked. No more bullshit excuses.”

“But... Conner's here.”

“And?”

“Come on, Owen... We've been over this. I don't need to be naked to take care of your cock. Just be glad for what you're getting, OK?”

“See, it's like this, babe. I *like* all the time you're spending on my dick. You, however, *need* it. See the difference? You've given me enough fodder for my imagination that I could pound it out on my own for the foreseeable future. Operative word: 'enough.' Can you say the same? If I put it away right now, could you say you've had enough?”

Her voice was so small Conner barely heard it. “No.”

“Then strip, bitch, and make me like it.”

It looked like it took real discipline on her part to make herself release his cock – whether because she hated to part with it or because she wanted to tear it off, Conner couldn't say. Slowly she stood up, and, after a mortified look over her shoulder at Conner, she began to strip.

Meanwhile, her step-brother couldn't make himself look away. Step-sister or no, she was sexy as hell. Hers was a tightly packaged body, from her runner's butt to a pair of perky apple-sized boobs. A little mole decorated her left butt cheek, and he even saw she was sporting a little tattoo on her left breast, on the left side near her armpit. It read: LIVE FREE OR DIE in small but bold letters.

"Holy... you're so fucking hot, Angel," Owen said, eyes goggling.

"Thanks," she said. "Can I touch it again now?"

Owen was clearly about to give the go-ahead, but something in Conner made him act quicker. It felt like it came from the same place inside him that took over when he and Hailey were together. "You didn't say please, Angel."

She looked back at him with daggers in her eyes. "What the fuck is it to you, Goner? Piss off."

Owen laughed. "He's right, my little cock-sucking bimbo. Say please. Come on. Beg for it."

She let the hateful look linger on her step-brother just a moment longer before turning back to Owen, the expression melting into pure lust as she got sight of it once more. "Please, Owen?"

"Please what?"

"Please let me touch your cock."

Owen folded his hands over it. "You call that begging? You're still standing, for crying out loud."

The boys expected her next move to be assuming a kneeling position, but Angelica surprised them both by straddling Owen's thighs, sliding forward until her pelvis was right up against his hard-on. She began writhing, rubbing the front of her pussy against his cock, whimpering anxiously. "Owen, puh-leeeeease, let me touch it? I promise you won't regret it." It was a voice that would melt better, but turned the two boys' cocks to steel.

However, unlike Owen, Conner had gotten off several times already that day, and shook himself out of it. "Don't let her reassert control, Owen. Come on, man."

"Yeah, totally," Owen mumbled as Angelica's tits rippled in his face. "Don't, um, stop doing that."

"Mm, no problem," Angelica said. And she didn't.

"Not so fast, lovebirds," Conner interjected. After a minute or so of watching his step-sister's tight little ass writhing on Owen's lap. "Come on, Owen. You can get a lap dance later – really, any time I'm not standing right in front of you. Let's bear this out, see what you can make of it."

"I'm pretty fuckin' happy with what we've made out of it, thanks, and feel free to go whenever."

Conner stormed to the couch and snatched one of Owen's mother's hand-crocheted throw pillows and smothered his friend's cock with it. Owen exclaimed in his usual homophobic alarm

at having a boy come so close to touching his junk while Angelica squealed in alarm at losing both contact and sight of her prize.

“What the hell, dude!” Owen demanded, trying to remove the pillow.

“Just let me do this, you idiot, and you could have her literally eating out of your hand! Don’t you want that? Use your brain and not just your dick, moron!”

It took him a moment of watching the sexy neighbor girl whining and nuzzling at his concealed cock before he finally began to see reason. Conner was only too relieved to let his friend take over holding the pillow. “OK. Now... do what you gotta do, but for the love of god, dude, do it fast. OK? Angel, do what he says, answer his questions, and you can get back to it.”

“Fine, fine, just... hurry!”

“Stand up, Angelica,” Conner said. He tried to imagine her like Hailey. Hailey was always eager to do as he said, especially when she was naked and horny. Angelica stood, eyes locked on the offending pillow.

“Stand on one foot.”

“Why?”

“Because that’s the price of admission. Just do it.”

She rolled her eyes. “Fine.” Conner admired the way her butt grew lopsided as she lifted one leg at the knee.

“OK, you can put it down. Now I have a few questions.”

“Oh my fucking god, Goner, hurry up!” she whined.

“Do you just want to suck his dick, or do you want to do other things?”

She licked her lips. “And other things.”

“Would you let him fuck you?”

“Sure. I mean, I didn’t wanna strip for the little perv, but now that he’s seen it all, I may as well. Oh god, I bet it feels amazing.”

“Tit fuck you?”

“Um, yeah, I guess. I dunno if I’m big enough, but we could try. Do you wanna try, Owen baby?”

Conner went on before Owen could cave. These days he obsessed about titty-fucking like he had over dinosaurs when they were eight. “What about anal?”

She glared for a moment at her step-brother. “Jesus you’re a freak.”

“Says the girl standing there naked and drooling at the thought of my friend’s junk. Now answer the question.”

She shrugged. “I guess. I’ve never really wanted to, but... I bet I’d fit it like a glove. I’d be so totally wrapped around it...” Angelica shivered, her nipples hardening. “Yeah, he could fuck my ass.”

“And if he put conditions on it... how far would you go?”

“What the fuck kind of question is that, Goner? I fucking love his dick, OK? You two are the assholes who made me this way.”

“Don’t call me an asshole. Apologize.” Conner gave her a hard look. He didn’t really care, but he wanted to see if she’d hold out.

“I’m sorry,” she said after a moment. “I just... I don’t know how to answer that. Want to rock the karaoke with *500 Miles* or something?”

“Let me be more specific. Would you cosplay for him? Dress up sexy?”

“Um... yeah, I guess. If I had to.”

“Role play?”

Angelica shrugged, her little boobs bouncing. “Sure. Why not.”

“Ooooh, yeah, slutty schoolgirl!” Owen said, grinning broadly.

“Dude, she is literally a slutty schoolgirl. It’s not roleplaying if it’s real.” He stroked his chin, sensing they were nearing an end to their patience with him. “Would you... twerk for us? For him, I mean. For Owen.”

Angelica turned to face him directly. “You are just getting off on this, aren’t you? Fine. You wanna stare at my ass, fine. But if I do this for you, you’ll go home and jerk your tiny little cock off and leave us the fuck alone, right?”

Conner looked back and forth between the two of them. Angelica was a picture of strained patience. Owen was staring at her ass like a puppy at a withheld chewtoy.

“O-OK,” he said.

“Fine. Now sit the fuck down. I can’t point my ass in two different directions at once.”

Jerk off he did. Knowing that his step-sister was across the street sucking Owen off – or fucking him in his choice of holes, letting him fuck her cute little tits, or humping him raw while she begged him to let his little cocksucking bimbo slurp away on his...

Damn.

He managed to send a picture of his dick to Hailey, including a lie that he was thinking of her. But it was a set of taut ass cheeks clapping together at his command. The thought of a beautiful girl who, as of this afternoon, believed his every word. Angelica. Heather. Hayleigh.

When Hailey replied a minute later with a completely nude shot of her in the bathroom mirror, it was already too late. He was spent.



