

This Is Our Story
Chapter Five

Conner seldom remembered his dreams. At most, the only fuzzy portions that remained with him were from the dream events immediately preceding waking up. On this particular night, however, he remembered not just one, but two dreams nearly in their entirety. In the morning, when his alarm clock went off, he opened his eyes to the fleeting memory of a scenario in which Miss C told the whole class she'd been logging his TIOS usage and its effects, exposing the perverse ways he'd attempted to seduce women. The whole class had found it pathetic, laughing uproariously at the idea he could ever lay a finger on Hayleigh McKnight. Except for Jody, who simply regarded him with disgust. The receding shame he felt as he silenced his alarm was still nearly enough to have him swear off the program forever. He might even drop yearbook, he thought...

If not for the other dream, which had awakened him in the middle of the night with an erection so intense it was physically uncomfortable to sleep on. In it, he'd been using Hailey like she was his sex slave; she agreed to everything he suggested, and the bolder he grew, the more obedient she became. Then he began turning her into other women. Jody, of course, and Miss C. Other girls from school, a few celebrities. Even Angelica at one point; even if he knew she was empirically attractive, he'd always kept up a mental barrier about thinking of his stepsister in that way. Apparently in his dreams, drunk with power, she was fair game.

He kept the temperature low in the shower that morning. Normally, if he had that much sexual energy in the morning he'd simply masturbate and take care of it, but every time he touched it, he kept seeing that sea of faces, and knowing his stepsister was asleep in the next room made it just too awkward.

He kept his head down as he arrived at school; returning to the scene of the incident reminded him all too powerfully of the humiliating tongue-lashing he'd received yesterday from Hayleigh, thanks to Jordan's blabbing about his efforts to turn her back to normal. So much for that, he thought bitterly. Now even if TIOS let him, he didn't think he could muster the good will to set things back to normal.

Hailey's locker was vacant as he passed by; Conner silently cursed her field trip for depriving him of the opportunity to find some quiet nook somewhere and ditch class to have his secret hottie suck his cock like the slut she was.

He blinked. *Easy there, Conner.* He'd never skipped class in his life, and it probably wasn't a good thing to be thinking about Hailey like she was a sex object. Thoughts of baseball filled his mind as he made his way to class.

With Hailey gone, it was a fairly typical school day for him. He had a pre-cal quiz that he felt confident about; English class was a partner project that was, if not fun, at least low-stress; Mr. Taalib was out sick and his class just watched a video; in his government class, there was a new student.

"Class, this is Angelica Buck," said Mrs. Antony.

Conner was too stupefied to react as she assigned his stepsister – his *college student* stepsister – a seat across the room, gave her a textbook. Nobody else recognized her, but that made sense. (To the extent any of it made sense.) Angelica's dad had married Conner's mom two years ago, at which point the family consolidated in Conner's house, the larger of the two. The

wedding and subsequent move had been the summer after Angelica had graduated; she'd gotten her diploma from Central High School.

She didn't so much as wave at him. The day was a heavy lecture period; Conner tried to take notes, but he was too busy pondering the implications of this turn of events. It wasn't until after class he got a chance to approach her, shouldering past Brett Barnett and his efforts to hit on the fresh meat in the class.

"Angelica? Um, what are you doing here?"

She gave him a look like it was the dumbest question he'd ever asked. "Government."

"No, I mean, what are you doing *here*?" He gesticulated wildly around him. "At Northside?!"

"I live in the district...? Are you off your meds, man?" She nudged past him into the hall, and he had to really hustle to keep pace with her.

"What about college? You already graduated! You can't be a student here! It just... it makes no sense!"

"Why would I be here if I had already graduated Conner? I swear, you pay no attention to anything but your own geeky little sphere."

He nearly tripped trying to dodge around the flow of traffic in the hall while keeping pace with her; it was clear she didn't want to be seen with him. Sensible enough. Angelica had been part of the pretty and popular crowd in her day; he was a social liability. Faced with the choice of pushing through a conversation between the chemistry teacher and one of his students or letting her escape him, he chose the latter.

This couldn't be happening.

Thankfully, lunch was up next, and he quickly confided this turn of events to the only person who even might understand him, Owen. He explained about how he'd closed the program down, had created a file for her at the prompt.

"Wait, you mean... Hang on. This is all so screwy, it's hard to wrap my head around," Owen said, pausing to slurp up his jello like an animal.

"Tell me about it!"

"So you're saying... Angelica, your stepsister... she's supposed to be in college...?"

Conner's jaw dropped. "Were you not listening! She'd been in college almost the whole time you've known her! Remember when I had to yell at you for sneaking into her room while she was away? Or that time she told you you were too stupid to understand what she was reading? Come on, you were fuming over that for a month!"

Owen frowned. "Keep going. This sounds... I dunno. Right? But... not."

Conner pressed on, doing everything in his power to jog his friend's memory. Tale after tale, one anecdote after another. Finally, Owen just shrugged. "You know, nothing that you're saying sounds quite right, but... after the Hefty-Hottie thing, I'll take your word for it. Jesus H. Christ, now you got me trapped in this alternate universe. What else is backwards that my brain can't even realize?"

"We have to tell her. We've completely changed the course of her life! She has classes – college classes! – resuming Monday! That's four days from now!"

"Well you'll have to come up with something better than what you threw at me to convince her, because if I didn't know what you'd done with the Haileys, I'd think you were fucking nuts, man."

Conner sighed. "I'll think about it. In the meantime... this program is giving me the heebie jeebies, Owen. We're up to at least three people now whose lives it totally let me screw around with like they were made out of play-dough."

"If you got to sculpt girls out of clay you could at least give them bigger jugs." Owen grinned.

"Hailey's a C cup, and Angelica's at least as... you know what? Why do I listen to anything you say."

"Because boobs."

"That makes no sense."

Owen rolled his eyes. "Like anything does these days."

Other than a few eye-popping texts from Hailey, who managed to slip off to the bathroom during her field trip to remind him what her tits looked like, it was a normal day. He did nothing untoward with TIOS, and even managed to mostly not think about those dream images of Miss C and Jody on their knees, worshiping his cock. He caught Jordan whispering to some of the staff, pointing and snickering in Conner's direction, but a glance at those pics from Hailey quelled his anger handily.

Any more of these pics and I may just have to take you on another date that never leaves the house, Conner texted once he was back home.

Not a minute later Hailey sent him another picture, lifting her shirt up over her breasts. Her bra was still on, but from the angle, it looked like she was taking it in a very public building, hiding behind some kind of marble statue for some small amount of privacy.

You're so unbelievably sexy, he replied.

Your slut is glad she pleases. ;) So when's our date?

He smiled. *Is tomorrow too soon?*

Is tonight too soon? Then a blushing emoji.

Come over tonight. No underwear. He didn't even know what possessed him to add the condition. Maybe just to enjoy the fact that he could.

You got it!!!! No hesitation. How could he have gotten so lucky?

A couple hours later, he heard the front door close. Angelica was home. Further attempts on the ride home to persuade Owen verbally of her reality had failed; back home, he'd hit upon one idea, and he could only hope it worked.

He'd left his bedroom door open so he could address her as she came by, which she soon did. "Hey, Angelica. Good first day?"

"It was fine. As good as any first day."

"Cool, cool. Say, would you do me a favor and tell me what's hanging on the wall by your window?"

She eyed him askance. "Have you been in my room? If you fucked with my stuff, you really will be a goner."

"I didn't touch anything. Just... humor me this once, please?"

She rolled her eyes, then glanced in. "Just a frame. Why?"

Was she resisting, or just being obtuse? "And what's *in* the frame?"

She squinted. "I dunno, it's squiggly print and I don't have my glasses on."

Conner sighed and approached her. He didn't quite have to shove her to get past her. "You can read it, Angelica. This is important – just trust me."

"What are you..." she sighed. "Fine, I'll read it, but then get the hell out of my room and don't come back in without my permission, all right?"

"Deal."

She had to get awfully close before starting. *Man, how bad is her vision?* wondered Conner.

"It says: 'Central High School... This certifies that Angelica Marie Buck has satisfactorily completed the course of study prescribed by the Board of Education, and is therefore entitled to this diploma... Given on this sixth day of June, 2016.' Buncha signatures, some Latin on the seal." She turned to face him. "Happy?"

Conner was in fact not happy. "And why do you have that?"

"What? Because I..." Suddenly, to his immense relief, her face twisted in a confused frown. "I... what the... why am I..."

"Say it, Angelica."

"Because... I graduated. A year and a half ago. From Central."

He nodded. "Right. Right, good. So... why are you now attending Northside?"

She was silent for a long moment. "I don't have a clue in the world. How did I even... but..."

She fainted. Conner reacted just in time to redirect her fall towards her bed, though she still bounced off and hit the carpet. He nearly yelled for his mother, who was in the kitchen working on dinner, but then he thought about how much harder it would be to make explanations with her present. Not knowing what else to do, he fanned her with the corner of her bedspread. After a minute, her eyes blinked back open.

Conner put a gentle hand on her shoulder, keeping her lying down. "Hold still. You fainted for a second there. If you sit up too fast, you could do it again."

She squirmed momentarily, then acquiesced. "What the hell is going on, Conner? Why am I in high school? *Your* high school?" She sounded livid. It was the same tone in her voice she'd had when she'd banished Owen the night before. The tone she'd had when the night when he'd hit her car with his bike, scratching and denting her door. Angelica had a serious temper; that night, her dad had had to hold his daughter back after slapping him to the ground and trying to do worse.

"I... I don't know," he lied, remembering that altercation all too well. "I just thought it was weird, and so I... I dunno."

"No. No, I cannot be in high school again. I'm turning twenty-one in five months! I have... oh shit, do I? Help me up."

Conner stayed right by her side once she was up, just in case, but she only went over to her nightstand and sat back down, folding open her laptop. She was clicking and typing faster than he could follow at first, but he soon realized she was trying to log in to her college's online services. Three different pages, and all of them failed to load. She clicked *Forgot Password*, but when she entered her .edu email, it responded that her address was not recognized.

"This can't fucking be happening," she said, double- and triple-checking her spelling. The email address was simply abuck. There wasn't much to get wrong about it. Next, she went to the kitchen and asked her stepmother some leading questions with a pitiful effort at casualness.

"When do I go back to school?"

“Hmm? Tomorrow, honey. It’s one of those new Monday to Friday schools.”

“Do you remember my grad party?”

“Of course I do. Your father and I will take care of everything, don’t you worry.”

“Why did I just now transfer to Northside?”

“You tell me, sweetie, you’re the one who dragged your feet about it forever. I think it’s going to be such a good fit for you, and having Conner there will make the transition so much easier.”

“I’m twenty years old. That doesn’t strike you as weird that I’m still in high school?”

“We don’t care how long it takes. Your father and I are very proud of you.”

And so on. Nothing seemed to faze the woman except, eventually, the mere fact that these questions were being asked. Soon she retreated to her own room, shutting the door behind her. She didn’t come out for dinner, which was just as well, since Hailey arrived just as Conner was setting the table.

“Mom, Dad, this is Hailey McManus. Hailey, my mom and dad.”

His mother smiled, teeth shining like the sun. “Hello, Hailey! So nice to meet you!” Conner’s stepfather just nodded cordially and resumed watching *Wheel of Fortune*.

“Hi, Mrs. Fishers. You have such a lovely home. Did you do this stenciling yourself?” she asked, gesturing to the decorations along the upper wall of the kitchen. If he had coached her on what to say, Hailey couldn’t have said something to better ingratiate her to his mom. Just like that, Hailey was the best thing he’d ever brought home to her.

With Angelica still in her room – Conner could only assume she was trying to figure out her life – Hailey was given her spot at the table. Hailey and his mother seemed like an unstoppable force of excitable small talk, leaving Conner and his father to simply eat their meals as members in their studio audience. He may as well not have been there.

When his father retired to the living room and his mother was getting a second helping of squash, Conner gave Hailey a soft grin and took a feel of her right breast. Even through her shirt it was obvious there was no bra. She smiled proudly in response to his approving nod.

“Is it cool if Hailey and I go back to my room?” he asked after dinner, while Hailey was in the bathroom. “If you leave the dishes in the sink, I’ll get them once she heads home. We’re just going to watch this thing I heard about. On youtube. Or Netflix. Or something.” He’d never brought a girl home before; he didn’t know the protocol for taking one back to his room.

She patted his hand. “Don’t worry about the dishes sweetie. She is *delightful*. You have to bring her over more often! You two have fun, but not *too* much fun. And remember it’s a school night. Your father and I will be just downstairs.” She kissed his cheek.

He was waiting in his room with a movie on pause when Hailey made her way down. She closed the door behind her, and at a gesture from him, she locked it as well. Just in case. Conner hit play on the video, and as the opening credits rolled, he lunged at Hailey and threw her down on his bed.

“Shhh,” she cautioned as he stood looking over his prize. “Your sister is right across the hall! And, um, should we do, you know, that kind of stuff, with your parents home?”

“We’ll keep quiet, and they won’t interrupt us. Now show me those tits. You have no idea how much I’ve missed them.”

Hailey’s cheeks colored, but she slipped off her sweater without aplomb and dropped it on the floor. Her perfect little teardrops were there, on his bed, waiting to be touched. “See? Told you I was a good little slut,” she said softly.

“Oh yeah? Prove it,” he said in kind, pointing to her jeans. Conner had to clench his jaw shut from groaning in delight as Hailey rolled onto her hands and knees, and with her butt pointing right at him, slid her jeans down her legs. There it was, her pussy. His pussy. He knew without knowing how that he she’d let him use it if he asked.

“I told you,” she said, settling onto her back once again. The body of one of the hottest girls in school was lying naked on his bed, waiting to be taken.

“Good slut indeed,” he said. Conner undid his belt, then paused. Why undress himself when Hailey would be too happy to do it for him? At his invitation, she bounced happily to her feet and took off his shirt, then his pants, soft hands roaming across his skin playfully. Then she knelt in front of him and pull down his boxers.

“Would you like me to...?” she asked, hovering there near his cock. Conner could literally smell her arousal. “I would, if you wanted.”

But as she leaned in to put her lips to it, he took the rod in his hand and bapped her gently in the nose. “Come on now, Hailey. Ask right.”

She blinked in surprise at the rebuke, but she nodded. “Right, sorry. Of course.” She ran her fingers through her hair, teasing it up, narrowed her eyes seductively. When she spoke, her voice was low and breathy and full of promise. Had she been practicing?

“May your horny, big-titted slut pretty please suck your big hard cock?” she asked. Her eyelashes fluttered plaintively, and she even clasped her hands together desperately in front of her pussy. *How much of this was an act? Any of it?* he wondered. Because to look at her, she appeared every inch sincere, horny and eager to get his shaft in her mouth.

“Your tits aren’t *that* big,” he said with a playful grin. “And the tan lines only make it more pronounced.”

Conner had meant it as harmless teasing; he had failed to account for just how anxious Hailey really was. She wilted immediately. “I’m sorry. You’re right. I shouldn’t have... sheesh, I always find the wrong thing to say at the wrong time, don’t I? Gosh I’m making this awkward. I guess I meant, um, you know...” She took a deep breath. “I’ll get them tanned. I’ll tan naked from now on. Every day, until they look right to you. My bottoms too. I usually feel weird being, you know, naked in a public place, but that’s silly, right? And, um, I wouldn’t really be a ‘slut’ like I keep saying if I was too scared to do a little thing like that, even when nobody is looking.”

Conner felt a need to reassure this poor girl, and tossed out a compliment. “You were definitely brave enough to show me your boobs today even in the middle of a crowd. That was crazy hot.”

“You... you liked that? Me showing my boobs around all those people? I mean, I was basically hiding in this corner and I am 99% sure nobody saw anything. I mean, somebody would’ve probably screamed if they saw all... this.” She laughed, but in a self-deprecating way, as she ran a hand over her flat tummy, fit thighs, mouth-watering tits.

“You kidding? If it was up to me, I’d have every inch of you that we could get away with hanging out at all times. I wouldn’t hide a single inch of you that the law didn’t mandate.”

Her nipples hardened even as he looked down at her, warming to his praise. “You don’t have to say things like that you know. I’d still like you, even if not for all the sexual stuff.”

“But the sexual stuff is the best part!” Conner insisted. “Nothing against your company, but last night you were literally the girl of my dreams, and you didn’t have to say a word.”

Hailey’s cheeks flushed slightly. “You... dreamed about me? Really?”

“Really really. And I almost never have dreams like that.”

“Wow. So like, in your dream, what’d I, you know... do?”

Conner closed his eyes, letting the images come back to him. “To be honest, you spent a lot of it on your knees, exactly like you are now.” He opened them. “No. In the dream, you were playing with yourself, too.” That was a detail that had stuck with him. Hailey, so overwhelmed by her lust for him that she couldn’t keep her hands off of her own pleasure centers.

“So... like this?” Hailey reached down one hand between her legs. Her eyes fluttered softly as she began to gently probe at her nether lips. Her other hand found a breast, grazing fingertips over the skin, here and there making contact with its swollen nipple.

“Yeah. Just like that.” He watched Hailey masturbating beneath him for a while, her hips rocking side to side, breath quickening. Every so often a tiny moan got away from her; each time, she would bite down on her lower lip as if to try to hold it in. In time, her whole body began trembling, and he could tell she was about to orgasm.

“Then,” Conner interjected, Hailey’s eyes snapping open, “you looked me in the eye and asked me if you could come.”

She was panting with need as she spoke. “Can I come? Please?”

“Good girl,” he said. It was all she needed. Hailey suddenly broke down, the hand in her pussy seized in the throes of her orgasm as she doubled over, trembling. She took Conner’s discarded briefs in her mouth to help muffle her wails, and to be safe, he turned up the volume on the TV a few notches.

“Th-thank you,” she whispered into the carpet before pushing herself back up to a kneeling position. “That was some dream.”

“That wasn’t the half of it.”

“Oh, right! I mean obviously in your dream, I’d be, you know, doing stuff to *you*. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to be selfish. Can I... Please, can your slut – who is definitely going to take care of her tan lines, I promise – suck your cock now? Please? Did I say please before? I meant to. Anyway, please, can I?”

“In the dream, I didn’t let you off this easy, but... I just can’t say no to that face begging for cock.” This time, Conner didn’t stop her as she moved in to start her blowjob. He couldn’t have said why it made any difference what the girl sucking him off looked like; he only knew that this sublime body, this gorgeous face, eagerly slurping up and down the length of him was perfection itself.

In this moment, he didn’t care about Angelica’s schooling, or Hayleigh McKnight’s reflection in the mirror, or what anyone would say. He just wanted to use this body in every way that a man knew how. Without quite realizing it, his hands transitioned from caressing Hailey’s silken hair to simply holding her face on his cock. His hips joined the fray soon after, and without complaint, the redheaded vision on his bedroom floor knelt submissively while he well and truly fucked her face.

This time, she swallowed it all down. Her eyes had started watering from the deep throating, and her makeup had run down her face. Conner didn’t care. The sight of her struggling to contain all of his cum – struggling and failing, as a bead dribbled out of her mouth and onto her left breast – was too beautiful in its own right. The running mascara had, if anything, added to it.

Conner dropped back onto his bed, and a moment later Hailey was crawling up, pressing her body against his, wrapping a long thigh across his waste. “Did I do good?” she whispered. “I

didn't know what to do once you... I just tried to open wide and take it. Was that right? Did you like it?"

He ran his fingers along the smooth expanse of skin on her leg. "You were great. Even better than last time. Have you been practicing?"

"Um, no. I didn't think I could. Can I? I guess... yeah, I guess I could. I'm sure there are tutorials and tips and stuff out there. I'll do better. I promise. I'll practice so good that next time you'll..."

"... be so overwhelmed by how frickin' sexy you are that every time I see you I demand another one? Because if you get any better, that's what'll happen."

"I'll get better."

The two lay there together, each pretending they were watching the movie. Conner didn't hear a word. Hailey's incredible body was right there on top of him; she made no complaint, nothing but tiny happy noises, every time he touched it. As his libidi recovered, his explorations slowly grew more aggressive. Caressing her hip became rubbing her leg became probing the inner thigh became spreading it slightly became rubbing her labia. His arm around her shoulder, through a series of similar instances of growing boldness, became rolling her on her back and gripping a tit in each hand as he sucked on her nipples like he meant to see if they could be detached.

Through it all, Conner never asked if she minded; Hailey never signaled that she did. Later, Conner wouldn't even be able to remember at what point he climbed aboard her nubile body and started to fuck her tits. Hailey simply smiled sweetly, pushed them together, and – when the friction grew too bothersome – cleverly noticed the hand lotion on his nightstand and helped ease the way. Sometime after he came, spurting a second burst across into her chin and across her lily white breasts, Hailey would shyly ask him if he used the lotion for "you know... when you..." and Conner would tell her that, thanks to her, he hadn't been able to stop lately.

"Oh, you're just saying that."

"I'm not. Being with you, like this... this is the hottest thing I've ever done."

She smiled softly. "Good. That's what I want, to make you happy."

"What about you?"

"Me?"

"Yeah, Hailey. Are you having fun? Are you happy with how we've been going this week?"

"YES." It came out forcefully. Desperately. If he'd quoted her in TIOS, he'd have had to put it in all caps. "I just like you, and it makes me happy to see you happy. Like... I guess maybe we've done things I didn't think I would do? But now that we've done them, I'm so glad. Because look how, erm, 'happy' you are." She gave his hardening cock a slow stroke.

"Really? You're sure we're not going too fast?"

"I swear." She smiled brightly. "Your little slut loves taking your cock in her hand, her mouth, between her tits... She's even kind of liking thinking of herself as your little slut."

"I was only teasing, Hailey. You don't have to..."

"No, I mean it! Like, earlier today, when you wanted to see my boobs... I didn't care if anyone saw. I just wanted to show them to you. It was really, like, hot, I guess. When you told me not to wear underwear, I actually, um..." She licked her ruby lips. "I kind of got a little wet."

“You’ll say something if I take things too far, right?” Conner pressed. “I know I’ve been kind of... I dunno. Not myself, I think. Pushy. I don’t want you to do something you don’t want to do just to make me happy.”

“If you want to do it to me, I want to do it,” Hailey said simply.

“Oh come on, you can’t just give me a blank check like that. Who knows what kind of stuff I might come up with?”

Hailey did not mirror his impish smile. “Try me.”

“OK, um...” He considered, trying to think of one of those many things he’d heard Owen talk about that he couldn’t imagine a woman liking. “Spanking.”

Instead of acknowledging the line he’d crossed, Hailey suddenly poured her lithe body across his lap, arching her back so that her glorious rear end was positioned perfectly for the act. “I think I’ve been bad enough to deserve it. Go ahead.”

Conner instead pulled her back into her cuddling position she’d been in. “OK. What about, say, a facial?”

“Like with makeup?” she asked.

“No. That’s where a guy, um, comes on a girl’s face.”

“If you want. You’ve already practically done it twice, and I don’t care. I kind of like it when you come on my boobs, actually.”

“Role play.”

“Who do you want me to be?”

“Handcuffs and ropes and stuff?”

She stretched her hands up to the headboard, as if tied to it. “Gladly.”

“Dirty talk.”

“I already begged you to fuck your slut’s big – but not that big, I know – tits. My cunt gets so fucking wet thinking about your big fat dick, drilling–”

“Shhh, my family’s still home!” He considered a moment. “All right... how about anal.”

Hands still “bound,” she rolled onto her stomach and adjusted herself so her ass was bared. She didn’t say a word.

“Come on, Hailey. We haven’t even had, you know, regular sex.”

“You have a condom sitting right there on your desk. What’re you waiting for? Assuming that’s for me. Maybe you just have a condom, which I guess is a totally normal thing for a guy to have. But if you got it for me, I, um, I would be OK if you wanted to use it. But I totally get if you don’t.”

Conner eyed the condom Angelica had given him for a long moment. “Have you ever... you know. Had sex?”

Hailey shook her head somberly. “Have you?”

He shook his head.

“I... do you...” Hailey trailed off.

“I don’t know...” All the weight years of socialization made this seem a much bigger decision. Maybe it was. Yet the hesitation in his voice, born of reticence to suddenly grow up, could easily be mistaken for hesitation born of disinterest.

Hailey heard the latter. She suddenly sprang into motion, her trim body straddling his waist. His cock was immediately underneath her pussy, and it was growing the moment they touched. His instincts were all suddenly alive – nothing awkward, nothing guesswork; just raw, mammalian certainty that this was the other reason he had a dick. Hailey evidently felt it too.

She leaned down, her breasts squashed firmly against his chest, mouth moving to his ear to whisper. "Please fuck your slut's wet greedy cunt. Please. Her cunt is so greedy and needy and would be so good to you. Please, Conner? Please fuck me. Please. I just want to give you everything you want. Oh please oh please oh P*UHerrP!*"

He never so much as reached for the condom.

