

## Helen's Story

Boys were so predictable. Wear something low-cut, show off a bit of tit, and most wouldn't be able to look away. A few would try to be noble and look you in the eye, a few more would try to be sly about glancing at them. Then you had the ones that stared openly.

I didn't mind the stares, or the gossip. The girls who wanted to sit on their high horse and judge me for dressing like a 'slut'. Truth was, they were jealous. They wished they could be me. Have my body, my freedom, my confidence. They knew that the guys they wanted to spread their legs for wanted me instead.

It was funny, really. Seeing all the bitter, envious tools start silly little rumours about me. All it did was add fuel to the fire for those boys. It made them want me all that much more.

'Oh look, there goes Helen Lee. Did you hear that she was in a porno?'

'Look at how high her grades are, she must be having sex with the teachers.'

'I bet her breasts aren't even real.'

So many rumours, so many gossiping toads.

I swear, it was like almost everyone in this school thought about me having sex. Either with them, or with someone else. Guys and gals and students and teachers alike. It was quite flattering, really. But it was also starting to get boring.

I mean, where's the fun in being able to have any guy you wanted? Where was the *challenge*?

As far as I could tell, there was only a single boy in any of my classes that hadn't shown any interest in me at all. A nerdy bookworm named David.

He was probably gay. Or sexually attracted to cartoons and comic book characters or something.

Now there was a challenge.

"Hey," I said brightly, planting my hands on David's desk and leaning forward, giving him a great view of my rack. "What'cha doin'?"

He looked up at me, eyes locking with mine instantly. He didn't glance at the cleavage I was showing, didn't seem shy or excited that I was talking to him. Just blank, bored.

"Solving problems," David said simply.

I looked down at his desk, saw the mess of numbers and symbols scribbled onto the schoolbook in front of him.

Maths. Ugh.

So he was one of *those*.

Still, there was something odd about him. An air of disinterest. As if he was completely and utterly bored with everything. He looked exactly how I felt.

"Girlfriend?" I repeated, stunned.

"That's what men and women who like each other become, isn't it?" David said, as if it were the most obvious thing ever.

We'd been hanging out for just over a week. Well, I say hanging out. More like I followed him and bothered him, talking about anything and everything that came to mind, trying to get a reaction out of him. Any reaction at all.

David was like a robot, expressionless and empty. It was odd and interesting. It made me want to hear him laugh or make him smile, just to see if he could. Even with all the bothering I'd been doing, he hadn't shown any sign of annoyance.

And then he asked if I would be his girlfriend out of the blue. And he hadn't asked if I wanted to be, but if I would be.

That felt like an important clue in unravelling the mystery that was David Monford.

But, he liked me?

David had the capacity to *like* things?

It was earth-shattering. Like finding out that someone you look up to and respect is actually a huge bigot. It was unreal, impossible, totally unexpected. David the robot actually had feelings. He said he *liked* me.

Perhaps he wasn't such a robot after all. Maybe he was just a little bit of an oddball.

"You like me?" I asked, dumbfounded.

David nodded his head. "Yes."

Hearing him admit it was flattering in an odd way.

"Sure," I said smiling, "I'll be your girlfriend."

Why not? Seeing if I could break through that seemingly emotionless exterior sounded fun.

"Hey, you're my boyfriend, right?"

David looked up from his notebook full of math problems.

"Yes," he said simply.

"So how come you never try to have sex with me?"

Dating for weeks. I'd usually make guys wait twice this long before even giving them a handy, enjoying teasing them all the while. But David, as far as I could tell, wasn't lusting after me at all. Half the time, he seemed to forget I was even there.

I'd never caught him staring at my tits or ass, never had to turn down an invitation to fuck. It was as if he didn't even realise I was the hottest piece of ass around. Frankly, he was being really rude.

His mouth opened slightly, his face turning a light pink.

"I..." He began, though nothing followed.

A flare of excitement and joy flared in me. A predator opening its eyes to look at its prey.

I'd gotten a reaction out of him. At last, I'd cracked that outer shell of his. Now to bulldoze through it entirely.

I took both of his hands, much to his shock and confusion, and planted them both firmly on my breasts. His eyes shot to them, wide and bewildered. For the first time, he seemed to realise that I had a big pair of amazing tits.

"Um," he spluttered. "I, uh..."

"I'm your girlfriend after all," I told him, giggling at how adorable his reaction to my body was, wanting to push it further. "You can play with my body any time you want."

I may or may not have given David a thing for large breasts. And I may or may not have used that as a source of endless amusement and fun. I tossed him my bra, having just slipped it off from under my shirt.

He held it up, marvelled at the size of the cups, the thin and transparent fabric.

I hopped butt-first onto his bed, crossing my legs one over the other seductively.

"I'm wearing a matching set," I whispered, smiling.

His parents were home.

David dropped the bra, stared directly at my shirt. At my hard nipples poking through. I gave my shoulders a little wiggling, let my breasts jiggle for my awkward, adorable boyfriend.

Teasing him was so much fun.

David was talking animatedly, smiling and nodding along as his parents spoke from across the table. Mr and Mrs Monford were glowing with happiness at seeing their son so happy, finally coming into his own.

He'd changed a lot in the months we'd been officially dating. A shift in attitude from

distant apathy to vocal and outgoing. He was still silent for the most part but, when times called for him to engage and be social, David rose to the occasion in a way that he never had before.

When Mr and Mrs Monford first saw me, they'd been surprised.

How in the world had their odd son managed to hook and catch a beauty like me?

Beneath the table, I placed a hand on David's knee. He flinched a little, not so much that his parents would notice something was up, but enough that I could feel it.

He tensed as I began moving my hand up his leg, towards his cock. Continued talking to his parents, albeit his voice at a slightly higher pitch. I squeezed his thigh, ran a finger along his tense muscle, gently gripped his bulge.

David, it seemed, was a good actor. He continued chatting away with his parents even as I gave him the closest thing to a handjob I could manage under a table and through a layer or two of clothing. The only thing that seemed to have changed about him was that his face had gotten slightly more red. That, and the subtle change in the tone of his voice.

The risk of being caught, the sight and feel of David's reaction, the warmth of his cock in my hand, was exhilarating.

First chance I got, I'd fuck him. Pin him to his bed and ride him senseless. Maybe even be a little loud. I wondered what his face would look like if he thought his parents would overhear. A blush, or panic? Either way, it would look cute, I was sure.

I felt his hand under the table, my eyes widening slightly as he placed it on my thigh.

That was new. David being bold and adventurous?

Sounded fun.

It would seem like I was rubbing off on him a little, and not just literally...

Growing up, I was never one of those girls that dreamed about weddings. I always thought those who did were tools. Weddings were expensive and gaudy and unnecessary. What kind of a moron wanted to go through all that fuss?

Me, apparently.

Ever since the proposal, I couldn't get the idea of our wedding off my mind. What I wanted it to look like, the people I wanted to invite, the songs and food and mood. Every free moment, every daydream and wandering thought.

And, when the day finally came, I could barely stand up straight for all the nerves and giddy excitement.

I felt like a little schoolgirl again, excited for a school trip. Only this was a thousand times worse. This wasn't a one-day trip I was planning on having, it was a lifetime adventure.

No backsies.

Today I'd become Helen Monford. Just the thought of those two words together made me want to squeal with happiness.

I looked in the mirror, made a few slight adjustments to my hair. Examined the reflection.

It was quite possibly the most beautiful I'd ever been. I certainly couldn't remember a time when I'd felt anywhere near as beautiful as the woman staring back at me in the mirror.

The dress was perfect. It suited me perfectly. Flowing white with simple floral patterns. It tucked into my waist, accentuating my ass and hips. At my chest, the dress ended in a wide u-line, pushing out my breasts and revealing the top of them, along with a nice amount of cleavage. David was going to lose his mind over it, I just knew it.

And, best of all, the dress was easy to remove. *Very* easy.

I pushed David, giggling drunkenly as he tripped backwards onto the hotel bed.

He was in his tuxedo, tieless and dishevelled. I hadn't been able to keep my hands off him on the ride here, as evidenced by the hickeys I'd left visible on his neck.

A shocked look crossed his face, followed instantly by arousal and desire.

I began swaying my hips, reaching around my back and pulling on the fastenings that held the dress together. One by one, they came undone, the front of my dress dropping lower with each. I bit my lip, alcohol-fuelled arousal and lust consuming me.

*I'm a wife now*, the thought occurred to me. I bit my lip and let my wedding dress fall to the floor in a heap, revealing the white lace lingerie beneath.

*Time to fulfil my wifely duties.*

I fucked my hubby senseless. And - one of the great things about David - he gave just as good as he got.

After an hour, we were both panting breathlessly. David resting up after ejaculating inside me, me resting from the onslaught that my pussy had endured. A part of me hoped that this hotel invested heavily in sound-proofing their walls, or else our unfortunate neighbours weren't going to get a wink of sleep tonight.

Another part of me wanted them to be able to hear. So that I could force them to listen enviously as my *husband* wrecked me.

Speaking of which...

I crawled down the king-sized bed, found David's flaccid cock, coated as it was in both of our cum, and took it in my mouth.

He didn't stay flaccid for long.

I felt him stiffen in my mouth, the pungent taste of both our fluids strong. I heard myself gag as swallowed his cock right down to its base, marvelling at the choking tightness of it in my throat.

I blew David for a while, long enough that he was beginning to get close to orgasming again. But I had other plans.

Spitting his cock out of my mouth, I looked over into his eyes, a wicked grin on my face. I pressed my tits together, engulfing his cock between them, started fucking him with them.

When he came, it would land on my face.

A bride was meant to wear white on her wedding night.

Who knew that getting knocked up would lead to some of the most intense sex of my life?

Hormones. So many hormones it was unreal.

One moment you're hungry for a tub of cookie dough, the next you're hungry for cock. Sometimes, you fancy a little bit of both at the same time.

And my tits! They'd gone up a cup size, almost two, and David was loving every second of it. He was only too eager to help 'massage' them when they were sore. The way he suckled on my nipples, it was like he was actively trying to get them to start lactating. My husband, the boob-fanatic.

I'd created a monster.

I set baby Emily down in her crib, a heavy weariness settling over me. Proud as I was to be a mother, to have created and carried and brought a life into the world, it was exhausting. Little Emily, when she wasn't sound asleep, demanded constant attention.

It wasn't just that, though. Simple tasks, things which would have been thoughtless, were now stress-inducing and irresponsible. How can you take a nice shower when the baby might wake up at any time? How can you take the risk of not being able to hear her over the sound of shower water?

I couldn't take a five minute walk to get milk from the shops because I'd have to wake Emily to take her with me, which meant screaming and headaches. So that meant no

coffee. No coffee and a lack of sleep made me cranky, which caused even more stress, which made me even crankier.

David seemed unbothered by it all. But of course it wouldn't be effecting him as much. He could leave the house. He had a job to escape to.

I felt gross. Dirty and tired and drained.

So, when David got home, thought that fondling my sore breasts and suggesting he help make me 'feel better' was a good idea, I felt fully justified in swatting his hands away.

A blank look crossed his face, followed by an apologetic expression. He said he was sorry, offered to give me a back-rub or foot massage instead. I stared hard into his eyes. He was obviously disappointed on the lack of sex.

Some part of me wanted to drop down and give him head, an apology for being so snappy. But I couldn't. I felt too disgusting right now.

"Emily is having trouble with studying," I told my husband. Less because I expected David to do anything about it and more to fill the silence. "Her exams are in a few weeks."

He looked up from his laptop, considered what I'd said.

That was unexpected. It wasn't that David didn't *care*, more it was that he didn't really show it. He was distant, lost in his own world. When it came to home life, he was almost entirely silent and detached. Sure, he'd be stern with Emily when the rare need for it occurred. And he'd do everything a husband and father was supposed to. But there was something mechanical about it.

Now, though, a strange look appeared on his face, a twinkle in his eye that I hadn't seen in years.

"I think," he said smiling at me, "I might know a trick or two that can help her with that."

Who knew David was interested in hypnosis. And who knew it would work so well with Emily. Here I was, thinking I knew my husband so well, and he had this little secret in his back pocket.

And the idea for a surprise trip to a waterpark!

It was brilliant. And the girls more than deserved a little down time before exam week.

All David's idea.

For so long I'd believed he was disinterested in family life, and here he goes shaking that belief to the ground. He was doing everything in his ability to help Emily. Quiet as he might be most of the time, he still cared. I was an idiot for ever doubting him.

Hypnosis, though. I wondered how that felt.

Was it safe?

It must be, if David were willing try it with our daughter.

I had to plan things for the waterpark. David was doing so much, not just helping Emily but working to pay for the trip and taking days off from work to make it happen. The least I could do was a little organising.

And, while we were alone in the hotel room, I'd ask him about hypnosis and his surprising interest in it.

Who knew, a little long-forgotten part of me thought, it could be fun to 'experiment' with.

I shook away the thought. No, no. We weren't kids any more. Leave the sexual experimenting to Emily and Connor. Besides, I doubted the strait-laced mechanical David would be all that interested in hypnosis for sexual reasons. He'd been getting less and less interested in sex ever since Emily was born.

Still, it can't hurt to think about...