

A woman with long brown hair is sitting on a dark chair. She is wearing a white, long-sleeved button-down shirt that is unbuttoned at the top and bottom. She is holding a large, clear, curved object, possibly a dildo or a large condom, with both hands. The background is a soft, warm light.

**MISS HALE'S**  
**HARD**  
**SOLUTION**

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TEACHER-STUDENT, FUTA-ON-MALE, FEMINIZATION  
EROTICA

Ethan was having a nightmare. He knew that for several reasons. One, everything was dull and grey, as if he stepped into a noir graphic novel made by a colorblind artist. Two, he couldn't smell anything. Three, he was stuck in a boxed room with no doors or windows, watching a copy of himself thrust into a pile of blankets. The blankets squirmed and moaned in ecstasy.

"Hey E-dog, you're tripping hard, son!" the impostor said from the bed. He was tall and naked, with close-cropped hair and slightly downcast eyes, just like the real Ethan. The blankets looked like they were enjoying themselves.

*A washing machine is like a Sybian for laundry.* He thought randomly as the fabric swirled.

His copy was putting on great effort, much more than he had ever put into anything, sexual or otherwise.

The copy glanced at him "You be creeping man, either bounce or join."

"Why are you talking like that?" Ethan asked his doppelganger.

"No, fool—you should ask why I—you—are talking like that."

"What? Didn't I just—"

"—you're tripping, E-dog. That's all you need to know! Your loopy head barfed all of this up."

Ethan accepted it. He watched himself from the side, now completely ignoring *him* for the blankets.

"Those blankets are sure taking it hard. Who do you have in there?"

The doppelganger grinned "Wouldn't you like to know?"

"I do, that's why I asked."

"Then go take a peek."

Ethan took up the challenge. He walked closer to the writing pile and flung the material off—revealing Sadie's face.

"Ugh, sick. Why are you boning our step-sister?" He said, not sounding surprised at all.

"Ask yourself that."

Ethan watched his chubby step-sib getting fucked by essentially himself in shock, but not in *too much* shock, because this

was a nightmare and nightmares threw reason out the window. “It’s gross stop it!”

“I’m only borrowing the cues from your head. How about this?”

Sadie’s face became his mother’s.

“Oh Jesus, would you stop?”

His mother became his father.

“Dude, not cool!”

His father became Colene, his ex.

“Could be worse.”

Colene grew a dick, her pussy shrinking and changing roles.

“Oh shit!”

Colene became *him*.

“What the fuck?” Ethan said, now lying on the bed, watching his copy thrust into his own asshole. This being a dream he didn’t feel it. He didn’t even question it.

“I’m no Freud” his copy said panting “But I think you really want it up the old poop-chute, eh buddy?”

His copy dissolved, becoming the voluptuously steamy Miss Hale, his English professor in all her glory: voluptuously crimson lips, bespectacled grey eyes, sandy blonde hair, and a total milf. *Now that’s what I’m talking about*, Ethan thought. He watched her unbutton her blouse, biting her lips, until her enormous breasts spilled into the palms of his hands. He relaxed in bed, getting ready for his prof to straddle him.

Except that she didn’t.

Miss Hale grew a dick too, her face scowling “Your story is shit Ethan. You are nothing. You get an F—and you must take it rectally as punishment, you talentless hack!”

She plunged into his tight butthole. She thrust into him with the force of a charging bull, expanding and growing thicker while he was shrinking, wrapping himself tightly around his teacher’s phallus. Then he was reduced to a thin rubber jimmy containing Miss Hale’s ladymanhood, hitching a ride into his own ass like an ant riding a bullet. Vibrations alerted him about the incoming stream of cum, rushing into his body as if from a raptured pipe. He tried flexing himself, ready to contain the onslaught inside his special empty hat, but the

force was too much, and he was ripping like a dam, watching countless little sperms swim their way into his gaping hole. One of them hanged back a little and waved a cartoony hand at him (“Howdy partner?”) before speeding off to join the mating frenzy.

*Good thing I can't get pregnant*, Ethan thought, watching the sperm fly away.

Ethan got pregnant. His belly expanded, new breasts blowing out and drooping under their own weight, nipples poking hard and starting to leak everywhere. Then his own erect cock jumped off the bed and ran out of the room giggling, revealing behind it a moist vagina, which unzipped itself (literally) like a fly.

The moment it opened, the shy chamber was assaulted by Miss Hale's trunk, drawing octopus ink like virginal blood.

Ethan was screaming in earnest now.

This time he felt everything.

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*Aaaaaah!*

Ethan woke up with a jolt, brandishing an erection he would not register until hours later. His mind was on something else; desperate to forget the awful dream and whatever subconscious turmoil it tried to bring up.

He focused on the real issue: his leg was hurting again.

Except that *hurt* was not the correct word, since what he felt was pure agony—no not even that... the pain could not have been simplified by any one word—it was as if all capillaries in his body turned into electric eels that decided his stomach had a tasty fish in it and that only one of them would get it. The pain raced from his toes upwards, each stream coiling and uncoiling as it slithered single-mindedly, tunnelling towards his core. He clenched his teeth, trying and failing to contain it.

Time stopped.

He stared at the wall-mounted clock—was it always so slow or was it broken? His eyes crawled against the walls of his empty classroom, past Miss Hale who was sitting at her usual desk and reading a book in her own little bubble—oblivious to his scream,

which must have been only inside his head—towards the frosted window where endless plumes of snow swirled down like shedding skin cells, or maybe like burnt newspaper clippings. He wished to run out and jump through that window and escape, but of course that would have been impossible, even if his leg wasn't all messed up.

He didn't want to be here. His class, what little of it that he saw this year between operations, had graduated before winter break started. Everyone, even those he barely knew, were now basking in warm beaches and tropical resorts, while he was stuck here, desperately trying to finish his goddamn story. Every second in this place sent him further down the rabbit hole.

Orell's Private Academy was like a ghost town now, nobody but the staff and the total fuck-ups like him left. Most of the faculty was gone, except for Miss Hale of course, who was taking pity on him. She stayed with him instead of going wherever teachers like her went on holidays, and probably resented him for it. She was under obligations to see his narrative through, so he was holding her back with his inactivity just as he was holding back himself.

He clenched his fists, clenched his whole body. The desk before him seemed to vibrate. He stared at it. The desk stared back.

Time unwound.

Pain shot forth.

Ethan speared his hand into his bag, yanking out a bottle of his doctor-prescribed painkillers, and shook (three?) into his mouth. He swallowed hard and didn't choke. He stared at the mess of his papers—yeah, he was old-fashioned like that—as white and clear as the snow outside. Why wasn't he writing? Where did the words go?

*(Didn't I take the pills already today?)*

He stared at Miss Hale for help, but she was on the outside. Ethan felt like a grain of time staring out at the world from inside a clock, a metaphor that made some sense, to him at least, *oh fuck it...*

*You can't even come up with a simple sentence. Face it buddy, you're not going anywhere from this place.* Ethan thought in the voice of his dream-impostor.

But the place was going from him, spinning away, and leaving behind only white static noise, like snow, like empty pages, like electric eels and electrical currents and shedding skin cells and light and walls, but barren, gone, and even his own form was dissolving in the angry dilutions, leaving behind only his fucked up leg, and buckets of searing pain.

He would have screamed if the desk did not explode in his face.

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Ethan felt new things. Thing one: the pain in his leg was gone. Thing two: the pain wasn't actually gone, as some of it had managed to migrate to his forehead, now pressing firmly into his desk. Thing three: his mother was scratching his head like she did when he was little, years ago, before university and stories and all this mess. He thought that he was too old, but the rubbing soothed him.

"Mom, I'm fine..." his mind constructed and his mouth spoke.

There was a pause, and then a woman cleared her throat. "Sorry Ethan, wrong on all counts."

His eyes flung open in shock of embarrassment.

Miss Hale sat on a desk besides him, giving him an awkward smile. Ethan noticed that he was drooling, and that she was rubbing his head. He noticed a missing feeling too, right where he should have had control over his body. He was unplugged from himself. *How many times does this have to happen to me in one day?* The unending and probably medical erection was just icing on a very shitty cake.

"I've called an ambulance. What's the matter with you?"

*What isn't*, he thought weakly. But he said nothing, sleep's offer too good to resist.

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Ethan regained lucidity in the ambulance cot. A man stared at him, his face hidden behind a mask. Miss Hale was sitting beside him,

reading from a stack of papers. His papers. The ones that were spread all over his desk. The ones he should have been writing on, but wasn't. The ones he didn't want Miss Hale to see.

But she was seeing them now. He couldn't tell what reactions she was having, but he imagined none of them were good. The way her body curved away from the paramedic meant that she was looking at something she didn't want him to see. Ethan knew what those things were. He didn't want her to see them either. But it was too late.

*Then why did you leave them there, genius?*

*Pills*, his mind said apologetically. Pills were his chemical double-edged sword.

It was Brad's and Louise's fault. After the Orell Armadillos bushwhacked their way into state championships last summer, a feat he had little concern for apart from the fact that he was writing an article about the win for his journalism class, Brad invited him for a night of clubbing. Brad stopped inviting him places a long time ago, the last time being when they were eighteen, six years ago, so this was kind of a big deal. Ethan knew that this was a way into Brad's inner circle of popular guys, and so he figured that even if the evening proved shitty (which it did) he would at least have new experiences to write about. This acceptance could also have been the first paving stone towards reconciliation with Brad, but that worked out quite the opposite.

Long story short, they were off their rockers on their way back, Brad was at the wheel, when suddenly the road ended and the sidewalk began. Then they flew into the wall of a local barbershop. Nothing, nothing, BOOM, wall. Kind of like life, he thought morosely, telling you that it had enough of your shit.

Brad cracked his skull on the wheel, the seatbelt breaking his arm, but he was alive.

Louise was sliced with debris, earning her one smooth stitch across her perky tits which only Brad got to see (she was also shaved bald to stitch the back of her head, making her look like a mental asylum escapee), but she was alive too.

The third guy, whose name Ethan didn't remember, wasn't wearing a seatbelt and flew out the front window and seriously hurt his back, but even that shithead was alive, and he was going to walk again in a month tops.

And Ethan himself was alive, obviously, even though his leg got cut up badly and deeply like a Frankfurt sausage. It was actually the worst of the lot, and was proving a bitch to heal. He was functional. A lot more than the others, it would seem at first glance, but there was high chance that the pain from the damaged nerves was going to stay forever. And oh boy, have the pain been real.

That was the thing. The clincher. The others would heal and move on, maybe drink less, be less jerky, grow their hair and mask their scars, but his pain would stay (he felt that it would, the way things were panning out for him lately) and it syphoned from him what little he had left. It stole his clarity, his creativity, his will. It felt like riding a rollercoaster into the ground, forever.

All he wanted was to graduate, but that wouldn't happen until he finished the story and got his last credits, and *that* wouldn't happen until the pain ceased to drive him mad, *and that* had to happen naturally since medication made him drowsy and unable to focus. The pills were a rollercoaster of their own.

*Fucking Brad*, Ethan thought, *fucking miserable cock-sucking piece of irresponsible shit-eating Brad*. Why did he want to reconnect with that asshole? The prospect was laughable now.

Their falling out had a reason. It wasn't really an explosion or implosion, it wasn't a violent outburst—it was nothing but the quite drifting away of two ships at sea. After the reason—something that Ethan still thought of as a twisted fantasy that he created, which may or may not have come out of his repressed desires—his mind turned on full avoidance mode. He distanced himself from Brad in every way, stopped answering his phone calls, found excuses to invitations, found himself in places where Brad wasn't until Brad truly wasn't there.

Ethan felt guilty at first, but eventually Brad turned *shitty*, aka the current Brad, and it didn't feel so bad anymore. He was not the same person. He had different interests. He had a different way of

life. Sometimes Ethan wondered what would have happened to Brad if he stuck with him—what if he didn't turn shitty, what if he had better friends, what if he didn't drink, what if he never crashed, what if Ethan's leg didn't get hurt? It all came full circle, his Karma, for being a bad friend. He should have realized that it was too late.

And what was the unspeakable reason?

It was very simple: he was hanging out at Brad's place, upstairs, in his room. They were playing PS3, when suddenly and without warning Brad's hand disappeared in Ethan's pants and grabbed something. Wordlessly the hand stroked—so good at it that Ethan paused the game, leaned back and closed his eyes—until he blew his load into Brad's palm. Still without words, they washed up in the bathroom and resumed the game. When it was getting dark and Brad's parents came back—neither of them could afford their own places yet—he said goodbye and left. Only when he reached home did the weirdness and the disgusting experience caught up with him. He felt sick, revolted—conflicted, the worst of all. At that point their friendship was as good as over.

So what did it all mean now?

The question was left hanging.

He looked at Miss Hale again; saw her looking back from under her square glasses. Her look filled him with shame, as if she was reading his memories. He felt he had to say something. Anything.

"I didn't try to kill myself" he groaned "My leg was hurting and I took my pills. Hand must have shook and I ended up taking a few extra tablets. It's not that dangerous. I just passed out."

"Good to hear" she said, looking through him, past him, aside.

"You don't believe me."

She and the man exchanged looks.

"Whatever."

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The hospital is a blur. He walks in, is checked up, and walks out. There is no danger, the doctors say. He should ease up on the pain

meds, they say.

His father picks him up and drives him home. His mother is back from work early, hugging him. There is crying. His step-sister watches, but she joins into their shared misery soon enough. Again he explains that it was an accident that he didn't mean to take all those pills, and that his leg was hurting really bad and he swallowed the pills before he could see how many he took. That makes them easier. It's not hard for them to accept this new reality that he is an oaf instead of the one they constructed for themselves. His older step-sister Sadie is wearier of him, and he has to reassure her all over again in private. He tries not looking at her because the dream is still fresh in his head.

Dinner is awkward. His father blames Miss Hale for negligence, his mother nods in agreement; Sadie is eating her mashed potatoes and minding her business. He tells them that it was not her fault, that Miss Hale had no reason to suspect trouble, and if anything, she had overreacted for he would have woken up in a bit and everything would have been dandy. He doubts that, but then, he was not in his right mind at the time.

They tell him he should forget about the story and take it easy, finish it later.

He says that he wants to finish it *before* taking it easy because it is driving him mad. If he doesn't do it now he may never pick it up again, not that there is much progress anyway, but he doesn't tell them that.

Eventually his folks agree, but only if Miss Hale comes to see him at home from now on, no reason for him to walk about with his leg the way it is, especially in age of electronics. He doesn't really want Miss Hale here, but he does want to continue the story, and by some strange university policy he can only write under his teacher's supervision.

Papers are signed, handshakes are exchanged, and a compromise is reached.

The Friday felt like a Monday to Ethan. He woke up tired and depressed to the sound of heavy rain (the weather thought it was time for a changeup), finding the day matching his mood with one tenth of a smile.

The house was his until evening. His father, a lawyer, had a case out of town and his mother had to make up for leaving early at her insurance firm. Sadie just skulked out. He didn't know where his step-sister gone off to, probably to escape his downcast aura which she was too sensitive for, but he didn't care. She'd be back late, as always, he wagered. It didn't matter. Spending a whole day alone with her would have been too awkward after that brief illusion of penetration in the dream.

Let her have her fun. At least someone in this house should.

It looked like his folks weren't worried about him now since they so carelessly left him alone. Well, Miss Hale was going to come over and stay until someone returned first—it was 9am now and she was scheduled for 11am—but what if he offered himself in between, provided he was stupid enough to try? And never mind him trying to self-destruct... what if he got sick again and there was nobody to help him? They should have been more suspicious of him, for his sake.

Careless. As careless as the parents of his protagonist: because of their lack of attention they didn't see the thing he was keeping in their basement, where he dwelled while attending college. Ethan didn't hide anything *that* bad, but it would have been nice to know that they wanted to see if he had.

He ate (stuffing dry cereal into his mouth and slowly grinding it), took a long cold shower, got dressed, and brushed his teeth (spreading the paste on his teeth over and over, until the toothbrush was dry). He was about to start forming up a plan to kill time when he realized it was already eleven and that someone was buzzing at the door. Miss Hale, he assumed, punctual to the second. She was precise. Mechanical.

Ethan realized that he still hadn't moved, and that he should have let her in from the rain already. Was this fear?

Ethan swallowed and came to the door. Outside, thunder rumbled and rainfall seemed to increase, like spitting water forcefully until the flaccid stream straightened with pressure. He unlocked the door and opened it.

Miss Hale stood on the threshold, drenched, wearing a black coat with the hood pulled up. Inside of it was a jumble of hair, water and splotches of skin, and it was intent on looking at him, somehow. A bag was slung over her shoulder nonchalantly.

“Morning, Ethan. Fine weather we’re having.”

Ethan nodded dismissively. “Come in, Miss Hale.”

He took her coat and hanged it on a chair to dry while she unlaced her boots. The laces struggled against her, and it gave Ethan time to admire her curvy bottom. He wanted to avert his gaze, but the two hemispheres protruding against the light-blue jeans were like two planets pulling his eyes inside their field of gravity. Miss Hale was gorgeous; he never kidded himself about that. She was about thirty, but if it wasn’t for her slightly aged face, you’d never guess she was older than twenty-five. She was curvy in all the right places, and had a soft, feminine gait—sashay-like—which jiggled her assets enticingly. Her long blonde hair and glasses were a plus, particularly mixed with a tight, voluminous mouth (slightly pink with lipstick or gloss—English Rose? Sadie taught him that colour ages ago) and yellow-green eyes that were between animal-slits and doll’s buttons, attractive but with a promise of cunning, of awareness, of danger and—dare he say—cuteness? The final result was god-like.

*Did I just call Miss Hale god-like? It must be the painkillers thinking, not me.* Ethan thought with embarrassment. It took him a moment to realize that she was standing straight, watching him the way she always did. Waiting, anticipating, camouflaged in the stillness like a chameleon. He had long suspected that his frequently oh-so-clever attempts at catching her in enticing angles (glancing up her skirt when she walked up the stairs ahead of him, or when she bent over to pick up something, or over her bust and into her packed cleavage to name a few) she had always *knew* what he was trying to do. But she never said anything, and that fraction of acceptance had populated Ethan’s various wet dreams.

*Shit. She saw me looking at her butt.* Reality tried reasserting itself. And then, because he was on a roll: *I wonder what type of panties she wears?*

Miss Hale brushed bangs of wet hair from her face—a youthful motion which was like nothing he had ever seen in real life—and cleared her throat. “Shall we get started?”

“I think that’s a bit too optimistic” Ethan said, leading her into his writing den.

“Still no luck with that writer’s block, Ethan?”

He shook his head “No, and I wouldn’t call it writer’s block. It’s more... clinical.”

“What would you call it then?”

Ethan paused, thinking, but in the end they walked silently into his room—two desks and a commode, a bed and a TV stand; posters upon the walls, which were of famous writers instead of naked girls (he was too old for posters, but while he still lived at home he didn’t care)—and he still had nothing to say, getting distracted. “I don’t know” he said finally “Nothing is clicking. I’m shooting blanks.”

Miss Hale nodded solemnly, sitting on the bed, and opened her bag. Ethan’s heart stopped: the pages he was “working” on, the ones he forgot to get back after the ambulance ride, were in her hands. She had them all this time. She *saw* them.

“Want to talk about these, then?” She said, waving them before her.

“Not especially, no” he said. *God that sounded weak.*

Miss Hale flat lined him with a smile so thin it was almost non-existent “Well, this is something we need to address moving forward” she said, showing him a page he knew she would show.

Sadly the page wasn’t empty. On it, lightly sketched, was a picture of Miss Hale sitting behind her desk with the book, sunlight at her back (Ethan did this by varying degrees of black), which gave the woman almost an aura around her.

That was the good one. He had drawn others: Miss Hale with her legs spread, shaved pussy open for all to see, Miss Hale spreading her ass (this pussy was bushy: he didn’t know what it

actually looked like) and looking over her shoulder, Miss Hale getting bent over a desk and spit-roasted by two students, and other, more elaborate variants of *Miss Hale in Compromising Positions*. Those ones she didn't show him. Perhaps they were there in her bag? Or at home, where she'd look at them and finger herself?

*Get your mind out of the gutter*, Ethan. He told himself.

Ethan looked at his work "Yeah, I drew that, what do you want me to say? Sometimes I get an itch to draw—like I used to get an itch to write a lifetime ago—and I have to finish it so it stops eating at me inside. In that moment it happened to be you. There's nothing to it. I'm sorry if some of the drawing got a little risqué."

Miss Hale sighed and gave him another flat line "Ethan, I'm not mad at you or anything—don't be so defensive! This is actually really good! Granted, some of your, *ahem*, more extravagant renditions got a little off track, but your grasp of anatomy is extraordinary. Are you sure you picked up the right major?"

*Here come the platitudes*, Ethan sighed mentally. You were supposed to be friendly with damaged cases, and he was certainly on par with the worst of them "It's nothing" he said again "Just a useless talent. I don't get the same rush from drawing as I get from writing... when I write anyway."

"No talent is useless Ethan! In fact, I like these drawings so much that I'm going to keep them, if you don't mind?"

Ethan scoffed "So you can have physical proof for your sexual harassment case? Sure, keep it."

Miss Hale laughed, almost tittered, in that girlish frequency Ethan associated with freshmen. He was so surprised that he shuddered, picturing a glass window break at low pitch of someone's scream.

"You got to relax, Ethan. Give me some credit at least. I've seen enough breasts and vaginas in my life, and I'm not some old dust bag that still lives by Victorian standards. This will be between you and me, I promise."

"Well, that's something."

"But next time, if you must draw me this way, do it at home or somewhere in private."

Ethan stared “You don’t mind me... drawing you like this?”

Miss Hale disarmed him with a genuinely warm smile “No reason to stifle talent. Anyway, best solution for your slump is to start thinking positively. Your body will pick up the rhythm, you’ll see.”

“The only rhythm its picking up is the painful tempo in my leg” He said and sat down at his desk. “It’s like, my leg is a guitar and every nerve is being strummed by some asshole playing a rock ballad.”

“I’ve read some of your drafts” Miss Hale said “It’s good that you’re producing *something*, but I feel like the narrative is escaping you. The path is turning very muddled and the protagonist is losing their drive. I understand that it reflects what happened to you, and I’m by no means trying to make you feel bad, but as the first step of this makeup session I think we should reconnect to the narrative. What is it about? Why are you telling it? What is the goal?”

Ethan didn’t know what the goal was anymore. It was a horror novelette, at heart, based on a random idea he had. It was one of those ideas that snuck up on you and sucker punched you in the face. Your rational mind said “What?!” but the impact had already been made, and it stuck, for all its weirdness. The idea hooked you.

His working title was *Harry Byron Meets His End*, and it was about the eponymous hero—a freshman in college disenchanting with the system—who inherited something from his grandfather, a reclusive and odd man whom he hardly knew. That something—the idea which sucker punched Ethan one bright morning—was a sarcophagus which contained Harry’s future corpse, one that had lived out his entire life already, like some kind of grotesque time-traveller. The story was about facing yourself; a battle of two wills, themes ranging from depression to repression. The corpse could speak and manipulate people trying to reshape Harry, but whether out of benevolence or malice it was unknown, until the very end at least.

The entire novelette was a tug of war between the living and dead Harry, and the damage their struggle caused. Recently though, the corpse was gaining the upper hand and the real Harry was becoming obsolete. Kind of like Ethan was right now.

Ethan told Miss Hale all that “I don’t really know where to go from here. The dead Harry wants to leave his prison. He already got living Harry’s girlfriend—how sick is that?—and he turned his family and friends against him. He is gaining telepathy and manipulative skills, and living Harry has nobody left to help him except for Sylvia Cotterill, that weird girl that everyone avoids, even Harry, though he must learn to appreciate her now as she is the only friend he has left. The dead Harry is pushing hard to turn her against living Harry too, but she has a dark streak herself, to be revealed as soon as I know what it is, that helps her resist. The story is about them trying to beat the dead Harry, who already turned Harry’s house into a fortress and appears untouchable. I don’t know how it will end.”

“See, that’s what I’m talking about. You start to remember the original goal and the story refocuses. What tone do you think the ending will have?”

Ethan shrugged “It *is* horror, so it should be relatively dark... but the thing is I don’t really want a dark ending. I could have Harry face off with corrupted Sylvia, or I can have him die, or I can have him kill himself—the dead one I mean—and maybe suffer in the process. But I want Harry to win. It’s just that I feel so much like shit these days that I can hardly think of anything happy that can turn the plot around. That is why so far I have been trying to write about Harry watching the world around him fall apart while I think of a resolution and how to get to it.”

“Sounds like a plan. One you didn’t have a moment ago.”

“Gee, Miss Hale, you’re some kind of a bonafide dork whisperer.”

Miss Hale laughed “I’m just trying to help you. Also, I’d like you to call me Ashley. ‘Miss Hale’ feels too formal and weird and old... every time you say it I get a shiver down my spine.”

“Ashley” Ethan tried it on his tongue, thinking *what kind of shiver?* The informality made him think of his girlfriend, Colene, who was now technically the ex-girlfriend. She said he was too much of a downer these days to hang with; so much for solidarity. It suited him fine, for now. He preferred being by his lonesome self while he healed.

“Ashley” Ethan repeated, getting the hang of it. These days Colene preferred being called “Cole”, which sounded too manly and made Ethan uncomfortable, but in a good sort of way. He never understood why, but he thought that it had something to do with taking her from behind and calling her a man’s name.

“Isn’t that better?” Ashley said.

“I guess.”

“Alrighty then. You get to writing now—and I’d suggest reconnecting to the twenty-first century and using the computer this time. It should prevent you from suddenly fantasizing about unnecessary things” she added with a wink.

Ethan mock-frowned “But how will I channel my inner hipster then?”

Miss Hale—no, *Ashley*—made a hand flourish across her cheek in an imitation of the Godfather “Give him the Italian treatment and make him disappear. You don’t need any quirky methods to be a writer. I had a roommate during my college days, and she did all her papers on a typewriter; clacking all day long, buying and leaking ink, tearing bad copies and typos by the forest, and in the end she dropped out because she couldn’t write worth shit and had nothing to say. You have a gift Ethan, and you need to maximize it with proper tools.”

“Alright, *Ashley*, but only because you said ‘shit’ in there and it must mean you are serious.”

She slapped his knee playfully “Less smart-assery and more writing, mister. And while you are doing that, is there a bathroom I can use?”

“What? A room of bathing? I’ve heard of no such thing. In this ‘ere family we poo in the bucket out in the yard, then bury it like them wolves” Ethan said in his best Southern drawl, all the time wondering, why was he suddenly so chatty? And making jokes? How long had it been since his last witty comment? And his teacher: why was she suddenly so animated towards him?

Ashley was beaming at him, her cheeks turning pink “Seriously Ethan, I’m still your teacher, you know.”

“Turn left at the door. The bathroom is right at the end of the hall.”

She bowed and left. He heard her receding footsteps, just as he felt the *itch* tiptoeing inside him like it did before he accidentally took all those pills in the classroom. Ethan moved on autopilot—paper, pencil, focus, draw—starting to scratch at his paper. Again time halted. It wasn't important. Only the itch was.

“So very wrong, but pretty good” Ashley said over his shoulder.

Ethan gasped awake without actually falling asleep. He looked at the time on his monitor—forty minutes had passed. *Oh shit*. She was standing there, back from the bathroom, and watching him draw the entire time. He didn't even notice.

The picture was done in the same style as the previous drawing, but this one depicted Miss Hale—Ashley—sitting on the can, her knees bent inward, hands gathered before her, looking up and away wistfully as if she was watching an event on TV, all the while her underwear were pulled down to her feet. Her bare legs went up but the part where they joined was darkened, so you couldn't see anything, but there was definitely a hint of a waterfall.

Ethan nearly fell backwards, but Ashley caught him and steadied him.

He shouldn't have been scared, he knew that, especially since Ashley didn't seem to care about his drawing fetish... but being seen in the act of drawing his teacher sitting on the toilet, by said teacher, in real time sent him into shock as if he was caught rubbing one out to her picture.

And then he was fleeing, twisting himself from her grasp like an animal not wanting to be touched, red in the face, heart in the red zone and his leg to match. Suddenly he felt the usual burn of his electric eels. He clenched his teeth, limping away to the bathroom. He had to escape. And the pills. He needed them now more than ever. He took one mid-flight from his emergency pocket-bottle, but it was the last, and he needed another. The replacements were there. In the cupboard.

Step, drag. Step, drag. His body carried itself forward, not looking back. Why couldn't he control himself? Why did he have to

draw Miss Hale, now of all times? Why was he such a damn loser? Why spoil everything?

In he went, closing the door behind him. His leg sang, blurring his vision. He read about that before: too much pain overloaded your receptors, and the system shut down. He began traversing the planes of the bathroom, its square ten meters turning into miles and miles of rolling dunes. Every step added distance instead of reducing it.

*Shit, it's happening again.*

The pill he just took acted too fast. He must have been some emotionally weakened that even one sent him on hallucinatory adventure.

His face glared at him from the mirror, soft and rounded and downcast, hair full of sweat.

He walked past the sink (he needed to wash his face), he went past the toilet (he really needed to pee), and he went past the tree (he really needed to eat). A pill fell into his hand from the tree and he ate it, again wondering if he was hallucinating because of the pills, that maybe he was experiencing side effects instead of an overdose like previously thought.

“Sure you are, old chap” the tree reassured him before taking flight like a rocket, expelling leaves as if they were plumes of fire. Was their ceiling always so high and endless, or did it disappeared only to let the tree out?

*What the fuck. Let the tree out?*

And now the dune ended, falling from under him, and he tripped on the bathmat and tipped into the tub. The pill seemed to be working—he wasn't sure if he found it in his delirium, but he did feel its aftertaste on his tongue as proof that he took it. When the pill worked, his body went numb.

*(How many pills did the tree give me?)*

The crash alerted Ashley, and he already heard her racing towards him way before the door flung open. She went for him, kneeling beside him and lifting his head.

“Not again, Ethan. What's wrong? Are you alright?”

He gritted his teeth, his leg growing cartoony hands with knives and trying to cut itself off and run away. He pressed his eyes shut and strained his brain, and when he opened them again the cartoony hands were gone. “Leg” was all he managed to say.

They stayed like that for ten minutes, until the pain retreated and Ethan could talk again.

Finally he took a deep breath and exhaled sharply. “This is pissing me off, Miss Hale. I keep seeing weird shit all the time. I think the pills are doing this to me.”

“I’m calling an ambulance.”

Ethan grabbed her leg and stopped her. “No, I don’t want to scare my family again. Let’s wait and see?”

“I don’t know, Ethan...”

“Please? If it looks like I’m tripping out again, call, but let’s just wait a little.”

“I shouldn’t do this” Ashley said but she didn’t run out. Instead she picked up a half-spilled bottle of pills, and examined it “Termohexamermine. Who the hell names these things?”

“Doctors” Ethan said, breathing heavily. Joking was a good sign, right? “Maybe I need to lower the frequency. When I first got these prescribed I didn’t feel so off afterwards.”

“You sure these are the same pills?”

He nodded “They look exactly the same. Same box, same name, same taste, shape—everything.”

Ashley read the warning label “Doesn’t say anything about hallucinating. Mind if I take a couple pills home? I can take one and see if I experience anything.”

Ethan shrugged “If you want. That’s not a good idea though. You wouldn’t taste poison to see if it was poison.”

*Why did I say that?* He thought, paranoia flicking its snake tongue at him.

Without pausing Ashley shook two pills into her palm, wrapped them in several wads of toilet paper, and put it in her shirt pocket. “How are you feeling?”

“Better, but I am kind of numb. If I wet my pants don’t be alarmed.”

“Will you stand if I hold you?”

“Hold me where? Why?”

“Here, over the bowl, so you don’t explode.”

Ethan groaned, feeling his toes move in another dimension  
“You can try, I guess.”

Ashley took his arm and pulled him. His body allowed to be pulled, bending over the rim of the tub. Over went one leg, over went the other. His teacher was pressed against him, as if they were running one of those double-races at the fair, with two people tied by one leg. Her arm snaked across his back and caught his. She lifted—surprisingly strong—until his feet were planted, uncertainly, on the bathmat.

“So far so good” she said.

They were one organism now. They turned. One leg forward, other leg forward. He was facing the bowl, watching the water in it. The lid was lifted. He didn’t know why it was so, but it was bothering him for some unearthly reason, but a reason he didn’t see. Still, something was not connecting, some vital piece of information.

Ashley steadied him “Can you do your business?”

“My arms are cotton candy” Ethan said, trying not to laugh. The dizziness was returning.

Ashley sighed “Alright, I’ll do it.”

Do what? He was going to say, but he shut up quickly enough. Ashley used her free arm—not the one she was using to keep him standing—and unzipped his jeans. Her hand went inside, fumbling with the crotch of his underwear, looking for an opening. It was an oddly familiar motion he couldn’t place, some kind of Brad-like move—*too late to remember*, her hand was in the opening already. He looked down, saw his penis being pulled out of the fly, in the hands of his teacher. She aimed for him.

“Shoot.”

“Yes sergeant!” he replied, saluting in his mind. He peed in silence, for eternity. Ashley’s hands felt warm, keeping his member erect. It helped.

He looked at her, still in the process. She was looking at his penis, but he saw no shyness or oddness in her look. She was

placid.

“You know” she started, waiting for him to finish “The way you sound now... well, I think you’re stoned, not suffering side effects. I’m going to take these pills to the science department and have someone look at them. I have friends who will help with no questions asked.”

Ethan didn’t follow. Why would he be stoned on doctor-prescribed pills? It made no sense. He said that to Ashley, except what came out of his mouth was: “You’re holding my penis.”

“Yes I am.”

“And you’re not embarrassed.”

“Not at all.”

“And why is that?”

Ashley didn’t reply, but she stood, holding him, way past the point of finishing. Her hand even moved a little, back and forth, but there was no real tugging. Eventually she tucked him back in and zipped him up. She helped him back into his room where he lay on his bed, then pulled up a chair and sat beside him.

“I feel like my eyes turned into pulsating speakers... and all they play is bass” Ethan groaned.

“Maybe I should call that ambulance?”

“What time is it?” he asked.

“Three forty-nine.”

“Already? Shit. Someone should get back in three hours or so. I will get better by then. It doesn’t last that long. Ugh. I didn’t even do any writing yet.”

Ashley gave him a cautious smile “Stop stressing out about the story. Take your time. Don’t force it. You don’t even have a deadline.”

“I can’t *not* stress about things. It’s the way I am” Ethan croaked “Do you mind rubbing my head like you did earlier? It should clear up my mind.”

“Like this?” Ashley demonstrated.

“Yes, perfect” Ethan closed his eyes, listening to the jingle of Ashley’s wrist chain. His teacher’s hands were like being caressed with currents of wind, so light, yet with enough pressure to knead back his headache. He kept silent, breathing in his teacher’s new

perfume—something between mint, peaches, and roses—which she must have put on while she was in the bathroom, and exhaled his own noxious carbon dioxide like some kind of swamp mushroom.

The smell got him thinking. It meant Ashley had the perfume concealed on her person, and put it on herself to freshen up. Of course that reason had to be him, right? Why else? Had she started to feel something for him the same way he had been feeling about her? Was this a sign of a connection between them?

His thoughts were crude and malformed but...

He opened his eyes so he could look at Ashley's face and search it for signs of... what? Love? Desire? Wanting? He had no idea what a person in love looked like, never being one himself nor being on the other end of that mirror. Colene was an unturned leaf that needed resolving, and Brad, well, Ethan had no idea what that entailed. He knew that it wasn't a man he was looking for, yet Colene had not been the remedy either. Ethan tried to find the answer in Ashley's face.

As it happened, her face was turned away from him—her hand still gliding against his head—but looking away from him the action seemed almost one of revulsion, as if it touching him was sickening to her. Even her body language was squirming, with her knees bent inward and her free hand on her lap.

And then it hit him, just as soon as the numbness receded another notch and he was able to regain more control over his nerves: he was brandishing a colossal hard on that was showing even through the fabric of his jeans. It was like a cinderblock wedged itself in there, and it was not letting up.

*Strange, Ethan reflected in his state of pure Zen. She touched it earlier and made nothing of it, but when it rises in response to her touch, suddenly she gets all bashful.*

"I'm sorry, we guys can't control them, and your hands are magical."

Ashley chuckled awkwardly "Oh trust me, I know. Random erections are the worst. Every little thing sets them off. Imagine getting a stiffy during an important presentation. Yikes!"

“You *are* a beautiful woman and I *am* a growing boy, you know.”

Ashley chuckled again “Sweet of you to assume that, but it doesn’t make it any easier for me to be next to an erection that I am the cause of. It’s not letting up, is it?”

“I think it’s stuck”

“As Flannery O’Connor once wrote, ‘everything that rises must converge’. Give it time and blood will rush out and make you flaccid again. You can also think about something nasty and it’ll go away.”

“You’re very knowledgeable in the penile department, Miss Hale” Ethan said “Your knowledge is as robust as my own, and I have been a proud penis owner for some twenty-four years.”

She still didn’t look at him directly “More than you know, Ethan. Have you started thinking nasty things yet? It’s getting bigger, if anything.”

Something in Ethan’s heart began to shift, as if only half of it was activated and only just now blood started flowing through it entirely. If he knew any better he’d see that this was flirting, or at least a rudimentary, awkward version of it. One half of his brain said that this was a sign, that it was a once in a lifetime opportunity that he was a fool If he was not to pursue it, but his other half reminded him that Miss Hale—Ashley, Ashley *Ashley*—was his teacher and that whatever he was seeing happening now was just a figment of his drugged-up imagination.

And yet, a third voice—a silent voice of the lone soldier down below—

had shown him clearly what he refused to see. This was something he desperately needed. He couldn’t deny his attraction to Miss Hale any longer, and he couldn’t puss out now. If this moment was lost he would not recover it ever again.

“I could think nasty thoughts, I *suppose* if I really concentrated, or” he began, choosing his words slowly “You could grab it again and relieve it manually.”

*Oh God I actually said it! I asked my teacher for a handjob!*

Ashley giggled again, blushing like a little girl “Smooth, Ethan. Real smooth.”

“Hey!” he was reddening himself “I’m serious!”

“Of course you are, and this has nothing to do with the *Hexadecimal-marmoset* or whatever your drug is called?”

“It’s not! I swear!”

“How would you know if you are high?”

“I. I just do?” Ethan stammered “You’re gorgeous and... *you*. I want to unwrap you. I want to have you” He couldn’t believe the words leaving his mouth.

Ashley shook her head “You want to unwrap the *idea* of me. An idea is different from a person, and I believe that if you unwrap me—which is out of the question—you’ll find something you’ve no desire for.”

“What are you saying?”

The woman sighed “What I’m saying is that you’re looking for that special place to dip your malfunction into, but you won’t find it here, because that special place does not exist... *here*” Ashley removed her hand from his head and pointed both index fingers down into her crotch.

“What?”

“Jesus Ethan, do I have to spell it out for you? That. Place. Does. Not. Exist. Here. *Nada. Zilch.*”

His eyes fluttered “I think I’m tripping again. Your words don’t make sense.”

Ashley released the most heartfelt *Ugh* of frustration he’d ever heard as she rose from the chair. Ethan was afraid that she was going to leave him, forever—blue-ball him as it were, forcing him to take his stiffening matters into his own hands, as usual—but she only stood out of reach, glaring at him.

“Let me translate” she said in a stony tone, her face the colour of ripe beets “You’re horny and looking for a pussy to fuck. That is what you want, what you see in me, what you are after. But I want to save you on the disappointment, because I don’t have a pussy, ergo, no fucking.”

Ethan was still confused “Huh? Every woman has one” he said dumbly.

“Well I don’t.”

“If you don’t want to do it then just say so. No need to make fun of me” Ethan said, frowning. That’s what he got for trying to be forward.

“Ethan, for someone who is a brilliant writer and apparently an artist too now, you are a goddamn idiot” Ashley exhaled. Her hands moved quickly, unbuckling her belt and pulling down the zipper of her jeans, and then Ethan was transfixed, watching the woman-shaped onion strip its layers. Off came the jeans, dropping to Miss Hale’s ankles (his stiffness hardened even more), revealing frilly pink panties; off came the panties, also towards her ankles (his stiffness throbbed against the unbending material, ready to snap) revealing a black leather pouch on a string. Here Ethan paused. What was this third layer, preventing him from seeing Ashley’s womanhood and releasing his spunk with excitement? What purpose did it serve? Was this a fetish item?

Ethan and his confused boner were still pondering the ramifications of this discovery when the string holding the pouch in place was untied and the pouch fell to the floor. Ethan gasped, rolling over and crashing into the floor, his boner yelling in equal surprise and shooting a confusing string of cum inside his pants.

“That’s. That’s. That’s a—“he stammered, gasping for air. The words were stuck in his throat “A cock. You have a cock. A huge fucking monster cock.”

The dream from last week replayed itself in his head like a Vietnam flashback. Very little about Miss Hale in the dream had been true in the end, but the physical anomaly was equally... daunting.

Ashley stood shyly, revealing her uncoiled member and bare legs, red and speechless and blinking too fast. Before he said anything else she was already concealing her penis back in its leather pouch—some kind of anti-erection device, he wagered—recovering her panties and jeans.

“And that’s what I was trying to tell you, without all the theatrics” she pouted.

“You have a cock” It was the only thing on Ethan’s mind, etched in memory. Those were massive cock and balls, bigger than

he had ever seen, including his own. How could someone so incredibly gorgeous and feminine have them?

“Yes I do. What of it?”

“H-How?”

She pressed her arms into her hips “Well, let me think. I woke up one day and went to the penis store, and swiped my credit card, and walked out with a brand new penis. How do you think I got it, genius?”

“Well, I mean, did you always have it... or...”

Ashley cut him short “Does it matter how I got it? Maybe I was born a man, or maybe I had a surgery and got one attached because why the fuck not, or maybe it was aliens or magic, or maybe I was born mix-and-matched, a woman in all respects but a penis instead of a vagina? All that matters is that I have it. And this isn’t what you want.”

Ethan cleared his throat, climbing back into a sitting position on his bed “Um, let’s not jump to conclusions about what I want and don’t want. That was... unexpected but impressive, I must say. You may have hidden it prematurely.” He didn’t say that seeing her cock unfold made him desperately want to have it. His dream-twin was right in some respects.

Ashley stared at him fully for the first time, a look of genuine surprise on her face. Ethan found the expression so beautiful that he wanted to cum all over it, particularly those glasses. “What are you saying?”

“I’m saying this revelation is not a deterrent. I’ve been thinking about my own desires recently, which are probably part of the reason I’m so confused and all over the place lately, but I am beginning to see that whichever way I swing, well, I at least swing both ways. And the sight of your penis did not suddenly make me stop feeling what I felt a moment ago. Probably it made me want it more now.”

“I can’t believe what I’m hearing.”

But he could believe that she did. He was beginning to see that expression of reciprocated desire he had wanted all this time. His heartbeat increased.

“Well, hear this: I’m still up for a fuck if you are.”

Ashley studied him “No.”

“No?” The word came like a gut punch.

She shook her head “No. Not like this. You are out of your mind, half-drugged, half-confused. I don’t want to do *it* like this, provided we do *it* at all.”

“Then how?” Ethan asked, trying not to sound too desperate.

Ashley looked at her watch “Your folks will be here soon, and I’m sure you don’t want them seeing you fuck your teacher... me in particular, as it will be bad for both of us. This is what I propose: I will go home when someone finally comes to relieve me. You think slowly and carefully about this. You have to be prepared for certain things and surprises, because this—“she pointed to herself “—is not the same as what you’d expect from someone like your girlfriend—Colene was it?—so if you really, truly want this then you have to do your homework. But don’t think on this *too* much because I still want you to write. Take the weekend to make something for me, show me that you put effort into it. I will come back on Monday, and if you still want it, and if I see that you put enough genuine effort, then maybe... maybe we can fool around. The exact nature of said fooling around will be open to interpretation.”

Ethan swallowed hard, trying to mask his arousal. He nodded.

“I trust you will not spread any rumours about me?”

He nodded again.

Ashley watched him, silently.

The silence was interrupted by the jingle of keys downstairs.

Ashley smiled, all the tension gone. Saying nothing she walked out of his room and Ethan was left thinking in solitude. His head was a chaos of invading thoughts, but there was one he didn’t have to deal with, didn’t even remember that it existed.

He didn’t think about his leg.

\*

Ethan was taking care of business. Not in the physical, carnal sense (although he had locked himself in his room after Miss Hale left and

masturbated furiously), but in the sense that he started slogging through the backlog of shirked duties.

The rest of the Friday and the entire Saturday he spent on writing and researching his story. He felt so reinvigorated that he didn't need to take his pills, more focused than a caffeine-high medical student during exam season. He wrote paths, potential solutions, potential pitfalls for his characters, fleshing everything out as he went on, and then it were chapters after chapters of unstoppable prose just oozing out of him. It wasn't the only thing oozing out of his, since he required frequent quickies to push Ashley out of his mind so he could concentrate.

It was rough, but it was something. The living Harry was making a spectacular return, waging a fresh campaign against his dead doppelganger, and even starting to feel affectionate towards Sylvia, who may or may not end up more of a man than he—Ethan wasn't sure about that point yet though, as it might have been too on the nose.

His happiness was showing. His parents gave him odd looks, but they were happy looks too. They asked him how come his mood changed so fast, and he only half-lied that it was because his story was moving forward again. He told Sadie as much, who observed him from the sidelines, preferring to talk to him in private as if she suspected he was only putting on a show. She noticed he stopped taking his pills, but he said that his leg was feeling much better now.

Satisfied that he was genuinely happy, they toasted with glasses of juice (their household was strictly non-alcoholic in nature). That night he had odd dreams, and the oddness persisted till morning. On Sunday he found himself alone again, his folks leaving for a convention (something technical and boring) and Sadie was out and about with her friends, as always. She left a pot of coffee waiting for him, and he drank it in preparation for a hard day of work.

After a few hours of literal hardness, his mind turned away from the story (he had enough to show for himself), and turned towards research of another kind. He read articles and watched titillating videos online, then read up on contraceptives, lubes, toys and tips. He watched shemales (though he preferred the term Futa)

give shows alone, or have sex with other shemales, men or women, and any combination between them. He watched men penetrate and be penetrated by their lovers, just as the women were with the help of massive strap-ons depending on whose turn it was. He even watched men dress up as women and taking their roles. The more he watched the more the truth about his desires revealed itself, to the point where he no longer doubted them.

It was all well and good, but the thing he was worried about was being the bottom. Ethan had never experimented, and if he knew anything about buttholes it was that they had to be trained. In porn, any insertion just slid right in regardless of its size or the size of the opening. In reality, being so careless made you tear up and feel pain.

Somewhere during his research his head began to spin again. There was no pain, but the numbness had returned. Odd, deviant thoughts coursed through his mind, which quickly spread to the rest of his body. He was moving on his own, set on a delirious quest into his step-sister's room. In his mind it was all perfectly fine. He was led by the bulge in his pants like a divining rod.

"Ethan we have a go. I repeat we have a go" his mind spoke through the static.

"Roger, commencing search" he responded, giggling to himself. He was lightheaded again.

Dildos were on his mind, many dildos of various sizes and lengths. They were his *step-sister's* dildos to be specific. It was a hidden collection of which he was aware for a long time. She hid them under her bed in her secret nook. Not so secret anymore. Perhaps he should have wondered about an alternative, but he was too tripped-up for it just then.

He found a particularly unassuming black dildo, probably one of the 'beginner' ones Sadie started out with, then giggling went with it to his room. He practiced well, first having put a condom on because he knew that using his step-sister's dildo bareback was all kinds of wrong, like swapping fluids with a relative.

It went without a hitch and he jerked himself off several times while it was lodged deeply in his crack. It felt weird at first, when he

finally managed to stick it in after a good lathering, but the results were phenomenal and the erection eternal. He washed and replaced everything after he was done, and then went to sleep because his head was spinning too much to ignore.

His folks came back and left the next morning, so when he woke up he was alone once again. With a few hours to spare he prepared for Ashley's arrival, giddy with excitement.

\*

The following Monday felt like a Friday for Ethan. The day held infinite possibilities. The house was his for the entire day, as no one would be back until Tuesday morning, and it gave him free reign to go wild. He cooked a nice plate of sausages and eggs, and washed it with freshly squeezed orange juice. Loading up on carbs and vitamins was his goal, mostly as superstition, but he felt he'd need the energy for what was to come. He took a thorough shower with spicy coconut gel. Ethan was ready.

At ten the doorbell rang, and he raced to open it like a dog missing its master. Ashley stood on the other side, gaunt and taller, wearing higher heels, with black leggings under a plaid skirt—despite the weather. She held her handbag with both hands behind her back, her mouth pursed in a smile. The pose alone made her look nineteen, as if she snuck out for a quick screw with her boyfriend.

"Ash, come on in" Ethan beamed, dimming his enthusiasm just a little so he didn't seem obsessive.

"Already on short name basis, are we?" she grinned, walking in and following him knowingly into that familiar room "How are you feeling?"

"Better."

"That's good. I, uh, asked one of the weekend lab assistants to sample the pills. Got the results emailed to me last night. It's as I thought."

Ethan faced her, stopping "What did they find?"

“Well, the pill itself is unchanged. *Hexa*-whatever, but on the surface they were thoroughly coated with—I have it written here—*lysergic acid diethylamide*—LSD dust in short. The way it was spread means it was no accident. Someone is out to get you; high at least.”

“Huh? Why would anyone go after me?”

“You tell me.”

“And besides, tell you the truth I’ve been feeling a little trippy on Saturday, and I haven’t taken my pills then either.”

Ashley made one of her nose sniffs—a pause to ease him into something he didn’t want to hear “You know what that means, don’t you? Whoever spiked your pills spiked something else, which means it’s someone in your family. It was someone close.”

Ethan gave her the “yeah right” look, but he did start to wonder. Suppose it was true. Who would it be? His mom and pop? No, they loved him too much, not to mention they were strictly against any form of recreational drugs or alcohol. Sadie? She was the one most concerned about him.

He spoke just as the thought hit him “I did drink with Sadie once, before the trip started... and on another day I drank some of the coffee she left warming, also before some hallucinations. But I don’t see why she would do it.”

“Sadie’s your step-sister? How close are you?”

“We’re close but not like weird-close. We’re friends, though we hang in separate circles and rarely intersect. Again, I don’t know why she’d do it. She only showed care for me these past months.”

Ashley shrugged “People act irrationally sometimes. Pay more attention from now on. Maybe it’s just a big misunderstanding. I don’t want to put a wedge between your family and you, but this can be bad for your health.”

Ethan sighed “Thanks for the warning.”

“Don’t mention it. How’s the story coming along?”

“See for yourself.”

He pointed Ashley to his Word file, already thirty pages larger than the last time she was here. She read through it carefully, occasionally giving comments such as “wow” and “that’s really good”

and “I didn’t see that coming”, mixed in with certain grammar tips, just because he couldn’t be Mr. Perfect.

“What can I say, you got me hooked. When can I see the rest?”

“I’m hoping to finish it over the week, I can’t promise anything though. Can’t force these things. But what do you think?”

Ashley swivelled her chair around “Solid stuff. I like the faster pace and the fact that living Harry is starting his counter-offensive. I’m not sure about Sylvia though—I can see where you’re coming from with her—but is it really necessary?”

Ethan shrugged “I suppose it’s not, but there just aren’t enough girls with dicks in literature, wouldn’t you agree?”

“Are you trying to impress me?”

“More like *undress* you.”

Ashley raised an eyebrow “Ah, and so we are back to *that*.”

“Yes, as we agreed. Did I do good, mommy? Will mommy love me now?”

Ashley grinned ferociously “Mommy will do a lot more than love you, Ethan. You’ve passed the test with flying colours. I should ask you one last time: have you really made up your mind? If this happens it can’t un-happen, so you better be ready. I’m a complete different person in bed. I get... territorial. And I am not saying this lightly.”

“Less questions more actions.”

“Slow your roll stud, how much time do we have?”

“All day. *All*. Day. Nobody here but me until tomorrow morning. Fam’s out of town. Sadie went to a cottage party with her friends for two days.”

“Excellent. That only leave one more question” Ashley beamed, showing her tiny molars like fangs. The grin was predatory.

“Yes?”

“Which one of us will be the woman?”

“We shouldn’t be here” Ethan said, instead thinking that they totally could, but saying the opposite made him feel a little bit more moral about himself.

Ashley was leading the search by some preternatural means or like a drug-sniffer dog “I disagree. You chose to play the woman—which I must say surprised me, since men in general prefer taking asses than giving them up—but now that you have made your decision we must make you look the part.”

“What if I change my mind?”

“Oh no, Ethan, it’s far too late now” Ashley chuckled, opening a drawer at random. With sleek poise she exposed a black pentagon with a pair of red lips in the middle, held together with a frame of strings—one that went horizontally and one vertically “Very cheeky. These will suit you well.”

“Ugh, jeez Ash. It’s my step-sister’s thong.”

“Relax, it’s freshly washed—here, smell it.”

“No thanks. And it’s not the point” Ethan said, brushing the thong aside. Truth be told, he did kind of want to smell it... not because of Sadie, but just to see what a woman’s panties smelled like. He never had any interest in Colene’s panties, and he was starting to feel that he missed out.

Of course the bulge in his pants was skewing his mental compass. It wanted its own attractions. The bulge was perfectly giddy with wearing the same fabric that covered his step-sister’s most private parts. The bulge had already accepted the pleasure from Sadie’s dildo, so this was nothing in comparison.

“The point is you have no choice. Either we use your step-sister’s clothes or we use your mom’s, and I doubt she has the same level of slutty wear to our disposal. I don’t need to explain why that option would be worse, do I?”

“Point taken” Ethan conceded “Man, I didn’t know Sadie wore these kinds of things.”

“Most girls do, particularly the popular, outgoing sorts. At least some of the time. Maybe we can find her dildos or even a vibrator.”

“I know where they are already, but I’d rather not use toys when we have the real thing.”

Ashley gave him a studying look, the kind the came over her glasses, which she gave in class to whoever made a smartass comment. “That so? Someone had been dipping into the no-no stash. Naughty, naughty Ethan.”

Ethan shrugged, didn’t reply. He already established himself as a bit of a pervert, so there was no point defending anything.

Ashley continued her search. Somehow she knew where all the sexy stuff was kept, beneath all the standard pants and underwear and sarongs and hoodies. She was like an expert shopper inside a house, knowing all the best deals and bargains. Beneath one decoy pile was a brassiere that would cover the areolas on a good day, like two bottle caps on a string “Another excellent find” she said.

“Why even bother pretending to cover up?” Ethan thought. What was the point of such non-existent clothes? Then, on a deeper bulge a la mode level, he pictured Sadie wearing it (her red-headed shape quickly changed to that of Colene to make the thought less creepy). In his mind he moved like a bodiless camera, zooming in and examining the protruding pink glow just outside of the fabric, each base of a nipple like aurora borealis around an iceberg.

“The idea of clothes and the boundaries of fabric and flesh can eroticize anything. Ah, a white-lace scrunchie... guess where that thing will go?”

“Are we done yet? All the blood is draining to my dick and I’m going to pass out.”

“Almost. We can’t forget the makeup” Ashley opened the box—big, black, and obvious—then paused “Huh, the mystery of the phantom spiker is solved. Your step-sister got quite the collection of pills.”

“Let me see” Ethan said, curious. Indeed, below the outer layer of mascara and other colours, was a hidden compartment of baggies. Sadie. The word sprang in his mind like a prison shiv. She wanted to hurt him... to unravel him. Why? What has he ever done to her? Frustration came over him but he pushed it away. Instead he took a deep breath “You should be a detective, Ash.”

“I know, right?” Ashley grinned with hands full makeup items  
“Now, let’s get you ready for the sex of your life.”

\*

“Come on in, doll” Ashley said from the bed. She took off her skirt and leggings and underwear, only keeping the pouch on, where her gargantuan cock throbbed against its confines like a chained beast. She was burning up; face red and skin sweating in that unmistakable pre-sex glow, her body revving up, all the muscles tensing before the final exertion. Her bare, smooth legs were spread wide open, mauve-painted toes nipping at the air—each lick of the air conditioner sent spasms shivering through her body, setting her off like fireworks on the fourth of July. Her chest was rising and falling, nipples hard and ready.

She wanted this.

She wanted Ethan.

She wanted her student.

And she could have him—*would* have him. Because she got everything that she wanted. Always. And he wanted it too, which made it that much better. She could flirt anyone out of their pants, but it was a nice change of pace when someone else came to her.

Uncertain footsteps milled outside the room. Ashley could sense fingertips press against the door, unable to push it open. She licked her lips. She loved the timid ones the best, the first timers. Breaking in the willing was one of her favourite pastimes.

“Come in” Ashley repeated, harder this time “Don’t make me come get you.”

The door swung open, slowly, like a camera shutter in slow motion. Outside stood a tall, thin girl, holding one of her arms with another. Her eyes were painted with dark violet mascara, cheeks blushed, lips a glossy pink. She wore a blonde wig—cut short with two bangs—and two clip-on earrings snapped on each earlobe.

On her neck was a thin strip of a leather collar; further bellow was the tiniest bikini top in the world, bellow which was the most revealing bikini bottom in the world, from which peaked an erect

penis like a periscope, with a white lace scrunchie around it. On her legs and arms (nails painted beige) were dark brown pantyhose with garter-belt and gloves up to her elbows (another surprise find, which made Ethan wonder for whom Sadie bought these things). Her feet were covered with high-heeled shoes, and when she walked to the center of the room she nearly tripped.

Ashley bit her lip “You’re such a beauty, Ethelle” she said as she admired her handiwork “Turn around and lets have a look at you. Show me the goods.”

Slowly and awkwardly due to the heels, Ethelle did a three-sixty turn. At one-eighty degrees, Ashley pinched her exposed bottom, bare except for the single hole covered up with the piece of string. She faced Ashley again, rubbing her wrists before her.

“Get on your knees and come closer.”

Ethelle obeyed. She shimmied closer and looked up at her master like a good dog.

Ashley put her arms behind her like two bridge supports, thrusting and holding her pelvis in front of her “Now you finally get to unwrap me.”

This was it. The payoff. The long awaited thing.

Ethelle swallowed. Her saliva took forever to slink down her throat, but when it was over, she made to grab Ashley’s pouch with her shaky hands. She didn’t make it even half way before Ashley slapped her hands away. The slap hurt.

“No hands. Use your teeth.”

Ethelle sinuated her head towards the side-knot of string which acted as an off switch in the pouch’s design. Her cheeks brushed against Ashley’s thighs, noticing the shrinking proximity between her head and that bulging leather sphere. She felt it pulsate, felt the heat waves of Ashley’s toned body. It smelled... womanly, yet *raw* and *forceful*.

She bit for purchase, her tongue trying to wedge the ball of string into her mouth, but for a while all it did was simply taste Ashley’s salty skin. Finally, after several attempts, Ethelle managed to snag the longer piece of string. Holding on to it with her teeth, she yanked her head back, and as she stood up the pouch uncoiled.

Ashley's fully erect cock broke free out of her pouch like a loaf of tanned pastrami on a spring, bulbous and veined and the size of two water bottles.

Ethelle stood with the pouch in her mouth, her eyes bulging, transfixed upon the magnitude of Ashley's endowment. She knew that it was massive, but she had previously seen it only in its flaccid state. Now, engorged on the blood, this fleshy trunk seemed too much for her untested boy-pussy.

Ashley grabbed it with one hand, lifting it up, and up, and up, like some colossal monument being erected in place by a throng of worshippers. Her sack dropped down, brimming with semen soon to be inside *her*. That fact alone sent her into a state of profound delirium.

She gulped.

"Like what you see, girl?"

Ethelle nodded "I'm scared."

"Of what?" Ashley teased, stroking herself lightly. Her watch jiggled with every motion.

"Of that *thing* fitting in me. I don't think my kind of pussy can stretch that much." She didn't say that their difference was also in maturity: she was twenty-four, at least a decade younger than Ash (though you couldn't tell much difference), so their proportions were skewed. Ash was fully grown. *Her* hole wasn't. Ethelle didn't want to break.

"You will be surprised how accommodating you can be, dear, with enough lube and force of will. Now come have a taste, and don't worry about the cum—I can go all day long without recharging. Don't hold back, you'll need the effort."

Ethelle came closer—she had no voice in this, obedient to the letter. She got back on her knees, wedging herself between Ashley's legs. She looked up from her position, catching Ashley's bespectacled eyes glaring from up on high like some primordial god. She could almost hear the cry of an eagle soaring through the nimbus of clouds around Ashley's neck, past the rays of sunlight which made her squint her eyes.

She planted her palms across Ashley's inner thighs and gently parted them further. Pre-emptively she unrolled her tongue across the bottom of Ashley's sack, and then in a single popsicle-licking motion slid her tongue up against the shaft. The motion carried on forever, and by the time she had reached the fleshy folds of the tip she was an old woman. Then, panting and tired, she reversed the motion. Tilting her head down she started to swallow Ashley's cock.

Its length disappeared down her throat, but slowly, slowly, to avoid gagging, she inched her head down to its base. Her tongue used saliva for anti-friction, smoothing the descent, until Ethelle was once again a young woman at the bottom. Her eyes were bulging and spit-stained, but she concealed Ashley's entire shaft inside her throat. Ashley grabbed Ethelle's head and locked it in place, until Ethelle's spasmic convulsions and gagging sounds made Ashley yank her head off her cock.

Ethelle coughed, spitting onto the carpet. Her mascara was beginning to run from all the sweat, the lipstick leaking in rivulets of pink blood as if she was a freshly-fed vampire. She looked pleadingly at Ashley, her eyes wet and shimmering. Ashley's cock had not diminished, but now it was covered with strips of lipstick and lip-mark hickeys.

*I feel like I just ran a marathon,* Ethelle thought. *And the race didn't even start yet.*

"How was it?" Ashley asked, already in motion.

"Filling."

"Now for the main course—"

Everything was happening too fast. Ashley was up from her bed and coming around, and Ethelle was being pushed back, retreating *to* the bed, then *on* the bed, then Ashley was above her, the python waving before her face. The python lunged into her mouth again, driving Ethelle into the mattress.

This time Ethelle didn't have to do any work. Ash kept thrusting, slamming Ethelle into her pillow over and over again. Each thrust tickled her appendix with the tip of Ashley's cock. Each thrust made her want to gag on her own saliva, but the tip stopped just

short enough. Her mouth was parted wider than at a dentist appointment.

It wasn't a blowjob. Ethelle wasn't using her mouth to suck off Ashley—Ashley was using her mouth to get *herself* off. Ethelle was reduced to a tool, a masturbation accessory, slammed into her own bed like a blow-up doll at a frat party. She was only a membrane, a fleshy orifice for self-stimulation. The powerlessness was arousing, and her own bud had begun its slow unwinding from underneath her step-sister's thong. Somehow it was embarrassingly inadequate, compared to Ashley's girth.

After what seemed like forever, Ashley drove into her one last time, and stayed. Her cock wedged deeply in Ethelle's throat, making her gurgle obscene noises. It was getting hard to breathe. She needed to gulp air from her mouth, but all she gulped now were what appeared to be litres and litres of steaming hot cum.

"Drink up" Ashley grunted, closing her eyes. Ethelle didn't know if this was real or if she was imagining it, but right now it felt as if she had a hose in her mouth, and that hose was shooting a powerful stream of unending ejaculate that was hitting the back of her throat. It had nowhere else to go but down into her belly, so she gulped it all down quickly to keep up.

When the cock finally unsheathed itself out of her mouth, Ethelle retched the cum that she couldn't swallow on her bed.

"Mercy. Have mercy." She pleaded mid-coughs. Despite Miss Hale's secretarial appearance, a sort of timid stance that projected itself in everything she did, she was in fact a dominant in bed, with the strength to match.

Being fucked by Miss Hale became something else entirely from what Ethelle imagined her to be like. For one, she had imagined being the one plunging her cock into her teacher, not the other way around, and she imagined her teacher moaning as she took it, shyly and timidly the way she was supposed to sound. But this reversal was even more fun, this bestial grunting and thrusting.

It was clear now that Ashley's cock did not operate adjacent to the laws of physics. Despite shooting all that cum it had remained just as erect as it was before. Ashley kept stroking it roughly, keeping

that fire burning. The pink lipstick smears had coated it almost entirely.

“Giving up so soon?” she cooed, sliding her nail down Ethelle’s own erect imitation, giving it new life. “I will not let you get away until I’ve taken your virgin boy-pussy.”

Ethelle whimpered.

“Turn around and get on your knees.”

Ethelle obeyed. With a quick yank of a hand, Ashley tore away Sadie’s thong, letting Ethelle’s phallus drop down and swing ever so slightly. She gave it a few tentative jerks before slapping Ethelle’s bottom, causing her to drive a single hump into her bed.

“Spread your legs, and then spread your pussy.”

Again Ethelle obeyed. After getting in position, she used both of her index fingers to hook her washed anus and pulled it apart. “Like this?”

“Yes, just like this” Ashley’s breath came hot right at the opening. Ethelle felt the warm tongue of her teacher lick the rim of her orifice, wetting it with warm saliva, coating both it and the fingers holding it open, before she sent in her own finger to probe. It slid in and tickled her insides. It was a red herring, a foreshadowing, a small representation of the true cock that was about to ravish her.

“Hold it open and I’ll get the lube.”

Ashley’s finger was cold, and the lube colder, and its comprehensive probing sent Ethelle into fits of profound squirming. Her orifice convulsed and constricted, wrapping itself around Ashley’s finger. The longer she was lathered the slicker she became, until the finger began moving in and out almost effortlessly. Soon she stopped noticing it entirely, knowing that the new sensation was disarming her from the incoming *pièce de résistance*, and that its imminent arrival was going to pass through her like Drano through a clogged pipe by comparison.

Satisfied, Ashley removed her finger, causing Ethelle to sigh involuntarily.

“Nice and slobbering. Just how I like them.”

Ethelle eeped. She had no time to form a steamy response, the gigantic tip of Ashley’s penis already coercing itself against her

prepared opening. Her membranes parted slowly, forcing her to let go of her hole and grab hold of the bedcover and brace herself. She clamped her teeth shut, while Ashley grabbed her spread buttocks and forced herself in.

The penetration was sudden and deep, the lube making short work of admittance. It was like shoving a chorizo through the throat of a water bottle by smacking it with a hammer. Ethelle shrieked in a sudden expulsion of air. Her cock reached its maximum length in an instant and shot a load of cum into her bed. Ashley was in no hurry to withdraw, keeping her shaft buried up to the sack in Ethelle's opening, letting her feel it filling her up. Ethelle squirmed as the cock pulsed inside her. She felt its muscles flick up and down, all the way in her colon.

Ethelle tried to speak. She wanted to give words to the sensation she was feeling, but every time she opened her mouth a moan escaped her. Her face was on fire, replica nipples erect and poking through her step-sister's tiny bikini top.

"And you were afraid I wouldn't fit" Ashley said as she nibbled on her earlobe. She was lying on top now, her weight pressing Ethelle's folded cock down, while her breasts pushed into Ethelle's back.

"Take... take it out" Ethelle whispered "It's too much"

"But I like it here. It's so tight and warm" Ashley teased, but even so, her cock was slowly withdrawing, scraping against the inner walls and gathering skin.

Its tip was almost out when Ashley decided to slam it inside again. It went smoother. Ethelle shrieked again, except that this time the shriek came from the door. She opened her eyes and stared in horror as Sadie stood in the doorway, her face a mask of horror and shock, her hand at her mouth. If Ethelle still had blood anywhere else but her cock, it would have drained right now. What was Sadie doing back so early?

Ashley glanced at the slightly chubby blonde but did not stop thrusting. She was building momentum, no longer keeping herself buried, but driving herself in and out with hectic bursts. Both she and Ethelle began to pant. Ethelle looked at her step-sister while she was

being railed, imagining what it would look like from the point of view of an outsider.

“What...what...what” Sadie stammered.

Ashley ignored her “Take it you slut!” she screamed instead, picking up tempo.

Ethelle’s ears burned. She only imagined what her step-sister was seeing and hearing—such immense perversion!—but she was powerless from responding to Miss Hale’s rod. Her moans were getting louder, almost sounding as if they were in pain.

“Stop... stop hurting my brother!” Sadie shrieked.

Ethelle was about to respond when Ashley pressed her face into the pillow and muffled her.

“I’m not hurting your brother. Your brother isn’t here. This sexy bitch is Ethelle, and she’s my bottom slut” Ashley said, grinning. She was so into it that she had forgotten about being a teacher, or having any sense of decency for that matter.

Nervous tears were leaking from Sadie’s eyes. “Please, Ethan, stop! What are you doing!?” She still hadn’t moved, frozen in shock.

“Don’t talk to her. She does what I say. Talk to me.”

Sadie gaped for a moment, then regarded Ashley “I... I know you! You’re Miss Hale, from the university!”

“Yes I am. I’m helping with your brother’s assignment.”

“I... I didn’t know you had a...a...” Sadie trailed away.

Ashley chuckled “Yeah, I got a nice fat cock, with which I am fucking your virgin-ass brother.”

“Why!?” Sadie pleaded “It’s not supposed to go in there!”

Ashley chuckled again, breathing heavily “Oh, but the best place for it to go is inside a handsome young man’s ass-pussy!”

“You’re hurting my brother!”

“Does he look like he’s hurting?” Ashley asked. She yanked Ethelle’s head, arching her backwards.

“Fuck me harder Miss Hale!” Ethelle spasmed. The sudden words shocked her.

“See? He’s loving my cock” Ashley said to Sadie. Then she slapped Ethelle’s ass “I’ll do you one better. I won’t stop until I impregnate your tight little ass!”

She pressed Ethelle's face back into the covers, smacking her thighs roughly against her butt.

Sadie didn't move. Her eyes were focused on the point of entry. Ethelle could see her thoughts and initial terror drifting away. Mewling, indecipherable sounds escaped her throat.

"Either leave us alone, or watch quietly from the chair" Ashley commanded.

Ethelle was once again surprised. She expected Sadie to skulk away, but instead her step-sister inched her way to the chair and sat down, still watching them. It never crossed her mind that Sadie wanted so see her get fucked, but in that moment she didn't care. She was lost in the passion.

"You're all a family of perverts, aren't you? You were just screaming at us a moment ago, now you stay to watch your brother taking it up his ass from his futa teacher. I can see your nipples through your shirt."

Sadie gasped, instinctively shielding her meaty breasts.

"I'm not judging" Ashley said "Sometimes step-sisters crush on their brothers, but as long as you don't touch we'll have no problems."

"Sadie, you don't have to... watch this. Go make a sandwich or something" Ethelle gasped.

Ashley slapped her ass again "Shush you." She reversed position, and suddenly Ethelle found herself straddling the cock on Ashley's lap, her own cock flopping unceremoniously in front of her step-sister. Sadie looked pale and flushed, sunken in the chair like a residue puddle of a thawed iceberg. She looked uncomfortable, but not in a disgusted sort of way—Ethelle had all the time in the world to watch her sister now—rather, Sadie looked like she wanted to scratch while carrying an armload of china plates.

She could see that Sadie wanted to desperately play with herself, but her sense of judgement restrained her. In that moment Ethelle saw everything. With Ashley's punishing monolith stretching her wet hole she felt like a living antennae, in a moment of total clarity.

She knew why Sadie spiked her pills. Her step-sister must have thought that by keeping her permanently in a state of hallucinogenic delirium—perhaps one of a mutual variety—Ethelle would be rattled enough to have sex with her. It was the only explanation. It wasn't anger or malice or jealousy, but simply an overwhelming show of love; love so great that it would cross moral boundaries.

Sadie was fighting herself, one part watching her transformed brother being dominated by another, while the other part was trying to save her.

It wasn't too late yet to save Sadie. Ethelle leaned her head back so that her mouth was next to Ashley's ear, then whispered instructions. Ashley gave Sadie a squinted glance.

"I understand" she whispered back. Without changing her tempo she grabbed Ethelle stiff lady cock and began to jerk it hard. The sweat of her hands made an excellent lubricant.

Ethelle prepared herself for the finale. She pictured herself as a real woman, prepared to receive her husband's abundant seed.

"I'm going to cum right inside your brother" Ashley teased Sadie as she thrust in her final eruption. Ethelle felt the rush of warmth. She imagined the spunk traveling up her colon as if it was travelling inside a true vagina. But it wouldn't stop there. On it would go, towards her womb, ready to breed new life.

Ethelle cried in her final orgasm, her fiery cock shooting a load as thick and copious as the one in her rear. Ashley directed Ethelle's cock towards Sadie, and the spunk hit her blouse right between her plump breasts. That broke her stupor, and she shrieked, running out of the room. Doors opened and slammed shut.

Ethelle sighed. Sadie was safe now. Maybe she would feel unfulfilled for the next week, but at least she did not cross the line. Perhaps tonight she would talk to her and calm her down, as well as confront her about the LSD.

"Alone at last" Ashley cooed, pulling Ethelle off her cock as if she was some sort of penile sock puppet.

Ethelle fell back on her bed, thoroughly spent. The two lovers lay next to each other over the covers, their tired cocks falling

asleep.

“I love you Ash” Ethelle crooned as she closed her eyes.

“I love you too Ethan. I wasn’t too rough on your bum, was I?”

Ethelle yawned, curling around Ashley. “No, you were amazing. Are we an item now?”

“Girlfriend and girlfriend or girlfriend or boyfriend?”

“Either kind.”

Ashley chuckled “If you want us to. We can simply make it a one night stand, or a graduation present, as long as we keep it a secret.”

Ethelle shook her head, nuzzling against Ashley’s armpit “No, no. We should” she yawned again “see each other more. We should, like, be a couple.”

The words came easily, but dreamland called her and she was out cold, not hearing Ashley’s response, her mind echoing that mystical word: *couple*.

Sensing her lover’s soft breaths, Miss Hale signed off on the deed with her signature move—by sucking off the unspent cum from the tip of Ethelle’s cock and kissing her on the mouth with it. Then she spoke to the empty room, lying on her back and staring at the white ceiling.

“I had my eye on you for a long time, Ethan. You don’t know how many panties I’ve soiled fantasizing about taking you during my lectures. I’m glad you like me back, but you should know that today was just a morsel before the feast. Just a *taste* of the real me, and I’m afraid once you see who I am and what kind of appetites I have, you might want to reconsider our arrangement. And one more thing you should know—“

She kissed his sleeping cheek, then whispered her final words before she joined Ethan in slumber “I don’t know if I’ll let you screw me back, but I will *definitely* take your pussy again. But I won’t stop there, because one pussy isn’t enough, not for someone like me. I will fuck Sadie, and I will fuck your dad, and I will fuck your mom, and I’ll fuck your ex-girlfriend Colene; hell, I might just fuck everyone close to you. Everyone in your family will know the taste of my cum and the feel of my cock inside them. I think you know who I am in

your story, and if you don't, you will soon enough. I'll be the best and only inspiration you'll need.

Sweet dreams, Ethan.”