



**STEALING
THE
CHEERLEADER'S
Body**

MWTFSS

Stealing the Cheerleader's Body

by M. Wills

material that some might find offensive.

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Thank you!

Also by M. Wills

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Stealing the Cheerleader's Body

My sword slashed through the air towards the gorgon, only seconds from severing her head and saving Tim. I paused just long enough for Mike to roll the dice.

“Nat twenty!” Mike exclaimed, and the cheers from the three of us echoed heroically around my parent's unfinished basement.

I pumped my fist and was already mentally distributing my experience points when I heard a noise from the top of the basement stairs. I looked up and saw my sister, Christen, framed in the doorway, sneering down at the three of us.

“Hey, Dungeons and Dorks,” she scoffed as she descended the creaky

wooden steps.

I picked up the coin I'd been playing with and nervously spun it on the table. My sister loved tormenting us and I only hoped that she would leave as quickly as she came. I kept my eye on the coin as it slowly danced across my character sheet, using it as an excuse to avoid eye contact with my sister as she made her way downstairs.

I'd found the coin this morning on the way to school. It was about the size of a silver dollar and bronze, with some indecipherable words that had been weathered away long ago. It looked sort of Roman, but no Romans had ever been near southern Arizona.

Even with my eyes glued to the coin whirring across the table, I caught

Mike looking up at my sister from behind his dungeon master's manual. His cheeks, already ruddy, blushed even redder to the roots of his curly brown hair as he stared at her. He would never say it but I knew he had a crush on her, and who could blame him? Christen was a cheerleader at our school: limber, blonde, popular. Everything I wasn't. She was also stuck up, vapid, and could be cuttingly cruel. Her cute, slightly elvish features could suddenly pull into a malevolent sneer, then back into wide-eyed innocence whenever the need arose to manipulate some poor slob. Oh, and she was dating the quarterback. A walking cliché basically.

She shot Mike a look of utter disgust as she tucked her wavy honey blonde hair behind her ears. “You lose

something?”

“Huh?” He asked.

She reached the bottom of the stairs and stuck one hand on her hip. It must have driven Mike crazy to stare at her in that outfit she was wearing. Her tiny, denim shorts were cut so high they were nearly bikini bottoms so as to show off the miles of her tanned, smooth legs. Her tight purple top was tied in a knot just under her breasts, leaving her perfect tummy bare and the deep valley of her cleavage on display.

“You're staring at me like you lost something, and I know it wasn't your virginity.” She laughed at her own joke, her lips tucking up in a smirk as she made her way around our small

group to the clothes dryer behind the card table we were sitting at. As she passed I caught a whiff of her light floral perfume.

Tim broke in, “I think he was just surprised because we all thought gorgons were mythical creatures until we saw you.”

I snorted with laughter and spun the coin again as Christen turned and shot Tim a withering look. He just smiled back pleasantly while Mike glanced back and forth between them. Tim was gay and therefore immune to the muteness that struck my other friends at my sister's beauty. She loved tormenting my friends by insulting them as she showed off her—admittedly—stunning body. As Tim wasn't captive to her looks, he escaped the brunt of

my sister's torture and was the only one of us able to come up with a decent retort.

Plus, I think Tim confused her by being too good looking. He always kept himself well groomed and his dark, irregular bangs hung rakishly over one eye. He gave off an air of supreme confidence, which always seemed to throw Christen off her game.

She rolled her eyes. “Whatever.”

She opened the drier door and leaned in to grab her clothes. Mike's eyes just about popped out of his head as he watched Christen lean down, thrusting her tiny ass into the air. It wiggled back and forth, the shorts so small they threatened to reveal everything as she gathered up her laundry, finally

coming up with an armful of bras and panties.

“Do you mind?” I sighed, “We're kind of in the middle of something here.”

“I was just leaving right now to go and have a life. Maybe you've heard of that?”

She glanced at Mike, who looked down quickly, pretending to be interested in a mark on the table.

“Having fun looking at my panties?” She asked.

Mike kept his eyes down but his face became even redder. She soon turned and walked back upstairs.

“Have fun being a bitch!” Tim yelled.

“Have fun being a troll!” She replied

over her shoulder before slamming the door behind her.

“Trolls actually live in caves, not basements,” Mike grumbled under his breath.

“Oh my god,” Tim said, turning to me, “How do you even live with that?”

“Avoidance, mostly. It's a big house.”

“I think I would have strangled her years ago. Done the world a huge favor. I've never seen anyone so up their own ass.”

“I bet Mike would like to get up her ass.” I snickered.

Mike somehow blushed even redder. “What? No. What? I-- No.”

I spun the strange coin again and it

slowly danced across the tabletop once more.

“Well,” Tim said, “One day she'll get what she deserves.”

“Maybe,” I sighed, “Whenever that one day is I just wish I could be the one to give it to her.”

I slammed my hand onto the coin, flattening it onto the table. There was a sharp burn on my palm, like quickly touching a hot pan on a stove. I yanked my hand up and looked at it. The word “GRANTED” was imprinted in angry red skin on my palm, the letters disappearing even as I read them.

“What's going on with your hand?” Mike asked.

“I-- Nothing.” I said. The word on my

hand was gone with nothing to show it had ever been there. I changed the subject. “Are we gonna save the castle tonight or what?”

We soon got into the next campaign and I pushed all thought of the coin to the back of my mind. We played until well past midnight and then I sent Mike and Tim home before trudging upstairs and collapsing into my own bed.

II.

I woke up tangled in someone else's sheets. Upon opening my eyes I saw I was in someone else's bedroom. The walls were painted a light rose, and the sheets I was tangled in were pink and frilly. There was a dresser against one wall with a mirror above, the top cluttered with jewelry boxes, necklace stands and a few small unicorn statues. Stuck into the side of the mirror were a few photos of my sister and her boyfriend. One of the closet doors stood open and through it I could see a few of her dainty outfits.

The hell was I doing in my sister's room?

I pushed myself into a sitting position and felt a weight tugging on my chest.

My mouth gaped open as I looked down at myself and saw my sister's body: golden hair fell messily across my shoulders, slender breasts pressed against the sheer fabric of my night-shirt, the nipples pushing out like two tiny thimbles. A pair of pink panties were nestled between smooth thighs and, throwing the sheets off in shock, I saw her long, bronzed legs and petite toes, the nails painted a bright pink. I wiggled my tiny toes, watched them move at my command.

I was breathing hard, staring down at my sister's body in disbelief. I wiggled my fingers and watched them respond. I brought my hands up to my chest, hesitating a second before gripping my tits, feeling the weight of them. This was real all right.

I stood and walked to the mirror over the dresser, pushing the fine, blonde hair out of my face. Somehow, I was a half-naked 18-year-old woman and I felt crazy sensual, my body jiggling in strange ways with each step. As I approached the mirror my sister's face came into view, her mouth still open in surprise, her tiny, dark eyebrows arched across pale green eyes in astonishment. I closed my mouth and watched her mirror image do the same. I leaned closer to the mirror until I could see the tiny freckles across the bridge of her upturned little nose. My eyes flickered over my new face, examining my light green eyes flecked with gold as I brought the fingers of one hand up and felt my soft cheek, dragged my fingers across my nose, feeling my gently curved nostrils and

my plump lips.

What in the fucking fuck?? I'd turned into Christen. I'd become my sister: a pretty, popular, bitchy cheerleader. How was this even possible? I was hyperventilating, which caused my breasts to heave up and down and just made the problem worse. Panic wasn't going to help. I gripped the dresser, closed my eyes and took deep breaths, in through my—tiny, button—nose and out through my—soft, cherry ripe—lips.

After a minute or two I had calmed down enough to think rationally. My palm was itchy. I scratched it, felt some lightly raised bumps, and looked down to see the word “GRANTED” already disappearing from my skin. The coin. I'd made a wish and apparently it had

been granted.

What, exactly was the wish? I thought hard, trying to remember the words I'd said before the coin burned my hand. Something about being there for one day so she gets what she deserves? Yes, that was it. The coin must have taken it to mean I wished to be my sister for one day. I hoped it was only one day. That was all I needed. One day to take her body and do whatever I wanted with it. To get revenge for all her bitchy, petty actions. To totally and completely enjoy myself with no consequences. For me, anyway.

Holy hell, this might actually be pretty sweet.

In real life I was a virgin and had only ever seen a naked woman on the

internet. So, despite this delicate body belonging to my sister, I was intrigued to see myself naked. I opened my eyes and stared down at my new body, at the enticing curves pressing out beneath my shirt. I gripped the hem of my shirt and pulled it off over my head, then brushed the blonde hair out of my eyes and stared down at my beautiful tits. Fuck, my sister's tits were amazing. Big enough so I could only just cup one in each hand, which I did immediately. They were warm and comfortingly weighty. The skin was flawless, the curves wonderfully perfect and capped with delicate pink areolae. I jiggled them gently, watched the flesh bounce hypnotically.

I twisted around to get a glimpse of my new ass. Tight and perky. Jesus, she really did have a perfect body. I was a

walking wet dream. I gripped one ass cheek and squeezed it, marveling at how soft and smooth my sister's skin was. My fingers wandered towards the crack of my ass...

There was a frantic knocking at the door followed by a whispered voice. My old voice.

“Neil! Neil!”

It could only be one person. If I was in Christen's body, that must mean...

“Hello, sister dear,” I smiled a winning smile as I opened the door.

My sister was in my former body staring down at me—I'd lost about a head of height—with a look of astonishment. The hair on my former head was disheveled and my body wore only

my boxers. It must have been quite a shock trading such a sexy feminine body for a pudgy male one. Though, gazing at my body critically for the first time from outside of myself, I saw that I really wasn't bad looking. Decent body, boyishly handsome face. My hair could use some work and those boxy glasses weren't doing anything for my face, though.

“Neil! Wh--? What did you do? Are you naked?!” Her eyes bounced down to my tits, then back up.

I opened the door wider and leaned against the door jam, hyper-aware of my tits bobbing from my chest.

“I've still got panties on. For now.” I replied calmly. “As for what happened, well, I took your body. And, oh boy, am

I going to have some fun as you. I'm going to ruin you.”

“Don't you dare!”

“You can't stop me. You've been such a bitch it's time you got what you deserved. I'm going to enjoy being you. And I'm really going to enjoy these.”

I swung my chest from side to side, making my glorious tits bounce back and forth. I laughed at the expression on her face as it rotated between anger and fear.

“I can ruin your life too, you know.”
She glared.

“Oh, really?” I scoffed. “I'm a Dungeons and Dragons nerd with poor fashion sense. Face it, Neil, you couldn't make me any less popular

than I already am. Now leave me alone before I yell to mom and dad that you're being a perv and looking at your sister's tits.”

With that I closed and locked the door. My mind was already reeling with possibilities of what I could do with her. But first, I thought I should get to know my new body.

I returned to the mirror and ran my hands through my soft, blonde hair, before drifting down my swan-like neck. I grabbed my tits again. They were firm and delightful to hold. I could really fondle them all day. I let my fingers whisper across my sensitive skin, circling over and under my new breasts until my tiny nipples spiked out in anticipation. Little nubs grew from my areolae and when my fingers

found them and gently pinched a wave of warm pleasure eased through my body. I continued tickling myself, watching from my new perspective as I forced my sister's fingers across her breasts, staring into the mirror at my new body as I made her fondle herself.

I sighed softly as another wave of warmth rolled through me. My head rolled back and I continued stroking my nipples, my eyes half-lidded as a burning ember between my thighs called to me. I slid my hands down my body, enjoying each inch of perfect young skin before landing on my panties. I rolled them down my long legs slowly, revealing the chestnut-colored pubic hair, meticulously trimmed into a perfect triangle pointing towards my slit. I stepped out of my panties, enjoying my first site of

my sister's completely naked body. I was alone in a bedroom with a woman that every guy at school would kill to be with. And I had her all to myself to make her do whatever I wanted. She was my sister, but that didn't make her body any less perfect. And now, inside her, it wouldn't be so wrong to touch whatever I wanted.

I lay on the bed, propping my head up on a few of her pink pillows so I could watch my body as I caressed myself, stroking my thighs, dragging my fingers lightly over my pussy, feeling the coarse hair beneath my touch with each pass. Looking down at this beautiful girl touching herself, feeling the sensations as I stroked her gorgeous feminine body, made me unbelievably horny. A strange sensation of an inner tension and an outer loosening

gathered inside me and I began to grow wet.

I slowly dipped a finger down inside myself, watched as it disappeared between the lips of my pussy as I penetrated Christen's body for the first time. It felt delicious, so right to have something inside me. My pussy lips folded over my fingers, encircling me, and I enjoyed my inner warmth. I circled my finger around inside my pink folds, exploring myself until I hit a smooth bump that sent a shiver of delight back up through me and pushed a soft sigh from my lips. That was the spot. I stayed there, my finger rubbing gently as my clit revealed itself and my body hummed with desire for myself. I added another finger, manipulating my gentle folds, slipping down into my dew and dragging it back up,

constantly circling and gazing down at my naked body in awe. I was wet now, and felt a trickle of pussy juice make its way down my sensitive skin.

A woman moaned, high-pitched and horny, and I realized it was me. That was my voice. This was my body. The thought sent another pulse of lust through me. My fingers sped up as the pulses grew closer together, pleasure burning bright within my body as I approached the peak. I wriggled my ass, thrusting up towards my fingers, driving my fingers harder inside my wet heat as my aching pussy cried for more and then suddenly it was like a dam broke inside me. I gasped “Ohh” as wild delight exploded through me, reverberating through my body from head to toe. I pushed my head back into the pillow, riding the wave of

orgasm up and back down.

I was still horny. I needed more. I continued rubbing myself with one hand as the other came up to play with my tits. I stared down at my sister's body, watching this woman, knowing it was me, knowing I could do anything, feel everything as I pleased myself madly, my fingers strumming the pleasure through my body and then the orgasm shot through me again, higher and more intense this time. I cried out "Ohhhh", high-pitched as pleasure pounded me. Even before that one was over my fingers circled inside me, even harder, my other hand squeezing my tit, pinching the nipple between thumb and forefinger, pain merging with pleasure as I squeezed my nipple, my fingers thrust inside me, urging me upwards, incredibly still horny and

then I crested a third time and it was like the entire earth burst with my orgasm. I cried out as my tiny body shook, the tension flooding through my sensitive body and out of me, the bright white explosion of ecstasy propelling my cries from my tender lips “Ohh, fuuuck!” I moaned, little caring who could hear me, only concerned with the orgasm pounding my tiny body for what seemed an eternity before slowly releasing me.

I came back down to earth gently, my fingers still inside myself, hands sopping wet, pussy dripping onto the sheets beneath me. Goddamn Christen felt good.

I bet she'd feel even better with a dick inside her.

III.

I stood and threw open the doors to her closet to look at her outfits. I was greeted with rows of tops and blouses and dresses and skirts, most of them flimsy, all of them girly. I flipped through them, looking for something suitably slutty. I held a couple up to my body as I eyed myself critically in Christen's mirror before finally landing on a short, white skirt and a light blue sleeveless top. I slipped my legs into the skirt and pulled it up, adjusting it to fit over my cute little ass. The pleats ended about mid-thigh and it was loose enough that I could feel the material swish over my legs with each step. It took some getting used to because I felt so naked, especially because I hadn't put on any panties and my pink pussy threatened to be

revealed every time I sat down unless I kept my legs tight together.

The top came on easily; the material was soft and comfortable and clung to my slender form, tapering down over my trim belly. Not having a bra meant my bare nipples dimpled the lightweight fabric and if I leaned over then the material would fall forward enough to show off my tits.

I turned to my sister's mirror and grabbed the brush off her chest of drawers. I held my flowing blonde hair and brushed it out, carefully combing my bangs down over my forehead and pulling the rest back into a ponytail like I'd seen Christen wear it. I grabbed a blue ribbon to match my top from a pile of assorted hair ties on the dresser and attempted to tie my

ponytail back, which was an impossible task. After a few failures I decided to cheat and used a hair tie to hold the hair in place before hiding it beneath the blue ribbon.

That done, I proceeded out of my room and into the bathroom across the hall, my blonde ponytail bobbing with each step. Once inside, I closed the door and surveyed the cornucopia of makeup my sister left spread out across the counters. Vials and jars and bottles and brushes of all sizes were arranged around the sinks. I put my hands on my hips and puffed out my cheeks. I had no idea where to start.

After a minute I had an idea. I returned to my sister's room and grabbed her phone: a ridiculously pink-bejeweled thing that fortunately

let me in with a swipe of her thumbprint. Oh man, I had access to her entire online social life. I set that aside for the moment and looked for some basic makeup tutorials on YouTube. I figured my sister had already picked everything for herself out so I didn't need to worry about the right color for my skin tone or anything like that. I just needed to know how to put it on. A few videos later I found what seemed to be the most basic makeup tutorial available. I brought it back to the bathroom and watched it a few times as I followed the instructions. I had to wipe my face clean and start over a few times but eventually I got close enough. When I finished, I stared at myself critically in the mirror. My sister really didn't need much makeup, her skin was naturally

smooth and gorgeous. And when she didn't have her bitch face on she was the perfect girl-next-door: cute and innocent but somehow still sexy.

I winked at myself in the mirror before making my way downstairs to breakfast, my ponytail bouncing and tickling across my neck. Christen and my mom were already at the table when I came down. Christen had gotten dressed and had seemed to put more effort into her appearance than I ever did. She'd neatly combed my hair and she was wearing one of my least wrinkled shirts. She shot me a look of pure hatred but I guess she must have resigned herself to the fact that no one would believe her wild story of body swapping because she didn't say a word. I kissed our mom good morning and flounced to the refrigerator.

“Someone's in a good mood this morning,” mom said, giving me a smile.

I smiled back. “I just feel like a different person today,” I replied.

I opened the fridge door as mom returned to reading the news on her phone. I stared at Christen until I caught her eye and she turned to me. When I was sure I had her attention I leaned into the fridge, pretending to search for food as I let my tight ass wave in the air. I ran my fingers up my skin, groping her cute ass and pushing my skirt up over my butt cheeks so she could see the crack of my ass and know that I wasn't wearing panties. When I was sure she'd gotten a good look I grabbed the bread and stood, then blew her a kiss. The look on my former face was priceless, but Christen bit her

lip and said nothing.

I toasted the bread and poured myself a huge glass of orange juice, then spread thick layers of peanut butter onto both slices and topped it with huge globs of jelly before taking it to the table to eat. No way was I pecking at a single carrot or some crap like my sister did. I didn't care about my figure. In fact, the fatter I could make her in this one day the better.

As I took a huge bite, Christen stared at me and couldn't help but speak up. "That's a big breakfast, don't you think?"

"Mom! She's fat shaming me." I cried.

Mom looked up at us both, unsure of how to respond. "Uh, Neil, your sister doesn't have to starve herself to look

good. You're not fat, honey.” She said, patting my hand.

I stuck my tongue out at my sister and continued shoveling food into her body. Just as I was working through the last mouthful, there was a honk from outside. Shit, Christen's boyfriend here to pick her up! I'd nearly forgotten she was too good to ride the bus with us peons.

Christen tensed up at the honk and started to rise from her seat but I cut her off.

“Oh, my boyfriend's here. Have fun on the bus, Neil.”

I gulped down my juice, scooped up my sister's tiny pink backpack from the door and hustled down the hill towards the idling Mustang. My sister's

boyfriend, Derek, was driving. He was all angular lines: chiseled jaw, solid cheekbones, and thick muscles capped with dark, intense eyes.

“Hey babe,” He said, leaning over and planting his lips on mine as I slipped into the passenger seat.

I was taken by surprise but, somewhat strangely, my instinct wasn't to pull away from his kiss. He tasted nice—sharp spice and minty freshness—and there was something pleasant about pressing my sister's soft lips to his rough, masculine face. I hadn't been attracted to men in my old body but in my sister's delicate form it felt...right somehow.

But I drew the line when he tried to thrust his tongue into my mouth. I

wasn't quite ready to go that far. Yet. I leaned back and giggled.

“Let's go!” I cried.

“You're eager to get to school,” he said as he gunned the engine and we took off.

“Yeah. Well...I've got plans.”

“Oh, really?” He raised an eyebrow.

Derek really was very handsome. Was that a requirement of all quarterbacks? I shook my head and felt my ponytail jiggling. Why was I thinking that? I'd been my sister for less than three hours and already I was thinking about jumping on top of Derek and riding him hard. Though I guess that would serve me well to complete the rest of my plan.

We listened to the morning DJs on the classic rock station as we drove in to school. Derek ducked and weaved through the traffic like a typical adolescent driver, showing off for his girlfriend. He laughed heartily at the stupid jokes of the wacky morning radio show and my desire wilted a little. He had a great face and a great body, but, man, he laughed at the stupidest shit.

We squealed into the school parking lot, Derek somehow gunning his engine even when he was parking. We both hopped out and I heard someone calling Christen's name. It took me a few seconds to remember that I was Christen now. I turned and saw a group of five other cheerleaders, dressed in skimpy skirts and tiny tops, all beautiful, glowing skin, long limbs

and bountiful breasts. They gestured for me to join them and I only managed one step before Derek swept me up in his arms and kissed me again.

His hand gripped my ass and he pressed me against his hard body. This time I did open my mouth and let him swirl his tongue inside my mouth, sucking on him until I felt his bulge press against my skirt. His hand slid up beneath my skirt, gripping the warm curve of my ass and I pulled back, placing both tiny hands on his massive chest. He looked down at me quizzically.

“Are you wearing panties?” He asked.

“Maybe you'll find out this afternoon,” I smiled, tracing the muscles of his pecs through his shirt with one finger.

I bit my lip seductively and looked up at him as he gaped stupidly down at me. Then I wiggled out of his arms before he could come up with a response.

“I’ll see you after practice,” I called out as I walked away, the fabric of my skirt swishing against my naked body. The morning breeze tickled up and down my legs and played against the faint wetness across my pussy as I joined the other girls. I could feel the lips of my pussy sliding back and forth with each step. Fuck, my sister’s body was enjoyable.

The other cheerleaders gabbed and I laughed along with them as we walked. God, they were hot, and now I could ogle them without fear. I only really knew the name of one of them—Sarah, a ditsy blonde from my gym

class—so I didn't add much to the conversation. The other girls didn't seem to mind, they were just happy to bathe in my presence. My sister was the queen bee, so all these cheerleaders now looked to me for approval as they shared makeup tips and complimented each other on various aspects of hair and nails, offering to do this or that bit of makeup for each other. Basically, the conversation was everything I expected from the type of girls who would be friends with my sister.

I tried to undermine my sister's social status by subtly mocking and belittling them about the inanity of their conversation, but they took it as normal. Apparently they were expecting my sister to throw out a snide comment or belittle them into the pecking order and, rather than get upset, they

apologized every time. Christ, my sister really was a bitch. I was sure that these girls would enjoy seeing Christen fall from the top of her pedestal.

As the gaggle of us girls walked towards the school entrance I felt the eyes of the other students on us. I sensed the envy of the women and the lust from the men. I smiled and made eye contact with them, enjoying this newfound popularity, this new desire for my body. But everyone I made eye contact with looked away, terrified my attention might fall on them and I would toss out a cruel remark. My sister was a terror and everyone knew it. She deserved everything I was going to give her.

I was also conscious of the unfamiliar jiggling of my body at each step, the

realization that the only thing between my naked, nubile body and the outside world was some skimpy fabric that didn't even hide my perky little nipples.

As we neared the front doors of the school I broke off from the group.

“Oh, I forgot something. I'll catch up with you bitches later.”

I wiggled my fingers goodbye as they laughed uncertainly. A few gave me some quizzical looks but no one asked any questions. The benefits of being the queen.

But hopefully not after today.

I skirted around the edge of the school, past the smokers and the goths, who shot me looks of disgust. I just smiled

and waved. Despite their air of disdain I knew they would have given it all up to be able to take over Christen's body like I was doing.

I pushed through the bushes surrounding the edge of the school grounds and into the clearing where Mike, Tim and I usually hung out. Mike was alone and at the sound of me pushing through the bushes he looked up expectantly but immediately grew apprehensive when he saw it was Christen rather than one of his friends.

“H-hey,” he said.

He tried to stuff his hands into his pockets nonchalantly but missed and ended up just sliding them down his pants. His chubby face stared at me.

Poor Mike would normally never have a chance with a girl this hot. I was going to change all that and give him what he really wanted.

“Hi Mike,” I said in my sister's sweetest voice, walking up to him and smiling gently.

His eyes flitted down to my chest, then back up to my face. He ran his hands through his curly hair. He was a ball of nervousness.

“Neil's not-- not around. I, um, haven't seen him t-today. If you're looking. Are- are you looking?” He stuttered.

I smiled and shook my head. “No, I'm not looking for my brother. Is Tim around?”

Mike's face dropped. “Um, no, haven't

seen him, either.” He mumbled.

“Good. Then it's just the two of us.”

I dropped my backpack on the ground. Mike looked up at me as I brought my face closer to his until we were nearly cheek to cheek, so close I could feel the warmth radiating from his skin. “I've been waiting to get you alone for so long,” I whispered in his ear.

I felt his body tense up as I pulled back slightly and we stared into each other's eyes. “Do you want to kiss me, Mike?”

He nodded.

“Then do it.”

He paused, probably thinking this was some sort of trick. He licked his lips nervously and leaned forward, looking

like he half expected me to yank my head back and pull out a hidden camera. Instead I moved towards him and our lips met. He was tentative at first but grew bolder when I didn't pull away. He didn't have the same perfectly spiced smell of Derek, but he tasted faintly minty as I darted my sister's tongue across his lips. I brought my hand up to his cheek and guided him harder towards me. He soon took the hint and opened his lips and I thrust my tongue inside his mouth.

My tiny nose was pressed against his cheek as we made out. He continued sucking on my tongue, reveling in the taste of my sister, as I pressed my stolen body closer to him. He involuntarily took a step back but I slapped my hand across his ass and pulled him close to me. He was probably trying to

avoid pressing his hard bulge against my soft body but I forced him close and pressed my groin against him, grinding my sister's pussy against his hidden cock. I moaned softly into his mouth. I knew Mike hadn't kissed many girls but he was a quick learner and was soon sucking on my tongue in a way that sent faint pulses of pleasure through me.

There was light pressure across my back as he slipped his hands around me, tentatively at first, but increasing the pressure as he glided up and down my body. Still kissing, I reached behind my back, grabbed one of his hands, and guided it down behind me, beneath the hem of my skirt and back up against my bare ass. He gripped me tightly, squeezing my skin as his breath hitched.

I pulled away from him and grasped the top of my shirt. I yanked it down until one of my heavy tits spilled out of my top, then slid my hand through Mike's hair and pulled him down towards my breast. I cooed as his hot breath hit my skin, his tongue lapping at my nipple, sucking, tasting me, his every desire come true as he tasted my sister's sweet flesh.

I grabbed my other breast, pulling the warm, heavy boob out of my shirt. Mike brought both hands up and grabbed my tits, eagerly suckling first one, then the other. My nipples perked up under his touch. Waves of warmth cascaded through my body as I let Mike have his way with Christen. He nuzzled his face in between my boobs, kissing wildly, eager for every inch of my body. I watched down from my

new perspective as Mike was in heaven in between my sister's tits, licking around and under the dainty curves. His desire for me made me wet, the sight and feel of my tits being suckled and caressed made me wetter, and the warmth cascading through me burned hotter and caused me to tremble even in the cool breeze.

Finally I pulled his face until he was staring into my eyes again. I bit my lip seductively as I stroked his cheek.

“Please let me suck your cock.” I whispered, letting my lips form a delicate pout.

His eyes went wide and he nodded, unable to form words.

I got on my knees in front of him, my skirt brushing across the leaf covered

ground. My hands fumbled with his jeans, eventually unzipping them and pulling them down. Now it was my turn for my eyes to grow wide. The bulge beneath Mike's underwear was massive. I slipped my fingers under the elastic band and rolled it down, revealing his dick little by little, though there was nothing little about it.

Mike's cock was thick and hard as a rock, pointing straight at my pouty lips. There was something beautiful about the veiny shaft, the swollen head straining towards me. There was a power there. I was drawn to it; couldn't take my eyes off the monster in my friend's pants.

“I never knew you were so huge,” I gasped, licking my lips in anticipation.

I wrapped Christen's fingers around Mike's shaft, heard him exhale softly as I gripped his hard-firmness. I brought my face closer, opened my bright red lips wide and kissed the head of his dick. Mike was frozen above me, staring down as he watched his wet dream come true. I stuck out my little pink tongue and licked down his shaft, then back up. His cock had a slightly musky taste, strangely enticing to my feminine taste-buds. I held his cock up against his stomach and licked down his shaft to his balls, sucking on them gently as his cock rested across my nose. I moaned, not because I particularly liked his hairy sac in my mouth, but because I wanted Mike to remember my sister like this, worshipping his cock like a little slut.

God, I was so wet. My other hand

hiked up my skirt and my fingers found my pussy, practically dripping with desire. I slipped two fingers inside myself, rubbing gently across the button of pleasure I'd discovered that morning.

At the same time I opened my mouth wide and swallowed Mike's dick, forcing my lips over his head and down his warm shaft. His cock filled my mouth as I opened as wide as I could. His shaft was huge, impossible to swallow but I did my best as it filled me. I tasted every inch as I forced Christen's lips down and down, felt the head glide across my tongue and up against the roof of my mouth. I forced myself down as far as I could, then slowly back up, Mike's cock now slick with saliva.

My own hands worked my wet pussy faster. I could smell myself, smell my pussy growing wet with desire and it just made me hornier. I dipped my head down again, starting to enjoy the taste of the dick in my mouth, but unable to take him all in. He was so big I had to use my hand for help, wetting it with saliva and sliding it up and down his shaft in time with my lips, jerking him off into my mouth as I sucked his dick. All the while my own fingers pulsed inside me, pushing into my velvety folds as pleasure flowed through me, threatening to overwhelm me.

I grew faster in time with his breathing, felt him grow impossibly harder in my mouth as his dick filled me and I worked it up and down, sucking and sucking as I played with my own pussy until suddenly he gasped “Oh, God,”

and throbbed in my mouth. I had half a second to realize what was happening before his hot seed rushed across my tongue and down my throat. I pushed my lips down, holding him deep inside of my mouth as I swallowed as fast as I could while he emptied himself inside of me. I choked and sputtered, sending dribbles of cum down my chin but managed to keep my lips wrapped mostly around him until he was done. His creamy hot seed tasted delightfully tangy and I milked him until he was empty.

Even when he was finished I still needed relief. I was so close. My body was burning up.

I lay back on the ground, little caring for how dirty I was making myself. I spread my legs and thrust my fingers

into my sister's cunt harder, faster. I felt his cum dripping down my cheeks and my body was vibrating as I spread my legs, trying to sink deep, deep and satisfy my hunger. "Oh Mike. Mike!" I moaned as he stood over me, his cock growing soft, still dripping with seed, still hypnotized by my body.

"Don't just stand there, take a video," I cried.

Mike pulled out his phone and began recording, gazing down at my naked body as I performed for him and the internet. My fingers flew in my pussy, the squelching sounds loud in the quiet forest as my body buzzed with heat. I spread my legs wide, making sure my pink pussy was visible to Mike's camera, the delicate folds bringing me an unbelievably intense

pleasure. And then I exploded, crying out Mike's name over and over as I came. I pushed my hips up, sinking my fingers deep, trying to scratch the delicious itch burning through my body, moaning and writhing on the ground like a total slut as the heat overwhelmed my senses and I cried out and desperately thrust hard against my quivering folds until the fire raging through my body burned out, leaving me sated and warm.

I looked up at Mike. He was still standing over me, shock and awe in his eyes. I smiled.

“Oh, Mike, your cock tasted so good.” I said.

He put his camera away and helped me to my feet. I adjusted my clothes,

brushing the dirt off my ass and putting my tits away before wiping the cum off my lips and then licking my fingers clean, making a show of enjoying his salty taste.

I gently took his cheek in my hands. “This is just a one day thing. You understand?”

He nodded, not daring to ask any questions for fear that this strange spell would be broken.

I picked up my backpack and walked out through the bushes, glancing back only once to see Mike staring at my ass, trying to memorize it before it disappeared forever.

IV.

Fortunately, Christen used a fingerprint to access her phone, and since I now had her fingers I now had access to everything. It was simple to find her class schedule and I hurried into school, slipping into class just as the bell rang. One of my sister's cheerleader friends motioned to the empty seat in front of her near the back of the room. I slid into it and she reached out and plucked a leaf from my hair. I mouthed "Thanks" to her look of bemusement just before Mr. Broadbent cleared his throat and began his lesson.

Mr. Broadbent was a balding, heavyset teacher with a pale, wrinkled face that made him look a little like a cranky baby. There were whisperings that he

was a perv, that he tried to look up the dresses of girls in the class, but he'd never been caught, never even been publicly accused as far as I could tell, so I figured it was just mean-spirited rumors against an old and unpopular teacher.

Although, I thought, Why not give him a little show?

Mr. Broadbent began his lecture, sometimes turning to write something on the white board in his squiggly handwriting. He droned on about some war somewhere as I leaned back in my seat and surveyed the class. Everyone else was either paying attention to him or staring blankly towards the front of the class. No eyes were on me. Perfect.

I spread my legs, feeling my skirt hike up my thighs as I did so. I angled myself so that Mr. Broadbent would be able to see me when he stood between the second and third rows. Then, keeping one hand poised on my pencil and acting as though I was taking notes, I slid the other hand between my legs, just letting my fingers tickle lightly up and down the sides of my pussy, gently stroking Christen's coarse tuft of pubic hair. With no panties on, I was sure Mr. Broadbent would see the delicate lips of my pussy once he reached the right spot.

My fingers tickled my inner thighs, sending shivers up and down my spine. I brushed across my slit, back and forth, pressing down into myself. Knowing that anyone could see what I was doing if they only turned around

made me horny as hell. The thought of the talk that would swirl through the school about Christen if anyone caught me with my fingers in my pussy made me smile. I almost wanted to draw attention to myself. My pussy grew slick with desire and I dipped a forefinger into myself, biting my lip as pleasure flashed through me. It felt so good to finger my cunt, a rolling full-body pleasure that was miles ahead of the basic focused delight I got when stroking my cock. This was more raw, more powerful. My body was a powder keg ready to explode.

Still Mr. Broadbent droned on, turning back to the white board every now and then, slowly approaching the gap between the second and third rows. I kept an eye on him as he drew nearer to the perfect sight line, waiting for the

moment he noticed my sister's gaping pussy.

“And then Eisenhower--” He began, glancing up. And he saw me. He froze, glanced down at my naked cunt, and I spread my folds wide for him so he could gaze deep inside me. His eyes flicked up to mine. I blew him a kiss and he licked his lips. I quickly clapped my kegs together and tucked my skirt back down over my pussy before anyone turned to follow his eye line and see what he was staring at. I continued looking innocently up at the teacher, waiting to see how he would react. After a few seconds, he resumed his talk, apparently unable to decide how to handle this.

He did, however, stay in the same place at the front of the class and wrote

less on the blackboard. Once the other students had turned back to him or zoned out, I slid my hands down beneath my skirt again and pulled it back up, spreading my legs and sliding two fingers into my sopping wet pussy. This time he caught my eye and continued talking. I kept eye contact with him as I penetrated myself, thrusting deeper. My warmth folded around my fingers and I rubbed slowly. My whole body was on fire as Mr. Broadbent stuttered, lost his place, started again. Every time he would look at me then look away, understanding that if he drew attention to what I was doing it would stop.

And so I spent the rest of the class with my fingers in my pussy. A trickle of my juice made its way down my thigh, cooling in the air as it went. Fuck, I

was making myself so horny masturbating in public, so close to getting called out in front of everyone. But I wanted Mr. Broadbent to be the only one to see. I wanted him to think of this gorgeous blonde cheerleader pleasuring him all night, driving him crazy with lust with my perfect body. I danced up the knife edge of orgasm, pausing each time, unwilling to take that final step, unwilling to subject myself to that humiliation. I wanted to save it for Christen.

And so by the time the bell rang for the end of class I was completely, unbelievably horny. I barely heard what Mr. Broadbent was saying as I gathered my things and headed for the doors. But even so, I sensed his eyes on me until I disappeared out into the hallway.

My thighs were sticky with my own lust as I headed to Christen's next class, surrounded by my entourage of cheerleaders. I passed my old body in the hallway. Christen was leaning on a locker talking to Tim as I strode by. She glanced up and narrowed her eyes. Then broke into a small smirk. One of the cheerleaders, a redhead—Leslie maybe?—was going on about some boy.

“Oh, shut up, Leslie,” I growled. She snapped her mouth shut and looked ashamed as I mulled over what the hell my sister could be up to. There was something to be said for the power my sister had over, well, pretty much everybody. I swept into the next class with my entourage and we seated ourselves in a group.

Jesus, this was boring. I debated spicing things up by jumping out of my chair, ripping off all my clothes and letting the whole room see my sister's amazing body and feel up these perfect tits. But that would probably land me in detention or the nuthouse and I had better plans. Instead, I sat quietly, stifling a yawn every now and then, raising a finger to my dainty nose and inhaling the musky scent of my pussy. My pussy. What a delightful thought. And I still had so much planned.

After class I ditched the other girls. They complained but I think they were secretly glad to see me go. At least without Christen around they didn't have to worry about being constantly belittled and shamed.

I couldn't stand the idea of pretending

to be Christen at school any longer, smiling at her friends' dumb jokes, boring the hell out myself in her classes, seeing the fear and loathing in everyone's eyes. So I walked across the street to a fast food joint, where I ordered the greasiest thing on the menu from a fat, pimply-faced cashier.

“That'll be \$10.75,” he said, his eyes flicking down to my chest.

“If I let you touch my tits will you give it to me for free?” I asked.

“Umm...” he looked up at me uncertainly and I stared back, unsmiling.

“I'm serious. If you give it to me for free I'll let you touch these titties right here and now.”

He chewed his lip, probably debating

whether or not I was serious. Finally, he turned around to check on his fellow co-workers but no one was paying attention to us.

“Ok,” he whispered, zeroing out the total.

I pulled the top of my shirt up and let Christen's perky tits bounce free. He reached over and squeezed one with a clammy hand. Probably the first tit he'd ever touched. I lowered my shirt and winked.

A few minutes later the double cheeseburger appeared in front of me and I carried it to a table and devoured it, forcing myself to eat the entire thing until Christen's petite body was bloated and full. I stayed at the table playing on my phone, posting various strange

things to my sister's social media feeds like Do all dicks taste the same? I got the responses you'd expect, and smiled to myself as various strangers offered to let me experience it firsthand. Ah, the community of the internet.

Long after the school day ended, I rose and made my way back across to school. I waited out of sight on the sidelines of the football field, watching the team practice. Across the field the cheerleaders were doing their routines, probably wondering where I was. When practice was over, the football team filed back into the locker room to change. I skirted around the edge of the field and followed them inside.

Christen was always the perfect cheerleader: gorgeous and unattainable except by the highest social echelons of

school, and even then she was still a virgin. I planned to open her up to everyone.

I heard the echoing of male laughter as I opened the door. I strolled through the locker rooms like I owned the place, heading towards Derek. He was shirtless, his bottom half wrapped in a towel. His broad, muscular back was to me and the first sign he had that something was amiss was the silence that followed in my wake. There was one particularly outraged yell that caused him to turn. And then I was there kissing him, my tits pressed against his hard body. He was surprised at first and pulled me away.

“What are you doing in here?” He asked.

“Surprising my boyfriend.”

With that I dropped to my knees and ducked under his towel, sucking his cock into my mouth before he could pull away any further. I gripped his ass and held him in place as I sucked his cock. He grew hard between my lips as I licked and kissed him, soon filling my mouth as I bobbed my sister's lips up and down his dick, undulating my tongue against his shaft until he was too caught up to tell me to stop.

I heard a whispered, amazed, “Oh shit,” from close by.

I gripped Derek's cock and continued to stroke my fingers down his shaft as I came out from beneath his towel. Standing next to Derek was his friend, Marcus, a six foot five ball of black

muscle. He was gaping down at me as Derek opened his eyes.

“Dude, what are you looking at?” Derek asked.

Before Marcus could answer I snaked my hand in beneath Marcus's underwear and grabbed his cock. It, too, rose in my grip and I looked up at Derek with a sexy grin.

“You know you've always wanted to see me filled by a bunch of guys. You want to see my mouth full of dick as your friends all fuck my virgin holes. Now's your chance.”

He was quiet and let me continue to stroke the two cocks. I licked the thick, black head of Marcus's dick and then wrapped my lips around it, sinking down his shaft while I stroked my

boyfriend with my other hand. The entire locker room was silently watching me, the only sound my own tiny gulps as I struggled to swallow all of Marcus's thick, black cock. It filled my tiny mouth and I pressed down deep until I gagged, coming up sputtering and choking, a long string of saliva connecting my lips to his gorgeous ebony dick.

I stroked Marcus's cock, spreading my saliva up and down his shaft as he groaned, then returned my little lips to Derek, sucking him in. His cock tasted divine, masculine and musky, as it filled my mouth. The salty taste of his precum landed on my tongue and I swallowed hungrily. I saw something move out of the corner of my eye and turned to see another dick in front of my face. One of the other players had

approached, hoping to join in.

I giggled gleefully and turned to grab this third cock, guiding the guys around in a tight circle. I straddled a bench, leaning on my elbows and arching my back so my sister's cunt was up in the air facing Derek. My skirt slipped over my ass and the breeze from the room caressed my moistening pussy. I was already so wet with the desire that the taste and feel of these two cocks had instilled in me. I stroked Marcus's cock while I took the third dick into my mouth. He did taste different, but still divine.

Derek didn't need to be told anything. He pushed my skirt up above my ass and I wiggled my butt in the air for him. Two strong hands gripped my waist and then something firm and

warm pressed against the slick lips of my pussy. I continued stroking and sucking the two guys in front of me as the pressure between my legs built and Derek slowly pushed against me. My cunt was so tight he had to force himself in slowly. The tight walls of my pussy expanded inch by inch as the rock hard heat of his cock penetrated me. God, it hurt, a deep, sharp pain and I realized that I'd just lost my sister's virginity. My cries were muffled by the cock in my mouth and I continued to suck even as Derek's cock continued to creep in. I was so full and yet there was still more.

“God, you're tight,” he moaned as he pushed deeper.

The pressure inside me was so intense I feared I might split open, but

beneath the pain was a deep, fulfilling hint of pleasure. And still Derek was going. His cock felt so long, surely I must be filled, my pussy couldn't take any more. I shut my eyes tight, leaning into the pain. I swore I could feel the head of his giant dick pressing up against the deepest walls of my cunt. And then, mercifully, wonderfully, I felt the heat of his groin press against my ass and he was all the way inside me. I held him there, hardly breathing, hardly moving, a cock in one hand and a dick in my mouth. All thought evaporated as I balanced on the knife edge of pleasure and pain, gloriously full but still, somehow, wanting even more. Derek pulled out slowly and I moaned, actually disappointed at the emptiness his retreating cock left in me. But soon he was back, dipping in and out of my

wet cunt slowly, pushing pleasure through my body.

I resumed working the dicks in my hand and mouth and then opened my eyes to see there was another dick in front of me. I looked up and realized I was surrounded by the team, all of them eager to have their way with my sister's body. I leaned on my elbows on the bench and took a cock in my other hand, stroking and sucking, moving my lips back and forth between all three until I was back to Marcus's black dick and, suddenly and without warning, he grunted, gripped my blonde hair and thrust my mouth down hard on his shaft. His cock hit the back of my throat at the same time as he throbbed and came. I squirmed but he held my lips down on his shaft, leaving me no choice but to gulp him

down as he squirted his seed into my mouth. My tongue was awash with the salty, tangy taste of his jizz. I sputtered and choked, trying to swallow it even as it dripped down my chin and he forced my lips to remain locked on his cock. He had all control as he emptied his hot seed into my mouth. The loss of control, the way he took me and handled me was wonderful and I let him do it, let him use my body as he wished as bright heat exploded through my body.

Then he pulled out and before I could even catch my breath another cock took his place, sliding in between my lips as my mouth gaped open for air. As Derek continued fucking me from behind I took this new cock and added it to the rotation, sucking and gripping in turn as the guys jostled over who

would be next, fighting to have my body.

One of the cocks in my hand throbbed and I aimed it at my face, letting it explode all over Christen's tiny, perfect features. I laughed in delight, raising my head to the shower of jizz. The creamy white seed dripped down my sister's nose, over my chin and I lapped up as much as I could before another cock thrust towards me.

Derek was pounding me harder now as I reached out for more dick, eager and willing, his rhythm matching my own as I sucked and jacked off every cock I could grab. Derek's dick thrust deep into my virginal pussy, filling me with his girth until he trembled and grunted. Gripping my ass hard in both hands he thrust deep, which forced my

body forward and pushed my mouth down hard on the cock I was swallowing. Derek buried himself inside me and came. The white hot heat of his cum filled me and I moaned around the dick in my mouth as pleasure flooded me and I closed my eyes, my body vibrating with lust. I could feel every spurt of his dick inside me, his cum filling my pussy and sending tremors of delight through me.

Then Derek pulled out and someone else took his place. Another dick slipped into my well-lubricated cunt and thrust hard as I wrestled with the cocks in my face, in my hands, slapping against my cheeks. The team all took turns, jetting their wet seed down my throat, across my little tits, over my face, and filling my pussy again and again, burning my tight cunt in an

agony of ecstasy as they gang-banged my sister's lithe body. I was fucking and sucking for all I was worth, trying to cram them down, to fill myself on every glorious drop of seed and I came hard, again and again as they moved me into all sorts of positions, squeezing my tits, my ass. I was their fucktoy, giving myself up to them for their pleasure as they fucked my mouth and my pussy. I heard the clicks of their cameras as they recorded this for posterity. No doubt it would be spread around the school in no time, the antics of my slutty sister as she got pounded by the team.

At about the fourth or fifth cock inside my cunt, pushing through my slippery juices, the man stopped and pulled out without cumming. My hands and mouth were full of dick and I had

about half a second to wonder what was happening when there was a heavy pressure against my asshole. Two firm hands pressed me down onto the bench, holding me there, my tits pressed up against the cold steel, my ass wiggling in the air, so vulnerable as a cock pressed into it. Fuck, it was too tight. Too impossibly tight I wanted to cry out, but my cries only came out as moans around the dick in my mouth. And somehow I felt myself opening, felt the strange cock forcing it's way into my tight, puckered hole.

My asshole was on fire, burning as he penetrated me, the pain sharp and searing, and yet...there was an under-current of pleasure. My body was yearning for this, aching for my ass to be filled even as tears rolled down my cheeks, streaking my makeup. I

pushed back against the dick, helping it burrow deeper into my ass, crying out around the cock in my mouth even as another dick erupted in my hand, splashing my face with warm seed. Fuck, he was still going, still sinking deeper into me and oh, God, I wanted it, wanted him to be all the way inside my asshole and then he was, his hot body pressed against mine and my ass so full. So deliciously, deliriously full. I was dizzy with pleasure and pain as he held me there, frozen in place with my ass clenched tight around his solid dick. The others continued to thrust, fucking my hands, my mouth even as pleasure blasted through me.

And then he twitched inside me and I came hard, thrusting forward and back, impaling myself and swallowing as much dick as I could as I shook with

orgasm. I pulled away and moaned in pleasure just as another dick erupted on my face, splattering my nose and mouth with delicious hot jizz. My body was buzzing and I cried out as the man inside me slowly rocked, emptying himself into my puckered asshole until he finished and pulled out. Only to be replaced by another, and another.

I fucked and sucked for what seemed like hours, offering myself to the football team as their dirty, little whore, wallowing in the pleasure searing my body, at the desire surrounding me, until finally the last one came in my mouth and I swallowed him down. He pulled back and I lay on the bench, my tits squashed beneath me, cum dripping from every orifice.

The locker room cleared out and I finally sat up and limped over to the mirrors. I ached all over, felt so used, so good as I looked into the mirror to see what I'd done. My sister's face stared back at me, her mascara running down her cheeks, hair plastered to her sweaty forehead, her face and tits streaked with creamy white seed. She looked used and dirty. I laughed in her high pitched voice, enjoying what I'd done, enjoying the pleasure I'd had ruining her reputation for good.

I gathered up my clothes and dressed, not bothering to wash up. I wanted my sister to see what I'd done with her body, to know what was coming.

But she wasn't home when I arrived, and she still wasn't home when I finally went to sleep, still dirty, still

covered in cum.

V.

I immediately knew something was wrong when I woke up. Even before I opened my eyes the room tone sounded different. Looking around I saw this wasn't my sister's room but, looking down at my hands, I recognized them as my own. There was the little scar in the shape of a cat, there were my ragged nails. The spell had worn off but what the hell had my sister done?

That's when I noticed a hand draped across my side. A man's hand. I rolled over in bed, felt my dick flopping down beneath the covers and realized I was naked. My ass also felt strangely wet and tingly with pain. My trepidation grew as I saw I was in bed with another man. And not just any man.

It was Tim. My best friend.

He opened his eyes sleepily and gazed at me.

“Good morning, Neil,” he said, placing a warm hand on my cheek. “I had a dream about us last night. That we spent all day in bed fucking just like we did last night. Want to make that dream come true?”

My sister had found a way to ruin my life, to irrevocably alter my relationship with my best friend.

And, it seemed from the way my ass felt aching and strangely full, she'd also taken my virginity.

Tim continued stroking my face as I wondered what to say, what I could say to explain this and salvage our

friendship. The only answer was nothing.
