

The Wrong Treatment

Platonomics

Part 1

My family had always been into some weird shit. I'm not talking anything illegal, more like extraordinary. Some might call it eastern medicine, but when I was growing up, I just liked to think of it as magic. My grandparent's store had been built many generations ago and was chock-full of the strangest mystic drugs and potions that could be found on earth.

As I grew up, I went from loving this fact about my family, to hating it. Kids could be mean at school, and since third grade, the age many kids really associate who is who, I began getting picked on because of my family's heritage. At show and tell, I stopped bringing neat family possessions and did my best to distance myself from that life.

Time flew by and, where some kids grew out of the bullying phase, some just grew into bigger assholes. Starting high school, I met Brent Young. Brent was pretty popular, but his parents were doctors, so when he found out that my family owned a shop selling other types of medicines, he would NOT let it go. What started off as gentle ribbing, ended up becoming extremely annoying and intrusive. I couldn't walk down a hallway without him shouting out. "Hey man, you gonna try and sell me some horse shit and tell me I can fly?"

I made the mistake of confronting him one day, and that was a complete mistake. I don't remember the exact words but something rude was said and I pushed him. Since we were in front of his girlfriend and friends, he decided to make an example out of my stupidity and beat me to the floor. Ever since, for the last 2 years, Brent has used his fist to explain his problems with me. And since I didn't have nearly the same number of friends, persuasion, or strength as his varsity football body had endowed him with, my anger grew and grew.

I'm now a senior and in my last couple months of school. I just turned 18, and I'm more than ready for college and to get out of this stupid town with its judgmental folk. That is, I WAS ready to be out of town, and especially out of Brent's eye sight. But the prick had other plans. That week I had been walking to class, using a path Brent hardly ever used, when I saw his friends step around the corner of the hall. I did my best to ignore them, but they saw me and quickly circumvented my leaving.

"Hey man, we were just looking for you." One pulled out his cell phone and texted Brent. He showed up a minute later with the rest of his posse and girlfriend. He sneered a smug smile at me and stepped forward. "Hey buddy, I know we haven't always seen eye to eye, but hey... I'm gonna make the last few months of our friendship unforgettable."

With that he proceeded to search my backpack and take out my phone. "Oh, this looks fancy..."

"Don't, dude just..." I pleaded. He dropped it on the tile floor, and then pretended to not see it while stomping over it with his feet. I heard the crunch of the screen. It felt like everyone was laughing at me even though there hadn't been a lot of time for a crowd to gather...

That brings me to now though. After years of this bullshit, I am trying hard to think of a plan to get revenge. So far though, my ideas are either too drastic... "cut him up and throw him off the Empire State Building", or too tame... "dump paint on his car". Besides, I needed to do something that wouldn't obviously point back to me...

I thought for hours until dinner. Only taking a break to go downstairs and eat with my family. My father spoke of work and my mother spoke of my grandparent's store, which she would sometimes help with part time. A news story played in the back about a sex scandal involving some man and how his entire life and career had unraveled and been destroyed because of it...

And then the light bulb blinked. I rushed through dinner to get back to my room and figure out the details. Admittedly, my first ideas were horrible. I thought about hiring a hooker to seduce Brent and then have his girlfriend catch him in the act... But then I realized, a high school guy having sex with another girl would not ruin his reputation at all, especially if the hooker was hot enough to entice him. Then I thought, what if it was a guy. What if I was able to trick Brent into sleeping with a dude. Despite our society's acceptance of gays, Brent's reputation would turn into something he never wanted. I tried to think of what I could do. Follow him home and then have a guy suck his dick? Jesus, this wasn't going to be easy...

And then the second light bulb blinked. As much as I disliked what my family name had put me through in school, the magic possibilities of some of their potions were amazing. And although I was still not entirely convinced my family history was legit, I had seen "love potions" on the shelves before. And if it didn't work, who would care?

The next morning, I stopped by my grandparent's shop. It had been a few months since I'd seen it last, but nothing had changed. It still had the old musty yet mystical feel about it. I walked the aisles, pretending to feign interest, but really scouring the titles.

"Hey champ" said my grandpa from behind the desk, "did your mom send you over to see how we're doing?"

"Can't a grandson just want to see his grandpa?" I said off the top of my head.

He gave me a skeptical but caring look. "Well how have you been doing?"

"I'm alright..." I said, distracted. I was quickly realizing that there were too many potion titles to read through. If I was going to do this, I'd need help.

"Ok grandpa, do you want to know why I'm really here... it's cause I like a girl."

Now, it's true I liked a girl, actually I liked a few, however I had only dated two and both hadn't lasted long.

"Oh?" my grandpa said. "So, what are you looking for?"

It felt awkward asking, but I was fueled by my hatred for Brent. "Is there like a love potion..."

My grandpa looked at me judgmentally. "Now Ryan, I'm sure you wouldn't want to be with someone who didn't want to be with you."

"Shit," I thought. Now my grandpa thinks I'm a perv. "No... I mean," I sputtered, "is there like a temporary one, for like a few hours, just so I have the courage to ask her out without a really embarrassing denial? I wouldn't do anything bad."

He eyed me again, and I couldn't tell what he was processing. "Listen Ryan, love is extremely powerful, and luckily enough the love potions we sell here are extremely not."

"We'd never put a true love potion on the selling aisle. Too much damage could be done." I'd heard this speech before when I was younger and asked why I couldn't get rid of my broken arm faster.

"So, there's nothing?" I asked.

He slackened his jaw and nodded his head. "Well, I might have a confidence booster for you." He checked a row of jars next to him. "Must be in one of the crates still."

He left his desk and went to the back of the shop. Bummed, I waited for a few minutes. When he didn't come out, I walked behind the counter and went to the back of the store. There were a few twisted pathways. "Gramps?" I called out.

I didn't hear anything, so I started walking randomly down the hallways until I passed a room labeled "Mild" - it was locked, "Moderate" followed, and last was "Strong: Not for Sale."

I was about to turn around when I noticed the last door stood ajar.

Curiosity pushed me to open the door. It was dark, but light emanated from a single lightbulb on the ceiling. On the shelves were hundreds of little vials. All of them labeled "Poison". I realized I had stridden too far until my eyes caught sight of a vial with a heart on it. I carefully took it off the dusty shelf and inspected it. "For an unbinding love, that will not break, until the hour is of late."

I was torn. Part of me saw the word poison and thought, will this kill? The other saw the description and it was perfect. I grabbed the vial and snuck quickly back to the front. My grandfather came out a minute later.

"Sorry, it took some time," he said. I could tell he'd had to move some crates, he was huffing and puffing. But he handed me the innocent vial labeled "Confidence," and I took it graciously. "Thanks!"

As I ran out the store, I wondered what to do next. Later at school, I pulled out the 'poison' love vial and read the full description. It said, in order to work it needed to be ingested by only one of the subjects; the other subject had to be on his mind, though. If I was able to get this into his drink, and then shout out some random dudes name, it might just work...

After a minute I realized how stupid the whole idea sounded. To get him to ingest it I needed another plan. I knew that Tuesdays were football practice. And even though everyone used the same water hose, they also brought their own bottles. If I waited till everyone was on the field, I could try to lace Brent's water, and hope to God I wasn't caught.

I could describe in detail how amazingly it ended up working out, but to spare time, I'll just say the confidence booster really helped settle my nerves.

When I saw Brent hydrating himself after practice, I was almost giddy. He was talking to someone on the phone, but I figured, he must be thinking about one of his teammates since there were literally no girls around.

The rest of the day progressed as normal. I didn't know how long it would take to affect him, or whether it would at all. A part of me was just relieved I hadn't killed someone. Maybe I could eventually try again with a higher dose, since I had only used a few drops.

The next day was a bit odd, though. I was on high alert for anything suspicious concerning Brent and his possible response to my drugging him. He was at school... but when I passed him, he didn't even seem to notice me. He looked a bit pasty and weary. Oh shit, maybe I had made him sick. After school, instead of slumming around with his friends like usual, I watched him drive home immediately. He even screeched past the security guard.

The next day at school he seemed even more anxious. His hair was tousled, and the boldness he usually strutted around with was tapered. He seemed to be deep in thought. The only class we shared is English. And today we were going over all the books we'd read so far in high school. Someone was presenting

on their sophomore years book of Oedipus. I saw Brent squirming in his seat. He left early the next period.

It wasn't until the third day that I knew something was up. Brent didn't come to school at all. When I saw his girlfriend and groupies talking about him, I didn't dare ask what they'd heard, but I caught them saying something about the flu. I decided maybe I should ride by his house to make sure he wasn't dying. On my way back home, I turned onto his street and parked a few doors down from his driveway. His rich parents could afford to live in style based on the size of the wannabe mansion. Sneaking around back, and ducking beneath the windows, I made my way to the corner and peer inside. The first person I made out, I assume, was his mother washing dishes in the kitchen. Her dirty blonde hair and hourglass figure were enough to make me drool. I could tell she was the prim and proper type. Scooting across the wall, careful not to give myself away, a dog next door started barking loudly, and I froze. After a minute, I worked up the courage to continue checking windows. It took me a couple tries till I finally found Brent's room. And what I saw caused my stomach to flip.

Brent was in his room. At first, I thought he was legitimately sick because there were tissues all over the floor. But then I saw Brent in front of his computer. He looked spent, but his shirt was off, and his pants were pooled around his ankles. Staring

through the sun glinted glass, I eventually realized what I was watching. A horny teenage fucker jacking off like a mad man. Clenching my eyes shut, I fought back a gag. Taking a few breaths, I open them and concentrate on trying to see his screen. Was he looking at gay porn? Did the potion work? His butt blocked the screen and a few seconds later his body twitched before he collapsed on the chair behind him. The cum soaked rag fell to the floor, and he slammed the computer screen shut. Though he seemed blissful in the orgasm, his eyes rolled around exhaustively. Jesus, what the fuck is this?

I went home trying to forget the image of Brent in his room. To be honest, I didn't feel bad if the potion had made him sick, or into some masturbation maniac... he really REALLY deserved it. I just didn't want him to die, so I made a promise that if he wasn't in school the next day... I'd go back to my family's store.

The next day though, Brent was in school. The only weird thing was that in the morning someone dropped him off in a minivan, he didn't drive his own car. I watched him in between classes and he seemed much better. "Fuck... maybe he just got it out of his system..."

Then after school I saw Brent's girlfriend crying. She was walking dejectedly to her own car.

Word quickly got around school about the breakup. Apparently, Brent had just gotten tired of her. But instead of hooking up with some guy, he had just ended things.

The next few days annoyed me. Despite being single, Brent seemed to be happier than ever before. He had completely stopped messing with me, and his inner circle seemed just as confused by his happy demeanor as I was. It frustrated me. Maybe the vial had been mislabeled. From what I was seeing, Brent was developing into an even better athlete, better student, and even more responsible jock. Eventually I stopped scrutinizing everything he was doing. As long as he was out of my life, I would have to let my revenge plan die. That is, until a few weeks later when I walked past the football field as practice was letting out. My heart began palpitating as I remembered the love potion was still in the front pocket of my backpack. Maybe Brent simply required a stronger dose.

Sneaking onto the field and tampering with his bottle was rather easy, since everyone was distracted with finishing the last drill. But Brent apparently wasn't thirsty. I literally watched him drag his bag and water to the minivan that now ushered him to and from school.

And so, when I saw that same minivan the very next day pull up behind me in line, I observed it closely. Brent had jumped

in the passenger seat and, by the long blonde hair of the person next to him I could tell it was probably his mom. As I continued waiting for the light to turn so that I could go home, I saw something peculiar. It looked like Brent and his mother were having a heated discussion. Brent's mother looked to be scolding him, shaking her head. Ha! He's in trouble for something...

I continued to watch the fight like some reality tv addict. His mother raised her finger at him. That's when Brent did something insane. I saw him lean forward and quickly kiss the driver. The driver immediately pushed him back, but instead of getting angrier, she looked worried. For a second her eyes flashed toward me. I knew she probably couldn't tell I had seen anything. The light turned green, and I had to turn left. I was stuck wondering about what I had seen the whole way home.

I had always assumed that the dirty blonde was Brent's mother, she obviously seemed too old to be a friend... Right? Watching someone through the rearview mirror isn't extremely accurate, maybe my eyes had played a strange trick on me. Maybe she wasn't the same lady from his house. I wasn't convinced though. I lay awake on my bed that night, completely perplexed.

The next morning, I parked in front of the "student drop off," and waited for Brent and his mother. When I saw the lime green minivan I squinted. Brent was pulling his backpack up from the backseat as they slowed down and stopped. From my angle I could tell they were probably exchanging goodbyes. His mother/lady seemed to be in a much better mood. They didn't kiss again, but she did stroke his arm as he prepared to leave the car. Did he wink at her? I thought so. I wasn't sure, but it seemed like he winked at his mom as he jumped out of the vehicle. As he walked away, she didn't immediately drive off. She smiled to herself and then looked into the mirror, primping her makeup and her hair.

I was starting to have a weird feeling about this whole thing. School went by drudgingly slow. After the final bell, I decided to pay another visit to Brent's house. I staked out, until I was sure he was probably home. As I skulked around the windows, at the side of the house, the first thing I saw was a middle-aged man sitting in front of a tv. He looked rather bored and his beer belly certainly made me associate him as a Homer Simpson. Guess a hot wife, money, and doctor's education, means you can say goodbye to fitness. As I walked around to the kitchen window, I saw no one. I continued to the other windows, saving Brent's room for last. I crossed my fingers hoping I wouldn't be witness to another masturbation session as I slowly lifted my head to see through the glass. What I saw utterly confused me. Brent and the blonde were lip locked in a

passionate embrace. He was pressing her against the door to his room. His hand was scrunched down, deep into her pants, and she had her arms draped around his shoulders with one leg up and squeezing him closer. Her black top was still on, but uneven on her shoulders, so that her cleavage showed almost her entire bra.

They eventually broke the kiss and she grabbed his hand. She seemed flushed and rather conflicted about stopping but managed to pull his hand from between her legs. Her makeup was a bit smeared and I could see her red lipstick on the side of Brent's face. As she started to zip her pants, they both stiffened. For a moment, I thought they may have seen me. But since neither had looked toward the window I dismissed that possibility. Then I saw her straighten her shirt and try to fix her hair quickly. She pointed urgently at Brent to sit down. A second later, the door opened and the middle-aged man walked in. He seemed to be oblivious to the makeout session that had just occurred, but instead got into a conversation with the woman. While his back was turned to Brent, Brent began to stare directly at the woman and rub his crotch. She caught his eye and had to restrain a smile. Eventually she walked out with the older man, and Brent turned to his computer. I could see from his pants that he was maintaining a significant erection. As he began to search for porn I was about to turn away, since I'd seen that episode before. But that's when I

noticed what specific porn he was watching. He was looking up "incest porn." Jesus...

I sped home and ran to my room. I argued with myself. Part of me wondering "What had I done..." Part of me thinking there was no possible way any powder could infect someone and force them to fuck their own relative. "Maybe it's his step mother..." "Maybe this is all just a coincidence..."

I couldn't shake the feeling. It wasn't guilt exactly, Brent was the fucking worst, it was just more like fear. As if someone would figure out what I had done. I was in shock for the rest of the day. I tried to concentrate on homework, but my mind kept jumping back to what I had witnessed. How serious was this? How long would it take to wear off?

As I lay in my bed before trying to fall asleep that night, I found a new dilemma. Usually, when unable to sleep, I masturbate and knock out. Today though, I was scared. As much as I hated Brent, and as much as I couldn't understand the whole situation, I couldn't deny that seeing such a naughty explicit show hadn't peaked my libidos interest. As I thought back to Brent's mother, her fantastic shined legs, and her bra fighting to contain her rotund twin torpedoes, I felt my penis fidget to life. What a sexy older lady.

The next day I woke up in a much better mood. I was finally happy. Even though I hadn't embarrassed Brent in front of the whole school, I think I was more than happy with the atrocity I had made. Brent and his family would never be the same.

I confidently marched down the school corridors. Right then and there, Brent was probably sucking his mother's clit. He might even drop out, I thought smiling. I turned the corner and bumped into someone. "Where do you think you're going gypsy freak." My mind froze.

It was Brent. What the fuck... My mind raced as I tried to logic what was going on. He smiled as he saw fear course through me. Holy shit, he knows what I've done. "Seems you've had it easy for the last few weeks, well that's going to change." He sneered.

"What the fuck Brent?"

"Don't 'what the fuck me', you sniveling piece of shit." He pushed me into a locker. His friends were beginning to laugh. "Dude, I didn't know..." I started to say.

"Didn't know what?" Brent looked at me confused. I suddenly realized he wasn't beating me up as payback, he didn't know

anything about what I'd done, or that I knew what he was doing.

I made a split decision, I could call him out about his affair with his mother, or I could keep my mouth shut. After all, I didn't have any evidence...

It was a beating of a lifetime. If I thought Brent was using his reserve energy jerking off, this proved me wrong. I sat on the side of the school wheezing. Apparently, nothing I had done had worked. I felt hopeless and weak.

I went home and cried. I pretended to sleep so my parents wouldn't realize I had been beat up again. Inside my room though, I didn't sit in pity. I plotted. The fucking guy had it coming. Here I thought making him do incest was bad, how bad would it be when I showed it to the world. I held my HD camera up.

I would get it all. I would show everyone.

It was 10pm when I crept out the window of my room and fell on the damp grass outside. Sneaking around the house, I avoided the security light. It was hard to unhook my bike in

the dark, but there was no stopping my plan of vengeance. I peddled like a madman through a few residential communities. I crossed my fingers that I wouldn't get pulled over by the police. A teenage kid in dark clothes and a backpack in the middle of the night was suspicious.

I breathed a sigh of relief when I finally skidded to a halt outside Brent's house and lent my bike on the nearest tree. Unzipping my backpack, I ripped out my camera in a fervor. The battery was fully charged, and I immediately put it into night mode. Sneaking up to Brent's window, I peered in. His light was still on and he was in his room, but he didn't seem to be doing anything uncouth. He was simply watching TV on his computer. I waited outside for nearly an hour. Until he finally turned off his bedroom light and fell asleep splayed on his bed.

Shaking my head, I realized I'd been a bit too emphatic with the idea that he would be fucking the lady as soon as I got there. I grimaced and rode back home at a slower, more disappointed pace.

I woke up early feeling the bruises on my stomach. It was still a few hours before school. After last night I decided it would be best to think of a plan that did not depend on me constantly being outside Brent's house, that was only asking for trouble. I went on my computer and searched up how to rig a camera

that could feed back to my cell phone. That's right, I'm smart when I put my mind to it. I stopped by an electronic store before school and picked up the essential material I'd need.

The day could not go by slower. I sat in class staring at the clock feeling like every second was an eternity. I avoided Brent and his posse between classes by hanging out in one of the band practice rooms. There I was able to configure the camera the way I saw online. I knew I'd have to wait until dark before trying to install it outside his window.

When I got home, I further tested the feed from camera to my phone. It seemed great, with the option of zoom. It was small enough that, if angled correctly, it wouldn't be too noticeable unless you were looking for it outside your window.

At midnight I set out again for Brent's house. It was colder that night, and I was less angry but more alert. When I saw headlights, I would do my best to duck out of the driver's vision. Knowing that I'd need to install a camera outside a person's window was really driving up my paranoia level. If it wasn't for the pain emanating from my ribs after yesterday's beating, I would have turned around.

Outside Brent's house, I moved to the window and saw Brent sprawled on his bed asleep. Quietly and as efficiently as I could, I removed the camera from my backpack and clipped it to the inner portion of the overhanging roof. It was no bigger than a beefy highlighter and blended in as a segment of the roof if you weren't looking for it. I estimated the angle by looking at the feed it was giving back to my phone. It could hold 48 hours of footage, so I'd have to come back in 2 days, but that should be enough, I told myself.

My dreams were great that night.

When I woke up, I immediately checked the feed. I watched Brent snacking on a granola bar for a few minutes before going to get my own breakfast. When I returned, I saw the woman in his room. Bingo! I thought. And waited patiently. I couldn't hear audio because the camera was outside, but I zoomed in on the woman to get a better look at her. She was in a nightgown, and boy it left little to be imagined. I swallowed, consciously feeling my own penis twitch.

Brent's mom was bent over the coffee table. The straps on her lacy nightgown had almost completely slipped off. Underneath I could almost make out the firm boob and nipple. I never understood how some women can have such smooth

radiant skin. That with her red parted lips and amazing hair. I couldn't argue, I was rock hard.

She pushed him away. It was clear she was really pissed off with him. Maybe I wasn't the only one who saw Brent as a good for nothing prick. After all, he represented everything bad that humanity has to offer. I mean even now, this reprehensible piece of shit got to have sex with a sexy ass woman. She gave him a loathing look.

He continued to pull her near to him. It was an obnoxious move of an egocentric guy but her furious mind must have relented. Her displeasure and disgust of the filthy pervert.

She put a finger on his lips, shushing him. Her face was only centimeters away from his, and she was leaning over him with her knee between his legs. She kicked off her high heels and deftly slid out of the gown.

Part 2

Mrs. Young bit down heavily on her bottom lip, gritting her teeth and refusing to collapse and surrender to all the abuse she was taking. Load after load crippled the petite mother as Brent hunched over her jutting bubble butt and crammed her pussy with the full girth of his dripping, fat cock. Her knees wobbled unsteadily, digging into the carpet. A balled up skimpy nightgown lay deserted under the coffee table. She was completely naked, a shameless sheath for her son's meat sword as it continued to fire, depositing another torrent of cum that filled her womb to the brim. Every plunge, a fresh frothy squirt of milky batter erupted from the outer folds of her labia and streamed down her slickened, quivering thighs. She panted, head hanging limp and defeated, chin to her chest. Her light blonde hair, normally straight, was beginning to curl and stick to her sweat glistened face.

She blearily looked between the heavy, swaying 34D breasts she'd possessed since adolescence at the hot mess drizzling down her legs and collecting on the floor between her knees. Never had she felt so fat, bloated, and dirty. Her normally beach toned belly distended with teenage spunk. On every level, it was grotesque. It was bitterly wrong, but instead of clenching and trying to squeeze every sinful glob out like a full tube of toothpaste, she bit her bottom lip and groaned. Another

soul-shattering flash of ecstasy radiated and sent tremors rocketing through her.

The symphony of Brent's pelvis smacking against the flesh of her taut ass echoed loudly in her ears, and the scent of their latest creampie dribbling onto the rug strangled the sensors in her nostrils. She thrust back her hips to meet his pistoning shaft and threw back her head, gasping desperately for air. Embracing her debauchery, her hand disappeared between her legs and began mercilessly rubbing the nub of her sensitive clit like a starved whore. No one, not even her own parents could have stopped her from cumming in that moment. The fingers of her studly son clamped to the meat of her ass cheeks, shamelessly parting them to expose the pink ring within, as he dominated and rearranged her internal organs. He huffed proudly, keeping full control as she whimpered and whined beneath him.

Where was the highly educated, independent, married woman with a medical degree from an Ivy League institution? How had she been reduced to such a mindlessly horny, adulterous and incestuous slut completely subservient to her son's whims? There was no denying they were a perfect fit. Her toes curled while her pussy invited more of everything her son could give. She accepted the destruction of her vagina and gripped his probing cock with her coital walls trying to trap it forever. What had become of her? When had her son become

the sole aspect of her sexual desires? How had he crept into her thoughts and undone everything like an evil virus?

Twisting her arm back, he replaced his fingers over her throbbing clit.

“Oh Brent, honey!” She gasped. She couldn’t stop herself. The intimacy between mother and son was never meant to go so far. She wanted to turn and kiss him, taste him, and touch his shirtless athletic body. His abs alone were enough to melt for. She had never been a slut in school, but she was not blind to the unconscious pull of an alpha male. His manhood willed its way forward, itching virgin territory as it scraped her inside walls and stirred the soup of sex they’d created together. The last ropes of cum spit into her fiery pussy and she squeezed her eyes shut, face contorted in exhilarated shock. She didn’t think it was possible for a boy to possess so much spunk. She didn’t think it was possible for her to either.

“I love you mom, You’re so hot. And now you’re all mine.”

She shivered at the obscene thought, collapsing onto the soiled floor. She should scold him for saying such things, but the flame was lit and there was no dousing it. She could never go back.

I couldn't believe it. It was gold. I sat wide eyed and flush with an erection begging for attention. I had evidence that could destroy Brent. My hand literally shook as I replayed the video for the third time, this time focusing on the facial expressions of the incestuous duo. Each viewing gave me something new to look at. Brent glowered at his mother with a relentless glare of carnal lust fitting of a wild animal. The way he pounded her senseless, she would probably be walking sideways for a week. I wondered if he'd ever thought about her before ingesting the treatment. The aggression that he had shown, taking and claiming her so completely had to come from somewhere.

Sweat dripped down my forehead as the glow from the screen reflected in my retinas. My eyes ached from staring at the brightness for so long. "Jeeze she's pretty," I whispered aloud, still aroused by the way her eyelashes fluttered and her shiny red lips gaped open while Brent strummed her clit. The tent in my boxers twitched, but it was 3AM and I had school at 7.

I was predictably zonked and ineffective for the first few classes. As lunch approached, the adrenaline of confronting Brent helped pull me from my stupor. How cool would it be to reveal what I know in the middle of one of his takedowns? It would be a legendary blow. A modern-day David vs. Goliath. I marched with confidence to his spot in the halls and smiled as I saw him jovially conversing with his best friends. One of them nudged him as I came closer.

“Yo freak, you lost? Or are you looking to peddle some voodoo crap?” Brent smirked. I soaked in the moment.

“Why? Are you having trouble staying hard for your mom?”

My heartbeat raced, but I distinctly heard a girl behind me stifle a giggle.

One of Brent’s friends piped up.

“Oh shit, bro. You gonna let him shit on you like that?”

Brent eyed me with daggers. Obviously, no one was going to take a ‘your mom’ joke seriously so I continued.

“Yeah, I just happened to walk by Brent’s yesterday when I saw him fucking the shit out of his own mom. They were going at it like rabbits, screaming as he pumped her full of little boy cum.”

Brent’s face went from red to ghostly pale. To everyone else this just meant anger, but I recognized the dread.

“The fuck you say about me?” He lurched forward with the agility of a 185lb varsity athlete and grabbed my collar by the cuff.

Within seconds he had half dragged me down the hallway, around the corner, into an area where no one could hear or see us. He pushed me so my back smacked the brick wall.

“I should break your finger,” he threatened. “Talking like that... I’m going to fuck you up.”

I had pressed a nerve and he was gauging everything on how I responded. Extracting my phone from my pocket, I pushed it into his chest and smiled.

“The fuck?” He said, grabbing it as if ready to smash it on the tile.

“Watch it.” I had the video cued up and ready for him.

He studied me and sneered. I didn't blink.

With an angry sigh he turned it on and hit play. The volume was on high so there was a moment of scuffling as he freaked out, trying to reduce the wails of his mother's high-pitched shrieks coming from the little speakers. Shocked, he watched in horror for a good minute of the video. It was high def, and high-quality content. When he finally paused it, I noticed his chest bulging for air. Was he going to have a panic attack or murder me? Or both?

“I have copies.” I explained anxiously before he decided to stomp and break my camera.

He looks up at me utterly dumbfounded, then back at the footage. His hand runs through his thick hair.

“You... filmed this?” he whispered. No shit, Sherlock.

“I filmed you. And now I own you.” I whispered with the sinister confidence of someone who’d practiced the line in a mirror for 20 minutes that morning.

“You own shit.” The tone of his normal self returning.

“No, no, no.” I took a step to my right. “You do anything to me, if you so much as look at me when I’m not talking to you this gets out. To everyone in this school. Hell, I may even post it online. It will ruin you. It will ruin your family. It will ruin your slutty ass mom.”

He gritted his teeth and looked at me like a restrained bull, eyes squinting, and nose flared. I could almost hear the gears catching in his head.

“You’re going to follow what I say from now on...”

“What the fuck do you want?” He spat.

What did I want? In this whole plan, part of me always assumed he would be so angry that I would get an ass kicking

and then get to release the video for all to see. I hadn't really worked out my demands.

"Money." I declared. "750 dollars. I know you can afford it, you rich asshole. And I want you to..."

"Dude, what's taking so long? Fucking stuff this kid in the trash. There's only a couple minutes of lunch left."

One of Brent's friends walked around the corner; Richie Armstrong, basically Brent junior. A muscled jock with black hair and a little stubble, a few inches shorter than Brent. He had a twin sister, Misty who did not run in the same crowd. She was not into sports and was more likely to be getting high with her friends than at a game. Though she was one of those girls who preferred wearing jackets and boots, nothing revealing that would sexualize her, she was still obviously very pretty, and I had held a crush on her since 7th grade. Even though we share two classes together, I doubted she knew who I was.

"Give me a fucking minute." Brent lashed out, stuffing my phone in his pocket.

Richie puts his hands up apologetically and looked at me in confusion before walking away. I clenched my jaw. Even neutering Brent, there were a lot of other bullies in the school. The realization hits me like a bus.

“You leave me alone. You stop bullying. You get me the money... And if I ask for your help, you help. No questions asked. I won’t let anyone know about you and your mom. Now get the fuck out of here.” I held out my hand for the camera.

He paused, then closed his eyes and took out the phone. He was trapped and he knew it.

“Last thing,” I smirked. “You might want to watch the PDA around campus.”

He shook his head. The vein in his forehead is more pronounced than ever. I can tell he’d like nothing more than to dangle me off the roof. Not today Brent. Not ever again.

Riding my bike home, I felt free and invigorated for the first time since I can remember. Not only had my plan worked so I

was finally liberated from Brent's harassment, but a new mission was forming in my mind thanks to Richie.

Taking a detour, I parked my bike and slipped around the back of Brent's house to the window where I'd installed the hidden camera to the sill of the roof. There were no cars in the driveway, and I was lucky no one was home. A smarter person would have removed the evidence earlier, but I was new to the blackmail thing. Skulking around in plain daylight was dumb, but now that Brent knew big brother was watching, I didn't have much of a choice. The small recorder had surpassed my expectations. With \$750 on the way, it had even paid for itself many times over. I was nearly ready to leave, skulking past the last window, when I caught a glimpse of a large bed. I peered into the master bedroom. The room screamed 'Adult.' Everything was so clean and expensive from the chic furnishing, large vanity, and fancy jewelry box resting on the dresser.

What was I doing? I stalled. There was no question I had enough video to ruin Brent's life. Yet the thought of capturing more was so enthralling, my penis twitched at the wickedness of it all. Instead of stowing the camera I reset it to face his parent's room window. Even if he found it, I could just buy another I reasoned.

That night I did my homework while streaming the reality show that was my bully's house. Brent's father crashed early, and to my surprise it didn't take long till Mrs. Young joined him in bed wearing nothing but a lacy black nightgown that showed off a lot of shoulder. At least it looked black with the lights off. Their bodies rested still, and I assumed they had both fallen asleep by 11. It wasn't till I came back from a quick shower before going to bed myself that I noticed the sheets had been tossed aside and that Mrs. Young was no longer in bed. Bingo!

I scrolled back the movie. At 12:03am Brent's mother began to toss and turn. She wiped her face, and pushed back her hair, clearly annoyed and restless. A minute later I noticed her turn, her hand sneaking between her thighs as her legs brush anxiously against the sheets. She twisted her head back and forth, stifling a gasp into the pillow as her fingers no doubt pleased her insatiable thirst. Mr. Young let out a hearty snore. She stops and looks over her shoulder at her husband, then gradually maneuvered out of bed and left the frame walking toward the doorway. The time stamp was 20 minutes old and she hadn't returned yet.

The next morning when I woke up, I see she stumbled back to bed by 4:00am. The black nightie is nowhere to be seen instead she's covered up in a purple silk bathroom robe. She collapsed and lost consciousness immediately, a satisfied smirk gracing

her pretty face. Not a trace of guilt for the multiple sins she had no doubt committed.

The plan for Richie was the same as before.

Football practice began 30 minutes after school, and I lurked behind the bleachers. On the edge of the track surrounding the fields a group of cheerleaders were training. As the players ran from the tunnel, I noted where each placed their bottles. I was about to down the confidence vial when I noticed, among the few kids scattered in the bleachers was an adult. She could almost pass for a teen, but I immediately recognized the Blake Lively haircut - Brent's mom. The blazing heat pumped down around us giving everything a watery glow.

The busty mother reclined across two rows of seats, in a tight crop top and pencil skirt that hugged her skinny waist and flared hips like a second skin. Her light, voluminous, shoulder-length blonde hair reflected the sun and framed her delicate features. The same face I watched twist in sinful yearning as she buckled under her son's assault. Large aviator type frames gave her the look of a movie star as she basked in the bright rays, exposed arms stretched and leaning back, and long,

golden legs crossed in front of her. It looked like she was chewing gum while watching the football players. She should be careful; It was uncommon to see a parent attending their kids' sports practices past like third grade, and I wasn't the only one who picked up on the attractive visitor.

As football practice began, many of the players snuck peeks at Mrs. Young. Removing a little tube of sunscreen from her purse, she put on a bit of a show squeezing a huge dollop of the white stuff into the palm. The naughty contrast of her red painted nails and the white lotion made time slow as her hands descended the slope of her delicious, long legs. I found it hard to swallow as the graceful blonde mother flaunted her feminine glory to a team of testosterone fueled varsity kids in their prime. She carefully rubbed and kneaded the sexy flesh, making sure to repeat the process while waxing her shoulders and neck.

"Heads up!" I saw one player get whacked in the back by the ball. Ouch.

His attention was where half the fields was. It's a good thing they wore cups to hide their boners. With the players eyes wandering toward the bleachers, it gave me ample time to sneak down and add the love cocktail to Richie Armstrong's bottle. I didn't dare use more than a few drops given how

strong the reaction had been between Brent and his mother. 15 minutes later I saw him jog to the sidelines, check his texts, and glug down a few mouthfuls of the laced H₂O. Perfect.

I didn't bother staying till the end of practice. Based on the first experience, I knew it would likely take a couple days before there were signs the drug had worked its magic. That didn't mean I couldn't do some reconnaissance. Peddling past Richie's house, I did a quick assessment and was disappointed to find the windows seem to have shutters that would make spying from the outside very difficult. I needed to find another way.

The electronic store provided the most options, so I spent an hour formulating a plan while cruising the aisles. The cheapest device I could find that suited my purposes was a USB sized voice transmitter that could be concealed in clothing.

When I got home, I linked the listening gadget to my phone and left it in the kitchen. Sure enough, I was able to hear my mom as she unloaded the dishwasher and talked to my father about dinner.

I was quickly distracted by the return of Brent's mother. She was wearing the same outfit from earlier, white crop and pencil

skirt. She walked through her room into the bathroom and closed the door.

My penis twitched as she strolled out naked, but for the white towel wrapped around her drying hair and stood in front of the vanity mirror. She stuck out her prim ass and slid her hands under her pillowy, round breasts, striking a Kardashian-esque pose. Her MILF-ish body gleamed exquisitely as she absentmindedly inspected herself. From the dresser she squirted some moisturizer into her palm. She leaned and squinted, applying the product unto the delicate skin around her eyes with the tip of her index finger. I was aroused watching how much care she put into just her face when the rest of her was so bewitching. When she was done, she wiped her hands down her breasts and stomach. Her nails hovered and skimmed lightly over her belly. She bit her bottom lip. My eyes couldn't help but descend to the inviting V between her long legs.

Strutting to the closet, she retrieved a raspberry colored strapless dress and returned to the bathroom. When she exits, I can't help but regard the evolution of the woman who I'd watched fight with her son in their car leaving school. That woman had seemed worried, nervous, and modest. A work-oriented, conflicted mother who had no time for indulgences. This was not the same person. Everything about Mrs. Young was screaming to be noticed, to entice and tease the new man

of the house. With her wet hair combed behind her ears she applied a fresh coat of bright red lip gloss to her angelic face. Her eyebrows tighten as she squeezed them together and pouts her lips. She was the hypersexualized dream of any teenage boy. A bold, promiscuous...

“Dinners getting cold.” My father yelled rapping on the door.

I shuddered and center my hard cock underneath my belt as I rush to the family room.

I get to school early and lingered near the parking lot to scout out Richie. I wonder whether he'll even be in school. My question is answered when his truck pulled up and parked a minute later.

“You're such a dick!” Misty popped out and slammed the door. She shot Richie a sneer full of scalding teenage angst.

“I'm just saying you'd be more popular if you did!” Richie yelled.

Misty pulled her hoodie up and stomped off in her heavy boots, ignoring him.

I watched Richie run up to some friends and head to class. Nothing out of the ordinary. The day passed at a snail's pace. I kept fiddling with the voice transmitter in my pocket. When the bell for lunch finally rang, I scuttled down the hall and cut off Brent before he could join his entourage.

"I need you to borrow Richie's letterman jacket."

"The fuck?" Brent did a horrible job holding back his anger.

"Do it now. Or you don't want to know what happens. Bring it here when you've got it." I threatened.

Brent gritted his fists and stalked past me. That's a good dog.

He returned, glaring at me, but tossing the coat over. "Thanks, bitch." I stopped myself from saying. It only took a minute to cut and insert the miniature mike into the inner collar of the thick letterman jacket. I handed it back to Brent and smile.

“Thanks! Still waiting on my money.”

He snatched back the coat. The next period I checked the connection with my phone. I could faintly hear his Trig teacher explaining basic integers. Awesome.

Afternoon practice was uneventful... At least at first. I was disappointed not to see Brent's mom stopping by and setting up her own stripper pole. I instead concentrated on Richie, watching him like a hawk from a secluded entrance between the sections. He didn't seem to be suffering any ill effects as he ran across the field. When he busts out of the locker room after practice he tromped toward the bottom bleachers. He ventured down the stairs where most the pot smokers took refuge since security was lazy. From between the seats, I spied him talking to a group of stoners. He tugged on the sleeve of a girl, trying to usher her away from the group. She threw up her hands, but placated him, and he led her to the exit of the field.

I laughed when I realized it was just Misty. He was obviously her ride home, and she was obviously still mad about earlier that morning. She yelled at him, and that made me happy. Whatever he must have said really pissed her off. At least she doesn't have to take his bullshit. I figured they were heading for the parking lot, but instead he led her behind the closed snack shack building. I waited for a minute, but when they

didn't come back, I hustled down the stands and snuck across the track to the back bushes where I could get a glimpse of what was going on. What I finally saw made me sick.

No. Not Misty. I pulled out my phone and waited for it to connect to the wireless mike.

“Grrrph, what are you d-? Get off me!” I froze in horror as Richie's arms were around his sister, his hands lumps inside her oversized hoodie as he clearly groped her. She struggled to break free, but as she turned her face to yelp, Richie closed the gap and muffled her with his mouth.

She tensed and squirmed, but he latched on, tongue probing between her lips. Her meek 5'4" frame stood no chance clutched between her brothers six-foot-tall brother's muscled arms. Her eyes hooded over and then fluttered close and her hands dropped to her side.

As her body went limp, he began to fondle and kiss her neck, whispering in her ear. I maxed out the volume on the app.

“That’s it.” He stroked his sister’s dark hair away from her confused face. Her lips are moved slowly, as if trying to stop him, but nothing came out.

He was pushing her sweatshirt all the way up her flat belly as he played with the clasp of her bra. Her slim physique buckled as his other hand ventured down and unsnapped her jeans. She tried to collapse to stop his hand from delving under her panties, but he was too strong. He began rubbing his sister’s vagina, while clutching her breasts and kissing her face.

Unintentionally, and to my further dismay, her legs splayed out and made it easier for him. Her eyes opened and shut, and she moaned something unintelligible.

There they stood, not unlike many teenage couples, but definitely worse. This was so wrong. Misty was the girl I’d always secretly hoped to get. She looked like Allison Brie with long brunette hair and a careless wit that seemed refreshing compared to most girls. Her personality was so real, and sarcastic, and perfect. Everything her brother was not. I wanted to scream.

He kissed her ear. Misty’s legs opened wider and she began pressing her ass against his crotch.

“You’ll stop wearing those shitty bulky pants. Quit with that tomboy shit, you’re hot as fuck. I want to see your body. I want you to wear stuff that will make the teachers cum in their pants. I want you turning heads. You’re going to become the perfect bitch for me. We were meant to be together.”

Her right eye twitched as if she was downloading his sick thoughts directly into the deep roots of her hippocampus. Her white teeth bared in grit. When he was done talking, he grabbed her chin and their lips connected, kissing her as she slumped back into him.

He was rubbing her harder and she grimaced and moaned against his invading fingers.

Richie suddenly released his hold on his sister and licked his fingers. Shaking her head, she stumbled back. Her chest heaved and she looked flustered.

“Yooou... you jerk.’ She fought to get the words out. It sounded like she was drunk the way she slurred them. She ran off. Richie smirked, but his face had turned quite pale and he also seemed a bit tipsy.

What have I done? I stood there for I don't know how long, with my hands on my knees and my eyes clenched shut so hard I could see stars.

I don't even remember how I got home. The guilt of subjecting a girl I liked to a monster like Richie... the guilt of causing them to... What if right now they were... I slapped myself. Don't think like that. But as much as I wanted to ignore the possibility, I saw the flicker from the Young household's master bedroom and my stomach clenched.

Missionary this time. Brent, the new owner of the master bed, and his mother were coupling completely naked and splayed out on top of one another like a ball of flesh. Their bodies writhing across the bedspread of the King mattress, shaking the headboard and shoving the sheets asunder. As he pounded her with full, long strokes, humping away so that his veiny shaft was fully embedded and plugged into his mother's mature cunt, her legs wrapped around his thighs so hard that her heels knocked against his ass. There was no doubt where she intended him to finish. She clung to him intensely, breasts pancaked to his chest, arms locked and knuckles white as her fingers massaged and clawed grooves into his shoulders and back.

Brent looked like a mad man, his ass cheeks rippling as he slammed the seizing woman. Her mouth gaped open and her eyes rolled back far under her eyelids as she became unresponsive to anything except her own pleasure. They rocked back and forth. He buried his face into the nape of her neck, biceps bulging as he embraced her petite body. She quivered and shook, another climax registering when her red capped toes curled, and she let out a blasphemous scream. There was no faking that one. She grabbed the back of her boy's and they looked into each other's eyes. A more intimate activity could not be shared between mother and son as Brent veered back and drove his cock one final time before unloading everything he had into her pussy.

Glugs of thick jizz blasted from the tip of his penis directly against her cervix wall. He stared at his mother's face, their lips barely touching, while his balls tightened, and his inflated manhood pulsed, inseminating her with an endless current of virile teenage spunk. As he deposited his load, she hugged him and ran her hands threw his sweaty hair in a comforting, loving way. They frenched passionately, not caring as the drool and spittle from their sloppy kisses covered their chins, and as their mutual fluids stained the sheets.

I resisted the urge to stroke off to them, but I was horny. I pulled up some porn and began jacking off to the first video I could find. In the periphery I couldn't help but sneak glances

at Brent and his mother bathing in their post-orgasmic mist. I knew it wouldn't be long before he was mounting her again. I imagined Mrs. Young being bent in half with her ankles pinned by her ears getting her pussy savaged.

The next day I felt sick, but my parents, strict as they are, said I had no fever, so it was probably just allergies. I really didn't want to see what I'd done. The first period I had with Misty I felt my hands clamming up.

I breathed a sigh of relief as she sat in her desk, boots, jeans and all. Besides being a little agitated, she seemed... Actually, there was something different. She was wearing a bit of makeup, and her dark hair seemed glossier than usual. Relax. I was having trouble swallowing. A little eyeshadow and lipstick aren't cause for concern. She probably wears it all the time and I'm just winding myself up. Still, I was hyper focused on her as she chewed the eraser of her pencil and her legs fidgeted under her desk. Her eyes remained glued to the phone on her desk. When it buzzed, she nearly knocked it to the floor as her hand flew to pick it up.

She giggled, amused by her own clumsiness.

"Ms. Armstrong, are we disturbing you?" Mr. Phelps, the psych teacher, halted mid lecture.

"No. Sorry." She placed her phone down and unzipped her gray hoodie. Jesus Christ, a huge pair of breasts spilled out. Squeezed into a tight number that would be small on a freshman. I stare at the pink baby doll top. Fuck. What had I done?

Part 3

"Ms. Armstrong, are we disturbing you?" Mr. Phelps stopped his lecture.

Misty flipped her phone face down and slid it to the corner of her desk.

"No. Sorry," she mumbled.

The bored 18-year-old slunk back in her chair and stared down at her notebook until the perturbed psychology teacher returned to his lesson. Free of his attention, she slipped off her gray hoodie and hung it over the backrest. In all the time I'd ever known her, from middle school till that moment in senior

year, I had never seen her wear a revealing item of clothing. Her wardrobe was a medley of jackets, which concealed all but her face. I suspected a lot had to do with her brother, Richie. As a varsity football player and a grade-A tool like Brent, he and his buddies were always objectifying the preppy, popular girls that liked to test the limits of the school dress code with skimpy skirts and low-cut shirts. Misty clearly wasn't interested in becoming one of those bubble-headed sluts. That is part of the reason I'd always liked her. That, and her cute smile, pretty face, and biting wit. She didn't have to show off her body to be attractive.

She didn't HAVE to, but today she was. Drinking in the new look, my eyes gravitated over the cleavage of her girly, pink top that cinched so tight around her breasts, I wouldn't have been surprised to see the two sequestered mounds of flesh burst from the seams and flash the entire classroom. They were not the biggest tits, but on her skinny frame, and in that snug top, they projected like a couple of over-ripened grapefruit ready to squirt at the slightest pressure. I fidgeted nervously as my dick hardened and contemplated how strong the magic must be to have altered Misty's psyche so abruptly. First Brent's mom, and now her. I could not afford to let the situation get out of hand. Richie deserved to suffer, but not his sister.

Recalling the label to the love potion, "For a binding love, that will not break until the hour is of late," my mind scrambled to

deduce its meaning. Many nights had passed since I dosed Brent, and the effects of the drug were as prevalent as ever. And why was it making people attracted to women in their own families? I wished I could ask my grandpa for help, but that would mean admitting to stealing and using restricted potions from his shop on unsuspecting kids my age. Fuck!

It occurred to me that though Brent and Richie had been at football practice when they chugged down the mysterious elixir, their attention hadn't been on their teammates on the field. They had both been interacting with their phones... Holy shit! I felt like an idiot. The magic wasn't determined on creating incestuous couples. It was just happenstance they both were communicating with family at the time they were affected.

"Ms. Armstrong, what did I say about text-" Mr. Phelps's voice caught in his throat as his eyes fell on the busty teen. She had tried to stow the phone in her lap and was leaning forward, arms parallel and pressing against her boobs, squeezing them together, as she tried to text covertly.

"Put the phone away or it is detention!" the flustered middle-aged man managed to stammer.

I noticed a few other kids gawking at Misty as she bent to stuff the device into her pack. It sickened me to imagine how Richie would react seeing his sister in such a vulnerable position. The jerk would no doubt whip out his cock and fuck her over the desk, taking a fistful of her long, dark mane and pulling it back until she was so overcome with both pain and pleasure that her legs would turn to jelly and she would cave to an earth-shattering climax. Jeeze. I shook off the thought. I was becoming too desensitized thanks to the incredible libido of Brent and Mrs. Young.

If only Richie had drunk from his bottle a few seconds later... If only he had become infatuated with someone else. The thought of coupling the bastard with a different mate unfolded in my mind. Why couldn't I give him another treatment? I had only used a couple drops for each go-round. There was plenty left in the vial. I watched Misty stretch her legs out, then prop her head up with her hand. Hopefully, the spell would wear off once her brother bonded with someone else. It was worth a try at least.

When the lunch bell rang, I rushed down the hall to intercept Brent before Mr. Phelps could even say "dismissed." No point wasting time when every minute that passed drove the magic to spread its roots deeper. And why risk getting caught on the football field when I could just order my minion to do it for me?

"I need you to get me Richie's backpack," I demanded as Brent walked past me. I didn't want to clue him in that I was about to slip stuff into his friend's drink.

"What?" He shook his head in angry confusion. "First his jacket, now his backpack?"

"Yeah. I don't care how you get it. Just get it done... Or else." Man, I loved making ominous threats to a dude who used to pummel me for just existing.

"I can't," Brent replied.

"What do you mean, you can't?"

"He has lunch detention," Brent steamed through clenched teeth.

Detention. Crap... Wait... Actually. That could work. That could work brilliantly. No Misty, no access to cellular devices, a limited group of lowlifes to get focused on...

"With whom?" I pried.

"Mrs. Watson, I think."

I whizzed past Brent and shuffled my way down the corridor. Mrs. Watson was our history teacher. A woman in her late thirties, with mid-length chestnut hair that was restrained into a bun most days. She was married with two toddlers that she liked to gloat about like they were God's gift to humanity. She even had a family picture of them posed with her husband on her desk next to one of her figure skating decades ago. Apparently, her dream career was to be on the ice, but it was cut short after suffering a knee injury in college, so she went into teaching. Her classes were brutal, and the tests were just as unsympathetic. I believed she hated her job because she secretly begrudged each student. She was overly stern and had no sense of humor, often reprimanding kids for the smallest infractions like passing notes.

"Here goes nothing," I whispered to myself before barging into the classroom. I scanned the group of miscreants sitting dejectedly at their desks. I counted six including Richie. I walked past a girl with a lip ring, much too much makeup, and jet-black hair with white emo bangs covering her eyes. I'd never seen her before in my life. Richie was sitting behind an

obese kid who didn't talk much and was a year older than everyone else after getting held back as a sophomore.

I slumped into the desk behind Richie. His backpack leaned against the back leg of his seat. Mrs. Watson sat with perfect posture behind the computer in the front of the room. Her lips pursed as she peered over a pair of thick-rimmed librarian glasses, which rested on the edge of her nose, concentrating on the screen in front of her. Matched with her conservative frumpy checkered dress that fell to her ankles, and went out of style 40 years ago, the outfit gave her the appearance of a woman trying to pass for a lady twice her age. That didn't stop kids from passing notes with stick-figure drawings of them boning her. She was one of the youngest teachers after all. Heck, it may have even encouraged them knowing she was trying so hard not to avoid being the object of their teenage fascination.

She was also one of those teachers who assigned seats, making sure to separate friends so they wouldn't talk and disrupt her curriculum. The first day we got our syllabus she said that she had no tolerance for misbehavior and had lived up to her word by giving out a handful of lunch detentions every day. As a loner, I was not a traditional attendant to her midday sentences and usually managed to lay low and unnoticed till the bell rang.

Swallowing, I felt my hand sweating as I unscrewed the tiny bottle of potion in my pocket. The room was completely quiet, save for the soft sound of intermittent chewing, and the tick from the mounted clock behind me. I waited a couple minutes, hoping for an opportunity, but none arose so I stretched my foot to nudge Richie's bag. The water canister wouldn't take much to jar loose. That's when the door burst open and the sound of garbled voices from the hallway bled into the room.

"Sorry, Mrs. Watson," interjected a brawny, 6'2" black student, Andre Michaels, as he barged in.

"There was a line outside. It took ten minutes to get my lunch." He peppered his excuse by raising the sandwich he'd purchased from a vendor.

Mrs. Watson looked up from her computer and skeptically rolled her eyes.

"Andre, sit down. And maybe try making different plans next week, because you just earned an extra two days of lunches in here."

"Why you gotta be that way, Mrs. W." Andre slouched and made his way to the seat next to Richie.

The guy was a notorious ex-footballer, though he never bullied anyone that I knew about. He also had a good reputation with the ladies. There was a rumor he was the first freshman to ever fuck a senior cheerleader at our school. Up until his Junior year, he had been on a fast path to a big scholarship for his talents on the field. But last winter, he got pegged for a DUI and lost his place on the team, his clean record, and all his prospects. Tons of potential wasted.

It was rare to see him in school. He was flakey about the whole thing now that it didn't matter. As he got up to toss the wrap to his food, I tugged Richie's bag and quietly withdrew his water bottle. If he turned around and saw me messing with his stuff, I would be dead. I loosened the lid and blindly added a couple drops into the container under my desk. My fingers shook as I screwed the cap back on awkwardly. Andre was on his way back. I dropped Richie's water into the side pocket and kicked his bag against the leg of his desk. I watched helplessly as the unsecured bottle slipped out of the pocket and began rolling across the floor. Richie turned to see my foot on his bag.

"Get your foot off my bag or I will zip you in it and throw you off the roof."

"Got it." Andre bent over and snagged the cylindrical aluminum mug before sitting back down in the desk next to Richie's.

"What kind of hooch you slingin' today, bro?" he teased, spinning the top off and peering inside the container.

Richie turned back to his friend. "I keep the good shit in my locker."

Andre smiled and brought the canister over his lips. I watched in slow-motion horror as the lump of his Adam's apple rose and fell in conjunction with his glugging down a few mouthfuls of the contaminated liquid. Things couldn't get worse.

"I don't have you on my list," Mrs. Watson's voice cut sharply across the silent room. Everyone looked up. She was staring directly at me.

"I... uh..." I was at a loss for words. I'd had an excuse prepared, something about the security guard catching me being tardy,

but my mind was too busy parceling out the ramifications of what Andre had just done.

"S-sorry." I heard myself stutter as I stood and high-tailed it to the door. "I am supposed to be in another room."

The other students cracked up hearing that. I snuck one final glance over my shoulder to see Andre handing Richie his empty bottle back. I almost tripped over Misty, who was sitting right outside the door, eating her lunch. She looked pale and antsy. None of her food had been touched except for the banana she clutched in her right hand.

She didn't seem to hear me as I apologized for almost stepping on her. Her dazed, glassy-eyed expression gazed across the hall to the lockers. I couldn't help but stare down her cleavage at the enticing smooth skin.

"Hey, are you okay?" I waved a hand in front of her face.

"Peachy," she barely acknowledged.

Lunch was nearly over. Maybe if I had more time, I could have tried to draw her away from her brother. That would have to

wait. As it was, my plan had backfired again. I cursed to myself, keeping my head low as I trudged down the squeaky hallway. What would happen now if the tally of those infected by my hand continued to grow? I couldn't risk using the potion again, I couldn't be careless. Misty, Andre... They were innocent. And though I could argue that with better parenting Brent never would have become a bully, and none of this would have happened, I did feel bad for Mrs. Young.

The bell rang. Richie burst out of Mrs. Watson's history classroom. He didn't seem surprised by his sister huddled up against the wall. Checking both directions to see if anyone was watching, I barely avoided eye contact, as he grabbed Misty's hand and led her down the hallway. With dread, I chose to follow them at a safe distance, suspecting he was not planning to go to his next class. As we weaved hallways, and more kids thinned out, ducking into their respective classrooms, I became more and more visible. Richie was no longer guided by paranoia, but something else, pulling his sister along, checking every window until he came upon an empty room. The final bell rang just as he dragged her in, leaving me alone and in danger of getting caught truant. Quickly, I took out my phone and paired it with the microphone in Richie's jacket. The signal was weak, but it connected, though I couldn't see them. Richie's smug voice resonated over the distortion of the jacket.

"Admit it. Even now, all you can think about is how much you want to suck my cock."

"Don't flatter yourself," Misty replied with lacking conviction.

"Come on, baby sis."

"I'm not your baby sis! You were born five minutes before me."

"You look so hot when you're mad."

"Richie, no..." More distortion as the jacket rubbed against the mic.

"You look so good," his voice grew lower. "This is what happens when you tease me." I heard a zipper.

A tiny gasp.

"I am not Gluggg-" At first, I thought I lost audio, but then Richie's voice rumbled.

"Look at me. Yeah, like that."

Removing an earbud, I heard footsteps coming closer from around the corner. In a split-second decision, I quietly opened the door and slipped into Richie and Misty's classroom. It was dark and full of lab tables. They were nowhere to be seen, but then I noticed the light coming from the supply room in the back. Creeping close, I peeked through the tiny window.

"That's it, suck my cock like the little slut you are."

Misty squatted in front of her brother, eyes bulging as her mouth bobbed up and down.

"Mmmm!!" I heard the lewd sounds of her mouth sucking as her cheeks vacuumed around his 18-year-old rod.

"Glug...Glug...Glug...SSLLLLUUURRRPPPP!"

"Uhh, Oh, yeah! That's fucking amazing. Squeeze your tits while I fuck your face."

Out of shock or simply self-punishment, I watched as Misty stroked her brother's unit until he finished down her throat. They had crossed a line. But at least it was just a blow job. Richie Armstrong's smug tone buzzed with static as he instructed her, "Don't drink anything for the rest of the day, I want my cum to be the last thing you taste before dinner."

"You're so bad," Misty giggled in the background, clearly not actually upset by her brother's assertiveness. My heart split in two. Even if I managed to find a cure for her, would she ever be the same?

"I'm sorry," I whispered, crouching down behind one of the lab booths. I waited until I heard them slip into the hallway a few minutes later, and reflected on what I'd just seen.

That night at dinner, I tried not to think about what could be happening at the Armstrong household as I stomached down my teriyaki chicken and broccoli. In my room, I found numerous notifications on my laptop from Brent's house. Not that I needed any more dirt on Brent, but I was a bit disappointed that none of the motion detected was due to any

illicit rendezvous involving Mrs. Young. Mr. Young evidently had enjoyed the day off, since he spent many of the hours with his ass on the sofa in the master bedroom, reading. By 11:15PM, both husband and wife had settled in for the evening and appeared to be asleep. I had seen this show before. Within the hour, Mrs. Young would pull away the sheets and carefully slip out of her marital bed clad only in a flimsy nightie, not to return to the room till just before sunrise. At nearly 12:00AM on the dot, I watched the blonde MILF wiggle out from under her husband's outstretched arm and scamper toward the door.

"Uh-oh," I muttered to myself, noticing Mr. Young stir. The oaf turned his head in the direction of his unfaithful wife. The audio on the camera was awful since it was mounted outside. At first, it looked like Mr. Young was just asking where his wife was off to in the middle of the night, followed by his ushering her back to bed. But within minutes, Mrs. Young unwisely made another attempt to escape. When Mr. Young confronted her this time, he was clearly more frustrated, and confused. When she reluctantly slid back into bed, Mr. Young turned over and spooned her, keeping his arms locked securely around her stomach. Brent was going to be in a shit mood tomorrow.

"Hey, bud," my grampa greeted. "How'd the confidence booster help?"

I decided my only recourse for saving Misty was to visit my grandparents' shop before school. It took me a moment to remember what he was talking about. The tiny confidence vial was still bouncing around somewhere in my backpack.

"It went great. She said she'd go to a movie with me," I lied.

"Fantastic! See, you don't need strong magic to succeed, it's all in here." He pointed to his heart.

"That's actually why I'm here. I was hoping to get another dose for my date," I improvised, hoping that he might need to check the back again.

My grandpa chuckled. "Between you and me, I understand. But you don't need it. I promise you."

"Please... It's the last time I'll ask."

His eyes softened and he nodded. I watched as the old Japanese man trot off to one of the back rooms. Waiting exactly ten seconds, I snatched the keys from his desk. It's a good thing too, since the room labeled, "Strong: Not for Sale" was locked. Flicking through the keys, it took me precious seconds to pick the right one. Once inside, I gravitated toward the spot of the love potion. All the vials were labeled poison, and there were seven that matched what I gave Brent. I searched for an antivenom, a nullifier, anything resembling a cure for what I had unleashed.

I shook my head scanning all the descriptions. One caught my eye, not because it could change Misty, but because it could stop her brother from laying his filthy hands on her. "For a sleep so deep, no dreams will keep."

I nabbed the vial and tucked it into my back pocket. I was not as lucky as the other day, bumping into my grandpa just as I finished relocking the door.

"What are you doing?" he asked, holding another vial of confidence.

I swallowed. The keys were clenched in my hand.

"Um, I thought you might need your keys, so I was bringing them to you," I submitted, handing him the set.

"Hmm." He looked at me skeptically. "Well, I appreciate you trying to help, but you know your grandma would have a fit if she knew I let you back here alone." He shooed me back to the front of the store before handing me the second little vial.

As much as I wanted to hold out hope that Misty hadn't slept with her brother, it was clear that the boundaries between them had crumbled. Gone were the casual hoodie, boots, and sunglasses of her hipster wardrobe. Today, she sported a snug, white t-shirt with a pair of uber-short denim jeans. Most concerning to me, though, was what she'd done to her hair. The long brunette tresses that normally fell freely down her shoulders had been pitched up into a set of girly high pigtails usually reserved for school cheerleaders. She was nearly unrecognizable as she clung to her brother's arm and giggled at his stupid insights.

If any part of the old Misty still resided inside her, she must be screaming like a banshee. But this girl was not Misty. It didn't matter how happy she looked, or how sexy she was dressed, she was a victim of Richie... A victim of mine. Even Brent's

mom didn't regress this much, did she? Did it have to do with the dose I'd given Richie? No, both he and Brent only received a few drops. Maybe I just didn't realize how much of a bimbo Mrs. Young had become. As a doctor, was she spending her days at work slacking off and thinking about her son? Probably. I watched Misty throughout Mr. Phelp's psych class. She was content nibbling on her eraser while staring at the clock all class until the bell rang. I clutched the sleeping vial in my pocket.

If I wanted to find Richie at lunch, I might as well just follow her. Once the bell rang, I lingered as she checked her makeup in a tiny glass mirror like a desperate housewife preparing to flirt with the pool guy. She made her way down the halls toward one of Brent's entourage's favorite spots. Passing her brother, who sat on the ground among the group of kids cackling their asses off, she simply grazed her fingers over the back of his neck to get his attention. He immediately slung his backpack over his shoulder and pursued his sister, admiring her ass as she turned the corner. I, in turn, trailed them both.

"Hey, you." Brent grabbed my shoulder, right before I was about to turn the corner. What the fuck did he want?

The blonde jock quickly let go when he saw me glaring at his hand. "Here," he said, pulling out a wad of bills from his

pocket. It was the \$1000 I had demanded. Truthfully, I was shocked he'd come up with it so quickly.

"Take it. It's yours. Just... Delete the video," he requested as politely as a bully could muster.

"Uh... Thanks," I shoved the bills in my pocket before anyone misconstrued the interaction as

some sort of drug deal. "But this doesn't make us even. I'll keep my mouth shut as long as you do what I say."

The vein in his neck throbbed and I could tell he wanted to punch me into a puddle. I figured I was about to hear another excuse as to why I should reconsider scrapping my leverage over him, but he surprised me. "Why do you keep following Richie?"

"I'm not," I replied defensively. Now it was my turn to feel anxious.

"Right..." Brent grimaced, then decided it wasn't worth talking about and strolled back to his group.

Richie and Misty were gone. I scoured the hallways trying to trace their steps but to no avail. Lunch was nearly halfway over when it occurred to me, they may have gone back to the science room from yesterday. Hustling around a corner, I'm relieved to see their backpacks abandoned on the side of the wall of the deserted hallway, like a present waiting for me. Knowing I didn't have much time, and that they must currently be back inside the supply closet, I quickly got on one knee and pulled out the vial.

"Goodnight," I said, pouring the whole serum into Richie's water canister, shaking it, and then putting it back into its sleeve.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing, bitch!" came Richie's voice from a few feet behind me. Goosebumps prickled down my back. I turned to see the smug asshole looming over me, his sister a couple of paces behind him. Richie wasn't mad, in fact, by his swagger and Misty's smeared lipstick, I knew he was probably on cloud nine. Misty also seemed lost in her own world as her twin brother pushed me over and kicked me in the thigh.

"Agh!" I yelped in pain.

"You trying to steal my shit?!" He kicked me again, this time in the shoulder. I rolled away toward the lockers.

"Huh, you seeing this, sis? This cockroach thinks he can just scurry away." Richie sauntered up and put his foot on my side, pressing down hard enough to send pain spreading across my ribcage.

"Fuck you, shrimp." He hocked a loogie on my neck. Satisfied with his power trip, he removed his foot and snatched up his backpack. As I sat up, I observed his hand squeeze his sister's butt through her mini jeans as they turned into the next hallway.

The rest of the school day went as well as one might expect after getting the crap kicked out of them. My only hope was that Richie wasn't wise enough to figure out that I'd fucked with his drink. After school, he would have football practice again, but considering the potency of the love potion, I wouldn't be surprised if he quit the team to rush home and fuck his sister.

As the class cleared out with the final bell, I began my trek back to the bleachers, using my good shoulder to lug my heavy

backpack. There were only a dozen or so spectators in the stands. Mrs. Young's memorable attendance seemed to have been a one-time gift. Misty was in the first row, high pigtails bouncing attractively while she fidgeted impatiently for the football team to arrive. She grabbed her phone from beside her to read a notification. A second later, she was up and descending the tiny metal steps onto the track part of the football field.

"What are you doing?" I asked under my breath. I didn't want to think about what would happen if Richie caught me snooping around his sacred sister, but I also couldn't have her getting caught and expelled because of my oversight. The tunnel where the players ran out was connected to the boy's locker room. Misty ran toward the band room entrance instead. I took another swig of a confidence booster from my backpack.

"Pphhhtu." I wiped the bitter solution from my lips.

What I thought was a band room was actually a small auditorium where the band practiced. I walked in just as the door on the opposite side of the room was closing. The label on the door that had just closed had a plaque that stated, "Instrument Lockers." I felt a rush of adrenaline as I noticed the door stopper at the bottom of the doorframe. Edging closer I could hear voices.

"Are you sure you have time? I don't want you to get in trouble," Misty bubbled giddily.

I crept up and squinted through the slit of the door. The white tile room was lit by a low-watt light bulb and lined wall to wall with square lockers holding instrument cases. In the middle of the room Misty and Richie snogged. An unfamiliar feeling of sudden anger and jealousy sent shivers down my spine. I couldn't pull my eyes away from Misty. It was like watching a trainwreck in slow motion. She pressed her boobs against his chest and moaned into his mouth. Despite being twins, she was still much shorter and tilted her face upward to embrace the half-wit's tongue. After a minute, he put his hand on her bare shoulders and began pushing down. This guy has some sort of oral fixation. I wondered if I could force Brent to beat him up.

Misty didn't need any more instruction, instantly falling to her knees and quickly struggling to unhook his belt. Though it wasn't on my bucket list, I took some satisfaction in learning Richie wasn't hung like a horse. His sister pushed her hair to the right side, grasped his cock in one hand, and gave him a wanton look, before sticking her cute, pink tongue out and licking the tip. I felt my own cock twitch.

"Oh, your cock tastes amazing, big brother!" Her eyes flamed with desire.

"It would feel better inside of your pussy, if you weren't such a prude," Richie snapped back callously.

Misty's bottom lip jutted out into a sulky pout. "I just wanted my first time to be with someone special," she said, in between kissing his phallus tenderly.

Richie snorted and pushed out his pelvis, so his dark pubes pressed against her forehead.

"Every bitch thinks she wants something special when in reality she just wants to get fucked."

Misty's eyes rolled with her tongue and rested on the door for a split second. She blinked, squinting at the tiny gap opening, her cheek extending obscenely. Only the confidence in my system kept me from high tailing it out of the room. But her attention was quickly turned away by Richie's palm, which lightly slapped her chin and forced her head back in his direction. A string of spit connected and glinted, like spider silk from her mouth to his cock. Seeing her brother's piercing glare,

her expression brightened and her eyes sparkled with love for his virility.

Within a minute, drool ran thick across the stubby, veiny schlong. Her head bobbed as her hand cradled his balls. Her chocolate brunette hair, which appeared raven black in the dim fluorescent room, contrasted with the ivory-white pickle she was sucking on. Richie put a firm hand on the back of her head and pushed, threatening to make the girl gag or cough up her lunch, but Misty's hollow cheeks seemed quite adept at taking his full meat.

"MMmmm," Misty moaned.

For five minutes, Richie enjoyed the sloppy blowjob. A puddle glinted on the floor from all the fluids drooling down Misty's chin. Her eyes never parted from his. I looked down at my own erection stretching my pants.

Continuing to stroke his cock with her hands, Misty pulled her mouth free and gasped, "With Mom and Dad out tonight, you can show me all you've learned from all those other girls."

She leaned back, tugging at his shaft, and opened her mouth wide enough for him to see her tonsils.

"Fuck, yes." Richie groaned. His penis twitched and exploded onto her tongue. The first blast sent hot cum shooting into the waiting mouth. Like a dehydrated nymphomaniac, Misty bent forward, her mouth sliding down her brother's manhood and clenching around the base of his rod like a cock ring. She swallowed quickly, enjoying every drop of his seed, milking him with her throat as his hips gyrated. I stared with heavy eyes and lustful desire at Misty's sexy body. Eventually, she let out a satisfied coo before falling back on her butt.

"Richie, are you okay? You look sick," she whispered.

I looked up at the six-foot muscled wide receiver. He was rocking in place and blinking more than necessary.

"I'm-I'm fine," Richie stuttered. "I gotta go, I'm already late."

I barely had time to dive behind some tuba cases as he staggered from the room.

"Good luck out there!" Misty chirped cheerfully.

Richie turned back to the girl he'd just defiled. "Pull the car up after practice, by the time I'm finished with you tonight you'll never even look at another dude again."

Misty sighed; her eyebrow streaked with a glob of spunk. Richie zipped his pants and hustled down the hallway.

Back in the stands, something seemed off. Richie was on the field, participating in practice, running his routes, but looking winded. I wasn't the only one noticing.

"Armstrong, that's you!" his coaches would yell as several balls trailed over his head by several feet.

Either he'd expelled too much energy into Misty's mouth, which I didn't discount as a possibility, or the potion in the water canister that he kept liberally swigging down was starting to take effect.

"FUCK!" he shouted, punching his own chest as he mishandled another throw from the quarterback. He got back in line.

The next play was something to behold. As soon as the ball was hiked, Richie was off, faster than I had seen him run outside of a live game. It wasn't graceful. Even in the stands, I could practically hear his labored, ragged breaths as he pushed forward, sweat streaking down his face, refusing to slow down. He wasn't going to miss another-

Dropping to his knees, it reminded me of the movie Platoon. I watched as Richie Armstrong collapsed on the field. Immediately, whistles and barking from the coaches killed the play, as the whole team hustled over to the young wide receiver.

"Misty. Hey, MISTY!" I hissed. She was sitting a section over from me. She shouldn't have to see this, I thought. The poor girl didn't even notice me as she grabbed her phone and began rushing down the stairs to the rest of the crowd.

This was way more public than I ever wanted. "For a sleep so deep, no dreams will keep." I gulped. They're probably calling an ambulance. They'll probably do a drug test on him... The bottle. I needed to get the bottle in case anything suspicious

shows up on his toxicology. I scurried toward the field. I lingered around the equipment tables, waiting till most everyone had their backs turned before stuffing Richie's nearly empty water into my backpack.

A minute later, I was hurrying down the empty corridors of the high school. I turned into one of the bathrooms and locked myself into a stall, pouring out the rest of the tainted liquid into the toilet and flushing the evidence. I tossed the bottle in the trash and stepped out of the boy's bathroom, ready to head home.

"Thump. Thump-Thump. Thump."

What the fuck? I froze in place, my ears perking up to find where the noise was coming from.

"Unghhhh!" I almost blushed. That was a groan, and it came from the girl's bathroom. I took a step toward the opposite door.

Another groan, that one more high-pitched. I should have left, but my feet kept moving closer to the sound. I eased open the restroom door. The groans grew louder. Sticking my head

around the corner into the girl's facilities, natural curiosity had got the best of me, but whatever scandalous act I was expecting, I was not prepared for what happened next. My eyes bugged out as they landed on Andre's toned black ass pounding mercilessly into a girl that was hoisted up on the sink with her legs wrapped around the sculpted student's waist.

"Oh, Andre..." I stifled a gasp as the strictest teacher in my year, and mother of two moaned over the smacking momentum of Andre's thick cock as it drove into her pussy with each slam of his hips.

"Mrs. W, your shit is tight!"

To be continued...