# The Wrong Treatment

# 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 at till 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.

To be continued...

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# 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 creeped 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.

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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.

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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.

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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 pleasured 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.

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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.

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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...SSSLLLUUURRRPPPP!"

"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.

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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.

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"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.

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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 asshat 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.

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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!"

# Part 4

In the days since High School starting wide receiver Richie Armstrong passed out on the football field during what should have been a routine practice, the rumor-mongering among the class body had yet to die down. All I knew for sure was that the asshole was in a coma. The hospital had thankfully been unable to determine a root cause for the incident, with the potential culprits of heat stroke, concussion, and cardiac disease ruled out after exhaustive testing.

Yesterday's announcements offered counselling to anyone feeling depressed by the situation. I immediately thought of Misty, Richie's twin sister, the innocent girl I essentially bimbofied with my irresponsible use of a love potion. The teenage brunette had been excused for the week, and I was beyond anxious to find out if taking her brother out of the picture had done anything to stop her descent into complete sluthood.

Even if it had only halted the progression of the trance she was in, that would buy me more time to find a cure. At least, I hoped it was a trance. If the sinister potion was a permanent alteration... My heart sank just thinking about it.

I flagged the timestamp on the video I was watching. The blonde vixen on the screen stroked her son's cock and kissed the boy's forehead as they snuggled together in the master bed. Mrs. Young's otherworldly figure had only improved over the course of their affair, no doubt a benefit of the tremendous energy she was now expending, fucking her son whenever she could get her hands on him. The days of having to skirt around Mr. Young seemed to be in the past after a massive blowout that included lots of histrionic hand expressions and angry finger-pointing. I couldn't make out the details, but I assumed he had grown suspicious of his wife's strange behavior. The tubby, red-faced doctor had packed up his things two days ago and slammed the bedroom door loud enough for it to resonate outside into the microphone.

Brent moved in less than an hour later. The incestuous couple had ordered a pizza and dessert that first night. As the sun set, Mrs. Young collapsed onto her son's chest, panting. Light beamed from the window and reflected off the ceiling onto her glistening, golden skin as she melted like butter into the brawny framed youth. The flesh of her cheek radiated as it pressed against his ribcage, and she listened to the sturdy heartbeat of her lover. She sighed wistfully as if trying to imagine a world where they could be forever together.

A little white dabble of whipped cream still clung to her plump breasts. Brent seemed satiated, however. I had video

of him smothering his face and lapping his tongue around his mom's puffy nipples for a solid ten minutes. The pure, unbridled display of lust and devotion was mesmerizing. Eating, drinking, fucking, watching tv, fucking some more... The pair had been mating like bunnies. They hardly ever left the room.

I opened another file with the blonde in her pink lingerie, stroking her young lover's cock, while grinding her groin against his leg. Her insatiable appetite for his boy-cum was unparalleled. My own erection stiffened in my jeans. It wasn't the first time I felt jealous. Not that I would want to fuck my mom... And not that my mom wasn't attractive in her own right... Just Mrs. Young, and the way her perfect fluttering tresses draped in waves over her shoulders, the way her tanned skin glowed with the sheen of a fashion model... I had saved the recording in Brent's folder of blackmail, which was starting to use up a lot of space on my hard drive.

My mouse double-clicked on a new folder marked **History: Extra Credit.** After witnessing Andre and Mrs. Watson's scandalous rendezvous in the girls' restroom, and with Brent's $1000 burning a hole in my pocket, I had bought and placed minicameras in the pencil-marked ceiling tiles of Mrs. Watson's classroom. The dividends were already paying off, and with audio, I was finally able to gain some more insight into how those afflicted with the potion were seducing their victims. Mrs. Watson was one stubborn woman. Even

though she was clearly drawn to Andre, she kept trying to call off the affair. The story played out the same nearly every day. At least lately she hasn't seemed as rattled. I tuned into today's 'Afterschool Special'. The timestamp was 40 minutes past the final bell, and Mrs. Watson looked fretfully as Andre walked into her classroom, sliding the interior door lock with a click.

"What's wrong?" Andre said, saddling up to the subject of his new fascination. His hands slid down the waist of the history teacher.

The demure woman with slightly curly tawny hair that was pulled back in a tight bun hesitated, her composure slipping as she gazed into the eyes of the athletic black teenager.

"This has to stop," she said, voice catching in her throat.

Andre leaned closer. He dwarfed the thirty-something-year-old woman by almost a foot. "You need to relax." He slowly removed her librarian glasses and placed them on the desk behind her.

"Mm-No. I've thought about this, and I cannot be caught having relations with a student," she stammered, "I'm ma-married."

"To a chump." Andre took her hand and studied the tiny wedding band.

"Don't!" She bristled, pulling it away before he could twist it off.

"What's gotten into you, Mrs. W? Yesterday you was begging for a slice."

"That's not..." She shook her head. The memory of getting fucked against the whiteboard had resurfaced. The shrewd woman couldn't make sense of what was happening to her.

"That was a mistake. I didn't realize. I mean, I realized, I just hadn't thought about it."

"Thought about what? I already told you, ain't no one gonna know. And your man clearly hasn't been taking care of you right."

The normally unfazed teacher tried to regain control. "I saw you talking to Niki after class," she blurted.

"Niki Turner?" Andre looked confused. "She invited me to her birthday party next Saturday."

"Yeah, well it looked like more than that." Mrs. Watson sidestepped away from Andre and turned her back so she wouldn't have to look at him. "Besides, you should be with someone your own age. We shouldn't even be talking right now. It's beyond inappropriate."

"Ahh," Andre nodded slowly. "You're jealous."

"Oh, please..." Mrs. Watson scrunched up her face.

"Yo, Niki's hot, but she's just some girl, not like you. You're different. You're a real woman. I've always had a thing for older ladies." He moved in front of her and lifted her chin, forcing eye contact. "Just like you have a thing for younger guys."

"I refuse to allow this to go any further," Mrs. Watson stated shakily. She hugged herself and blinked nervously.

Andre towered over her. "You be runnin' in my head rent-free for days now. You think playing hard-to-get will help? You see what it's doing to me?" His pants tented out with a defiant bulge, as his eyes wandered down her body.

Mrs. Watson bit her bottom lip, in fear or lust, I couldn't tell.

"Are you really going to leave me hanging?" he leaned close and whispered in her ear.

She dropped her arms and clasped her hands tight, defiantly spitting out the word, "Disgusting!"

She looked ready to slap the boy across the face, but Andre was quick, swooping in and pushing his lips to hers.

"Umph!" Mrs. Watson squealed into his mouth. Andre spared no ceremony, grabbing the tan-colored collar of the loose blouse with both hands and giving it a powerful tug. The fabric gave way, tearing open and causing the buttons to spill off and bounce onto the carpet. Her buxom bosom, normally camouflaged by some plaid checkered jacket that acted like a bad optical illusion meant to deemphasize her femininity, jutted forward to show off her overstuffed bra. It bulged to its limits, and Andre gleefully freed the pale globes from their prison.

"Oh, my lord," Mrs. Watson broke the kiss and gasped, looking down. She was exposed. The contrast of Andre's dark hands fondling the exquisite slope of her exposed chest,

as two succulent, protruding cherry nipples peeked out from between his fingers, left the prudish teacher slack-jawed. Motherhood looked good on the woman. I had no way of knowing if her boobs had always been so corpulent, but something told me that her two recently nursing toddlers probably hadn't hurt their alluring plumpness.

Andre's lips trailed along his teacher's jawline and then up to her ear. "You're too smart not to see how your students look at you."

"I don't know what you mean," Mrs. Watson's voice was trembling. She seemed too flustered by the hands on her tits to pay attention to his words.

"You know exactly what I mean. You're a MILF. A hot momma everyone wants to fuck. Say it."

"I am not!" she protested. The desk behind her pressed into her ass, blocking any means of escape.

"You are. You're a MILF. And I'm gonna fuck you like one."

"No!" She shook her head wildly. "I don't wan-"

Andre kissed her again, and this time he didn't relent until she began moaning into his mouth.

"Mmm..." The lip lock lingered as her hands tried to push the boy away, but he was too strong. As their tongues wrestled, she eventually cocked her head to make it easier to swap saliva.

"Tell me you want me to fuck you," Andre whispered as he moved his mouth back to her ear.

"I, uh, I don't-" She heaved in a breath, pushing out her magnificent breasts.

"Say it, bitch. Say it. Tell me you want me to fuck you."

She couldn't deny it. "I, uh, I want you to fuck me," she panted.

Andre had his hands on her hips. He spun her around and grabbed the waistband of her jeans, sliding them down her hips, then under the full curve of her luscious bubble-shaped bottom and along the outsides of her shapely thighs. As she parted her legs, I could see the crotch of her light violet panties was dark purple from wetness. Andre yanked them

down to reveal Mrs. Watson's trimmed brunette mound of womanhood as she hung her head in shame.

Her rosy cheeks burned with embarrassment as Andre grasped the base of his thick, bulbous-headed prick and slapped the bare backside of her shapely derriere. She spread her legs as he dragged his cock down her ass and up between her sopping, moist labia lips. Mrs. Watson hunched over her desk, sweat beading from her forehead and a few strands of hair already slipping from her tight bun. She closed her eyes at Andre's touch and whimpered like a schoolgirl as he eased in half his length.

The black teen savored his conquest, feeling his teacher's pussy walls eagerly stretch to accept his girth like a velvet loveglove.

"Fuck," he moaned, driving in the rest of his cock in one forceful thrust.

"Mmmm-yesss!" Mrs. Watson found her voice, letting out a long, drawn-out sigh as her hands clamped to the desk while she shuddered.

"I can't believe you're doing this," she whined, her voice quivering. "It's so wrong..."

Andre had had it with his partner's hesitancy. He pulled back his hips and then began ramming into the woman's tight slit. Mrs. Watson looked like a ragdoll as she shook, breasts wobbling freely like two water balloons as she was taken doggystyle. After a minute her knees began to buckle from the pleasurable assault. Andre grabbed her hair by the bun and jerked her head back to issue a command.

"You love this. It's all you've been craving. My cock in your hole. It's the only thing that can get you off. It's the only thing you can think about. Your pissy hubby is nothing to you. He and your kids are an inconvenience you'd be better off without. You're happier with me. You love me. You understand?"

I'd never heard Andre speak so viciously. He obviously felt protective. I understood that. But what concerned me most was Mrs. Watson's reaction. The vein in her forehead was practically pulsing. Her eyelids fluttered, eyes crossed, and rolled around as if she was in some sort of REM sleep. She remained paralyzed for half a minute as Andre fucked her, muscles tensed as if the youth had fried her processor.

She howled, shaking her head, trying to force Andre's fingers from her hair, but only managing to undo the bun. "No-no-no..." She clasped her eyes shut, but Andre was back at her ear."

"You are mine."

With the suddenness of a flame to a gas stove, Mrs. Watson's eyes flew open, fully dilated, with a manic energy. Her pussy clenched. She grabbed her right tit, squeezed hard, and started convulsing on the desk, arm shooting out to snap down the standing picture frame of her toddlers.

"I want you. I want this. I am yours. My pussy is yours." She gulped for air. "I lo-... I love you. I LOVE YOU. Fuck me, Andre!"

Whatever reservations were in her mind had been erased. Andre's hand pinned her head to the desk as they went at it, her cheek pressed into her own drool. She moaned and spread her legs wider until the 18-year-old stuffed her one final time and deposited his load straight into her waiting womb. I made sure the file was saved and pushed back from my laptop.

Wow, what a mess.

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"You talked to Misty?" Jada and Brent's ex, Jordan, gabbed in the corner of the classroom. The two cheerleaders were always blathering on about their ever-important social lives. It was hard to keep track of which jock either was dating, they seemed to cycle through relationships faster than Pete Davidson.

"Mhmm, I saw her. She looked like a hot mess. I guess that's why she wouldn't let me drop off the snickerdoodles I baked for him. It's a shame, really, because they are delicious."

Misty was probably in the hospital room with her comatose brother, stuck to his bedside like a sad Labrador Retriever. I imagined her physically and emotionally drained form, hair disheveled, eyes red from crying, her hand fighting the impulse to slip under his medical gown and squeeze her lover's pecker.

What if she didn't come back to school? What if I never saw her again?

**********

What am I doing? I chastised myself as I walked through the automatic sliding doors and entered the main building of the county hospital. It had taken the better part of 30 minutes to

drive here after school and find a parking spot. It was strange, having spent so much time learning about my family's history and the mystery of Eastern Medicine, I couldn't remember the last time I'd ever been in an actual hospital. The place seemed big, intimidating, and bright. I found my way into a little line stringing out from an information desk. Two elderly volunteers manned the desk, one was clicking fervently at the keyboard in front of her.

"I'm here to see Richie Armstrong," I said as politely as I could.

The silver-haired woman responded curtly, "Are you family?"

I shook my head.

"Only direct family has visitation privileges at the moment."

"Ahem," a lady behind me cleared her throat.

The information desk attendant looked from me to her. "Oh, is he with you, ma'am?"

I twisted around and found a tall, elegant woman with a perfectly coiffed brunette bob dressed in a navy blazer, paired with a pencil skirt and heels. Her fingers tapped impatiently on the strap of her designer handbag. Despite the woman's hurried restless energy, her face was strikingly beautiful with high cheekbones, sculpted eyebrows, and long black eyelashes that made her blue eyes pop.

"He's not, but it's okay if a few of his friends want to visit." There was a sharpness in her delivery that wasn't typical of a grieving suburban mom.

"I don't think we've met, I'm Saundra Armstrong, Richie's mother." She held out a hand.

"Oh-uh," I waffled, "Ryan. Ryan Hitomi. I'm so sorry," the words tumbled out.

"Um..." she paused, her eyes scanning me up and down. I could tell what she was thinking. I didn't fit the mold of Richie's usual crowd. I was a few inches shorter and definitely not as muscular as his bros. I pulled the race card before she could finish her thought.

"I'm Richie's tutor. I heard what happened and I wanted to see how he was doing."

"Of course, Ryan." She nodded, eating up the lie. "He's lucky to have such caring friends."

She stepped away from the line and motioned for me to follow. "I'll show you where Richie's room is, and then I'll swing back to talk to those folks. This place is a real maze if you don't know where you're going."

While we weaved through the sterile, white hallways, I couldn't help but feel like I was constantly fighting against the current of the hospital's chaos. Patients, nurses, doctors, and volunteers hustled about. I followed Saundra, or Mrs. Armstrong, who walked with practiced poise, through the wing. I felt a pang of sympathy for her, imagining the pain of seeing her son in such a condition.

"That's his room. You know Misty, my daughter? Tell her I'll be back in just a minute."

I swallowed and nodded, but Mrs. Armstrong had already tromped off. I walked through the doorway of the little room. The first thing I noticed was the feeding tube sticking out of Richie's mouth. Couldn't imagine that that was comfortable. Maybe if my ribs weren't still sore, I would feel worse. A few tubes and electrodes connected to an IV, a heart

monitor, and a blocky gadget I assumed was very important but looked like a wonky old-time radio.

"What are you doing here?" I jumped as the voice surprised me. Misty had followed me in and was holding a bag of chips from the vending machine. Just like I feared, she looked like she hadn't seen a good night's sleep in days. Her hair was mussed, and she looked skinnier than I remembered. She had ditched the high pigtails, but judging by her outfit, a yellow halter top, and a pair of high-waisted jeans, two things that were definitely not her style before my boneheaded move, she was still a puppet of the love potion.

"Um, excuse me?" She lifted her hands in slight irritation, "Who let you in here? This isn't-"

"You're taking class online, right? Mr. Phelps asked me, in homeroom, if I wouldn't mind helping you catch up on some of the lecture material you're missing. I've got my notes..." I figured since the tutoring line worked before, I could dip back into that well.

Misty's nose crinkled in disgust. "What? I don't need help with class."

"Sure. It's just-"

"My brother is sick! Are you kidding me with this? I can't even. This is so not cool." She threw the bag of chips on the chair beside Richie's bed and fumed.

Hearing her speak was disconcerting. The Misty I'd gone to school with was sarcastic and clever as a whip, and could probably pass most exams stoned, while this... This girl sounded like she belonged on one of those social media platforms dedicated to the short-tempered celebrity influencers who hardly knew how to read. It just confirmed to me that I had to get her away from her brother.

I was so used to using blackmail on Brent, it was hard to think of another means to make someone do what you want. She didn't deserve to be coerced, and I didn't want her to hate me. Richie's heart monitor beeped like it was keeping tempo of the conversation.

I finally responded, "I already said I would help. I've got my notes in my car and it won't take more than an hour."

"I don't care. I'd rather do summer school," she dismissed.

"Millicent you will not forgo your education on account of your brother. This week has been enough of a hurdle for all of us, and this is not the time to throw your future away."

"Mom! He needs me."

Mrs. Armstrong had apparently caught the last bit of our conversation from the doorway.

Saundra sighed. "Honey, this isn't good for you. Richie wouldn't want this. Your brother will still be here when you get back."

"But-" Misty whined.

"Not another word, young lady. Now go do your homework."

My respect for Mrs. Armstrong had risen considerably. I ran back to my car to get my notes.

Misty and I spent an hour in the cafeteria. The first 45 minutes were a slog, not only was I a shit tutor, but Misty was practically drooling over her fries. But then, somewhere as we turned to math, she became a little less punch drunk, and I was begrudgingly able to get her to fill out half a worksheet.

"Why are you doing this?" she pouted. "My brother didn't even like you. You weren't friends."

"Well, I don't see you two as the same person," I replied. I wanted to add. "I mean, for one thing, you're way prettier than he is." Instead, I said, "So... Same time tomorrow?"

"Fine." She sighed, picking up my phone unprompted and adding her contact info. "I'll text you, my address."

"Sorry?"

"I'm not studying in a cafeteria every day, and my house is way closer to school."

And so it was that I was able to shoehorn myself into Misty Armstrong's life.

**********

Not so long ago, I would have given my left thumb to be rid of Brent Young. Throw in some one-on-one time with Misty Armstrong every day, and I would have been over the moon.

But watching the possessed girl struggle to bounce back from Richie's "accident" felt more like a curse than a reward. I knew I wasn't going to be happy till she was back to her old self. Thankfully, I didn't have to wait long for a lead.

After a few study sessions at The Armstrong's house, which was only two blocks from school, I picked up on a change in Misty's behavior. Her mood, demeanor, and brainpower varied day-to-day and were directly tied to when she visited the hospital. On the days she had seen her brother, It was pointless trying to teach her anything but the most basic principles from the lectures. She would stare at the worksheets like they were written in Latin, sticking out her bottom lip and easily losing her concentration whenever her phone buzzed, which it did constantly. If she wasn't so hot, I probably would have lost patience, but as it was my first experience interacting with a girl of her status, I had no problem hanging about in her room and waiting for her to come up with the wrong answer.

When she hadn't seen Richie however, I noticed she was sharper, less anxious, and more aware of her surroundings, even crossing her arms if she saw my eyes lingering on her chest. Proximity mattered, and the longer she stayed away from her sibling the clearer her mind became.

Spinning slowly in her swivel chair, I was relieved that her room still exhibited a good bit of the original Misty. I guess

part of me expected that she would have overhauled the casual, chill vibe with some perky, valley girl stuff. Sure, there were a pile of bags with new clothes and makeup, but her desk was still rife with retro accessories too, along with a small stack of skate magazines and a hand-drawn poster of a giant cannabis leaf plastered to the back of her door.

"This is boring," she pouted while tossing her head from side to side.

"You were getting it yesterday. Remember, they're not asking you to solve it, they just want you to identify the right formula," I said, looking over her shoulder. She had spent so much time at the hospital today, even her penmanship looked extra bubbly.

"How much is my mom paying you? I'll double it if you tell her I'm good."

I had to laugh. "The only way your mom is going to buy that is if you say you're ready to go back to school." Saundra Armstrong was as anxious as I was to get Misty back in class and away from her brother. She associated her daughter's odd behavior as a phase brought on by grief.

"I don't wanna go back to that hellhole," Misty scoffed.

"Hellhole? Everyone loves you."

Misty ignored me, preoccupying herself by doodling a sunflower in for one of the answers.

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A concerned furrow creased Mrs. Watson's brow. She held her hand to her mouth and focused her attention on the paper in front of her. She had started the period with a routine pop quiz and managed to finish grading half of the students in the class before coming upon Andre's test. The boy was fucking with her. He hadn't bothered to fill in any of the multiple choices, and as for the essay section...

Her throat went dry as she scanned the response, which read like a list of instructions:

"Remove your panties," "Drop them in the trash," "Take one of the markers from the whiteboard" "Masturbate with it under your desk without anyone noticing." "Announce you're giving everyone an A on the quiz," "Dismiss class early so we can be alone."

Her skin started to prickle. She read over the demands three times, squeezing her things together as her body flushed and her pussy began to salivate. The stern teacher was in the midst of a life-altering month, and though she still had the wherewithal to show up and teach, she had lost the ability to resist the teen's orders. She couldn't trust herself to not get distracted by his presence when doling out a lecture. Her teaching had become pitifully short, and she had begun to supplement her lessons with long documentaries. Today was a film on WWI.

Her eyes drifted up to Andre's face in time to see him arch his eyebrows suggestively. Mrs. Watson clenched her jaw and glared. Her pulse quickened. It was strange knowing this child felt no sense of fear and dared to push her limits whenever he got the opportunity. Part of her wondered why she felt so eager to indulge him. Her finger hovered over the mouse where the online gradebook had all her students lined up in a spreadsheet. She cleared out all the input letters for the quiz she had just spent 20 minutes meticulously grading and replaced everyone's letter score with an A.

She then squirmed in her seat, wriggling out of her turquoise panties, and hastily retrieved them from around her ankles. Melissa, a nosey teacher's pet, looked over to Mrs. Watson just as the teacher dropped something into the waste bin. Carefully, while the class remained engrossed with the film, the mother of two slid her chair to the whiteboard and retrieved the red dry-erase marker. Mrs. Watson bent

forward. Slowly and discreetly, she inserted the thin object beneath her skirt and rubbed the tip along her slit. Her pussy twitched with anticipation. It was so small compared to Andre's perfect-sized cock, she mused, slipping the writing utensil into her snatch with no resistance.

The narration of the documentary was drowned out under the symphony of her heart pounding in her ears. Gently sliding the marker between the folds of her labia, she used her other hand to rub circles around her sensitive, hard nubbin. 10 seconds, 30 seconds, 45 seconds. Little puffs of air began escaping her lips as a trickle of hot pleasure poured over her knuckles. Her teeth bared in anticipation as the wetness gushed forth, sliming her inner thighs. She stared into space as a sense of orgasmic bliss surged through her veins. She tried not to gasp out loud as her fingers chaotically rubbed and flicked directly against her sensitive clit. She imagined all the student's heads in class swiveling toward the front to stare at the teacher sitting over her desk with a pen in cunt, silently writhing.

"Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Watson, the movie froze," piped Melissa from the first row of the classroom.

Mrs. Watson snapped back to reality, twisting her head toward the screen to see the link buffering. There were still five minutes left in class and she needed to cum.

She tried to address the classroom, but her throat was so dry she had to swallow.

"Okay everybody, you can hand in the worksheet tomorrow. I have, I have decided that everyone did so well on the pop quiz, I'm giving everyone 100%, and a few minutes off. Class Dismissed."

She furtively glanced around the classroom and then turned to her computer and pretended to preoccupy herself.

Slowly, after a few whispers and shrugs, the kids began collecting their belongings and shuffling out of class. Mrs. Watson had enough of a hard-ass reputation that no one wanted to be the one to second guess her odd exhibition of kindness.

"Andre... Please wait a minute." she choked, seeing the handsome boy walking out with Niki and feeling a sudden gush of jealousy.

The tall athlete held back. As soon as all the other students had left the room, he flicked the door lock. A minute later the young teacher had her arms wrapped around his neck in a heated kiss. When she came up for air, she looked at Andre crossly.

"You shouldn't kiss someone when they're mad at you!" The horny teacher protested.

"Mad? At me? Did I do bad on your quiz?" Andre asked between pecks to her neck.

"Yeah," she couldn't stop herself from grinning as his fingers dug into her rump. Andre followed up with another request.

"I wanna see you outside of school."

"That's a bad idea."

"Come on, Eva." He was treating her as an equal and not an authority while slipping his fingers into her pussy. The confidence paid off.

"My husband is going golfing Saturday. He'll be gone till the evening. I can drop my kids off at my mother's."

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Without the camera behind the history teacher's desk, I wouldn't have been able to piece together most of what happened. Unlike Brent, I had no plan to blackmail Andre or the poor teacher. In fact, seeing Mrs. Watson cutting more slack and Andre attending classes more often was probably as much of a win-win situation as I could ask for.

I went back to the notes before me. I spent hours mapping out the possibilities and there was only one way I could see Misty returning to school and distancing herself from Richie. I was going to have to tell her the truth.

## Part 5

*To reverse the effects of the binding love potion, the affected parties must remain physically separated from one another until the potion naturally wears off. Close proximity acts as a catalyst, reenergizing the potion's essence and hindering the natural process of dissolution. This creates a high-stakes scenario, as with a magnet, once two are in the same field, outside force is required to break them apart.*

I had jotted down my theory several different ways, but this felt the most scientifically sound. I was hoping it would help motivate me on how to break the truth to Misty.

"Hey, Misty. You know why you've been fixated on fucking your brother? Yeah... That's my bad. Love dousing gone wrong. What can ya do?"

Clearly, I needed to refine the message further. On a positive note, tutoring was going well. Not only was she completing her assignments, but I was getting such a good grasp on the material, I felt that even with winter finals approaching I wasn't even going to have to study. Of course, it helped that history, one of the hardest subjects, had suddenly become a breeze. Everyone in the class was experiencing a bump in the GPA and the workload had lightened considerably.

Whatever magic Andre was working on Mrs. Watson had done a number on the poor teacher's once-stern demeanor. She discarded her normal curriculum in favor of an improvised and more relaxed approach. During her lectures, she frequently got sidetracked, veering off into stories from her college and high school days. As a result, her rapport with the students was at an all-time high. It was difficult not to prefer this version of her, especially when it meant no more lunch detentions. I was concerned she would let her guard down too much, however. She had recently missed a few classes, conveniently calling in sick on the same days that Andre was truant.

After observing Brent and Mrs. Young for months, I came to a reassuring realization that despite their intense infatuation

with each other, their love had reached a plateau, alleviating my concerns that Brent would inadvertently express his feelings for his mother to his friends, which would destroy any leverage I had over him. Hopefully, Andre and Mrs. Watson being in a similar situation would be wise enough to keep their relationship discreet.

That afternoon, the Armstrong house was unlocked, but the driveway was empty, and no one answered when I knocked. Since I'd been tutoring Misty for the better part of the last month, I felt at ease inviting myself in and making my way upstairs to her room. Another benefit of not looking like a muscled-up fuckboi was that Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong didn't seem to have an issue with me hanging around their daughter without supervision.

As I reached the top of the staircase, I gently tapped on the doorframe to get Misty's attention, only to find her engrossed in her own world. She sat on the floor of her room, legs crossed in pretzel style, absorbed in her phone and music. I could overhear the upbeat sounds of a sugary pop song bleeding from the expensive earbuds. My heart sank. Wednesdays were typically her good days since it meant she hadn't visited the hospital. Besides being hella stupider the days she saw Richie, there were many other obvious tells. Her taste in style became much more girly and mainstream. Her ability to hold a conversation dwindled, and her attire mirrored her current appearance - tight leggings that

showed off her bum, a fitted athletic top, and juvenile bright-color ties in her hair.

Fuck, this was not how I wanted to have this conversation.

"Jeeze, Dude!" Misty freaked out as she noticed me hovering in her room. "Stalk much?"

"Sorry, Misty. No one answered the door when I knocked," I replied.

"Ugh, can't I get, like, ten minutes to myself? I just got back from-" She cut herself off, and grimaced.

"I thought you weren't seeing your brother till tomorrow," I submitted, trying to understand what had changed.

"You sound just like her," Misty retorted bitterly. "'Misty, you don't need to see him every day.' 'Misty, the docs will keep us in the loop.' 'Misty, it's time to go back to school' 'You're acting all spoiled.' He's my fucking brother! Why can't anyone see that? I'm all he's got!"

Well, that's a lot to unpack, I thought. She picked at her nails like an addict in withdrawal. Time to switch to Plan B. I knelt down so we were eye level.

"No one knows what you're going through, but it sounds like a rough day," I said.

She shook her head adamantly, nose flaring. "No. It's not the day. It's everything. I can't... I just can't."

I tried to find the right words. "Look, I get not wanting to go back to school. I can't wait to graduate either."

But Misty wasn't listening. She continued to vent. "You know that basic bitch, Jada? She had the freaking audacity to tell people that Richie and her were a thing. Like, she hooked up with him one night, ages ago. He didn't even like her. Plus everyone knows she's with Braxton now. But she still showed up at the hospital acting like she's his girl, for what? Sympathy. And then she got all pissed when I told her to fucking leave and shove her snickerdoodles up her ass," Misty frothed.

"Do you have any clue how much it hurts, seeing this amazing guy stuck on a ventilator?" Her gaze fell to the floor, lost in thoughts.

I wanted to gag. Richie, an amazing guy? Wow. But I persevered.

"I get it. You miss him. The whole school does, but you're his sister, and you-"

"I want to suck his cock." Misty said matter-of-factly.

"Uhh," I stumbled over my words, unsure how to respond.

"But the nurses hover. I think one of them knows... Gretchen. She always gives me a weird look," Misty continued, her gaze fixed on the floor. She bit her lip and her head sort of lolled as she hummed to herself for a few seconds before looking back up at me.

"There's something wrong with me I think," she giggled nervously.

"Misty, there's something I need to tell you." I took a deep breath. "There's this thing going on in our school. A drug that got into the water system. Not many people know about it, but it's pretty serious. It makes people act... funny. Like a psychedelic, but worse cause it doesn't wear off and it fools

people into believing they're in love. It's affected a few people, including you.

If Misty heard me, she didn't show it. Her gaze remained vacant, and she blinked slowly, like a disoriented frog. "Misty, are you listening?" I reached out and shook her arm.

"Hmm?" She seemed to rouse out of her stupor.

"I said there's this drug going around school that I think you may have ingested. That's why you, why you have feelings for Richie."

Misty flashed a wide, incredulous smile. "You think I'm high right now?"

"No. I mean, sort of," I stammered, "but not in the way you're thinking. A few days before Richie's accident, did he start acting any differently around you?"

Misty shrugged, her expression distant. "I guess."

"And was that around the time you started wanting to..." I forced myself to say it. "...Fuck him?"

"Maybe," she said, her voice softening. I could tell just mentioning Richie caused her mind to drift.

"Misty, you cannot go back to the hospital. The more often you go the worse the side effects will get."

She stopped talking altogether. I felt my cheeks flush, realizing how ridiculous I sounded. I was coming across crazier than her. How was I supposed to get her to understand?

"Wait a second." I grabbed my backpack and rummaged through the side pocket until I found the vial.

"This!" I exclaimed, extracting the little receptacle with the heart-shaped symbol and holding it out for her.

Misty hesitantly took it from my hand. "Where'd you get it?" she asked, holding up the glass toward the ceiling light.

"Uhh, I found it. At school, next to the lockers..." I trailed off.

Perhaps it was a good thing to be breaking the news while she wasn't fully alert so I didn't have to defend my own bullshit. I was a terrible liar.

She continued turning the glass in her hand, watching the liquid inside.

"Don't!" I snagged the glass tube from her hand before she could snap off the cap.

"A few drops of this will fuck up your life," I warned, stowing the tube and zipping up the side pocket again.

"The only way for the effects to wear off is to stay away from the person you're bonded with. It's why you have to stop seeing Richie. And as much as it sucks, you need to go back to school so you're not left alone for too long."

"Have you used it? How do you even know it works?" Her inquisitive hazel eyes looked up at me, more focused than I'd seen them all day.

I debated whether to lie again, but figured it was simpler to come clean.

"Well, yeah. I used it on Brent Young. He used to bully me a lot. I thought I would get even, but I didn't realize how significantly it would change his life."

"What do you mean?" she began to ask.

"He fucks his mom now. It was a mistake," I admitted, feeling no guilt whatsoever.

"Is that why he broke up with Jordan?" Misty's voice carried a mix of curiosity and concern.

I nodded. "You can't end up like him. I know it probably doesn't feel like you have a choice. But, the more things get back to normal, the less you see Richie, the easier it will be, and the better you'll feel."

"Okey dokey."

"I'm serious."

"I understand the assignment," she said, saluting me playfully. Her fizzy personality wouldn't be wearing off any time soon. Maybe she actually is high, I realized looking back at the poster on her door.

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"Welcome back, Ms. Armstrong," Mr. Phelps paused in front of Misty's desk. His lips pursed in mild displeasure as he noticed her phone lying face up on her binder. The last thing she needed was to get scolded on the first day back. To his credit, the psychology teacher decided to disregard the offense. I kept an eye on Misty all day. Not only to see if she adjusted well but also out of fear. I barely got any sleep after the dreaded thought of the bubbly, pigtailed blabbermouth version of her coming to school and telling everyone I was administering love potions.

Thankfully, she seemed composed. She sat with her shoulders back, the top few inches of her black-green skirt sweeping midway up her thighs under the desk. Her tee shirt was still snug enough to show off her gorgeous breasts, but not so scandalous as to test the school dress code. Her dark hair was straightened and held back with a red headband that fit behind her ears. She looked pretty, and not as slutty, though her lips were the same shade as Mrs. Young's. And most importantly, her eyes were open, not hooded, which would have been another tell-tale sign she'd recently seen her brother. She caught me gawking at her and stuck out her tongue.

"Misty! Oh my god! How are you?" Jada enthusiastically sidled up to her friend.

Misty's expression tightened for a brief moment before she mustered a friendly smile. "Hey, Jada. I'm okay, thanks."

Jada acted oblivious to the underlying tension her presence created. "I don't know what I'd do if I lost a brother. It's so tragic. I'd probably have taken the year off and been a complete trainwreck. It's so good to see you moving on."

Misty clenched her fists under her desk. I could tell she was seething. "Yeah, it's been hard, but I'm trying to stay strong."

Jada pushed out her bottom lip melodramatically. "Well if you ever wanna talk..." she said, taking a step back toward her own desk. "Oh, and by the way, don't forget Friday is the first game of the playoffs. Braxton's gonna wear Richie's number in his honor since he's now lead receiver on the team."

"Wouldn't miss it." Misty's smile slid off her face and she glowered at Jada as she walked away.

**********

Finding a nice, empty spot in the hallway, I settled down and pulled out my lunch, a container of leftover yakimeshi from

last night's dinner. I scarfed down the meal and was about to dispose of the trash when someone kicked my foot.

"Hey," a familiar voice rang out.

Looking up, I saw Misty standing in front of me. "Hi." I hurriedly got to my feet and grabbed my backpack. Though we'd seen a lot of each other outside of school, I felt nervous talking to her in public.

"Are you doing okay?" I asked.

"Ehh. High school is high school," she replied, shuffling her feet. "Do you want to hang out later?"

"For the math test on Friday?" I assumed. Mr. Fletcher said the exam would count for half our final.

"No, I think I'm caught up on studying for a while. Maybe we can grab something to eat."

"Oh..." It suddenly dawned on me that she actually meant hang out, like friends. Like she now thought of me as her friend. Not just some tutor. An uncomfortable silence hung

in the air before my brain reminded me I had to respond. "Yeah, absolutely!" I blurted out a bit too enthusiastically.

"Mhm," she nodded, choosing to ignore my awkwardness. "Great, meet you after class in the quad."

I noticed a few curious glances from students nearby, I couldn't help but wonder if this interaction was elevating my popularity or simply dragging Misty's lower. Before I could overthink it, Misty took a step closer and wrapped her arms around me in a hug. My brain froze again, as the feeling of her body pressing against mine, her tits squeezing into my chest, and the sweet smell of her hair flooded my mind.

I heard the bell ring and watched as she waved goodbye.

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I waited anxiously in the quad for what felt like an eternity, watching as students dispersed and went home. Despite Misty's car not having moved, there was no sign of her. Doubt and insecurity crept into my mind. Had she been held back by a teacher? Had she forgotten about our plans? Did she regret asking to hang out? As these thoughts plagued me, I decided to venture over to walk the outdoor campus, starting with the football field.

There. I spotted her in the bleachers, a few rows up from where a couple freshmen were throwing sunflower seeds at each other.

I slowly ascended the steps, not wanting to come across as needy. "Hey, I thought you said we'd meet in the quad."

"Uh-huh," She was staring at the field. The last time she was here was when Richie was getting carted off.

"Are you sure you should be..." I began, concerned for her mental health.

"Shut up," she cut me off abruptly. Her attention was not on the football team but the cheer squad.

I blinked, a little put off by her sudden callousness. The pom-poms flashed as the line of girls, and Tim, practiced their routine. I figured I'd try and lighten her mood with a joke.

"I think you missed tryouts by a couple months."

"Funny," she replied curtly, without smiling.

Her focus was solely fixed on one particular girl among the cheerleaders—Jada. The intensity in Misty's gaze hinted at unresolved feelings of resentment toward the preppy blonde.

A whistle blew, and the cheerleaders took their break.

I tried to draw her attention away from her rival. "Hey, take it from me. Just ignore her, it's not worth..."

Misty cracked a smile, but not the charismatic, mesmerizing one that I was accustomed to. This was a depraved, giddy grin that sent a shiver down my spine. I followed her gaze toward Jada, who stood with the other girls near the folding tables. Jordan, Jada, Kaley... They were all gossiping and snickering amongst themselves, hydrating after a long workout. Jada held a pink aluminum bottle to her lips.

"Oh shit," I muttered under my breath. I grabbed my backpack and shoved my hand in the side zipper, to confirm what I already suspected.

"What did you do!?" I shouted. The freshmen and a few band geeks sitting by the side aisles looked over at us.

"Misty, Misty!" I grabbed her shoulder and forced her to look at me. "Where is it?" Misty's lips were twitching, the grin had faded but a manic delight still gleamed in her eyes.

"Huh?" she feigned ignorance.

"Misty, this isn't funny. I told you that stuff is dangerous. Someone could get really hurt."

The brunette simply shrugged and went back to looking at Jada, leaving me in a state of shock.

"How did you even..." I trailed off, mind racing back to our lunch conversation, the hug. "You never wanted to hang out," I realized, my voice filled with a mix of confusion and indignation.

"Shut up," she snapped again, this time angrier.

"Fuck you." I glared at her.

"Fuck me? Seriously?" Her voice rose several octaves, her words dripping with venom. "You'd like that, wouldn't you? You think I ever bought into your chivalrous nice-guy act? You don't even know me. You're just like any other fucking

guy. You saw an opportunity to get close to me and you... you..." She struggled to find the words, her frustration palpable.

I tried to stay calm, but a sickening feeling churned in my gut. "This isn't some prank. That drug is toxic. I don't care if Jada is the biggest cunt in the world, she doesn't deserve what you've just set in motion. Jesus Christ Misty, what the actual fuck?"

"Don't you dare sit there and lecture me with your sanctimonious hero complex. I know you're the one who made me like this, who spiked Richie's drink. You practically admitted it the second you said you used the stuff on Brent because he bullied you. There's no drug sneaking around the school," her voice was sharp and accusatory, "just a sad loner who felt like getting even. Well, I guess I felt like getting even too. You have no right to judge me."

With a sudden motion, she pulled the vial from her jacket pocket and threw it at me. I fumbled to catch it, my hand closing around the glass tightly.

"If my brother were awake and knew what you'd done, you'd be the one in the hospital right now." She pushed off from the bleachers, got up, and stormed away, leaving me dumbfounded.

"Wait! Please, Misty," I called after her much too late. She didn't look back. The freshmen sniggered at my plea, but I didn't care. I was numb. The thought of Misty going back to the hospital and becoming that vacant, shallow shell of a girl upset me. She wasn't just walking away from her problems, she was giving up.

I looked down. Practice was over for the cheerleaders. The girls were collecting their bags from the track. Jada took another swig from her bottle, then ran up and grabbed Jordan's hand.

This was bad.

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I tried calling and texting Misty but that proved to be a fruitless endeavor. She didn't respond, and her absence at school the next day only heightened my concern. The thought of going to her house crossed my mind, but I didn't want to witness her all spaced out and dopey.

As for Jada, it was funny. She was already so used to pushing the boundaries of the school dress code and exuding a flirty

personality with every one of her friends, it was hard to tell anything had changed in her. I was not naive enough to think the potion had spared her, but it was going to take careful observation in order to tell if she was acting any different.

It helped that, unlike with Brent, Ricky, and Andre, I was pretty sure I knew who the potion had linked Jada with. Of the two cheerleaders Jada was talking to when she ingested the stuff, Jordan was her best friend, Jordan was the one she held hands with, and Jordan was the one she passed notes to all throughout Psych that morning.

I fished a folded notebook paper out of the trash. I had seen Jada toss it in the bin when the bell rang, and recognized her handwriting in blue. Jordan's responses were in green.

Jada: "Wanna go to the mall later? I found this dress that's perfect for you, and that totally matches the Winter Formal vibe."

Jordan: 4sure, but didn't you say you were going shopping with Brax??

Jada: Nah, he has zero fashion sense and always wants to go to Sports Authority (ew) or Cinnabon, even though he knows I can't do gluten! So, Girls Trip!

Jordan: Hmm, I still gotta start my History essay due on Friday. Plus, my mom is breathing down my neck cause I keep missin dinner.

Jada: Wat about tomorrow?

Jordan: After cheer practice? You really wanna hit the mall all sweaty?

Jada: OMG IDC. Let's just ditch!

Jordan: LOL, Imagine Ms. Glenn's face when her co-captains bail on the last practice before the playoffs start.

Jada: Aw, 🙁 But I miss you.

Jordan: I miss you too, babe.

I pocketed the note. Jordan Griffin was no saint to be sure. The dark blonde with the French braid and heart-shaped face had looked past her ex-boyfriend Brent's thuggish behavior for years and would still be dating the prick if not for his affair with Mrs. Young. Not that she suspected he was fucking his mom. That juicy morsel of info had likely never occurred to her. Knowing she was going to be the next victim

of the stolen elixir was like watching a car accident in slow motion. I didn't dare intervene, but I felt obligated to keep tabs.

I had several minicameras in my backpack, ready to be strategically placed in areas where Jada was most likely to frequent. The trouble was, as part of the popular crowd, both girls were always surrounded by their Mean Girls entourage.

By Wednesday, Jada was acting even more brazen, openly disrupting the class by constantly whispering to Jordan throughout Mr. Phelps' lecture. By the time the assignments were passed out, Jordan was getting tired of her friend's rambunctiousness.

"Jada, quit it." Jordan playfully swatted her friend's hand away.

"What? I'm just saying they look bigger than usual."

"Do they?" Jordan laughed. "Maybe I'm a late bloomer."

They also feel heavier. Jada reached out and gave Jordan's boobs a squeeze.

"Jada!" Jordan squeaked. She scanned the classroom and caught me checking them out. Jada also whipped her head in my direction and shot me a death glare.

"Enjoying the view, creep? Didn't your mom teach you not to be a perv?"

Jordan blushed as she tried to hush Jada. I pretended to go back to my paper but kept listening.

"You know when my tits really filled out? When I started masturbating regularly," Jada continued matter-of-factly. The over-share caused me to sneak another look at the uninhibited, barely-legal Queen Bee.

Jordan started to respond, but Jada cut her off. "No one would blame you if you've been feeling lonely. Especially after the way Brent dumped you. I would have been all ice cream and vibrator day one."

"Ladies, I hope that murmuring means you're both finished with your assignment and ready for tomorrow's test," Mr. Phelps cautioned from the front of the whiteboard. The bell rang shortly after.

Jordan seemed to sense something was off with her friend, as she noticeably avoided Jada for the rest of that Wednesday. Even during that evening's cheer practice, she kept her distance outside of their normal drills. On Thursday, it was evident that Jordan had reached her breaking point with Jada's juvenile attempts to get her attention. She hardly reacted to any of Jada's antics during our psychology exam, and it was clear that something had changed between them. I couldn't help but wonder what I would find if I had access to their text messages. Who knows what nymph-like thoughts Jada had chosen to share.

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Richie Armstrong's smug mug was plastered all over the halls in preparation for Friday night's big game, The proceeds and donations from the tickets and stand purchases would be going to the hospital treating him.

With playoffs underway, the whole school seemed cautiously optimistic that this might be the year we won state. As it was also school spirit day, the football players walked around like gods while the cheerleaders proudly donned their uniforms. The buzz and energy in the atmosphere made it so that most of the teachers suspended their lesson plans and treated the hour as self-study with finals approaching.

Whatever misgivings there had been between Jordan and Jada, it seemed like they had patched things up. The two joined a small group of girls who were clustered in the back doing each other's makeup. Jada drew sparkly hearts on Jordan's cheek as well as an otter, our school mascot.

Misty also returned to school, but I seldom got to see her since she spent most of her classes, and that lunch, making up the work she had missed during her absence. The last five texts I sent her were still marked unread and her car was already gone by the time I made it outside after the last bell. I took out my phone and hit send on the text I had been holding off from messaging.

"Whenever you read this, I just want you to know I'm truly sorry. You're one of the last people in the world I ever wanted to hurt. I won't bother you again."

I received a ping back, but it was only a notification of another video from one of my cameras.

By now, Mrs. Watson and Andre's clandestine encounters had escalated from risky after-school trysts to a passion-filled affair. They planned their rendezvous at motels, clubs, and other secret locals, far away from the campus.

The love-drunk teacher, who used to flaunt her happily married status, and never would have been caught dead wearing anything but the most modest attire, now embraced a new persona. She showed off her school spirit that Friday by donning a tight white t-shirt with our school logo stretched across the chest, mid-thigh cut-off shorts that displayed more leg than most the student body, besides Andre, had ever before seen, and a pair of bright pink-laced sneakers.

Her transformation was further acknowledged when she allowed the girls in class to paint a miniature football on her right temple.

"Now you have to go to the game," Andre noted as she packed up her laptop after school.

"I really can't," Mrs. Watson insisted. "Ronny already suspects something is going on. I promised him I would be home early tonight to prepare dinner because his parents are in town."

"I doubt he knows shit. And even if he does, he's too much of a wuss to do anything about it," Andre grouched.

"Andre, he's a good man."

"I'm sorry." Andre leaned over and kissed her lightly on the lips, then pulled her close, squeezing her ass. "You smell good today, Mrs. W."

Mrs. Watson blushed as she stepped back. "I've been in a room with stinky teenagers for six hours. You're just trying to get in my pants."

"I don't have to try hard." He leaned in to kiss her again but she pushed him away.

"Andre... Remember our agreement. Not at school," she whispered.

"Come on. It's been two days. I'm dying here," he moaned.

"Andre, please...I have to go. I'm going to be late," she pleaded, picking up her things.

He grabbed her arm and pulled her close. "I need you." He attempted to kiss her again, this time forcefully, his tongue slipping into her mouth. He pressed his body against hers, rubbing his erection into her stomach.

"Andre..." Mrs. Watson whimpered, melting into the man.

Andre's hand reached up and cupped one of her breasts through her t-shirt. Mrs. Watson moaned. He squeezed it and undid his belt and pants with his free hand. Mrs. Watson helped him get his pants down just enough to free his cock. He then removed his shirt and tossed it over her purse.

She knelt on the floor in front of him and took the long snake into her mouth. "Just a blowjob, then I have to go."

"Yes ma'am," Andre approved, his hands running through her long, dirty blonde hair. He watched her bob up and down his cock.

Mrs. Watson swirled her tongue around the swollen, mushroom head and licked the slit, making Andre's knees buckle. Her eyes flicked from his rock-hard abs and chiseled chest to the teen's big, ebony tree-trunk biceps.

Her red fingernails flashed quickly as her pale hand worked Andre's shaft like it was sacred. She pumped him faster and faster until Andre was pushing himself in her mouth. He grabbed the back of her head, thrusting into her mouth and she choked. Instead of getting mad, she reached a hand down to her crotch, fingering her clit furiously through her shorts.

"Fuck," Andre roared as he came, emptying into her mouth.

Mrs. Watson continued to stroke him as his cock spasmed, urging more and more cum into her mouth. Gurgling, guzzling, and slurping down as much of the thick savory splurge out of the magnificent flesh tube, the teacher could not have looked more enraptured at that moment.

Andre leaned over to brace himself on the nearest desk, eyes closed. He watched through half-lidded eyes, his dick shrinking down with every pulse. Mrs. Watson swallowed every last drop of cum. He caressed her face and hair as she finished swallowing.

She grabbed a tissue, wiping the corner of her lips daintily, despite having sucked her lover clean. Andre stuffed his softening cock back into his pants and tucked it away.

"Now I really have to go." She burped and shook her head, irritated. "I'm so scatterbrained. I still need to stop by the teachers' lounge to drop off some papers."

Andre smirked and held his hand down on Mrs. W's purse.

"No, you're coming to the game, like a good girlfriend."

Mrs. Watson frowned. "We just talked about this..."

I was curious to see where their conversation would lead, but that's when I received another alert that there was activity at Brent's house.

Mrs. Young lay sprawled on the bed, her black robe draped around her, teasing glimpses of smooth ivory skin beneath. With an air of languid confidence, her slender bare feet danced playfully in the air, a silent invitation to join her in indulgence. Immersed in the glossy pages of her magazine, her focus was captured, oblivious to her son as he entered the room.

Not 30 minutes earlier, I'd witnessed the MILF administer her self-care routine in full when she stepped out of the shower after returning from work. Gently smoothing her golden locks, which flowed past her shoulders like molten silk, she combed her hair into a flawless side part that masked her right ear. She was a perfectionist. Plucking her eyebrows, applying her make-up with precision, and adorning a fresh coat of beige polish to her nails. As to her lips, already blessed with a natural luscious fullness, she traced a generous layer of light, peach-colored shimmering lipstick to enhance their allure.

Noting Brent's presence, she stopped flipping the pages of the magazine, and peered back at him, a dazzling smile of pearly white teeth completing her 'cover girl' appearance. She was his mother and though her Bambi blue eyes were soft and loving, behind them there lurked the fire of desire. She looked him up and down, taking in his tall, athletic physique, his broad shoulders, and his firm chest.

Guided by primal urges, she let her gaze linger on her son's crotch. Brent's bulging manhood was visible beneath his shorts, even though it was only at half chub.

With her husband moved out for good, Mrs. Young felt more liberated to express her femininity and desires for her son with no guilt, or shame, to stifle her wanton thoughts. The bewitching woman got up, and in a seductive display, let her robe slide off her shoulders. She placed it down at the side of the bed, giving her son a delicious eyeful of her naked beauty.

Brent didn't hesitate as he ripped off his shirt in similar fashion to Andre. He unfastened his belt, and let his shorts drop to the floor. As mother and son embraced, Mrs. Young ran her fingers through her son's hair as she rubbed her breasts against his hard chest. Their bodies pressed together, and their mouths locked in a passionate kiss. After a minute, the blonde vixen pushed away from Brent's strong arms and

backed onto the bed, spreading her legs to summon him forward.

Where at first the poison love potion had impelled hard fucking, a frenzied compulsion for pleasure, it had gradually transformed this couple into aficionados of intimate lovemaking.

Brent crawled on top of his mother and began kissing her neck and nibbling and sucking on her earlobe. Mrs. Young purred with pleasure as her son's lips continued down to her collarbone. I was surprised Brent, of all people, had the perceptiveness to attune to his mother's more sensitive needs. It was the very antithesis of how Andre was treating Mrs. Watson and how Richie had treated his sister. Maybe there were stages as the love became more permanent.

It felt somehow more offensive to watch these two intertwined in affectionate foreplay, touching and caressing. Brent slid down his mother's torso and began worshiping her round, soft breasts, lapping his tongue over the sensitive surface of each nipple as he tweaked them.

By the time he finally penetrated her, the pure adulation on each of their faces as they retained eye contact left me blushing. Brent pumped his throbbing member deep within the wet opening of his mother's snatch. Mrs. Young's toes

curled in pleasure, and she shuddered underneath her son. Their unapologetic love came to a climax several minutes later, as the lithe woman's hips shuddered and her son's manhood projected another billion swimmers deep into her womb. When Brent rolled over, a visible amount of cum pulsed out of her swollen pussy. It was a lewd moment I'd seen play out countless times.

Before Brent could leave to get showered and prepared for the big game, his mom grabbed her son's hand and said something before pointing to her nightstand. Brent looked confused and then pulled out a small pencil-sized object from the drawer. I had to play back the footage several times before I finally realized what he was holding.

"No..." I said in disbelief, "You've got to be fucking kidding me."

Brent looked ecstatic. The 18-year-old boy beamed proudly as his mother wrapped her fingers around his cock and gave it a tender squeeze. Her other hand gently rubbed her belly. My head slumped into my hands.

Brent Young, the biggest tool in school, was going to be a father.

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Improperly motivated, Brent showed up to the game prime to dominate. He put up a terrific performance in the first half. Leading the team and racking up a double-digit lead over the opponents. I didn't even mind cheering for him, knowing that with a few taps of my fingers, I could destroy his entire life. There was an energy flowing through the crowd that electrified the minutes and made them feel more special. Even though I didn't know a kickoff from a punt, I kept getting so absorbed with the game that I forgot about the real reason I was there, to keep an eye on Jada and Jordan. That said, the perky blonde seemed to be on her best behavior.

Both girls were dressed in the same uniform, a white and blue cheerleader skirt, and crop top. They could be twins. Jada had cut and dyed her hair the night before to a shade indistinguishable from Jordan's and both had pitched it back in a sleek ponytail. That, plus their youthful, oval-shaped faces, high cheekbones, full soft lips, and fair radiant skin... I got them mixed up more than once. The synchronized swish of their pom poms and ponytails was mesmerizing.

At halftime, there was a moment of silence in honor of Richie, followed by performances from the cheerleaders and marching band.

By the third quarter, our team began to lose a little steam. The defense gave up a critical touchdown and Braxton, Richie's replacement, missed a few easy grabs and seemed to lose the connection with his quarterback. We had just entered the fourth quarter and had managed to hold the slimmest of leads when I noticed Jada pulling Jordan down the walkway behind the bleachers.

The crowd was fixated on the game so there wasn't much traffic as I ran down the aisles and past the refreshment stand. The girls stealthily slipped away past the outskirts of the track toward the empty baseball field.

Fuck Fuck Fuck. I knew this was going to happen. Pulling up my hoodie, I hurriedly followed the two as they became mere shadows in the darkness. With nothing but the moonlight to guide me, I was left partially blind while navigating the circumference of the outfield. Just when I thought I lost them, a girlish squeal cut through the chirping crickets. It came from the baseball diamond. I stayed low, rushing toward the home team dugout to get a better view, and hid behind the shaded cloth that covered the fence to obscure my presence.

Another squeal, but this time I could see the two girls and could tell it was Jada just acting giddy.

"Where are you taking me!? We're going to miss the rest of the game! And it's chilly!" Jordan complained to her infected friend.

"OMG, chillax! Seriously, why are you always so stressed out?"

Jordan was clutching her elbows to keep warm. She didn't look comfortable, her gaze kept shifting around as if she expected Slenderman was about to jump out of the dark. I knew I was practically invisible, but when she looked at the dugout I still held my breath.

"Can I see your phone? Mine died and I want to take a selfie." Jada pulled Jordan's attention back to her.

"O-okay... "

Jada moved close to Jordan and draped an arm around her as she opened the camera app.

"Get closer!" She demanded, forcing Jordan to press their cheeks together in matching duck faces for the selfie. Just before the flash went off, Jada turned and pecked her friend on the lips.

Jordan leapt backwards.

"Jada! What is up with you, you've been acting fucking weird lately!"

"What? It's just a little kiss. Nothing you haven't imagined before, I'm sure." Jada played off the incident as she quickly texted the picture to herself.

"That's it. I'm going back."

"Wait... Did you hear that?" Jada held her hand up. I was pretty sure Jada hadn't heard anything but was determined to keep Jordan alone for as long as possible.

"There." Jada pointed away from me, into the outfield.

Jordan took a few steps forward. "I don't see anything," she stated impatiently.

"Keep looking," Jada said, before sneakily tossing Jordan's phone into the grass near the Pitcher's mound, and then moving behind Brent's unsuspecting ex. Jada slid her hands around the front of Jordan's waist and pulled her close. She squeezed her friend's breasts through her top.

Jordan squirmed. "What's gotten into you?" "Stop! It's not funny anymore. Keep your hands to yourself."

Jada shushed her bestie, manhandling her body and speaking directly into her ear, "You can touch mine if it would make you feel better?"

Jordan lurched forward desperately and broke free. When she turned around, she found Jada adjusting her own crop top and thrusting out her chest immodestly.

"Enough Jada. I don't know what's gotten into you. Jesus. You've known me since I was a kid, I'm not a dyke.. and neither are you." Though her tone came out more of a question.

Jada pouted, "Well maybe if you hadn't avoided me all week..."

"Avoided you all week? I told you I had a school project!"

"But I needed you. I'm going through a lot."

Jordan whined, "I don't understand."

Jada inched closer, getting ready to pounce. "It's just... I thought I was happy, ya know? Everything seemed to be falling into place with college and graduation, and then this weird feeling hit me, and I am like, whoa! Maybe I'm not totally Hanna, or Aria, or Alison... perhaps I fancy myself more of an Emily..."

Jordan stood dumbfounded. "What? Are you seriously comparing yourself to Pretty Little Liars right now?

Jada cocked an eyebrow and shrugged.

Jordan scoffed, "What about Braxton!? Your boyfriend, do you just totally forget about him??"

"Screw Braxton. That ship has sailed. I dumped him at halftime."

"Huh??" But before Jordan could question further, the love-drugged teen was on her like a tigress, wrestling her prey to the ground.

Jordan struggled and elbowed Jada in the midriff. The blow momentarily disoriented her, giving Jordan a glimmer of hope to escape. But Jada was relentless, swiftly grabbing hold of Jordan's ankle and dragging her back into her grasp.

She straddled her friend, and in a swift motion, caught Jordan's wrists, pinning them in a painful lock to her sides. With Jada's soft but forceful presence pressing against Jordan, their noses mere inches apart, Jordan's mind raced with a mix of surprise and adrenaline.

"Awww. Don't be upset. Please Jordan." Jada's big doe eyes sparkled as she wiggled her ass against her teammate's crotch. "My mom always says big boobs are more trouble than they're worth but I think she's just jealous she's a B cup at best."

Jada followed the remark by pulling off her top.

"Jada! What are you doing? I'm your best friend!" Jordan huffed. Her uniform was scuffed with dirt and her ponytail had come loose before she was grappled.

"I know. But I can't help it. You're so hot right now. I'm so turned on." Jada said as she leaned down and kissed Jordan's neck.

Jordan gasped, her protests falling on deaf ears as Jada, the horny senior, took charge of the situation. Swatting away her friend's hands, and with an almost magical finesse, Jada lifted to her knees, reached under her skirt, and pulled down her own cheerleading briefs. Careful not to give Jordan an

opening, Jada yanked the elastic panties down her smooth legs and shins, and then over her white tennis shoes. Using them as a makeshift restraint, she bound Jordan's wrists together behind her back, leaving Jordan completely at her mercy. Their eyes locked, an intense connection sparking between them. The tight knot held as Jordan whined.

"No... Jada... pleasee?" Jordan's legs kicked and twisted as Jada stuffed her hand under her skirt.

"Forgive me Jordan. I've always considered you my sister, which only makes what I'm about to do hotter!"

Jordan fought admirably, but the short cheerleader had her entire weight on her hips, and she could barely pull in a breath. Jada's fingers slithered into Jordan's purple cheerleading briefs and began fingering her clit.

"That's it bestie, get nice and wet for me."

"No! This is wrong! I don't even like girls!" Jordan cried. She shuddered as she realized she was staring directly at her friend's exposed, wobbling tits.

The more she strained, the more heat and friction she generated, exhausting herself against Jada's evil

ministrations. Jada giggled as she kept her friend pegged to the ground. Their athletic, toned physiques writhed against one another. One trying to break free, the other trying in vain to escape.

"You know why I dyed my hair, so I could look in the mirror while touching myself and imagine I was fucking you. That was the best orgasm of my life Jordan. You made me come so hard. But don't worry. I'm going to return the favor, make you cum so hard that you'll never be able to resist me."

Jada drew her fingers out of Jordan's panties and brought them to her own mouth.

"Mmmm, you taste sweeter than I imagined," Jada gyrated against her friend's pussy.

"Jauhhh," Jordan's mouth was suddenly packed full of tit flesh as Jada pulled Jordan's precious mouth to her left tit.

"You like this. Stop denying it. You like feeling naughty."

This was the stage I'd witnessed with Misty and Mrs. Watson-the juncture when Richie and Andre had somehow imbedded their own feelings into the minds of their partner. Jordan's eyes hooded as she tasted Jada's delicate breast

flesh. The 18-year-old's body, a picture of budding sexuality, froze and then relaxed. Jada continued pitching more thoughts into her lover's submissive and vulnerable psyche.

"I've seen the way you look at me when you think no one's watching. Looking at girls makes you feel tingly. Looking at me makes you wet. Boys are gross, after all. I'm your best friend, and you should do as I say."

She let Jordan's head fall away from her chest.

"I don't... I mean...I...," Jordan groaned groggily.

Jada kissed her friend's cheek, right on the gopher she'd painted on earlier that morning. She then forced her tit back into Jordan's mouth.

"You like girls so much. It's the real reason you joined cheer." Jada paused and then smiled. "It's the reason you and Brent Broke up!

Jordan's eyelids widened, and her crystal blue eyes dilated in the moonlight. Suddenly her mouth wasn't being held to Jada's chest, but she was willfully sucking on Jada's nipple like Jada was the embodiment of Mother Mary herself. Jordan moaned in pleasure. Jada continued rubbing her

cheermate's pussy, finger-banging her conquest, and smearing her juices all over her mons.

"That's it, Jordan. Come on... Cum for your best friend!"

Following her instructions, Jordan's muscles quivered like crazy as Jada diddled her clit and kept fondling Jordan's freshly abused vagina. Happy with the results, but not satisfied yet, Jada lowered Jordan's face to the ground, gave her a quick kiss on the forehead, and then said, "Good girl."

Twisting around, Jada leveled her pussy above Jordan's mouth. Jordan was too intoxicated from her own climax to fully comprehend what was happening. Jada lowered herself, mashing her sopping pussy on Jada's pretty, innocent face.

"You've got the smoothest pussy I've ever seen," Jada panted. She had her own nose pressed against Jordan's shaved mound. As they 69'd, tasting each other and exploring each other's sweet creases, I snapped a few shots in dark mode. Not that it mattered too much, as I wasn't planning on blackmailing them, but it was good to have a record I told myself.

As if by fate, a monstrous roar came from the stadium as the two girls came in unison. I assumed that meant the game was over and that people would be clearing out soon.

Jordan leaned against Jada, resting her head on her shoulder, as Jada untied her new lover.

Off from the other dugout, there was a bright flash.

"What was that?" Jada said, looking up worriedly. Jordan was in too fragile a mood to be left alone. After a second of staring off in the direction of the light, Jada dismissed it. "Quick, we need to get dressed."

My eyes were better than hers, however. I could see the shadow in the other dugout as it slunk toward the outfield fence. There had definitely been a flash. Whoever had just taken the pic probably wouldn't be able to make out my presence in the dark. Nevertheless, I needed to know who it was. I booked it.

Though I would never make the track team, I was skinny and agile enough to move quickly when needed. I squinted and followed the hooded figure as it weaved around the outfield perimeter toward the opening of the fence. I knew if they reached the parking lot I'd never find them within the throng of people leaving the game.

I pushed forward, puffing air from my nose and willing my feet to move faster. I was closing the gap. At this pace, I could catch them. I felt a burst of adrenaline surge through me. Finals were coming up. My college application was due soon. In one semester, I had stopped two bullies, turned my crush into an incestuous nymphomaniac, caused a student-teacher affair, and drove two girls lesbian. Now, I was chasing an unknown stranger across my high school baseball field in the middle of the night.

"Ahhh!" I tripped and twisted my ankle as my foot sank into a pothole. The next second I felt my face smack into the grass. Ouch. I rolled over in pain. Nothing was broken, but I was winded and my foot stung like a motherfucker. I remained on the ground for a minute, then forced myself up and limped toward the parking lot.

I took a seat on the curb under a street light and watched families shuffle to their cars. From the angle I was seated, I could see the final scoreboard. We'd lost in overtime. 34-31. The knees of my genes were ripped from my fall and I felt mud drying on my forehead.

"Hey." A pair of combat boots stood directly in front of me. I looked up warily and wondered if maybe I was concussed. Misty plopped down on the pavement next to me.

"Nasty tumble," she said casually.

"Yeah..." I reflexively replied before my mind put two and two together.

"Wait, you? That was you I was chasing?" I croaked dumbstruck. It only occurred to me now how much I needed a drink.

Misty pulled out her phone. "I always forget to turn off the flash."

"How did you know I was out there?"

She chuckled. "Please. You're not as slick as you think. I noticed the moment you scampered out of your section."

"You were watching me?"

"I didn't want to come tonight. My mom got a call from a woman at the PTA about the fundraiser they were throwing in Richie's honor and so I didn't have a choice. Then I saw you eyeballing the cheerleaders and figured it was about Jada. I gotta admit, I had my doubts about whether any of

that stuff you said about that serum was remotely true. But then I saw it first hand and holy hell."

"Yeah," I replied. Neither of us said anything for a while.

I felt compelled to break the ice. "Back to boots and a sweater."

"Yeah, it's getting too cold... Plus it would have been hard sneaking about in a miniskirt and heels."

I wanted to laugh, but I needed to address the elephant in the parking lot. "I thought, after what you said Monday, you might have, you know, gone to see Richie."

"I don't want to talk about it," Misty said without making eye contact with me. I could tell she was still a bit bitter.

I thought about what we'd both just seen with Jada and Jordan. "So how's it feel knowing you've completely destroyed someone's life?"

She smiled. "Honestly, not that bad. Does that make me horrible?"

I shook my head. "I'm sorry for-"

"I know," she cut me off. "I'm not angry at you anymore. I remember what Richie did to you. And you're not the only one he's bullied." I swallowed hard, and she continued, "And I mean. I know he's not great, but those feelings are there, and if I lean into them I can make myself pretty loopy, but, the last few days have been... less."

"That's good," I replied.

Misty pushed back the hoodie to reveal her silky brunette mane. "Anyways. I just missed most of my first week back and I'm behind in, like, everything. You know any good tutors?"

"Really?" I scoffed, elated that she didn't hate my guts. "For sure."

She hesitated as if weighing whether to share her next sentiment. "Also, next week is Winter Formal and of the guys that have asked me out, I don't trust any of them with my current baggage, so..."

"You're inviting me to Winter Formal?" I blurted out, my heart thumping like a hummingbird.

She shrugged. "Not if you're going to be weird about it..."

I tried to act nonchalant, but I could feel my armpits sweating. "Oh, you know, just have to check my schedule is all."

She nudged my shoulder with her own. "Don't think too hard on it."

## Part 6

Winter Formal. My first dance ever, an event I could have never imagined attending at the beginning of the year. The sheer look of consternation on my parents' faces, when I shared the news, was truly meme-worthy. They were so overprotective. It was only after explaining that my date - Misty Armstrong, was the same girl I'd been tutoring after school, that my dad relaxed. My mom, on the other hand, was unable to contain a tiny squeak of excitement.

I had never told them about any other girls I'd dated during high school. Mostly because those relationships had been fleeting, barely lasting more than a week, and of those girls, none were in the same league as Misty. If my parents were ever curious about that stuff they had not shown it. In my

dad's case, I figured it was because when he was my age he attended an all-boys private school. He didn't even start dating or meet my mom until well after his studies at university.

My dad flinched slightly as my mom kicked him under the table. It was evident she wanted him to say something supportive.

"Well, that's quite a surprise," he finally chimed in. My mom rolled her eyes, then took my hand and squeezed it.

"You'll have such a great time with Misty at the Winter's Festival."

"Winter Formal," I corrected her.

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Jump to the night of and there I was, outside the gymnasium, Misty to my right, waiting in line to get our photo taken as a memento for a future scrapbook. Misty playfully poked me with her elbow as she noticed the couple ahead of us - Andre Michaels and Niki Turner. It was the same Andre I told her

was caught up in a steamy affair with our high school history teacher.

In the last week, I'd been compelled to share everything with Richie's sister. Not only because I felt I owed it to her, but also to unburden the weight of so many secrets with someone I genuinely cared about. It was cathartic, though obviously I omitted my responsibility in her brother's current coma. As for the dirty library of live-streamed affairs collecting on my hard drive, she didn't seem to mind, even skipping through some videos of Jada and Jordan. She seemed particularly interested in their blossoming relationship, no doubt since she'd facilitated it. Thankfully, I had never procured a video of her giving Richie oral, and I was glad that she didn't ask.

Since I explained that distance was the only way to keep the dark magic at bay, Misty had conscientiously avoided the hospital. Like an addict though, I could tell there were still triggers for her brother that clouded her mind from time to time, a dazed look of longing and desperation that took a while to snap out of.

I observed as Andre gallantly bent to one knee to help the camera adjust for the height disparity that came with Niki's petite 5'1" stature. I suspected Mrs. Watson probably wasn't too keen on his choice of date, but the married woman was sensible enough to realize that this outing provided a

wonderful opportunity to keep the world in the dark and shield their festering immoral and unprofessional relationship.

I bashfully looked down and pulled my hands from my pockets. Where I was stuck donning one of my cousin's hand-me-down suits, Misty looked incredible in her black, faux off-the-shoulder style dress and sparkling emerald heels. The sleek outfit complimented her curves perfectly. Our arms intertwined as we moved forward and posed for the cameraman. I didn't want to jinx the moment by saying anything, but my heart was doing somersaults as I breathed in the delicious flower-petal-scented shampoo of my date's glossy chocolate-brown hair, and felt the warmth of her soft waist beneath my grip.

I froze in place, trying not to let my expression betray my love-struck nerves. The camera clicked sharply. The flashes momentarily blinded me as we were quickly ushered inside the gymnasium by the school PE teacher, turned bouncer for the night.

The whole court had undergone a whimsical transformation. Twinkling string lights hung down from the ceiling casting a soft glow that mimicked the starry sky. The indoor bleachers had been retracted to make room for the dance floor, and the surrounding walls were adorned with cut-out snowflakes, snowmen, and Christmas trees. Trays of bite-

sized cupcakes, store bought cookies, and warm churros sat next to massive bowls of apple cider and punch. Kids, dressed to the nines, flitted about while the chaperones wandered the perimeter.

Beyonce music filtered through the overhead speakers and drowned out all other noise. The only challenge left this semester was finals next week, but for tonight, no one was letting that bog them down.

The scents of cinnamon, fried butter, and frosting lured me toward the food table. However, Misty had another plan. She entwined her fingers with mine and pulled me toward the herd of teens on the dance floor. I had misguided myself into believing that as a non-conformer, dancing to the clean versions of the Top 40 playlist wouldn't appeal to my date. But my error in judgment was soon realized as we squeezed into the mess of rowdy teenagers.

Burning right through the confidence potion in my bloodstream, I unsuccessfully sought not to embarrass myself. With the pulsing music thrumming in my ears, I urged my body to move to the beat, but my limbs had a mind of their own. Despite an encouraging smile from my date, whose movements were as fluid and natural as a seasoned partyer, my awkward steps felt woefully inadequate in comparison. After three songs, I was thankful when I lost Misty to the crowd, giving me an excuse to escape the

kaleidoscope of lights as well as the sticky human blob of kids and their raging hormones.

I passed Jada and Jordan on the outskirts of the floor. The blondes were liplocked, in matching white dresses, each adorned with a pair of fake plastic angel wings. It hadn't taken more than a day or two after the events of the football game for both of them to come out as bi to the student body. They weren't the only kids snogging, but they certainly provoked the most attention from onlookers seated at the surrounding tables. I scanned the room for Braxton, Jada's ex, and wasn't surprised not to see him despite being one of the most popular kids on the football team. Brent and his entourage occupied the largest table. We locked eyes for a moment, but then I averted his gaze. Unlike Andre, the blonde bully had come stag. He'd also cum in his mom like ten minutes before showing up this evening. Mrs. Young was insatiable.

I grabbed a cup of chilled cider off the beverage table and drained it.

"Refill?" A girl asked from behind the big bowl of sweet juice.

"Uh-sure..." I held my cup up unsteadily, surprised it took me so long to recognize the girl who spoke was actually a full grown woman and history teacher, Mrs. Watson. I guess

the chaperones were observing the drink area to make sure no one spiked the trough.

The tawny haired mother was not dressed like a normal chaperone. For one thing, she looked really fucking good. Instead of sporting some form of faculty khaki or even a traditional muted dress, Eva Watson had opted for a fiery number that would surely have called more attention if the room were brighter. Her strapless, rich burgundy gown exposed the entirety of her long and creamy neckline. The form-fitting fabric descended into a daring thigh-high slit, which revealed a glimpse of her long, slender legs. To finish off the festive ensemble, the MILF sported high heels, a diamond pendant necklace, and lacy black gloves that encased her otherwise nude forearms. I couldn't help myself, gawking at the exposed top half of her large breasts, but it didn't matter.

Something caught Mrs. Watson's attention behind me, causing her mouth to pop open ever so slightly. I turned my head to see who she was suddenly focused on, but I should have known better. Andre and Niki were situated near the DJ booth, the short girl was twerking and grinding up against the dark skinned boy. They weren't the only couple flaunting their sexuality and testing the patience of the older adults, but knowing Andre's reputation, I didn't blame Mrs. Watson for being jealous.

The ravishing woman ladled a small portion into my cup, placed the dark cider in my hand, winked affectionately, and then made a swift beeline toward the DJ stand. Before I got to see what was about to unfold, my attention was drawn away by a tap on the shoulder.

"Hey, man!" A dorky-looking kid with wild, tousled curls and wire-frame spectacles called out over the thumping beat. Spencer Kress was one of my closest, and perhaps only, friends during our freshmen and sophomore years. We had bonded, in typical nerd fashion, over our love of television shows and lack of any real social life. Though both of us were on the scrawny side, I had always dwarfed him by a few inches.

"Bruh, how have you been? Feels like I haven't seen you all year," he professed.

It was true. Starting last year and continuing into this one, our schedules were split up, and we no longer even shared the same lunch period. Seeing him now brought back a rush of unexpected happiness, but also a tinge of guilt. Though I didn't have a lot of friends to spare, I had spent the last few months pretty isolated, focussing on taking down Brent and dealing with the aftermath of my actions. Considering neither Spence nor I were regulars at high school functions, I was surprised to see him.

"Spencer, wow. What are you doing here?" I blurted out.

"Same as you it seems, I heard there was going to be free food," he said, nabbing one of the chocolate chip cookies from the platter. I grinned as he took a bite.

"Seems like some fancy threads to splurge on for a couple of store-bought cookies." I quipped, admiring his new-looking fitted tuxedo.

He waved a hand in front of his face to signal he needed to finish swallowing the cookie. Once he was done he continued, "My mom, she said I needed a nice suit for college. But really, I think she just wanted to make sure I didn't show up to this thing in an Indiana Jones cosplay outfit... Which is frankly insulting, you know? Cause the themes would totally clash. And Gina would-"

"You're here with Gina?" I interrupted.

He gestured again with his hands, this time toward a few tables down. Gina was a nerdy, shy girl prone to stuttering when she got nervous. Though not typically beautiful, she was cute in a quirky Velma Dinkley-type way. She wore a pretty, light-pink dress that complimented her short auburn hair, and she waved politely when she saw us look over.

"Had I known you were coming too, we could have split an Uber Black," Spencer reasoned.

"Dude, I can't believe you and Gina!" I said aghast.

"Yeah... I was going to wait till we came back from winter break to ask her out officially, but then she started hinting heavy that Aaron, that snot from freshmen Spanish, was pressuring her to come to this gig, so I had no choice but to make a move."

"That's super romantic dude," I deadpanned.

He punched my arm lightly. "So, how's senior year treating you? I heard Brent is still a dick," he said in a cavalier way, but I could tell the question was genuine. I gathered the several beatdowns I'd received from Brent and Richie had been gossip worthy enough to make their rounds.

"You heard about that?"

He sighed. "Yeah, I tell you, people who peak in high school are gonna get what's coming to them soon enough."

I nodded in agreement, savoring the taste of cider before admitting, "Actually, I don't think he's going to be too much of a problem going forward."

Part of me wanted to disclose more to Spencer. Hell, some of me wanted to tell him everything like I would have if this had happened a couple years ago. He was that type of friend who was able to find humor in anything. But I thought better of it.

He regarded me with a skeptical look. "So, you gonna tell me who you're here with, or should I just start guessing?"

I took another sip of my drink, milking what was sure to be a fun reveal, but before I was able to say a word-

"There you are," Misty strolled up beside me.

Spencer's gaze darted between the two of us, measuring our familiarity. His eyebrows arched as the truth washed over him.

"Spencer, Misty. Misty, Spencer," I quickly introduced.

"Hi," Misty gave Spencer a polite smile before squeezing my arm. "Hey, can I talk to you for a sec?"

Spencer appeared momentarily speechless, a rare feat.

"Good to see you, man," I offered, giving an apologetic shrug as Misty guided me away.

Once we were out of earshot, I wavered, "Hey I don't know if my feet can take another dance-"

"You've got a bigger problem than that," Misty rounded on me, her tone suddenly dead serious. "You said Andre and Mrs. Watson are still infected, right?"

"Yeah..." My heart sank. "What's wrong?"

"Well, I was just heading into the bathroom, when Tori stopped to warn me that Andre was in one of the girl's stalls fucking the daylights out of some bitch."

"Fuck." I glanced toward the restrooms and then around at the visible chaperones. Of course, Mrs. Watson was nowhere to be seen. "Jesus Christ, they're fucking idiots."

Thankfully, most of the other chaperones seemed to have their hands full dealing with Jada and Janice, who had graduated from simple kissing to flat out ass-grabbing and grinding their crotches against their thighs. As the two cheerleaders dressed as angels dry-humped in public, I felt anxiety wash over me.

I looked back toward the facilities and weighed my limited options.

Conflicting thoughts surged through my mind. Why should I care if they got caught? There's no way it would come back to me... But on the other hand, if I did nothing, the night would be ruined, Misty would probably think less of me, and I'd be responsible for destroying a woman's life, and possibly sending her to jail.

Misty looked at me expectantly. With no more time for hesitation, I made my way towards the girl's bathroom, but it was already too late. A student bolted out of the door with a disgusted look on her face and made a beeline for the nearest chaperone, Vice Principal Blakensharp. Misty saw it too. Frantically, I surveyed my surroundings. I had less than a minute to divert attention away from the bathroom and save the hides of my history teacher and her younger lover.

Napkins, plastic cups, someone's forgotten cell phone... I was beyond agitated, I was in panic mode. I almost wished someone had spiked the cider; perhaps then the situation wouldn't feel so stressful. Even a hit of the shit Misty liked to smoke under the stands with her friends seemed tempting at the moment. Wait a second.

"Hey, um, do you happen to have a lighter?!" I shouted over the music.

Misty blinked, momentarily taken aback by the unexpected request. Her eyes roamed down her sleek dress, seemingly questioning where such an item could possibly be hidden. Embarrassment tinged my cheeks.

"Nevermind. Forget it," I started to say.

Misty rolled her eyes. "Not that now's the time, but..." She conjured a silver lighter out of thin air like a magician producing flowers, and effortlessly flicked it open with a practiced motion.

"Oh my god, you're incredible." I resisted the urge to hug her. "Okay, we don't have much time... have you seen season two of The Office?"

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The girl, whom I now recognized as Melissa, the teacher's pet, ran up and tugged on the Vice Principal's arm. He was entirely engrossed in trying to pull Jada and Jordan off each other without touching either girl in a way that could be misconstrued as inappropriate. Given their attire, it was no easy task, and many of the surrounding students had their phones out, recording the chaos in the unlikely hope of getting featured on TMZ.

"Mr. Blackensharp! Two students are having sex in the girls bathroom!" Melissa finally shrieked.

Ironically, her announcement captured everyone's attention, including Jada and Jordan, who paused for a moment to look at the startled administrator.

Mr. Blackensharp's fists clenched into tight balls. The salt-and-pepper bearded, middle-aged Vice Principal marched resolutely toward the restrooms.

I shook my head and restlessly paced by the brick wall near the gym exit. "Come on Misty, come on..."

I couldn't even hear the music anymore over the unremitting stream of thoughts in my mind. How stupid could they be? For fuck sake Andre, have some self control. The more those two interacted, the less inhibited they'd become. At least Brent and his mom were discreet.

I thought back to Mrs. Watson's face earlier. Seeing Niki must have really fucked with her. Where was Niki? Had she come to realize that her date had ditched her for an older woman? I guess it didn't matter. Not when they were going to get caught anyways. And it was my fault. Fuck fuck fuck.

Mr. Blackensharp was rapidly closing in on the girls' bathroom. Ten steps away. Nine. Eight. THERE.

A sudden burst of flames erupted from the back of the room where one of the acrylic-coated tablecloths suddenly caught ablaze.

I drew in a sharp breath, ready to yell "fire," but someone else beat me to it, unleashing a loud cry, "FIRE! FIRE!" Several others quickly joined in, including me.

After a few tense seconds, the music ground to a halt, and all eyes turned toward the pluming flames. The kids with their phones out redirected their focus, now captivated by the unfolding emergency. Mr. Blackensharp stopped in his

tracks. Sensing that I had mere seconds before the room could devolve into frenzied mayhem, and not wanting to risk anyone's safety, I turned to the wall and pulled the fire alarm.

The blaring siren filled the air as the ceiling sprinkler system, connected directly to the school's outdoor water tower, burst into action, showering the entire gymnasium with water. Students, adorned in their most expensive clothes, and girls with meticulously done makeup found themselves drenched in the unexpected deluge. The once festive atmosphere turned into a messy scene, with many shrieking and scrambling for cover. Chaperones did their best to direct the foot traffic, trying to maintain order as the students shuffled out of the gym. Brent's group, ever eager to be at the forefront, shoved their way through the crowd.

Again, I locked eyes with my bully, and a wave of resentment washed over me. This asshole was going to be the worst father. The dance was over. And the fire was doused.

Amid the last few seconds of chaos, I spotted Andre slipping out from the bathroom, skillfully blending into the crowd as he made his escape. Seconds later, Mrs. Watson, her face obscured by a jacket, followed suit, sneaking away toward the crowded exit.

Despite the fire being promptly extinguished, a faint, wispy trail of smoke flowed out of the building and the scent of burnt plastic lingered as we collected ourselves outside the building. I was happy to see that, even with the shivering and damp conditions, some kids were smiling and laughing at the absurdity of the moment.

"Bro, nice thinking!" Spencer approached and clapped me on the back. "You managed to ruin the party and make the night unforgettable all at once!"

Gina dallied behind Spencer, her once puffy light pink dress now a soggy magenta mess. I felt the need to offer an apology, but she surprised me by speaking up.

"Yeah, th-that was gr-great. You pr-probably saved lives." Gina said, her voice trembling. I couldn't tell if it was her stutter or the fact she was probably freezing.

I blushed, feeling guilty but not regretful.

"Mr. Hitomi," a deep voice resonated from behind me. I turned around to see Mr. Blackensharp, standing there. Up close, the guy was way more intimidating, half a foot taller than me with a scowl. His short, graying hair was flattened to his forehead. "I'm told you're the one to thank for putting out the fire.

"Uh- I just pulled the alarm," I replied.

"You did the right thing at the right time. I commend you," he stated firmly.

"Thank you, sir."

We shook hands and he departed to speak with one of the school security officers who had just arrived. After talking with Spencer for a few more minutes, I decided it was a good time to find Misty and make tracks. I found chatting with a few juniors who were waiting for their parents to pick them up.

"What did I miss?" I asked as the girls giggled when I approached.

"There's a video of you going viral," Misty warned, her tone unreadable. She took out her phone and showed me. Sure enough, someone had posted a 20-second clip of the fire, with the camera zooming in on me as I pushed down the alarm.

"I guess that makes you a hero!" one of the juniors exclaimed excitedly. She shot me a flirty glance, which although flattering, felt awkward to absorb with Misty there. It wasn't

long before the parking lot cleared out, and everyone headed home.

Before dropping Misty off, we parked outside her house for a minute.

"I think I ruined your dress," I said, staring at the drenched fur around the chest lining.

"Don't worry about it." She shrugged. "I already have too many as it is."

"I didn't realize how much water was going to rain down."

"It was... Fun, sort of," she said.

I leaned back in the driver's seat. "You think? I guess we'll see what people think on Monday. But, I shouldn't have asked you to do what you did. It's not your shit to deal with... You could have gotten into serious trouble."

"I don't need you to tell me what I can and can't do, Ryan Hitomi."

I nodded.

"Besides, what sort of date would it be if I didn't have your back?" my arsonist, incest cursed, girlfriend submitted, raising an eyebrow coyly.

With my phone blowing up in my pocket with notifications, and the adrenaline still yet to taper off, I knew it would be a while till I ever felt this confident again. Looking at Misty, with her damp hair, disheveled outfit, and the special energy that seemed to seep every time she smiled... I did the unthinkable. I leaned over, cupped her face with my hand, and planted a kiss on her mouth. She tensed but didn't pull back. Her lips felt soft as petals and they opened slightly, as her tongue tentatively swiped against mine and I got to taste her. The connection was electric, but the kiss was far from perfect. When I leaned back, she chuckled goodheartedly.

"We're gonna have to work on that," she teased, her playful expression making me feel more alive than ever before.

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The weekend came and went like a blink of an eye, and before I knew it, Finals week had arrived. I was more concerned for Misty than myself. I had my notebooks memorized front to back due to all the hours spent

reteaching the same information over and over. Thankfully, since she'd cut herself off from Richie, her brainpower and judgment had returned to pre-love potion levels... But all it would take was one hospital visit to fuck that all up.

On Monday, I lived out what can only be described as the coolest high school day of my life. Stepping into first period and later during English class, and much to the chagrin of Brent,

I was met with hoots and hollers by my classmates for dousing the fire and making the Winter Formal the most exciting event since Prom two years ago when someone let a llama loose. Most importantly though, no one was questioning how the fire started. Besides a quick morning announcement referring anyone with information to the attendance office, it seemed the school was ready to look past the incident.

For once, I got to feel some lingering looks of admiration, rather than pity or disregard. It was a strange, but awesome feeling, and I totally would have let it get to my head if I didn't know for sure that my 15 minutes would be over by the time we returned after winter break.

All in all, I was feeling on top of the world. At lunch, Misty and I sat together, and though there hadn't been any PDA

since the first kiss, things felt good between us. During winter break, she had plans to go on a mother-daughter trip to visit Saundra's alma mater in Indiana. Apparently, her mom was a part of some Zeta sorority chapter there. Misty didn't seem that excited by the prospect, but she had already committed to checking out the school when she was in a different headspace.

In my household, December was typically a time for staying close to home. While we didn't celebrate Christmas, we did exchange gifts on Christmas Eve because why not? This year I legit had nothing to ask for.

Tuesday and Wednesday were half days, and marked the unofficial end to test taking. By Wednesday night most teachers had input our grades in the online system. I had straight A's. When I told my mom, her face lit up, and she made me pull up the site so she could take a picture and send it to my dad at work.

Thursday was just a free day, and though many seniors ditched, Misty and I loitered around campus before celebrating the end of the semester with ice cream at the park.

"Do you want to come to a party Friday?" Misty asked while taking a bite of her small cone.

"Yeah... Of course," I replied. Any social anxiety I had was completely tempered with her around.

"It's at Brent's house," she revealed, then paused for my reaction.

"Wait, really?" A flicker of unease stirred in my chest. "I don't think I'm invited."

"You'll be my plus one,"

"I don't know..." I hesitated.

She sighed, "There's going to be a billion kids there, he probably won't even notice you."

Something made me doubt that, but I hated to disappoint her.

"Fuck it. Okay."

As for Andre and Mrs. Watson, I believe Winter Formal had been a good wake up call for both of them. My cameras

hadn't picked up any smutty behavior between them since, which, at the very least, meant they were being smarter. Mrs. Watson managed to put together a tiny quiz in place of her final, consisting of true-false choices and a very vague essay question that anyone with a fifth grade education could have answered. Though I enjoyed the light workload, I did feel bad for the students who were depending on the course to test out of college classes next year.

Jada and Jordan had become closer than sisters, which was both weird and fascinating. Though they were constant gossips, I got the sense that being together had actually made them nicer and less sassy. Jordan for instance, Brent's ex, pulled me away in English to pry me for details about my relationship with Misty, and thank me for pulling the fire alarm. It was the first time I'd talked to her in four years.

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That fateful Friday night, I picked up Misty at 6PM. The sun had already set, leaving us in the twilight as we approached Brent's house. Although I had been there many times to replace the battery to the outdoor camera, I felt uneasy walking up the front entry steps.

"I'll catch up to you inside. Need to make a call," I excused myself, watching Misty disappear into the house before skirting around the bend to the bedroom windows. Brent's room was hardly ever occupied, as he'd taken over for his father as Master of the domicile.

Mrs. Young was watching a soap in their room. With no apparent belly bulge yet, she looked posed like a model. Who was I kidding? Even fully pregnant she was going to be a knockout. Taking one last picture in my mind of the pretty woman, I pulled the camera from its frame and dropped it off in my car. I wouldn't need it any longer. Brent was still a dick, but no longer a threat.

Misty hadn't exaggerated; the house was teeming with teenagers. It seemed like everyone who was anyone had gathered there. Once I managed to make my way inside, I weaved within the chaotic sea of people, but she proved elusive as I searched the tightly packed crowd of the living room, the downstairs game room, and the kitchen.

"You!" I felt a heavy, commanding grip descend on my shoulder, as I was suddenly pulled back by the man himself.

"Way to save the fucking day, bro." The six-foot-one blonde jock teetered in front of me and thrust a beer in my hand.

He carelessly pushed some paper cups off the edge of a side table to make room for his ass so he could sit down. His neck vein pulsed, under his polo collar.

"I wasn't sure you'd show," he said, eyes watery. "Shot in the dark inviting your girlfriend."

"Huh?" I uttered, but he was still talking.

"You know this year," he paused to burp, "has been the best fucking year of my life. Not even your crap could drag it down."

The stench of booze wafted off him like cologne. He was obnoxiously drunk and super chatty.

"Yeah, I mean, you almost made state," I replied nonchalantly, in an attempt to divert the conversation away from how much he hated my guts. It was hard enough blackmailing the douche when he was sober, I didn't want to test him drunk.

"No thanks to you," he garbled.

Whatever the fuck that meant.

I glanced up at the clock on the wall. It had only been fifteen minutes and I wanted to leave.

After a few seconds of awkward silence, Brent groggily slurred, "So you and Missty..."

"Yeah." I let the point stand on its own.

"You fuck her yet?" he inquired rudely.

"Bruh... That's none of your business."

"Yeah," he sneered back, eyes slicing through me with a cold calculation, "didn't think so." It was apparent that whatever friendliness he had been trying to exude was all a facade.

Annoyed by the discussion, and insulted by his cheekiness, I couldn't help but take a swing of my own.

"For such a relationship expert, you don't seem too torn up about your parents' separation," I observed, sarcastically.

"Eh..." He glanced down the hallway, his gaze fixed on his mom's room. "It's complicated," he finally admitted, his voice carrying a mixture of feelings he might never be able to resolve.

I nodded, thinking about how fucking weird it would be to fall in love with my own mom. I took a hefty swig of the room-temperature beer and coughed as it burned going down.

"So, are you going to state?" I asked, my curiosity genuine because if he said yes, then I would be canceling my application pronto.

"Gap year," he brushed off dismissively. "You know what I can't figure is how a girl as fine as Richie's sister falls for a turnip like you... No offense."

"Fuck you," I shot back, taking another defiant sip of the cheap beer.

The din of the crowd and the music was hurting my ears, as if someone had begun cranking up the dial on the party's volume.

"Hey, I'm just curious, is all," Brent smirked, reveling in his provocation."I mean, I can't imagine what Richie would do if he was here to see it."

The hairs on the back of my neck stood up, and I suddenly felt as if I were in the lion's den, expecting to turn around and miraculously find Richie waiting with his fists clenched.

"Yeah, well he's not," I mumbled, stupidly.

Brent appeared lost in his own thoughts. "But the way you were tailing Richie around, asking for his jacket, acting all shady... Then you kept showing up at practice..."

I didn't like where this was heading. Brent's half-lidded eyes began to widen, and I could sense trouble brewing.

"I don't what the fuck you're getting at man, you're drunk." I expressed defensively.

"First, I tell the guy to beat the fuck out of you, and then he ends up in a coma," Brent mused with bitter amusement. "Bravo, that showed spunk."

"You what?" I stared directly at Brent. He ordered Richie to kick my ass?

"Relax, man. Game respect game. Just as I respect you using cameras outside my house to spy on me. Gotta say, I was a little shook, didn't want to admit a shitstain I'd been beating up actually had some balls."

"I still have those videos," I reminded him as sinisterly as I could muster.

Brent yawned casually. "I have videos too. Mine are of Jordan."

"Okay?" I didn't understand what he was drawling on about.

"I told her if she didn't distract you during English yesterday, I would leak them with the caption, 'I Love Dick'."

"Distract me? All she did was thank me for what I did at Winter Formal."

Brent's right hand shot out and grabbed me by the cuff of my shirt, yanking me close. Time seemed to stand still as he

tightened his grip, chills running down my spine as the world froze around us.

"I know what you did to my friend," he hissed. A demented smile spread over his face as he glanced down at my cup, which was nearly drained, but he didn't let go. "And I get why you did it. But how'd you get his sister to forgive you?"

I swallowed hard.

He nodded again, pursing his lips. "She doesn't know, does she?"

He let go of my collar and I gasped for air.

He snickered, "Don't worry, I won't spill your secret, Ryan. She'll figure it out on her own soon enough."

That was it. The last straw. Whatever head games this fucker wanted to employ, he had messed with the wrong guy. The bastard clearly needed a refresher on how simple it would be for me to wreck his life with just one post. I fumbled around for my phone in my pocket, my hand felt unusually numb. So what if he figured out I put Richie in a coma? He fucks his own mom.

"You fuck your own mom." I tried to shout, but the words came out jumbled.

"Your...mom," I tried again, even less successfully. The room was spinning.

Brent threw an arm over my shoulder as if I was his favorite pal. "What's the matter? You a lightweight or something?"

I wanted to punch him, but I could hardly raise my fists. What was going on? I let my cup drop to the floor.

"You... roofied... me?" I mumbled.

Brent shook his head. "No way. Just giving you a taste of your own medicine. Whatever shit was in that vial."

The vial? How had he... English - Jordan. It made sense now. The walls and ceiling suddenly pressed in and I broke out in a cold sweat, fear gripping my chest in a giant bear hug. There wasn't enough air in the room and panic washed over me.

"Nightie night, loser." I heard Brent say as he evaporated into the swarm of moving colors. I staggered blindly through the

crowd until I found my way into the kitchen and stumbled out the door onto the back porch.

In a stroke of luck, Misty was outside with a few friends sharing a blunt.

"Need to go, now!" I groaned. I could feel my heart thumping in my throat.

"Are you okay?" Misty took one look at me. "Oh, my god. Okay, Okay."

With my arm around her, I managed to totter to my car. She took my keys and started the engine while I collapsed in the backseats. I didn't even want to think whether she was in any condition to drive, cause I sure as hell wasn't.

"I'm taking you to the hospital."

"NO!" I growled. "She glared at me but didn't argue."

While driving home, I did my best to relay what I could, but she was still confused since I couldn't tell her about Richie and how I put him in a coma.

"Turn right." I pointed at an intersection.

"Your house isn't for another few blocks," she began.

"Not my house," I spit. "My grandparents' shop."

I stayed in the back and tried to keep my eyes open. I wasn't exactly tired... I remember Richie was able to last a while before succumbing to unconsciousness. Brent had used the whole vial? That didn't make sense... Hadn't I used the whole vial up?

"Wait here." I slurred, slamming the backseat of the car and dragging myself up the short walkway store. It had been closed for two hours but I knew the keycode for the front entrance, and if I was lucky my Grandpa or Grandma would still be inside.

I hobbled into the old shop, my legs betraying me as I clung to the shelves for support. My mind was a fog, my thoughts whirling like a maelstrom. How could I have been so stupid?

"Cure," I muttered, my voice barely a whisper. I couldn't let Misty see me turn out like Richie. She couldn't know about the sleeping potion; she would hate me forever. I dragged myself forward, every step feeling like an odyssey. Flashes

of Brent and his mother fornicating invaded my mind, like vivid paintings, I couldn't quite comprehend. Their cries of passion echoed in my ears, mingling with the sound of my own erratic heartbeat. But that wasn't right, I'd never heard them make love, just watched...

I could see the front of the shop. My grandfather could help me. He would know what to do. My eyes focused on the figure at the register. It wasn't Ji-Ji. It was... Her. Her, with those hypnotic brown eyes and lovely smile. Her, the woman I'd loved from the moment I met her. Our gazes met, and a magnetic force seemed to draw me closer to her.

And just like that, I understood. This wasn't a sleeping potion. I'd used the last of the sleeping vial on Richie, I was sure of it. The only thing Brent Young could have given me was the very thing I gave him all those months ago. But if he had truly poured in the full bottle, I had just ingested a concentration 100 times the recommended dose.

I tripped and knocked over a tiny orb, sending it clattering across the floor.

"Oh, honey, you startled me." She set her book aside, rushing around the counter with a blend of concern and grace. "What's wrong? You're so pale. Are you okay?""

Who was this goddess? Why was she fretting over me? If only she knew it wasn't a ghost that had shaken me to my core. My thoughts raced, part of my mind trying to staple her identity down, the other part of it trying to bury it.

"Mom," I croaked out. "I'm... I'm fine, really," though my trembling voice was all but convincing. "Is... Ji-Ji here?"

I couldn't peel my eyes away from her. I was sweating bullets. My mind swelled with emotions—love, passion, and a connection I couldn't explain. Was I falling, truly falling, for her? This couldn't be real, right? Something deep in my soul had been awakened and my thirst for sex was becoming uncontrollable.

"Here, do you need some water? Drink this," she urged, pressing a glass into my hands.

"Mom, I messed up."

"Oh my gosh, you're burning up." Her eyes widened with alarm as her palm pressed against my forehead.

"Mom..."

My heart raced. I was about to pass out. I was sure of it. I would be found lying on the ground.

Thump-thump-thump.

Thump-Thump-Thump-Thump.

Then, as if a fierce wind had knocked the very breath from me, my legs buckled. I collapsed. The world faded away into an abyss of darkness, and the last thing I heard was Mom's frantic voice calling out to me. But it was too late.

# Part 7

*Where am I?* I looked up from a moonlit balcony. The night sky spread out like a Van Gogh canvas, a symphony of stars twinkling in celestial harmony. The moon cast a soft glow upon everything it touched.

There, facing away from me, stood a woman in white. Her presence radiated its own beautiful energy, piercing my very soul like Cupid's arrow. It was as if the universe itself had conspired to bring us together. Her sleek, angelic form sashayed to the balcony's edge. Her obsidian-black hair shimmered under the moonlight with an iridescent brilliance, like the night sky reflected in water. Her flowing gown swayed gently in the breeze, and as I inhaled deeply, I caught the scent of honey and mint—a sweetness that made my heart ache with longing.

As I stepped closer, captivated, the more I yearned to see her face, to unravel the mystery cloaking her identity. She sensed my presence, for she turned slowly. The air cooled around me as if time itself held its breath.

Her hair tumbled over one eye in a feral yet graceful way, and her beauty was undeniable. Deep-set brown eyes locked onto mine, filled with a mixture of surprise and something

else. Her pouty pink lips parted, and her voice, soft and melodic, reached out to me.

"Ryan?" my mother whispered. Her voice caressed my ears and sent shivers down my spine.

The dream began to fade, like sand slipping through an hourglass. Yet the memory lingered, etched into my subconscious like a cherished ballad, forever imprinted upon my heart.

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"Okiro! Me o samase!"

The acrid scent of ammonia jolted me awake. I found myself lying on the antique couch in my grandparents' shop. My grandpa held a small vial of smelling salts under my nose. Behind him, both my girlfriend, Misty, and my mother looked with worried expressions etched on their beautiful faces.

I blinked, disoriented, trying to piece together what had happened. The party. The love potion. Brent. The

overwhelming emotions. I must have been out for only a few minutes, but it felt like an eternity.

My grandfather gave me a scrutinizing look. "You think it's fun to drink? You scare your mother half to death." I can tell he's angry because his English always devolves. Misty must have told them we were at a party. If I wanted to, I could tell him the truth—admit I stole the love potions from the room marked, "Strong: Not for Sale"—and that I'd just ingested a dose that would cripple a god.

"I—" I tried not to look at her but the compulsion was too strong.

"We should get you home," my mom insisted. "Both of you."

Cramped knee-to-knee in the back of my Mom's small Corolla, Misty kept glancing at me. I tried to reassure her by squeezing her hand.

"Don't forget your purse," my mom said as we pulled up to the Armstrongs' house.

"Bye, Mrs. Hitomi. It was... nice to meet you," Misty waved and then gestured that I call her when I could.

My mom drove in silence, her gaze fixed on the road. Every now and again, she would check on me through the rearview mirror. Her lips tightened into a firm, disapproving line. Her gorgeous brown eyes, the curve of her collarbone, what I would give to just see the strap of her bra peeking—I tore my eyes away, horrified by the inappropriate thought. A sick feeling gripped the pit of my stomach. I felt a stirring in my loins. I attempted to rationalize the sudden foggy wave of desire. This was my mom. My own mother. I couldn't succumb to these feelings.

Her fingers clenched tightly around the steering wheel as she pulled up into the driveway of our home.

"What is wrong with you?!" she yelled. "Do you have any idea how irresponsible you are?"

The car condensed under the pressure of her rage.

"I'm sorry," I mumbled.

"Sorry? Sorry doesn't work!" She shot a quick look over her shoulder, like an avenging goddess. "You think you can just say sorry and it will all go away? Do you know the shame you've brought on this family? On me? Your grandfather had to be woken up in the middle of the night because his

grandson passed out drunk in his shop! Do you have any respect? Any responsibility?"

I bowed my head, ashamed. The words stung, but the way her lips curled, hot skewering venomous emotion, God help me, it was turning me on. Her eyes burned in me. Her chest heaved with each breath. She spewed her condemnation. I'd never made her so pissed. I was supposed to feel remorse, but when I look back up, I'm too transfixed by how stunning she is.

"You want to act like a man, but you're nothing but a child! A reckless, thought-not child! Do you have any idea? You could have died! That girl could have died! You could have hurt someone else..."

Sweat formed at my temples. Not from her tirade, but because she was right there, inches away. All I could think about was kissing her, feeling her anger melt like her lipstick on my mouth.

"Just like your father!" she spat. "Never think about anyone but yourself. Always bringing shame. You think this is how you make me proud?"

All I wanted to do at this moment was prove myself to her.

"You're grounded. Indefinitely. No phone, no friends, nothing. Go inside and think about what you've done," she spat out the last sentiment, then hissed, "I am so disappointed in you."

"I'm sorry, Mom," I managed to whisper over the roaring desire in my head.

"Get out," she sighed, and I scrambled to obey, stumbling out of the car.

I sat alone in my bedroom, trying to shake the thoughts, feelings, and nonsensical visions swirling in my mind. Guilt and lust warred inside my heart, my head, and most shamefully, in my crotch. The last thing I could allow was any type of positive emotions directed towards my mother.

"It's just the stupid serum," I repeated to myself. Rage bubbled up from my core as I remembered who put me in this position. This was all Brent Young's fault. I grabbed my laptop and tried pulling up the feed of the douchebag's house. Fuck. I had the camera in my pocket. I'd taken it down just a few hours ago.

He needed to pay. That bastard tried to kill me. My finger scrolled to his folder and I felt my dick twitch restlessly. The compulsion hit me.

I needed to get off. Now. I unzipped my pants.

Porn. I pulled up a tab on my browser, fingers shaking as I typed in the first thing that popped into my head, "Japanese MILF!"

I clicked on the thumbnail labelled, "Horny Jap wife gets screwed in kitchen." The cinematic shot of a middle-aged woman wearing an apron cooking at the stove drove my blood to boil. A 40 second ad popped on. I tried to click it away but that just caused another one to replace it. I growled. I couldn't deal with ads right now.

I closed out of the video and did something I'd told myself I wouldn't do anymore since getting with Misty. I moved to the desktop and opened a file in the **History: Extra Credit folder.**

Mrs. Watson popped on screen. This was sometime a few weeks back; I didn't check the marker. I sped through until Andre was pulling the demure work dress from her shoulders, exposing the flimsy strings of her purple-striped thong. The history teacher was just as thirsty as him, pawing

desperately at Andre's ass through his gym shorts. After some wet, heavy kisses, Mrs. Watson gave her lover a shove, pushing the six-foot-two, muscled teen against the edge of the desk. She then pointed commandingly for him to kneel. He smiled but did as she instructed. Mrs. Watson hopped her sweet ass onto her desk. Hiking one leg over Andre's shoulder, she spread her thighs in open invitation for the eighteen-year-old. Like a dying man presented with an oasis, he buried his head eagerly between Mrs. Watson's meaty thighs. Her hand found the back of his curly black hair as she moaned and rocked her hips. I tried to stroke my cock, to jack it to the sexy, debauched scene of the rigid teacher reduced to a sweaty, pleasure-riddled mess.

Despite my horniness and the lewd affair I was witnessing, my body just wasn't responding. My cock remained limp in my hand. This video wasn't good enough.

I switched over to one more familiar. I had it earmarked. It wasn't even a sex scene but rather when Mrs. Watson was redressing herself. Andre had left, and the janitorial staff walked in while the woman was still cleaning her nethers. The way she was forced to use her own textbook to disguise the creampie leaking on the floor as it stained her dress, while having to wait for the custodians to finish vacuuming her classroom always got me off. Well, until now.

I tried videos of Mrs. Watson after school, before school, in every state of undress.

I thought about giving up. I intentionally avoided Brent's folder, but after another disappointing minute of staring at my monitor with nothing to show for it, my hand reflexively moved to Brent's file. I clicked it open and found a huge cache. I felt my dick pulse again the second Mrs. Young's smooth, sensitive skin, as pale and inviting as whipped cream, came into focus.

Yatta! Her legs wrapped around her son as he shuddered.

My cock ballooned in my hand. The bully rutted his mother reverse wheelbarrow on screen, his hands pressing her tits together as her blonde head lolled, luscious lips parted. I blinked.

I remember being horrified when I first realized they were together. I couldn't comprehend how someone would fall for their own flesh and blood. It disturbed me. But... if it really was so bad, then why had I saved so many files on my computer? Why did I see her as so alluring? Was it just that she was gorgeous? That's what I'd told myself... But it's something more. He was about to be a father. And I had the evidence; in fact, I probably had the day they conceived. I must. I'm sure of it. How hot would it be if I could find that

video? I needed to find the video. Why? Because it's insane—insanely sexy, and, sinful, and disgraceful, and maybe if I watch it... Maybe I can purge these thoughts. I started going one by one, sifting through all the files until the climax—five, ten, twenty, then I lost count. Mother and son. Son and mom. The love. Their passion. The image warped in my mind, Brent's face shifting until it mirrored my own.

Wasn't it amazing that she was his mother? That's what the real hottest part was. It was so perverse. So taboo. So. So hot... She was his mom. Oh god, his mom.

I finally came.

I finished brushing my teeth and was filling a glass of water in the sink, about to head to bed and try to get some sleep. I had just turned off the faucet when—

"Ryan?"

"Mom?!" I nearly fumbled the glass, splashing water over my wrist. She stood at the entryway in her pajamas: a light green fleece top and coral capris. My parents usually turned in by now. I cast my eyes downward. Every second she was in my proximity, we were both in huge danger.

"It's late. Are you hungry?" Her voice had softened compared to a couple of hours earlier.

I shook my head.

"Can you look at me?"

I kept my eyes down and pressed past her.

"Those things I said in the car. I lost my temper. You're not a disappointment. I understand—"

"It's fine, Mom." I interrupted, wanting her to move so I could get back to the safety of my room. Mom took this as impetus that I was upset with her. She took a step forward, and that's when I smelled it—the faint, sweet aroma of her herbal shampoo and oil conditioner. She wasn't one to wear perfume, but she didn't need it. Her skin had an almost sweet scent of its own. And I loved it. It was warm, and natural, and womanly, like a mom should smell. The air was charged as my chin snapped up. I felt myself reacting and pushed past her, her soft touch causing electricity to spike through my veins. I froze. The sudden urge to close the remaining distance between us was maddening. I wanted to feel her. My eyes trained on her face: smooth, pale, fresh, and unadorned with makeup. Her almond-shaped, dark brown eyes stared back at me.

"I should have never gone to that party. You are right to be mad," I explained.

She pursed her lips. "You are almost grown up, but you are still my son. When you fainted... You must promise not to scare me like that ever again. Is that clear?"

I swallowed the lump lodged in my throat. "Y-yes, mom."

She released a tiny sigh and moved to close the cupboard where I had gotten my glass from. "Okay. Well, that girl Misty seems very nice."

The thought of Misty hurt. She had texted me, checking to see if I was okay. The notification had popped up on my computer. I hadn't had the heart to respond.

"She is." I took another swig of water. Mom casually placed her hand on my shoulder. Her cool fingers seared through the thin fabric of my nightshirt.

It was my opportunity to leave. But in that moment, I could feel her emotion, read the sullenness emanating from her plainer than any language. I lowered my glass and wondered aloud.

"Why are you up still?"

My mom withdrew her hand. "It's not important. Goodnight, Ryan."

Her fingers had hardly left my shoulder when I reached out and grabbed her wrist. "Tell me."

"Wha—" she started to pull away but then disclosed abruptly, "Jirou fell asleep as I was telling him about tonight, and I... I just can't deal with your father's apathy sometimes," she fumed before catching herself. Her nostrils flared a bit as she gave a tiny tug, hoping for me to let go.

I clenched my hand tighter. The feeling of her skin was incredible. A warmth and energy coursed through me, zapping me with more confidence than any vial I'd tried from my grandparents' shop. Power. I could feel it. Somehow I knew—the next words I said, she would take in. Not just hear and brush off, but something that would burrow deep and be absorbed. The feeling of control buzzed through me like static, sharp and electrifying. It was terrifying and exhilarating all at once. Vulnerable. Suggestible. Brain pliable. I could tell her the sky wasn't blue, and despite a lifetime of counterevidence, she would gain the smallest of doubts.

"I—I—." The power, the rush, the impulse to say something. Hunger gripped my libido. I had to fight the crassness, the perversion. I'd seen what it did to Mrs. Young, to Misty, to Eva Watson. I had enough resolve not to want to see my mom as a brainwashed slut. To my utter revulsion, an absolutely stunning image of her in see-through lace panties, a choker, fishnets, high heels, and makeup—the whole nine yards—flashed in my mind. This was unacceptable. But I had to give some instruction. I had no choice. The fever in my head was too strong.

"Don't... be... so hard on Dad." I grimaced, looking up at her.

Mom took in a defensive breath, her shoulders tensing, as if preparing to parry my remark. Her eyebrows raised, and I caught a flicker in her eyes, and then she let the breath out. I managed to let go of her wrist.

She didn't move her hand, though, not for a few seconds. "Your dad is so taxed with work. I can be so selfish sometimes. I'll make it up to him tomorrow." And then, for the first time that night, I saw the faintest smile.

"Goodnight, Mom," I said, pushing myself out of the room.

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"Don't be so hard on Dad." The words reverberated in my mind long after I'd fallen asleep. As my subconscious wrestled with a black hole of anxiety, a series of jumbled images and disjointed sounds invaded my thoughts: Misty, the laughter of Brent's posse, the bell of my grandparents' shop, Jada and Jordan, my first crush, days hanging out after school with Spencer... My parents.

The world morphed into my family's living room. The couch was different, striped—more worn. The one we'd gotten rid of years ago. I saw myself on the carpet, no more than 6 or 7, absorbed in the flicker of the television. Voices drifted out from the kitchen. I heard a crash. Young me turned his head toward the sound and then back to the TV.

I tested the dream, moving toward the sound. I found Mom on the floor picking up the pieces of a plate.

"Are you okay?" Dad asked, sounding both concerned and frustrated. They both looked younger—my mom's hair was longer, her face rounder, still pretty.

"I'm fine," Mom said curtly, not looking up from the shattered porcelain. She was clearly embarrassed. "Just go sit down. I make another plate."

"You need to be more careful," Dad said, still irritated. "We can't afford to break dishes."

Mom's hands paused for a moment. "It slipped," she said. "It's not like I did it on purpose."

Dad paced. "This wouldn't happen if you were paying attention. Organization matters."

Mom stood up, her face flushed. "Organization? I cook, clean, take care of our son, and now, my parents need help with the shop. What more do you want from me!?"

Dad's face didn't soften. "I want you to prioritize our family. How can you expect me to believe you take care of him when you can't even be home to make dinner on time? Your parents have been here for years. They should either be able to handle their own shop or shut it down. It's making you tired working there part-time."

"I only go a few hours a day while you're at work. And what about you? You leave at 8 and come back at 6—you miss the whole day, Jirou."

"I have a real job. I'm providing for us," Dad retorted, pointing at her. "That's what a father does."

In an instant, the image shifted. Mom goes from holding a plate shard to now a broken piece of glass, standing outside my room with its door ajar. From inside, I could hear... Well, I could hear myself crying.

"What was that about?" Dad's voice came from behind her.

Mom held up the broken glass. "One of the kids at school took his show and tell at recess. I think I need to call the school."

Dad took the glass and held it up to the light. It was labeled 'Codonopsis Root.' "Better not. What's he even doing with that stuff?"

"Mom gave it to him. He'd picked it out himself. She uses it as a talisman."

My dad rolled his eyes. "Best he learns now how little this means to the rest of the world."

"Jirou," she said, sounding hurt, "he shouldn't be embarrassed."

"Eh," he shrugged, "let him be. Unless this thing was supposed to help him study, I don't see why a handful of dirt is worth making a fuss about."

I peered through the crack in my door, shaking my head as the memory of that day—of feeling alienated—washed over me all again.

I blinked, and it's several years later. I'm seated in the backseat of the car with my younger self trying to pick the mud from my shoes. Two honorable mention ribbons stick out of my pocket from Field Day. "I thought Mom said she was coming."

My Dad's perturbed eyes look back through the rearview. "You know, Ayumi, she'll say one thing..." His words trailed off as little me stared out the window, watching the trees pass by. I think I caught him muttering something—"damn shop"—under his breath.

Now I'm back in the living room. The couch has been updated, but it's still a far cry from high school. Across the room, my twelve-year-old self was busy tearing into his presents, surrounded by my grandparents and a few friends from school. My mother's sweet scent hits me as she brushes past and steps through the sliding door to confront my father. Amid the background chatter of children, Dad held a hand beneath the phone while Mom spoke.

"We could use some help," she pressed him.

Dad glanced at me amid the rustle of wrapping paper and the shriek of one of the few kids who bothered to show up.

"There aren't that many of them. I'll be there in a few minutes."

"Today is important for him. Please, set aside the call."

He once again raised his finger to her. This time, I felt a bit of anger well up in my own stomach.

"Yeah, Hank, I'm still here." He puts the receiver back to his ear and moves away from my mom.

She turns defeated, but without a word, returns to get the cake.

Another cut, another memory.

"Just another reason we should move! If he's going to come home with a bloody nose every other week."

My mom's eyes narrow. "There are other schools in the area; we don't have to move. Besides, I don't think he wants—."

"Yes, well. I think it would be good for us too."

She clasps her hands into fists.

"This isn't about us. You just don't want to go back to the office since they passed over your promotion. I don't want to move. I have family and friends; if you not happy, you quit and find another job. I can work more shifts at Dad's."

Dad's gaze faltered before he responded coolly, "No. That is not the issue, at all. I just think a change of scenery..."

The memories began to accelerate. The tension between my parents became increasingly spastic. It's weird—growing up, I'd never really noticed the friction. Sure, there were occasional arguments, but I ignored them. I just thought they

were both stubborn and strict, but not how rude and controlling my Dad could be. No wonder Mom always seemed anxious.

How much of this was real, though? What was I supposed to make from any of this?

This fresh memory formed around me. We're having dinner. My dad flinched slightly as my mom kicked him under the table.

"Well, that's quite a surprise," he finally chimed in. My mom rolled her eyes, then took my hand and squeezed it.

"You'll have such a great time with Misty at the Winter's Festival."

"Winter Formal," I corrected her.

This was recent. Weeks old. I look at myself as I get up to exit the dinner table.

My mom waits for me to clear my dishes before turning to my Dad.

"You could be a little more proud. He is happy, can't you see."

My dad picks up his chopsticks. "He spends too much time with that girl already; he should be studying."

"I'm sure his grades are good. Why do you have to look for the fly in the ointment?"

He takes a big bite and talks through his mouth, "I just don't think he needs the distraction. It's not like he will marry her. Dating this young..."

"He's 18. It's not Japan. Just because you didn't date until you were in your 20s doesn't mean the world has to follow that."

He picks up his napkin and tries to get something out of his teeth... "Eh, this pork is dry."

The memory fades, and then I hear my own words again, "Don't be so hard on Dad."

What had I set in motion?

A quick thought of my mother becoming completely submissive to my dad's control. She'd quit her job. Leave Grandpa and Grandma in the lurch. Hell, they might move. He certainly doesn't give a fuck about whether or not I'd want to stay in school here for my last semester. I imagined coming home one day. By then, my mom would be a normal tradwife, smiling and blushing, eating his bullshit. I wouldn't be able to find her. I'd go to their room, hearing noises, and find them in the midst of some tawdry lovemaking—her giving everything to him. Bodies naked, limbs intertwined. Her head dipping low, mouth open, face hot, and flush, eyes vacant of anything but acceptance.

I'd stand there, watching him take his selfish fill, like a cuck. "Stop," I whispered, but no one heard me. Her body. They'd fu—AHHH! No! I tore my mind away from the scene only to find myself confronted with Brent's ugly mug.

"Whatcha gonna do, loser? Why turn away? Here, let me show you how it's done." He forced me to turn around. I had seen it before. I knew now how the potion worked. How it gave its victim the power to warp their target-love's mind.

Mrs. Young writhed beneath Brent's upper body. Her large, pillowy tits squished against his chest as he pinned her onto the mattress. He grabbed onto her hips, continuing his onslaught on her helpless pussy. Her eyes became increasingly inebriated and dreamy as the troubled bully

whispered into her ear. As he came, her belly expanded, getting bigger and bigger. Mrs. Young closed her eyes and threw her hands over her head.

I turned away only to find myself in the hospital in front of Richie's room.

"Misty..." I took a step forward, but it was too late. Richie was awake, his tanned, hunched muscles flexing as he thrust into his twin sister.

He fucked my girlfriend's body on the gurney as a ballistic orgasm ravaged her tiny frame. Shaking and trembling violently, she stared up at her brother, his face a mask of sheer lust. Her hands slid down his abs.

"Misty," I called out. But it was no longer the same girl. Somehow, she heard me and said, "I'mmma sowwy, Ry..." she slurred in her valley girl bimbo accent. "I... I didn't mean to..."

I tried to pull her away, shouting her name, but she stayed limp in Richie's arms. Her eyes glazed over with euphoria. My desperation grew as the bastard's pace picked up. Then, all at once, with the jerkiness of an unoiled roller-coaster car, her whole body arched so violently that her bare heels scraped a line into the thin hospital sheet. Her quivering,

creamy pink sex fluttered and clenched under Richie's punishing pumps. I screamed as he sat back and chuckled, realizing he'd just cum inside his sister. I finally turned and ran, stumbling into a new scene—Jada and Jordan.

They giggled in their cheerleader outfits. Jordan kissed her bestie's shoulder.

"Ryan," Jada said softly. "Why do you keep fighting this? You see how much happier we all are?"

"You don't have to struggle," Jordan added. "It's better when you let go. Trust me."

I turned back to Misty, desperate to find grounding. She was no longer there. Then the memory morphed back to my mother. Now, Mom and Dad lay in the same bed, facing one another. She stroked his cheek. The way she was looking at him... the most wanton look of lust. And as bad as I felt, she did look amazing. Jealousy coiled in my gut like a venomous snake. I had to stop this.

"ENOUGH!!"

I wrenched myself away from the nasty, perverted thoughts. My eyes snapped open. Sweat drenched my body, my

heartbeat a frantic drumbeat in my ears. It took several seconds for reality to anchor me. The faint light of dawn filtered through the blinds, doing little to chase away the lingering visions. Misty... Brent... Dad... Mom... No, no, no! I pressed my hands to my face, willing the images to disappear. But they clung to me like shadows. What the fuck is wrong with me?!

**********

I scrambled to my parents' room. I held my breath, the image of their fucking fresh in my skull. I tried to tune it out. Pushed open the door and let out a sigh.

They were sleeping soundly. My mom was in the same outfit from last night. I was pretty sure they hadn't fucked. I didn't question why I cared so much. I just knew it was essential I undo my last command. The last thing I wanted was to destroy my innocent mom's worth and dignity.

I waited for an hour until she got up.

"Mom?"

"Oh!" she said, startled as I intercepted her while she made it into the kitchen. "I was just about to make your father some breakfast. Would you like some too?"

"Don't you have work today?"

"I do... but I think I may stay in. I'm sure Grandpa can manage."

She moved to the counter and began pulling out the eggs from the fridge. My eyes traced up her back. I felt my feet moving before I could think, and then my hands wrapped around her. I didn't know what was happening—I was just working off instinct as I pressed my crotch against her ass.

"EEeeaK!!" she shrieked.

"Cal—" I started to tell her to calm down when I felt a ferocious jab of her sharp elbow stab me in the gut. Pain exploded. Despite the shock to my system, the first thing I thought was that being beaten up by my mom was way worse than by the bullies at school. I stumbled back.

"Wait!" My mom turned around, holding up a frying pan. Frazzled, she looked around at me until she realized I was the one who grabbed her.

"Huh?? Ryan?" She sounded confused.

With the pain came clarity. My hands shot up in surrender. "Mom! Sorry!" My voice cracked, and I took a step back.

She hesitated for a moment before lowering the pan. Her expression was equal anger and relief. "What in the hell has gotten into you?"

I stammered, trying to think of something—anything—that made sense. "I... I just... wanted to give you a hug—after last night. It was stupid. I'm sorry."

It was a horrible excuse. I figured it was a cultural thing based on all the TV I watched, but I didn't think I'd hugged either of my parents since I was a kid. It just wasn't common. And my mom continued staring at me like I was crazy. She shook her head slowly, placing the pan on the stove but keeping her distance. I could feel the tension radiating off her.

"Ryan... You're scaring me. Are you okay?" I swallowed hard, my chest tightening. "Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine." But I wasn't. I couldn't be. My whole body was trembling.

"Stay here. I'm going to get your dad."

Fuck. No. This could not be worse. I ignored the temptation to grab her again. She would scream, and I would feel like a maniac.

"Don't get Dad. This would be really hard on him," I said spontaneously. It was the perfect choice of words, though.

She was already two steps past me when the words sunk in, and she slowed to a halt.

"Like you said, he's been stressed, right? You want to make his day happy. Telling him about this wouldn't make him happy."

I felt dumb talking like this, but it seemed to do the trick. My mom turned around and set the frying pan down on the burner. She didn't say anything more, just began preparing the food.

Getting close wasn't going to be easy now. I had no self-control. I wasn't about to touch her again, not like that. It was only when I realized my cock was beginning to bulge in my pajamas—and that my father would walk in any second—that I managed to drag myself from the room.

# Part 8

"It's better when you let go..." Jordan's brainwashed, giddy voice murmured in my mind. Fuck. What was I going to do?

I tossed another splooge-filled sock to the floor. I'd run out eventually, though I might die of exhaustion first. My room smelled gross. I smelled gross. The horny body heat radiating from my pores made it feel like I'd moved into a musky swamp.

My black hair gleamed, glued to my forehead with sweat. My eyes burned. My dick was raw and chafed, lying between my legs like a dead soldier on the battlefield of my bedsheets. Still half-hard. Still wanting and making it impossible to think. Each hour that ticked by, I grew more desperate.

I considered sneaking to the bathroom to grab some lotion and tissues, but I couldn't risk another run-in with you-know-who.

Four recordings of Brent and his Mom. One of them, I was sure, held the magical moment he'd impregnated her.

Determining when they conceived was the only thing keeping me from losing myself to the bigger perversion.

I tuned the video to half speed. Mrs. Young's plump lips were dyeing her son's cock burgundy as she slurped my bully's knob like a popsicle. I zoomed in for the obscene details. The slight way her forehead wrinkled, the tiny beauty mark under her chin, the delicate muscles in her neck constricting as she bobbed. She looked so innocent. So eager to please under Brent's domineering scowl. Usually, after a deep suck, he would wait until her eyes were completely shut before grabbing a handful of her hair and skullfucking her until his abs pressed against her forehead. Like a pro, she would hardly even gag as she swallowed every drop. Every time, except two months ago.

Mrs. Young gurgled and spat out his shaft before Brent could blow his nut down her throat. Strings of saliva dangled between the mushroom cap and her lips. The blue-eyed doctor looked up at her boy with all the affection in the world. I would give anything to have my Mom look at me that way. They delved under the covers and became one rocking lump. This had to be it... the moment of inception. I'd watched it thrice; it was one of the most romantic fucks in my collection.

Their fluids weren't the only ones leaking. A strand of drool dripped from the corner of my mouth. I didn't want to

expend the energy on wiping it away. Then, a notification appeared at the top of the laptop. Even though I'd lost my phone privileges, I was still receiving texts. I tapped to dismiss it. Another text, blocking the video. What the fuck!? Can't they take a hint? I'm busy. I finally wiped my mouth with my sleeve. When the third notification came in, I paused the video.

Misty. I still hadn't talked to her since last night, and she was growing worried.

Misty: "Hey. Y aren't you answering me □?"

"Grounded. Can't talk," I quickly typed back.

Misty: "Don't make me drive to your house. What's going on? RU still sic?"

There was no point in lying. "Brent drugged me. Working on plan to get him back."

There was a bubble as she started to type, then it disappeared. A minute passed.

Misty: "What did he drug you with?"

I replied with what I knew she would immediately understand. "Yeah."

Despite my protests, my girlfriend invited herself over. She couldn't come into the house, obviously. My parents were probably home, and it was best she didn't get a good look at the state of my room. So, just as I had months ago when I snuck out to spy on Brent, I hopped out the window and made my way around the block.

Misty was impossible to miss in a pink halter top and booty shorts.

Seeing her so exposed caught me off guard. For a brief second, my hormones redirected back to normal, and I mustered a bit of clarity. Here I was, dating my smoking-hot crush, and all I could concentrate on was incest with my mother twice her age. The reality revived the fear that had begun to numb. She didn't dress like that unless she'd been around Richie... Fuck! I couldn't handle Bimbo Misty right now.

"Relax." She stomped over and shoved my arm playfully. "All my regular clothes are packed or being washed for my family's vacation. We leave tomorrow morning."

I nodded. She was going to be gone all winter break.

"Listen, I'm really sorry for scaring you last night," I said.

"Don't apologize! Had I known that dick was planning something, I never would have made you go. How did he get you to--"

"He gave me a beer." I shrugged.

"Fuck, Ryan," she groaned. "What does that mean? What's this plan?"

I'd been asking myself that every lucid moment I wasn't stroking off.

"I'll have to go back to my grandparents' shop when no one's there... Take my mom's spare key... Find something to counteract the potion." I didn't sound optimistic.

"Didn't you already try that?" Misty's eyebrows scrunched inward.

"Yeah. But if I get more time to look around..."

She shook her head. "At this point, just tell your grandpa."

I imagined Jiichan's horror when he realized I wanted to fuck my mom, his daughter. Last night, he seemed ready to disown me because of drinking. The shame I'd bring if he found out I'd stolen, drugged, and gotten myself into this fucked-up situation was probably enough for him to commit seppuku.

"You don't know my family, Misty."

"Ugh. Well, how are your symptoms? Other than fainting, are you... feeling different?"

I didn't want to answer that one either. How much could I divulge before I lost the only remaining confidant I had?

"I'm exhausted."

"I meant--" She stuck out her chest and placed her hands on her hips.

"What?"

She squinted at me even though we were only a foot apart, then said, "Is this, like, doing anything for you?"

I couldn't help it. I laughed out loud. It took my sluggish head until just now to realize why she really came to my house dressed like a yoga instructor in a porno. Misty crossed her arms, looking offended.

She was under the impression the love potion had linked me with her.

"Misty, no. I'm not in love with you."

Terrible choice of words. She scowled, biting the inside of her cheek. Then looked down at her revealing pink outfit, suddenly self-conscious.

"I mean--" I began to explain.

"I know what you mean, Ryan. I just thought... maybe."

I considered the possibility. Had I been thinking about her when I drank from the red cup, how would that have changed our current relationship? Would I be able to stop myself from changing her? Given the insane dosage, and

what I've already succumbed to with my mother, I probably would have turned her back into a fucking bimbo by now. Jesus, how much of what Richie had done was even him... I'd always assumed he was just a perverted cunt... But this power...

"Well, who then?"

I faked a cough. I couldn't tell her. "Hmm?"

Her eyes narrowed again. "Who?"

"No one, just forget it."

"Don't be an idiot." She waited, jaw clenched. After a prolonged staring contest, she yelled, "Fine, don't tell me!"

She was pissed. She turned on her heel, threatening to walk away.

"Wait!" But I couldn't bring myself to say it. I pointed to my house.

She stared blankly, then gasped, and her eyes began blinking rapidly, as if trying to blink the image out of her head. Her

mouth opened, but no words came. Her cheeks turned a cherry pink.

"That's why I didn't want to say anything," I confirmed.

"Oh, fuck." She squatted down on the nearest rock. From her back pocket, she pulled out a vape and took a hit of what I could smell was weed.

After another moment of silence, she asked, "Has anything happened?"

"No."

"Ryan." She assessed me with her tone.

"No! God, Misty, come on! I've kept myself preoccupied."

"Uh-huh."

This is crazy. She doesn't believe me, even when I tell her the truth. "I promise. Nothing bad has happened yet."

Misty stewed on the uneven seat, taking another drag. Then she looked down at it in disgust before holding the pen out in my direction.

"Here."

"No thanks. I don't smoke."

She scoffed. "Yeah, well, you need it more than I do."

I took the tiny tube warily.

"It'll settle your nerves."

She made space for me on the rock. I sat down beside her, the familiar butterflies of being next to Misty Armstrong making me feel the slightest bit better. I sucked on the tip of the pen, then coughed out the smoke from my first drag. She watched, again judging me.

There was a citrus aftertaste I wasn't expecting. We didn't talk for a good minute. I felt my heart pounding. I felt the midday breeze. Another drag, then I said the first dorky thing that came to mind. "I really don't want to die of lung cancer."

She snatched the vape out of my hand.

"Doofus."

I leaned my head back and closed my eyes, so I wasn't blinded by the sun.

To make me feel better, she changed the subject. "How do you think Andre and Mrs. Watson are dealing with winter break?"

"Mrs. Watson's family is leaving town, like yours. They're taking their kids to Disneyland. Andre was convincing her not to go, but I don't know. He's got his own family to deal with, and she seemed pretty determined."

Misty huffed. "If he really wants her to stay, she will. She won't have a choice."

"I know. But they've both been more rational since Winter Formal. I think he realizes if she gets caught, the fun is over."

"Rational." Misty tensed as she repeated the word. I knew she was thinking about Richie, about the complicated

feelings she must still have to stifle. About how she's about to lose me, too.

"I'm not going to end up like that. I know how this stuff works. I just need to keep my distance."

Misty swallowed. "I thought about running away. I'm 18 after all. Not much my parents could do if I left and got a job somewhere, finished my credits somewhere else."

"But it's a lot easier said than done. That's why I'm still here. And even that feels too dangerous sometimes. You don't have the same option, Ryan. You can't ignore this. It's only going to get worse."

A wave of nausea gripped me. I stood up, a little dizzy. Not from the potion, but the weed. My paranoia hit me. What happens if my parents find me not home? Another grounding.

"What are you doing?" Misty asked as I moved a few paces away from her.

"I have to get back."

"You can't go back there. You're probably already fantasizing about leaving me to go run off to mommy land and--"

"It's my home."

"Ryan, you know what happens if you do that."

"I don't have a choice."

"Just because you don't love me doesn't mean I'm just going to let you become a motherfucker."

"You don't owe me anything, Misty."

"Oh my god. Just shut up." She stood up and rushed over, grabbing my hand. "Here, come with me."

"Where?"

"To your grandparents' place. I'll distract them, you take whatever you need."

"What?" She stashed the vape. "Are you even okay to drive?" I asked as my mind felt time moving strangely.

"I'm fine."

"Misty, I don't even know if they're open. My mom was supposed to go in, but she didn't."

Misty stopped and let go of my hand. "Your mom has a set of keys?"

"Yes, but I don't know where she keeps them."

"New plan. Go inside. Get the keys. Come back. If you run into her... Just don't run into her! Okay?" She was pleading.

"I don't know where they are," I repeated.

"Ryan. Ryan. Listen. This isn't something you can postpone. Do you really want to end up like Brent with a brother-son?"

"Of course not. I just don't know--"

"You've got this." She shushed me. "Say it."

I was feeling dizzy... The whole world tilted. "Mist--"

She leaned in and kissed me. Her lips felt fantastic. The taste of the vape was on her breath, and for a brief moment, all was well and perfect.

"You need a shower," she said as we disengaged.

"I wasn't expecting company," I said bashfully.

"You got this?"

"Yes. Wait here."

I scaled the few feet back into my bedroom. There was a reason I hadn't tried this before. I had no idea where my mom kept her keys to the shop. Somewhere in her room? Her purse? I went to my parents' room, listening for any sense of movement as I moved down the hallway. It was the weekend, which meant they could both be home. I had to be careful.

From the doorway, I could see her purse, sitting on the vanity counter as if it were waiting for me. I cautiously passed the threshold into their room and hurried to the mirror. I was hands deep, fumbling around in the unzipped bag. My fingers brushed past tissues, lipstick, a compact

until I finally heard the cool metallic jingle of keys. Jostling them, they slid deeper as I reached--

And then I heard voices. Footsteps. No time to escape. My parents were coming. I snatched the purse and bolted into the bathroom, leaving the door ajar just as their argument spilled into the room.

"Please, Jirou, I don't want to get mad," Mom pleaded.

"Why was he even at a party? Did you say it was okay?"

"I was at the shop all day. How would I have known?"

My dad was in a mood. I saw his shadow pass the door as he paced. "Didn't I tell you that girl was bad for him? He shouldn't be dating; he should be studying."

"I don't think--"

"Right? You don't think," Dad cut her off. "If you did, you would focus more on his education instead of your parents' ridiculous inchiki-ya shop. You think it's a coincidence he went there before a hospital? He's too naive. He probably

thought there was some alcohol cure, and what did you do to set him straight? You called your father!"

Mom wavered. "I... It happened very fast. Dad helped. Ryan is okay."

My father mumbled under his breath, and my mom tried to remain peacekeeper.

"My father also thought Ryan brought shame to the family. Just like you."

"What does your father know of shame? He's a fool. Lucky this wasn't a real emergency."

Mom flinched. "Jirou--"

"I'm just stating the obvious. Just stop, Ayumi. You're embarrassing yourself."

My mom's face flushed with indignation. But her voice faltered. I stopped trying to take my hand out of her purse.

"I just thought... You're right. I, I'm sorry," she spoke hollowly, sounding genuinely defeated. "It was foolish. I should have done differently. Forgive me."

The twist in my stomach came fast, acidic, and unfamiliar. She caved... because of what I told her, to be easy on Dad, it had left her utterly defenseless. It was gross and infuriating how visceral her submissiveness was to him.

"I stayed home today," she murmured softly. "I thought you'd appreciate that."

My father grunted.

There was silence for several seconds. I peeked outside the door.

What I saw made my blood boil. She pressed to him. They were kissing. Not a peck. Her hands were around his neck in a desperate embrace. Her lips were on his mouth, his cheeks, his jaw, back to his mouth--with tongue. She couldn't get enough.

As they disengaged, the sound was the most audible, loudest, lewdest thing I'd ever heard. I needed to scream. I wanted to punch a hole in the wall. And then she did it again.

After what seemed like a million years, she pulled away, lips glistening.

Dad was visibly aroused. "Ayumi..." He sounded husky.

"Get the door," my mother whispered gently.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck." Please tell me I'm dreaming again.

My dad did as he was told, and I was too distracted to register my mom was heading toward the bathroom directly toward me until the last second.

"Just give me one minute," I heard her say, voice just outside the entrance--barely a foot from me.

The door whipped open.

"Ry--" she gasped.

I reacted on impulse, grabbing her arm and clamping my palm over her mouth. Thankfully, the contact of our skin was

enough to shock her for the briefest moment while I whispered, "Don't say anything."

I nudged the door closed quietly with my foot and flipped on the bathroom fan with my elbow.

I knew I didn't have much time. Her eyes wide, scared, fucking gorgeous, locked onto mine. As she frantically searched my face for answers, I felt the utter compulsion to bend her to my will, to tell her how much I love her, to compel her to love me, to pull her closer and ravage her.

"Hush," I hissed. "Calm down. Mom. Please. Dad can't know I'm here. Don't shout."

I loosened my grip enough for her to speak.

"Before I let you go, you're going to tell me what keys go to the shop."

She shook her head, muffled protest vibrating against my hand.

"Ryan? What are you doing here? Get your hands off me." She squirmed.

"Don't fight me." My grip tightened.

"Ouch!" she whined, her gaze even more frightened. "Ryan... stop it."

Her chest heaved. I couldn't not stare. I felt my cock stir along with my hunger.

"You have to answer. Right now. Are these the keys to the shop?"

"I don--ARGH! Why do you need to know? You don't have any right to--"

"I'll explain later, promise. This is very important."

She grunted in response, her normally pale face burning red with frustration.

It wasn't working. She was fighting it off. I could sense it, feel it. I needed to be closer. I wrenched her forward and whispered directly into her ear.

"I'm sorry, Mom... You have to do as I say."

Our cheeks pressed together.

"You need to tell me which of these keys goes to the shop and the backrooms."

"Keys..."

"Yes, Mom, try to focus." I took the hand that was covering her mouth and fished out the keychain.

"These are to the shop, right?" I held them to her face.

"Mmm, yes."

"I'm going to borrow them. Which one opens the back doors?"

"But... you're... grounded..."

"Mom." My free hand slid down her side, gripping her hip hard. "Hurry. Before Dad comes looking."

My lips touched her earlobe, and it sent a bolt of arousal to my cock. She smelled so good.

"You smell so good," I growled before I could stop myself. "Like a princess. I want you to wear that for me all the--"

What the hell am I saying? Fuck. I jerked back, teeth gritted. I couldn't stay here another second without losing it. Last instructions.

"Ryan... what's... going on?" her whisper was sluggish.

"Uh, this isn't a big deal. Pretend I wasn't in here. I'm just going to go out for a bit. And you're going to stay home and make dinner, just like normal. You're gonna forget I was ever here after I leave."

As she processed, she nodded along, eyes glazed. I couldn't help myself, letting my hand slip to her bum.

"I know what I said before, about taking it easy on Dad. I take it back. Be yourself. In fact, you're right, so don't cave to him. Ever."

The soft warmth of her perfect cheek. Fuck it. I couldn't stop myself. I kissed her. She shuddered, but not in disgust. Like she was finally letting me in. That's it. I pressed my rapidly growing tent against her.

"Now go," I growled against her cheek. "Tell Dad what you really think about how he treats your family. Don't have sex with him. Get him out of the room. You got this."

I pushed her toward the door.

Mom sort of stumbled out, swaying like a drunk, and for a second, I was afraid she was going to just stand and stare at him like a mannequin.

"My family might not be doctors, but I come home and tell you they helped save Ryan, and your response is to insult my father?"

"Ayumi, let's talk about it later. I closed the door..."

He put his hands on her shoulders expectantly.

"No 'Ayumi' me. Ryan got straight A's. He seems happy with this girl. Yesterday was bad, but let's not pretend. This is not about him or my father, yet you always make it about that."

He dropped his hands. "What is this? You said you didn't want to get mad."

"I am mad."

"You're overreacting. I'm not the one who came home drunk... Where are you going?"

"I took the day off for you. And you lecture me?" She marched out of the room.

I heard their voices fade out as he followed her.

I didn't wait to see the remainder of my instructions play out. I was already so late for Misty.

"How'd it go?" Misty asked as I met her outside.

"No problems. I've got the keys."

"You were in there a long time. Did you run into her?"

"No. My parents were busy in the other room."

I didn't wait for more questions. I was already heading toward her car. Misty had to jog to catch up.

"Ryan."

"Let's just go," I said, without looking at her.

She paused but didn't argue. I heard the click of the doors unlocking, and we climbed into her car, boyfriend and girlfriend, both dosed with the same disease. Neither of us were safe.

The engine turned over. We pulled out onto the street. My thoughts were too loud. Even now, I could feel the festering power of seeing my mother stand up to my father. It turned me on so much I had to press my thighs together. Misty was right--we needed space. I needed a cure. Something to fight the thing growing in me.

All I could do was hope it wasn't too late.

******

"It's like any addiction. Most of the time, with him not around, I'm like, 'This isn't so bad. Maybe I'm over it.' Then--bam--something triggers me. Like a bad mosquito bite. The dumbest crap: finding a box of condoms he stashed in the glove compartment, his varsity jacket, overhearing my mom talk about him on the phone... The other day, I nearly failed my history final because the guy sitting in front of me was wearing the same cologne Richie would use. A few whiffs, and all I could think about were his trophies collecting dust on the mantel of the family room. Those tacky, plastic, thick, ugly figurines with their shiny, buffed torsos. And yet... I wanted to go home, grab one, and jam it so far up my hoo-ha that the jagged edges made me bleed."

"Uhhh..." I swallowed uncomfortably.

"And every concession you make, it just gets worse... but also better."

"Better?" I echoed.

"Yeah. Because while giving in," she said wistfully, "the fix is like ice cream on a hot day, you know? The sugar melts down your throat, cooling and satiating you... You think, Why not another taste? Just another scoop... Before you know it, the carton is empty, your brain is numb, your body

sluggish, but the craving is stronger than ever. You stop remembering why you resisted in the first place. The consequences seem trite. It's freeing in a fucked-up way."

"I guess," I said uncertainly.

She snorted. "Don't guess, Ryan. How many videos have you watched of Brent going down on his mom, creamy thighs spread out like a fucking all-you-can-eat buffet? You really never wondered how amazing sweet mommy honey tastes from the source? How delicious your own mom's pussy must be?"

"No!" I refuted.

She giggled psychotically. "Mmmm. I've heard that Asian muff is incredible; warm, pink as a split peach, just waiting for you. Nothing should stop you from burying your face between her legs, drowning in her nectar, sucking her cl--"

"Hey!" Misty shook me. The car chimed as she killed the engine. "Wake up. We're here."

My eyes snapped open. I sat up, throat tight, only to be wrenched back by the seat belt. My head spun. "Shit," I

muttered hoarsely, acutely aware of how painfully hard I was.

Misty observed me. "You passed out five minutes in. I figured you needed the sleep. You were mumbling under your breath."

"Sorry." I tried to shield my erection.

"Relax. I know the dreams can get... weird," she said, gaze flicking downward.

Weird was an understatement. The Misty from my dream who'd been egging me on had felt just as real as the one now unbuckling her seatbelt. How the hell was I supposed to tell reality from delusion?

"Misty..." my voice cracked. I half-expected her face to contort into a creepy smile. But she just stared at me, expectantly.

"You're the only one who has been able to stave off the effects. What do you think my chances are?"

"I didn't stave off anything. I recall there being this obnoxiously stubborn nerd that dragged me kicking from a fetishist cesspit until I snapped out of it." She poked me.

I forced a smile.

When this all started, I just wanted revenge. I wanted my bully to learn what it meant to be on the other side of a threat, to embarrass him. But now? I had gone from being scared of him to fearing I was becoming just like him, a mother-fucking, deranged loser. Maybe he was right all along. Maybe I was just a weak freak. Because no matter how I spun it, I'd unleashed this madness... and I doubted my strength to stop it.

Misty sensed my moral dilemma even though she couldn't read my thoughts. She chewed on her bottom lip. "It's going to be okay."

Why was she helping me? It was too selfless. Too kind. I didn't deserve it. It made me want to confess. To tell her the truth: that I'd wrecked her life. That her brother's coma was my fault. That when she looked at me, she was staring at the guy who'd ruined her family. Then she'd hate me. Really, truly hate me. And maybe that's what I needed--an excuse to fail. To go home, lock the door, and let fate take its course.

Her hazel glare shifted outside the window. We were parked in front of my grandparents' quiet shop. I couldn't bring myself to say anything.

"Come on." She popped open her door.

"Wait here. I should go alone," I muttered.

She turned sharply. "Yeah, that's what you said last time, and look how well that turned out."

She was right. I hated that I was sounding like an idiot. Was it because I'd been in the vicinity of my mom? What would happen if I took an IQ test right now?

I needed my girlfriend to keep me grounded. I could trust her. She would stop the chemicals in my head from sabotaging me and luring me back home.

"Fine," I said.

The security camera stared judgingly down at us as we tried opening the front door. No one would check the recording unless something turned up missing or broken. The lock

clicked open with a metallic snap. The familiar scent of wood and resin filled my nostrils. I flicked the lights.

Misty immediately began the pursuit, sweeping the aisles with fierce determination. I followed behind, knowing anything of real value was housed in the back. After a few minutes of pretending to inspect the wares, I ducked behind the counter while she was distracted in a book of supposed healing crystals.

"Where are you going?" she inquired without looking up as I slipped past the register.

I thought of the "Strong: Not for Sale" room. My mind flashed to the damning description: "For a sleep so deep, no dreams will keep." Misty wasn't stupid; if she went with me into the room, she'd figure out what I did to Richie. I shrugged. "Just checking the back. Keep watch in case someone shows up."

"Why does it feel like you're always trying to split up?" She snapped the book closed and walked toward me.

I shook my head.

"We're already breaking a ton of rules just being here, but I can't take you back there. If my grandma found out, she'd be crushed."

Misty rolled her eyes. "Fine, but don't take too long."

I then heard her parroting back my "if my grandma found out..." in the dumbest voice. I walked into the back hall with the keys clutched in a white-knuckled fist.

Just like my previous visits, poison vials littered the shelves of the dangerous room, their labels as ominous as ever.

Many on one shelf contained the love potion I'd used. I checked each for a description that might help me understand how to control it. Unleashing it on Brent had been reckless but understandable. Letting it spread further was what was truly unforgivable. I looked down at the vials of Richie's sleep potion almost enviously. Would it be easier to knock one of those back?

No. I had better options. I could run. Disappear. Anything was better than ending up like Richie. But how long would I have the wherewithal to make such decisions? How long before I lost to lust? It had taken Brent mere days to hook up with Mrs. Young and with a much less concentrated dosing.

Even though we were karmically linked together, I wasn't willing to throw my life away like he did.

Except... His life hadn't turned out too horribly, had it?

The insidious thought probed my defenses. Brent's grades hadn't suffered. He'd remained popular. In fact, he almost led our school to a championship. He was about to be a proud father. Jada and Jordan, Mrs. Watson and Andre... all said and done, they seemed perfect together. Happier than they had been. Liberated. I hadn't doomed them after all. The tension in my chest began to loosen. Relief spread over me as I exonerated myself.

Then I caught my reflection in the crystal ball on the shelf--eyes bloodshot, pupils blown wide, lips parted in a grin just like Misty's loony expression from my dream. The sick smile slid from my face. I looked down at my clammy palms.

"This isn't me. These aren't my real thoughts."

The glass sphere, usually opaque, cleared as my reflection settled. My grandmother used to warn me that staring directly into a crystal ball was as dangerous as staring into the sun.

My penis twitched. I grimaced, clamping my eyes shut. Suddenly, the smell of honey and mint filled my nostrils. Memories, no, fantasies, bloomed behind my eyelids:

Mom stepping from the shower, steam curling off her skin. Water sluicing down her thighs, catching in the soft crease where they met. The way her nipples peaked under the raggedy old pajamas, the oversized shirts slipping off her shoulders...

"You've always known deep down," a voice purred. "All those nights with your hand around your cock, pretending it was her fingers instead..."

I groaned, my hips jerking forward. "Fuck, stop!"

"Why? You love it. You love her. You've said it a million times."

Another wave hit me. The wet smack of her lips as she made out with my father that afternoon.

"GET OUT OF MY HEAD!" I could feel my blood pulsing, artificially heightened by the serum. I slammed my fist into my hip and opened my eyes. Pain. My reflection sneered back at me.

"You want me in your head. You want her in your bed," it mocked.

Brent and Mrs. Young spent their days fucking their minds out at home, ostracizing his father, having children, not a care in the world.

Was it fucked up that I'd hardly been disgusted by Brent's affection for his mom? Not really. Mrs. Young embodied every fantasy with her statuesque frame, high cheekbones, sun-kissed hair, and flawless legs... A walking cliché of American lust.

But my mother was a different kind of beautiful. Barely 5'3" and just over 110 pounds, she exuded a quieter, more traditional charm. Jet-black hair framed her pale complexion. Dark, expressive brows, delicate lashes, and downy lips that curved softly like the petals of a blossoming flower. All anchored by those almond-shaped eyes, warm brown flecked with gold, capable of both maternal warmth and castrating disapproval. She didn't wear the same attention-seeking attire Mrs. Young favored, didn't contour, pluck, or doll herself up with heavy makeup and gaudy jewelry. Unlike the Barbified tart, my bully's trophy whore, my Japanese mother's allure lay in a more sensual, natural femininity. Effortless. Inimitable. Anger and frustration did

nothing to dim it. If anything, they only made it more raw, more feral.

I felt my balls tightening, my erection turning purple. "It's not right. Incest is bad. It's terrible. It's gross."

"Look at you," the voice cooed, "hard as a rock for Mommy."

My thoughts warped. Images of my mom, naked and vulnerable, cycled in front of my eyes. An exotic goddess, the most desirable woman I knew. The most desirable woman I have ever known. Why had it taken me so long to make my move again? All those nights, jacking off to her... Peeping in on her while she showered... Sneaking in to watch my dad fuck her... The years of exhausting jealousy and anger... Failed attempts to make her notice me... I was obsessed with her tits... The softness of her skin... Her scent... She was my first crush... Wait... WAIT... That's not...

"None of that happened!" I choked out. Even so, my cock pulsed, leaking into my boxers.

"Didn't it?" The glass cleared again, and this time I saw us-- her bent over the kitchen counter, me behind her, gripping her hips as I--

"FUCK!" I reeled back, but the images followed me.

"You dreamed about this!" the voice taunted. "Stroking yourself to the sound of Dad fucking her, wishing it was you. Begging her to moan your name instead."

The poison pulsed through my skull, soft tendrils massaging my cranium, drawing out every suppressed impure impulse. The glass fogged under my panting breath. "PLEASE!"

"You really are a stupid child. No wonder you get bullied. You can't even recognize the gift we have been given."

"Curse."

"Gift!"

The bombardment of cherry-picked moments was never-ending. Memories I didn't know I'd retained. My mother on the beach, hair like ink spilled against the horizon. Her lips pressing to my cheek. The way her leggings clung, liquid-tight, like Mrs. Incredible in her spandex suit. I couldn't control this. My hand dipped under my waistband, heat already pulsing against my palm, fingers curling around the head of my cock.

"Yes," I mumbled, my fist tightening. "Mom. Oh, my God--"

The glass showed the truth. A kaleidoscope of the sexiest, most forbidden zone in existence. All the dirtiest urges I had tried so hard to keep at bay burst forth, exploding like a firework of lust.

"I need to fuck my mom. I need her... I need to fuck my mom. I need her. I need to fuck my mom..." I couldn't stop the mantra. My eyes slipped shut, and I proceeded to jerk off in my grandparents' shop, thinking about their only daughter.

The last words I remember the voice in the back of my mind saying were, "She wants it too," and "You can make it happen."

I had cum in my pants.

I stood alone in the dim storage room, panting, my jeans splotched. The glass orb reflected only my wrecked expression, flushed and desperate... I waited for the guilt. It came, but not enough to shatter the euphoria.

I had to get back to Misty. She was probably searching for me already. My boxers were soiled. I had to focus. I started rereading the vials.

"For one last breath, a journey's end... For a pain so wretched, no relief will mend."

I shuddered. I'm in the wrong room. Everything here was meant to kill or maim. I shook as I zipped up my fly and fumbled for the keys. I relocked the room and headed for the one labeled "Moderate." I had never been in that one, but judging by even the air, it felt less ominous. Shelves labeled in brushstroke kanji, handwritten warnings, seals burned into glass. Virility elixirs. Pain mitigators. Bottles filled with swirling shadows, powders that seemed to hum. I recognized one, sort of. It looked like the confidence potion my uncle once gave me, except this was much brighter, its color radiant. Its label was less vague. Three words: "Boldness Beyond Judgment."

I picked it up for a moment and nearly dropped it when I read the label of the clear vial behind it. My heart skipped a beat.

"Quiet the ache. Extinguish the urge. Unbind the mind."

Extinguish the urge. I envisioned my mother. For this to counteract the incredible dosage I'd ingested, I would need all my focus to be on her. I conjured her gorgeous face in full detail. If I weren't still recuperating, I'm sure I would already

be lost to lust, thinking about her pussy milking me like a succubus. I grabbed the vial, yanked out the stopper, and tilted it back just as the mix of arousal, guilt, and shame smacked together like an immovable force meeting an unbreakable object... The bitter solution hit my tongue like salt water, harsh and briny. I winced, my heart thundered. My esophagus felt like it was tearing open, like it was on fire. I swallowed, then coughed several times. My vision darkened. And then, just as quickly, the burning stopped. The fire dulled. I caught my breath.

It was gone.

I laughed, more out of relief than anything. I wiped the tears from my eyes and looked up, only to see Misty watching me from the doorway.

"I thought I heard--how do you feel?" she whispered, her eyes darting to the empty vial in my palm.

"It worked..." I gasped, still catching my breath. "It's salty as fuck... but yeah, it worked."

Her sarcastic teen spirit faded for a second as shock caught her. "Seriously? That fast!?" She tilted her head, suddenly skeptical. "How can you be sure? Maybe you should sit down."

"Yeah, no, I'm great. It's just WOW! That's a kicker! Like wasabi on rice!" I grabbed another clear vial and foisted it into her hand. "Your turn!"

Misty looked from me to the vial. She read the description aloud.

"Quiet the ache. Extinguish the urge. Unbind the mind."

She squinted suspiciously. I smiled wider to confirm I was fine.

Her phone chimed at that moment.

"Fuck. It's my mom. I didn't tell her I'd be out this long, and she wants to check in for the flight tomorrow. Are we good here?"

I looked at the vial in her hand.

"Uh... yeah." The longer we stayed, the more likely my parents would figure out I'd snuck out.

"Aren't you gonna drink it?" I asked, stepping in front of her.

"Yeah. I will," she said, slipping it into her pocket alongside her phone.

"No, I mean right--"

But she had already swept past me, heading back through the hallway to the shop's lobby.

I locked up and met her outside in the car.

Jumping into the passenger seat, I exhaled, the lingering aftertaste of the vial still clinging to my tongue. I glanced at Misty as she started the engine.

"Holy shit, Misty. Thank you. I was losing my mind back there. You're a lifesaver."

She gave a small, relieved smile.

My thoughts were already racing ahead to next semester, college, and, of course, Brent. I couldn't wait to get even. I started asking Misty for ideas on how to inflict my payback.

When she didn't say much, I started peppering her with the options.

"I could out him to his dad. Call the news. Leak the videos. Make his whole world collapse. I could bury his ass... No, that's stupid, I don't want to burn my leverage, I have enough to own the fucker for life!"

"Ryan," Misty said.

"I should milk him for every dime. I've already gotten money from him, but fuck it, that bastard is going to have to grow up if he wants to raise a kid. Fucking dick, asshole, prick, douche--"

"Ryan." Misty's voice was flat as she interrupted me again. She pulled over a block from my house and finally turned to me. "You are giving them the cure too, right? Like, him and Andre, and even Jada..."

"Oh, yeah. Sure. Obviously. I just meant..." I chuckled, registering her tone. "I'm just saying stupid shit. Blowing off steam. Forget it. I was kidding, anyway."

"You didn't sound like you were kidding." Her hesitancy had turned to concern now.

I rolled my eyes and sighed to signal she should relax.

She looked at the clock. "I want to stay, make sure everything is okay, but I told my mom ten minutes."

"Cool. Yeah, I guess I won't see you for a couple of weeks."

She shook her head. "Ryan, tell me if it didn't work. I don't want you lying or pretending because you don't want to mess up my trip, or cause you think you're going to handle this alone."

"What?" I gaped. "I told you I'm fine now. No more tremors, see!" I held out my hand.

"You just seem... manic," she contended.

"Yeah, well, I assume it's just dissipating from my system. Don't you trust me?"

"Sure, I do, but--"

"Just take the one I gave you. You'll understand then."

"Why do you want me to take it so bad?" she asked.

"So you stop worrying. Look, two weeks from now we'll both be back in school together. I will have gotten Brent back, and this will all feel like a distant memory."

She flipped the visor to deflect the afternoon sun. "It would be nice to not fancy my brother," she admitted.

She withdrew the vial from her pocket. Still, she didn't open it.

I waited, staring as her nail teased the stopper.

Her phone buzzed insistently. I considered chucking it out of the car.

"You better not ghost me while I'm gone. I want updates, okay? If anything goes really bad, you NEED to tell your grandpa. Promise."

"Sure thing."

She lowered the vial. "I'll save this for when I get back. No way Richie's going to mess with my head when I'm so far away."

I shrugged begrudgingly. "Suit yourself."

With dried jizz in my boxers, little sleep, and a lack of a shower, I didn't even think to kiss her as I made my exit.

"Okay, well... bye, Misty."

"Bye, Ryan."

I awkwardly waved as she pulled away, then turned toward my house, relieved.

The last 24 hours had been insane. I had worked myself up for nothing. I truly owed Misty for getting me through this. To think I had considered running away forever. How utterly histrionic that would have been. Thank God I didn't have to feel bad anymore.

"Quiet the ache. Extinguish the urge. Unbind the mind."

The description hadn't lied. All my guilt was gone. I didn't need to fight it anymore. I felt great. I felt emboldened. Like I'd just inhaled ten confidence boosters. I loved my mom. She loved me. That was all that mattered in this world. And soon, she was going to know that.

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