

# The Wrong Treatment Part 4 & 5

Platonomics

## 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 counseling 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 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?

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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 Sandra 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 Sandra, 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.

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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." Sandra 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."

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.

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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."

*To be continued...*