

An actual serious content warning: this story contains themes of siblings doing things siblings should not be doing. If that's something you don't want to read, please be warned.

It's History
- A Smutty Fiction -
By Razmagurk

= Chapter 1 =

Have you ever wanted things to have gone differently?

I think we all have. It's human nature.

As mechanical as it makes us seem, we all have a history. Each choice and happenstance is like a little clockwork gear, spinning to make us tick the way we do. Who hasn't wanted to wind back those gears and spin them off in a new direction?

But if you changed your past, wouldn't you also be changing yourself? At what point would you stop being you? Who would you be if your past wasn't yours at all?

This are questions I had discovered the answers to the the hard way.

It seems so much like a dream now, a slice of history that never happened. It all began in the school library. That's where I found it, that damn book. Okay, maybe finding a book in a library isn't that strange, but this one was different. This was a book that would change everything.

I'd like to imagine this presents me as some kind of wise scholar, this sagacious figure pouring over obscure texts, but honestly, it was my senior year and I think I'd only ever used the library twice. No, the truth was that the only thing I was there to study was the body of Leah Campbell.

Ah, Leah Campbell. If heaven did one thing right it was her. She was this shining light of color in a world of drab greys. Her smile - her optimism - it lit up like a lighthouse on a cloudy day. Her hair was the color of summer, her laugh was the ringing of bells. I could go on, but I'll spare you the bad poetry.

The important thing is that I was a young man in love.

And, being a young man in love, I was in the library, hiding behind one of the bookshelves, staring at her through the stacks. If anyone walked by, they'd see me getting way too excited about french geography.

She was sat at one of the central study tables. A throng of lesser girls was gathered around her like the last supper, but for all their beauty they just couldn't compete. The weather had taken a turn for the hot and Leah's bare legs beneath her short, summery skirt simply could not be ignored. It was rude of me yes, but I defy you to find a man who could resist. Those were the legs that won the 100m dash.

Not that the rest of her wasn't just as perfect. She was the quintessential girl next door. She didn't dress to show off like all the other girls. No plunging necklines or bare midriffs or heavy makeup. She didn't need any of that.

She had a body worth showing off, don't get me wrong. Even with how she downplayed her boobs, they were still the nicest set in our class, and her butt, complimented by her wide hips and typically only glimpsed at in gym shorts, was a perfect heart.

It was rare seeing her in the library, but we had a bio test coming up and she always made the time to study here if she could fit it in between debate and track. It was rarer seeing me here, but my presence was no coincidence. Today was the day. Today I was going to ask her out. Today I made history.

"Your sure you want to go through with this?" a hand clapped my shoulder "I mean, come on Lucas, you barely even know this girl."

As caught up in Leah's orbit as I was, I had half-forgotten Liam was there. Moral support, he had said. I was pretty sure he just wanted to make sure I had the opportunity to bail out before I made a total fool of myself.

He was a good friend, but he didn't know what it was like. He had never struggled asking out girls. They turned him down, sure, but he had never struggled with the asking.

"I'm as ready as I'll ever be." I said. It was true. I'd been pining for this girl since I first laid eyes on her in freshman year. We shared a few classes and knew each other about as well as any two random classmates. I'd never had the courage to try to be more. I mean, come on, she was beauty incarnate and I was, well, me.

That was all going to change.

"I just hate seeing you beat yourself up like this." he sighed.

"We'll look back on this one day and laugh, I'm sure."

If ever I had a chance, it was now. Lacey DeCarlo's parents were out of town and it was going to be the biggest party of the year. Ever since that drama with the cheer team she hadn't really been going to parties like this, but absolutely everybody was going to be there. It was going to be bigger than prom. I had to ask her.

"Alright, well, listen," Lucas glanced down at his watch. "As much as I love watching you spy on this girl, I've got to get going. Leslie's done practice soon and I told her I'd give her a lift to the mall. You can come too if you want. You don't have to stand here and be a creep all day."

"You know nothing of love." I stuck out my tongue.

"If this is love," he laughed, "I want nothing to do with it. If I ever become so completely obsessed with someone, I want you to shoot me, okay? It'll be for my own good. Still, best of luck. Let us know how it goes. If you do pull it off, we'll be amazed."

He patted me on the back one last time then left. I turned my attention back to Leah.

I wasn't obsessed, was I? Okay, maybe just a little. He was right though: I had waited long enough. If I didn't make my move soon, I was going to lose my chance.

I took a deep breath and failed to push down the anxiety boiling away at the back of my mind. The room felt uncomfortably warm.

I stepped out from behind the stacks strode forward.

The world slowed as she brushed back a stray hair, a laugh lilting from her perfect pink lips. I couldn't help but smile at the sight of that grin. With the way my heart was pounding, I was surprised she couldn't hear it even all the way over there.

Then she turned and looked in my direction.

I pulled my eyes off her as fast as I could. Oh god, had she seen me staring? I wanted to freeze up, I wanted to run. I had to force myself to keep walking. My breathing grew tight and my movements stiffened. Why was this so difficult?

My vision began to blur. This whole stupid plan suddenly seemed so foolish. What the hell was I thinking? That I was going to be this shining knight, swooping in and offering her an excuse to go to this party she probably didn't even care about? That I'd admired her from afar since freshman year and I'd really like to get to know her better? God, I sounded like such a creep. Oh my god, was I a creep?

I looked back over at her and immediately regretted it. She was looking right at me. I was a deer in headlights as we locked eyes. She smiled. A choir of angels lifted me to heaven.

And then I fell.

I tripped. I stumbled. I rolled. There was a groan and then a crash as I was buried in a rain of hard heavy books.

I lay there in mute embarrassment, eyes shut, praying for death.

"Oh my god!" a voice rose out of the surprised laughter. "Are you alright?"

I opened my eyes. An angel stared down at me. Leah's beautiful face, shining with concern from behind her dark-rimmed glasses.

Fuck. Don't say something stupid. Don't say something stupid.

"Did anyone get the license of that truck that just hit me?"

Fuck.

Leah laughed. She had a laugh that made it feel like somehow everything would be okay.

"Lucas, right?" she held out a hand. I gawked at it. It looked so soft, so warm. "Are you okay?"

Like the idiot that I was, I didn't take it. Beet-red, I stumbled awkwardly to my feet under my own power, brushing off the dust and trying to play off the most embarrassing moment of my life as just a minor misstep. The big stupid fake grin on my stupid face just made it look like I was too stupid to realize what had just happened. I felt so stupid. The whole library was staring at me. A few had their phones out, filming.

I was shaking. I needed to get out of there.

"T-thanks!" I said, hand scratching at the back of my head. "I think I found what I was looking for!" I held up one of the books that had crashed down upon me, a dusty black-leather volume.

"Well, if you could find it in that mess, I'm glad." she laughed again.

"Y-yeah!"

There was a full twelve seconds of silence, and then I turned and ran, book still in hand, mess left behind for someone else to clean up. My face stung, my body hurt, but that was nothing compared to the blow to my ego.

If only I had realized the power I was walking away with.

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"Oh my god!" my sister laughed at me from across the table, "You chickened out again? This is what, the fifth time?"

"The third." I corrected "It's the third."

"Pathetic! I can't believe we're related."

"Lexi!" dad admonished, stabbing the air with a soggy carrot, "Don't talk to your brother that way. Apologize."

"Sorry, brobro." she laughed again, more salt on the wound, "but come on, your never going to survive university if you can't even talk to a girl. You're not going to hit the ball if you don't swing the bat."

I cast my eyes down to dad's awful cooking. What did she know? She was only a couple of years older than me. She'd barely even dated.

She was pretty enough, I guessed. At least, Liam certainly seemed to think so. I'd give you that she had a decent face, but at the end of the day there was just nothing about her that stood out. She'd been passed over for prettier girls her whole life.

It didn't help that she had been what our mom had called a late bloomer. More like a non-bloomer. She was flatter than a prepubescent boy. Her acidic tongue had been a defence against all the teasing. She was popular enough, but it had been an uphill battle.

She caught me staring at her lack of boobs and scowled. I rolled my eyes and stuck out my tongue. She did the same right back. God, she was so immature.

We used to get along so well, but these days it felt like the only reason she came home to visit was to criticize me. As though she had the right - she had run away to college as soon as she had the chance. The only reason she was home now was out of obligation to dad. He'd asked her to try to visit once a week. We were lucky to see her in any given month.

I looked at the empty seat where mom used to sit. She'd always been a taming influence on Lexi. Ever since she passed away it was like she was rebelling against her for leaving us, as though she had a choice. Dad tried to keep her in line, but he just didn't have any teeth.

"I didn't chicken out." I said weakly, chasing a pea around with my fork. "I just reevaluated the context and decided for a different approach. I'm not giving up, I just need to wait for a better time"

"Isn't the big party in like, a week?"

"Three days." I swallowed.

"So, you're chickening out is what I'm hearing."

I sighed.

That was the worst part. She was right. Did she think I didn't know? With today's utter humiliation it would take a miracle.

Lucky for me, one was about to occur.

I hadn't even realized I'd run off with the thing until late that evening. I pulled it out of my bag by accident while I was doing homework. I was pretty sure I had dropped it at some point in my retreat, but hey, there it was.

It was a thick hardcover volume bound in dusty black leather. The cover bore, in faux-gold leaf, a single word: HISTORY. It had no edition, no author, and - I flipped through it - every page was completely empty.

"Ow!" I jerked my hand back. Damn thing had given me a papercut. Great, now I'd gotten blood smeared on it.

I turned it over in one hand as I shook out my finger. Was it some kind of fancy notebook? It seemed like the kind of paper you'd normally see in sketchbooks; thick, rough, easy to write in. I was about to toss it aside when I got another look at the cover: HISTORY *As Written By Lucas Baker*.

How had I missed that the first time? It hadn't said that before, had it? The author had the same name as me? I opened the book back up. What author? The book was blank.

I turned it over to the front. Maybe I had missed some publishing info or copyright or something as well?

There, on the first page, written large in the same gothic font as the cover, were the words “The History of,” then a large space and then “According to Lucas Baker.”

I ran a finger along the page. It knew my name. How did it know my name? Was this some kind of prank? No. I shook my head. That was silly. Obviously it had belonged to some other Lucas Baker. Some kind of custom history notebook ordered and then lost in the library before it ever got used. That was all. I closed the thing and pushed it away.

My brain though kept turning over those words. Maybe it was a creative journal? Like a writing exercise? Maybe it wanted me to put my spin on history?

There was something evocative about the idea, even as a hypothetical. If I could dictate history, what would I do? I tapped the butt of my pen against the desk. Nothing too severe. I’d seen the movies. I knew what happened when you fucked with the past. And yet...

I’d be lying if I told you the first thing I thought of wasn’t sex. I’m a horny red-blooded teen. If someone was stupid enough to leave me in charge of history, I’d have a harem of beautiful women before the first day was out. My dick throbbed as visions of vivacious vixens danced through my head. I readjusted my seat.

I sighed. In what possible history was I successful with women?

Well, if I could change history, I wouldn’t be this awkward loser, that’s for sure. I’d be confident and popular and good looking. I’d be... I frowned. When had everything gone wrong? I’d been fine until high school, hadn’t I?

Uhg. I buried my head in my hands. I’d make sure today never happened, you can bet on that.

I thought back to dinner. It certainly didn’t help that Lexi was always putting me down. We used to get along so great but these days she just seemed to keep everybody at arms length. Perhaps if I’d had some support from the only girl I ever interacted with on the regular, things would have turned out different.

“Alright,” I opened the book back up. “I’m going to change history? Let’s start with her.” Maybe if she hadn’t had to struggle her whole life for attention, she’d be less self centered.

- The History of *Alexis Engstrom Baker*, According to Lucas Baker -

Where to start?

“Alexis Baker was a late bloomer until the eighth grade, when puberty hit her hard and puberty hit her fast. Over the course of one summer she developed a look and style that would, as she grew into it, put even a professional cam-girl to shame.”

I spun the pen. It wasn’t my best work, but hey, who else was going to read it? It was a start. Lexi was always bitching about how much of a struggle it was to fit in. Growing up no one had wanted to hang out with “Less Breast Lex.”

Which led me to my next point.

"Most prominent of her new assets were her breasts. The biggest at school by a large margin, they were the kind of boobs other girls were always jealous of and the kind the guys loved. Everybody in highschool always knew she had the best tits and she was very popular because of it."

I laughed. Alright so sue me, I'm a guy. Could you imagine my flat-as-a-board sister with tits like that? A Lexi who never had to fight for attention. I wonder how that would look? She'd be less catty, that's for sure. My creative juices were flowing now.

"Back in 9th grade, Lexi saved her brother from a car accident. That incident made her realize how much she loves him and that she can't live without him. Since then she's always tried to do her best to be as supportive and loving towards him as she can. Nothing makes her as happy as seeing him smile."

There. A perfect little world where Lexi was this caring, doting, supportive sister. What next?

I frowned. I guess I hadn't exactly been the best brother, had I? Ever since mom died and she'd gone off to college we'd been kind of distant.

I frowned again.

"Lexi's mom didn't die two years ago."

Great. Now I had made myself sad. Stupid book.

The damned thing seemed all too eager to slam shut as I pushed it away. There was a rush of wind and a flash of golden light from between the pages. I jumped back.

What the fuck was that? I stared at it, daring it to try that again. I reached down and picked it back up. It looked unharmed. Had some asshole put flash powder on one of the pages? Was that even a thing?

I opened the book back up. Everything seemed the same, except...

"The hell?"

The words written in the book were the same but my handwriting was gone, replaced by the typeset letters in that same weird font as the title. The texture of the paper seemed different too. I ran my finger along it. It had gone from the rough thick paper of a sketchbook to the glossy thin finish of a high-end textbook.

The next page, formerly blank, now bore the same "The History of... according to Lucas Baker." that the first page had before I had marked it up.

I rubbed my head. There was something deeply unsettling about the way the words clung to the page. So, this was... what? Some kind of self publishing notebook? This didn't sit well with me at all. Who would make something like this?

Carefully, I closed the book back up. This time there was no flash.

Whatever this thing was, it was giving me the creeps.

I sighed and looked over at the time. As fun as it was to imagine how things might have been, I had enough real-life problems to worry about. It was getting late and I still needed to finish my homework. Instead though I masturbated - visions of horny hypothetical harem-girls still hanging heavily in my head - and went to bed.

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I awoke to a rapping at the door. It was an unfamiliar knock. Soft, gentle, almost apologetic. I dismissed it as a dream, even as the rising sun leaked in through the blinds. Everybody else in the house just barged right in.

"Brobro?" the door opened an exploratory crack.

"Lexi?" I stirred. Lexi had gone back to university last night after dinner. What was she doing back?

I fumbled to hide my morning wood as her head peaked into the room.

"Can I come in?" her voice was soft and gentle. I'd never heard her speaking this way before.

"Of course. Is everything alright?"

Her hips swayed as she stepped inside and silently slid shut the door. I stood there blinking like an idiot while the remnants of sleep escaped my brain, then my jaw dropped.

Lexi had tits.

More than that, she was... she was *hot*.

I had always known on an intellectual level that Lexi was - by objective standards - decently attractive. I'd never taken the notion any further though - she was my sister for gods sake. The thought of her naked was gross. This though... this wasn't the Lexi I'd grown up with.

It was like the girl who had been playing Lexi all these years had been replaced by a supermodel porn star lookalike.

Her hair was longer and fuller, falling around her shoulders in messy brown waves that accented the softer femininity of her face. Her nightshirt, a too-tight top with a low cleavage-inducing neckline, struggled to restrain the truly titanic tits jutting out braless from her chest as they jiggled and bounced with each little motion. They were like two perfect watermelons, more beautiful than anything I could have imagined.

If I hadn't been so distracted by her swinging hooters, I may have noticed how well they complimented her wider hips and pert ass, but for now I simply couldn't tear my gaze away from the absurd real-estate of that cleavage.

My morning wood pulsed under the blankets, pressing and rubbing as I tried to sit up. I couldn't help it. My brain refused to see this as my boring, bratty sister. It insisted that this girl was a 5-alarm fire, half-naked in my bedroom, and my libido was screaming at me to do something about it.

"I know you said I needed to try harder, but I had trouble sleeping without you last night." she twirled her hair around a finger. Her eyes were downcast, reverent, almost fearful. Respect. That's what it was. I'd never seen it on her face before. "So I thought I'd come wake you up by seeing if there was anything you... wanted?" she bit her lower lip.

"Lexi? What the hell happened to you?"

"Huh? Oh. Oh my god." she looked down at her top then reached under it and manhandled her boobs until they were showing as much cleavage as possible. "I'm so sorry. I barely slept. I'm probably a total mess." she put her hands over her face. "I'm sorry - let me go put on some makeup"

Lexi hated makeup.

"No, it's fine. I was just..." I was just what? I was just surprised that you've been turned into some kind of bimbo slut? I was just thinking how much I wanted to plow that plump juicy ass of yours? Jesus, this had to be some kind of fucked up dream.

My eyes fell down to the soft creamy peaks of her tits. She caught my gaze and smiled eagerly, then hoisted them up for me to get a better look. The juicy ripe strawberries of her nipples were tenting lewdly against the tightly-stretched fabric of her night shirt.

Yeah, a dream. Sure. What did that say about me? Get it together, Lucas. This is your sister.

She took my gaze as an invitation, sidling up to the edge of the bed. The hot weight of her breasts rubbed against my leg as she climbed over them. A soft, sweet gasp escaped her lips as her body pressed into me.

"Lexi we can't."

"Please brobro? I need to make you feel good." she was panting. "I need it so badly." she clutched at the mass of blankets obscuring my dick. I rolled my head back in resignation. If this was a dream, it was damned realistic.

Her lips curled in delight as she pulled away the blanket, my cock springing out into the cool morning air. She cooed in anticipation and lowered her head to give it a kiss. I jolted at the sensation.

She purred. "Thank you, brobro." Then, with a practiced sensuality, she swung herself sideways on the bed, lying perpendicular to me as she sniffed and licked at my throbbing erection. It was an angle that showed every slutty inch of her new hypersexual body.

"What..." I gasped "What are you doing?"

“Uh...” she blinked up at me in confusion, the tip of her hot wet tongue undulating on the underside of the cockhead. “Sucking your dick?” she gave it a few sharp licks. “Come on brobro, let me make you feel *good*.”

She fell upon my meat like a woman possessed, taking me to my full length without any further warm up or foreplay. I could feel her throat tightening around me she swallowed whenever her bobbing head pressed against my crotch. She brought a hand up to my balls and I felt like I was going to explode. I’d never felt anything so intense in my life. She was hitting weak points I didn’t even know I had.

“Lexi...ah fuck... stop... we can’t.”

She pulled up off my dick with a loud pop. “What’s wrong? Am I not making you feel good?” her hand continued to stroke my slick shaft as she stared up at me from behind my wet cock with puppy dog eyes. “Please bro, don’t send me away. I love you so much. Please let me show you. You know I can’t live without you. I’ll do better, I promise.”

Despite the heat a cold chill ran down my spine. Can’t live without me. The book. Wasn’t that what I had written? Two and two crashed together in my head. All that stuff I had written... had it come true? No, that was ridiculous, and yet - my body lurched as she nibbled at my frenulum - no dream felt this good.

“What if...” I gasped as she slurped on my balls. “What if someone sees us?”

“Relax,” she whispered, “Mom and Dad are downstairs cooking breakfast.”

“Wait, what?”

I practically threw her off me in my rush to find pants.

I could hear the sound of frying eggs coming from the kitchen as I ran down the stairs. Dad hated eggs.

“Mom?”

I turned the corner to see a woman who, if not for tits big enough to put even Lexi’s new utters to shame, could have been my mother.

“Good morning sweetie.” she said, glancing over, then blushing as she noticed the still raging erection tenting out my pants. “Oh! Goodness.” she laughed “Looks like someone’s happy to see me.”

To be continued.

= Chapter 2 =

I stared, mouth agape, at the woman in the kitchen. Her massive mammaries the apparent forebearers to the proud pair that had, as of just this morning, blessed my sister's chest while she had been reverently sucking my dick.

"Are you okay?" she slid the eggs off the pan and onto a plate. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

I had.

I ran over and hugged her. I was gentle at first, terrified that if I squeezed too hard this fragile moment would end, but it didn't. The unfamiliar press of her mounds and the throbbing of my still half-cocked cock were of little distraction. Tears welled up in my eyes. She smelt like mom.

After a moment of confusion, she hugged back. "Alright, what did you do?"

"What?"

"What's got you so affectionate? If you think you can buy your way out of trouble with hugs, you've got another thing coming." Her stern gaze broke as I squeezed her harder. "well, okay, maybe a little."

"I'm just glad to see you."

Dad raised an eyebrow as he looked up from his tablet. I couldn't remember when I'd last seen him so clean shaven.

"Bad dream?"

"Something like that."

A bad dream. Yeah, that fairly accurately described the past two years.

I shook my head. I wanted to tell her how much I'd missed her. How painful it had been. I wanted to scream at her for leaving us, but what good would that do? Most of all, I just wanted to enjoy the now.

I sat down at the table and watched as she burned the bacon like she always did. For once in my life I didn't care. The more I looked at her the more I realized how different she looked. Despite the two year gap she somehow looked younger. It was subtle, but there was a lot of the new Lexi in her, and not just in the tits. She was beautiful.

Lexi came downstairs not long after. She gave me a hurt look as she sat down next to me, her boobs resting on the table.

Oh god. I blushed. I'd just run out in the middle of a blowjob with my sister. I was never going to hear the end of this. I gave a guilty little shrug and tried to smile an apology. To my surprise that seemed to do the trick. I had expected her to nurse a grudge, but she just smiled back. She wrapped her hands around my arm and leaned into me, her heavy breasts sliding over and pressing into my side.

I was waiting for the other shoe to drop. It wasn't like Lexi to just let something go like this.

Then I felt her hand sliding under the waist of my pants and wrapping around my still-hard cock. I jumped as she rubbed the head with her thumb and gritted my teeth as she started stroking slowly, tightly. Shit. She was better at this than I was. I looked over at Mom and Dad, terrified that they'd notice my sister's misplaced affection. Instead, Mom just put a plate in front of me.

Not relenting her manual ministrations for even a moment, Lexi scooped up a pile of eggs with her free hand and looked up at me with sparkling eyes as she brought it to my mouth.

"Lexi, it's fine," I lowered her hand and gently - regretfully - pushed her hand away from my dick. "I can feed myself."

She frowned and huffed. I tensed up. That was the sound she made when she was about to give an earful. But she didn't. She just rubbed her head against my arm instead. For once we weren't fighting.

Normally I was a fast eater. But today I took my time. Today I savored the simple mundanity of the ritual and the nostalgic sting of burnt bacon. My eyes were locked on mom, drinking in her every candid movement even as I tried not to gawk at her heavy tits.

The book. It had done this, hadn't it? Somehow. Impossibly. I wasn't going to ruin it by asking questions. Somehow what I'd written in the book had come true. Somehow it had changed history. Lexi was this loving sister with huge tits, and mom was still alive.

If it was a dream I never wanted to wake up.

I tried my best to keep my emotions under control during breakfast. I was pretty sure I was in shock, but it wouldn't do to break down here. In so far as this family of mine was concerned, this was all normal.

All too soon however, breakfast was over and I could think of no other excuse to hang around. I ran back upstairs. The book. Where had it gone? I dug through the discarded bedsheets my schoolbooks had been buried under. I'd put it here with the others, hadn't I? There! It had fallen down the side of my desk, I had to crawl under to get it.

"You ready for school, brobro?" Lexi's car keys jingled in her hand. I banged my head on the underside of the desk as I turned to look. She had somehow found the time to slip into daisy dukes and an even tighter top.

"Huh?" I rubbed at the bump forming at the back of my head.

"I asked if your ready for school. We should get going if we're going to get there in time."

"We?" I asked the question that had been bugging me since she first walked in that morning "Lex, you should be at college right now shouldn't you? Weren't you talking last night about how you had bio class this morning?"

“Bio class? What are you talking about?” The very suggestion seemed to have put her ill at ease. “You know I could never leave you behind. Who would look after you?” she put a pink-tipped finger to her luscious mouth and winked: “Who would suck your dick when you get all horny?”

I swallowed loudly. My dick strained against the confines of pants in protest of the way I had pulled it out of that mouth before it could complete its sacred duty. It wanted to go back and finish the job.

“Sorry,” I said, shaking my head. “I guess I’m just confused.” So, this version of Lexi hadn’t gone off to college? Because of me?

I grabbed the book and stuffed it in my bag with the others. “I’m ready. Let’s go.”

The ride was short and painful. My social anxieties had apparently decided that now that we weren’t about to bone down, things were going to get awkward.

I tried to make conversation, I tried to think about what I would say to Lexi, but I hadn’t had a civil conversation with her in so long that I had no idea what we’d even talk about. All I could think of was the way massive tits of hers had pressed into me as her plump lips went to town on my cock, and that was hardly morning-drive conversation.

Honestly, I didn’t even really need the ride. It was only six blocks. I think I could count on one hand the number of times I’d gotten her to drive me anywhere, but if this is something this version of her did every day, I didn’t want to tip her off that something was wrong. How would she act if she found out what I had done - that I wasn’t the person I was supposed to be? Oh god, I’d never hear the end of it.

We stopped outside the school.

“Thanks for the ride, Lexi” I said, opening the door.

“Wait!” she grabbed my arm.

“What?” she glanced away as I turned to look.

“Are you... like, mad at me?” She looked up at me like a puppy that had just wet the bed. “I’m sorry I screwed up that blowjob this morning. I’ll practice harder! I’ll make it up to you, I promise!”

“I - what?” my heart leapt into my throat.

“You’re being really distant.” Her eyes were misting up. “This morning, first you acted like I shouldn’t have been there, and then you ran away before I could finish, and then you’ve hardly said a word at breakfast or on the drive and now you’re gonna leave without even giving me a kiss goodbye?” she took a breath. “Was it something I did? Please, I need to know.”

I looked at the need on this poor girl’s face. She was in pain. All because, what? I hadn’t be able to give her the attention she was used to? I frowned. An attentive, doting sister. That’s what I’d wanted, wasn’t it? This hadn’t been what I meant. And yet, this was still Lexi. This was still my big sister. Despite all the shit she had put me through, I didn’t want to hurt her.

"Sorry." I tried to smile as warmly as I could. "I... I don't think I slept very well. I'm not mad at you, I promise. I'm sorry for worrying you."

"Oh, thank god." Relief washed over her. She let go of my hand and leaned back in her seat, her mammoth mammaries jiggling from the motion. It was only now that I got a better look at her that I realized she had been sweating. "Still. I'll do something special for you today after school, okay?"

"S-sounds good." I grinned, trying not to think about how much trouble I was getting myself into.

"Oh, and here, I almost forgot - I made you a special lunch!" she twisted around to pull a brown paper bag out of her purse and thrust it towards me. It had a heart drawn on it. "Just the way you like it! And with a little something extra." she winked.

I was not accustomed to charity from my sister. I had to suppress years of instincts telling me that this was a trap.

"Oh, wow." I took the bag and set it in my backpack. "Thank you, Lexi, that's really sweet of you."

She beamed. It was a complete reversal from just a few minutes ago.

I pursed my lips and leaned in to give her a peck on the cheek goodbye. I wasn't accustomed to kissing my sister either, but this Lexi and I had evidently done a lot more than just that.

To my surprise, she turned and met my lips with her own. The taste of her strawberry-sweet tongue slipped past my guard. I tried not to seem too eager as I pulled away. I'd be lying if I didn't say that a part of me wanted to just stay in this car forever and finish what we had started this morning, but another part of me was still screaming that this was my sister for fuck's sake.

"Have a good day at school! I'll be here waiting, okay?"

"O-okay."

I got out of the car, walking up the stairs to the side entrance. Liam stood by the door, Leslie in toe. He waved to Lexi.

"Dude." Liam's eyes were still glued to my sister's car even as he turned to face me.

"What?"

"Your sister's *hot*."

"Yup." I sighed, following his gaze. She blew me a kiss. I couldn't argue with that.

"Oh, please." Leslie stared daggers at my sister's boobs. "You'd fall for a brick if it had tits like that."

"What man wouldn't?" Liam laughed. Leslie shook her head in disgust.

Leslie tended not to get along well with the prettier girls. She had broad shoulders from doing butterfly for on the swim team and wore baggy clothes. Most of the school didn't really count her a girl anyway, and that was fine by her.

"Are you okay?" she clapped a hand on my back as the three of us walked inside.

"Why does everybody keep asking me that?" she opened her mouth to answer, but I didn't give her the chance. "Look, its been a rough morning, okay?"

"Oh, how did things go?" Liam grinned. "Did you get lucky?"

"What?" I stopped. Did he know about me and Lexi?

"With Leah?" Leslie pressed. "Did you ask her out?"

"Oh, shit." It seemed like a lifetime ago. "No. I didn't." I recoiled from the memory. With how colossally I'd fucked up it would be a miracle if I ever got another chance.

"Chickened out again, aye?" Liam's grin grew wider.

"I did not! I made a tactical withdraw-" I sighed. "You know what? I'm not having this discussion again"

"Sure. Sure. That's what you said last time. So, what are you going to do? You gonna try again?"

"Something like that." I shifted the heft of my backpack. Even now I could feel the weight of the book. "This time I have a secret weapon."

I don't think I payed attention to a single word said the entire first period. It was like I could feel the book staring at me through my bag. I flexed my fingers around my pen as I scribbled ideas in my geography book. Now that I knew what that thing was, I wasn't going to go anywhere near it until I knew damn well what I intended to write.

One thing was clear - this thing was dangerous. As nice as it was to have mom back, the effect on Lexi had been far beyond anything I could have predicted. I wasn't being yelled at, sure, but she was acting like an entirely different person. I sighed. And I still didn't quite know how to feel about what had happened this morning.

The worst part was that I was still so fucking horny. My brain still kept trying to figure out how I could use the damn thing to get laid.

It would be so easy. I could make it so that the Libby Johnson, the head cheerleader - hell the entire team - was hopelessly addicted to my cock. Why even stop there? I could make it so that everybody in school were slutty girls.

But no. Who knows what kind of damage that would do. Sure, I end up getting laid, but if I have to ruin someone else's life to do it? Not worth it.

So then what did I use the book for? Did I make myself rich? Powerful? Popular? I could have anything.

I could have Leah.

I sighed wistfully. It would be so easy. Five little words: Leah Gardner loves Lucas Baker.

But then what? We spend the rest of our lives together with me knowing it wasn't real? No, I didn't want that. I wanted to stack the deck in my favor, sure, but I wanted it to be genuine.

I'm a romantic. Sue me.

So, what was I going to do with the book then? I grit my teeth. I couldn't even fix the humiliation that was yesterday, could I? If that hadn't happened, I'd have never found the book. What then?

I clacked my fingers against the desk. What did I really know about Leah? Her history, her past? Not as much as I'd like. I hated to admit it, but Liam was right. I had barely spoken to her

She was one of the smartest girls in the class, head of the debate and track teams, and not someone who cared about all the bullshit school politics. She had this devil-may-care way of speaking where she just bared the shining light of her soul to anyone who would listen. The other girls... none of them gave a fuck about anything, they had this ironic dismissal that distanced them from the world. Leah... Leah was just so genuine.

Of course, it helped that she was hot. Like, smolderingly hot. But I liked to believe that my infatuation was deeper than that.

So how was I supposed to win her over? The period ended before I had my answer.

Things got worse in AP Chem. Leah was front and center while I was back and to the left, next to Leslie. Whenever I looked up my gaze was drawn to her. Today she had her hair up in a messy ponytail and I could see the oh-so-perfect curve of her neck.

Maybe I was going about this the wrong way. I could rewrite history. Think of all the good I could do. Sure, I could make my own life better, but didn't I owe it to the world to try to make other people's lives better too? I could fix atrocities and minimize disasters.

Jesus, how would I even begin to approach that though? No, best to start small.

I could be like Leah's fairy godmother. I could fulfill her every wish. Make the world see her the way I did. Hell, I could give her gold and jewels and flowers - make her the richest, most successful person in the world.

Except... what - specifically - was I going to do? Make her the most beautiful girl in school? She already was, even if some people didn't seem to think it. Was I going to fix her every woe? I didn't know enough about her homelife to make any calls there. I could make her popular, but she had never really wanted that.

I tried to think. The only people who didn't get along with her were the cheerleaders. They didn't like the fact that someone like her - someone who wasn't even trying - could so frequently steal their

spotlight. They had tried to sabotage her once or twice but she had just laughed it off. Still, rumor had it some nasty stuff went down. That's why she generally didn't go to any of the big parties. I clenched my fist. A girl like her didn't deserve that kind of crap. It was the least I could do to fix it.

I opened the book.

- The History of *Leah Anne Gardner*, According to Lucas Baker. -

"Ever since freshman year, no one has ever been able to deny that Leah is the sexiest girl in school. Despite their occasional jealousy, there has never been bad blood between Leah and the cheer team. They've always admired her, viewing her good looks and positive attitude as something to aspire towards instead of fight against."

There. That was good wasn't it? I frowned. It felt so uninspiring. It felt like such a small thing, such a tiny use of this vast power. But still, a step in the right direction.

I tried to be quite as I closed the book, but there was that same rush of wind and flash of light. I slid down in my seat, expecting all eyes on me, but no one seemed to have noticed.

Had it worked? I looked over. Leah was gone. Her seat had been filled by another. The whole class had reshuffled, but Leah was nowhere to be seen.

Oh no.

I leaned over and nudged Leslie. "Hey, where'd Leah go?" I whispered.

"Who?"

"Leah Gardner?"

"Uhg." Leslie rolled her eyes. "Probably off fucking some guy behind the bleachers? Don't tell me your still pining for her."

"What?" my heart pounded.

"Yeah, come on, dude, that girl's like the biggest slut in school."

The bell rang.

My stomach lurched into the back of my throat. Leslie was saying something, but I couldn't hear her over the blood pounding in my ears. I ran down to the lunchroom. What had that stupid book done? What had I done?

Leah normally sat with the debate team during lunch. Today though there was no sign of her. I had to be sure she was alright. Was she just late? I scanned the room as students flooded in. She had to be somewhere.

There she was. Sitting near the window with the cheerleaders, all done up in raiderette gold alongside the rest of the team. She was laughing at something Libby Johnson was saying. She may have looked different, but she still had that same beautiful laugh.

And oh my god did she ever look different. The Leah I knew had a natural elegance around her. She never needed to do anything to look stunning. This Leah though, she had taken that foundation and run with it.

Normally she dressed like she was the one girl in school who wasn't trying to show anything off, but now, now she put all those other girls to shame. Her clothes were tightly tailored to accentuate the curve of her already bodacious body and her makeup turned the angelic innocence of her face sinfully seductive. Her hair, now strawberry blonde, spilled along her head in loose salacious curls.

She had always tried to downplay her breasts, but now they were front and center. I'd never seen them so large, so forward. They were perfect. Her shirt was cut to exquisitely expose, tantalize and revel in their artistic symmetry between the sleeves of her shirt and the her dangling hair. That outfit didn't just put her body on display, it curated it.

The rest of the cheerleaders seemed to be dressed equally slutty, though none were able to pull it off as well as her. I just stood there staring, my hormones screaming at me as I tried to make sense of what I was thinking.

"Oh no." said Liam, planting an arm around my shoulder as he walked up beside me. "I know that look."

"What look?"

"That forlorn look in your eyes. You've got it bad for the head cheerleader, don't you? Don't do it man. She's hot, but she's not worth it."

"Huh?"

"Who am I kidding, she's probably totally worth it. You've heard what they say about her. Blowjobs like that are worth the heartbreak. I hear she was taking the lacrosse team three at a time in the alley behind school the other day."

"Hey!" My fist tightened as I threw his arm off. I was this close to decking him here and now. "Don't you talk about her like that."

"What?" he laughed. "It's true. Come on, it's no secret. She's slept with, like, half the school. Total nymphomaniac. She's the sexiest bitch on campus and no one can say otherwise. I understand the attraction, I really do, but she's not looking to settle down you know? Get those hearts out of your eyes or you'll get hurt again."

"She's not..." I swallowed my anguish. "She's not like that."

"Isn't she though? You heard what happened at Logan's party, right? Face it, the girl's a slut. I'm just looking out for you, man. Remember what happened last time?"

I didn't.

I swallowed tightly and I looked back over at her, rage percolating through a solution of self doubt and regret.

She was talking to Lance, the swim team captain, running a finger along his chest and liking what she was seeing. There was a salacious smoulder in her eyes, but something was missing. Where was that glimmer of awareness? Where was that sharpness of gaze? Where was my Leah?

What had I done?

To be continued.

= Chapter 3 =

I watched in mute horror as the girl of my dreams flirted with the captain of the swim team.

No, it wasn't even flirting. Flirting implies subtlety. This was wanton and purposeful. This was *seduction*.

And why? Because I thought I'd be helping her by making her more popular? Because I thought the world should know how great she was? Well now they did. I wanted to turn away, I wanted to be sick, I wanted to believe that this wasn't happening, but I couldn't.

"Ooh, who are we staring at?" Leslie slid up to the table and sat down next to Liam and I, completing our little trio. "Also," she elbowed me in the ribs, "way to run off without me, asshole."

"Sorry."

"Lucas has fallen for Leah Gardner!" Liam grinned like it was the juiciest bit of gossip he'd heard all year. "It's tragic!"

"What, again? I don't know what you guys see in a bimbo like her."

"Boobs, mostly." Liam squeezed the air in front of him. "Look at those things!"

"You're a pig, you know that? And you," she turned to me, "I thought better of you. Aren't you like, a self-proclaimed romantic? Shouldn't you be going for girls with a modicum of actual personality."

"I am!" Words failed me. "She's not..."

"I hear the whole reason we did so well at the last swim meet is because she promised that anyone who metaled would get to see her in a bikini." Lucas wagged his eyebrows. "I hear she gave a private little show to the relay team after they won the gold."

"Oh my god." I buried my head in my hands.

"Okay, for real though," Leslie took pity on me, "I know we like to give her a hard time about it, but let's be fair -- most of those rumors aren't true. "

"Wait," some of the color returned to my face. "they're not?"

"Shh." Liam closed his eyes. "Let me dream."

"Well, I mean," Leslie blushed. "That swim team one is. She gets around, sure. And you heard what happened at Logan's party, right? But it's not like she's sucking guys off left and right."

"I was just worried... she wasn't in AP Chem."

Leslie snorted. "What, her? In advanced placement? No, the only reason she hasn't flunked out entirely is because she's taking the cheerleaders to nationals this year."

My heart fell.

"I hear she's been sleeping with the teachers for better grades." Liam added.

"It must be nice having a brain that runs on porn logic." Leslie rolled her eyes.

"You know, it really is." he laughed. She dug an foot into his shin.

"It's a shame," Leslie took out an apple and inspected it. "She used to be a really bright kid in middle school."

"What happened?"

"What happened is that she looks like that." she gestured. "Even as a freshman everybody was drooling all over her. Of course she's gonna fall in with the wrong crowd. It was only a matter of time before the cheer team adopted her as their little mascot. I guess she never really tried to fight it. Now they all work their butts off to try to outslut each other." Leslie sighed. "And when you've got that going for you, you don't exactly need good grades."

"What about the debate team? The track team?"

"What about them?" She bit the apple in half.

I felt like I was falling through a black void. Everything was spinning out of control. I had wanted to help make her life a little easier, not turn her into some kind of bimbo slut. I had to fix this.

I hoisted my bag onto the table and pulled out the book.

"What's this?" asked Leslie.

"Dude, are you seriously studying during lunch?"

I ignored them. I looked at the words I'd written. Just like the ones from last night, they were now typeset onto the page. I could hardly focus. I looked from the book up to Leah and back again.

When I had written that she was the sexiest girl in school I had meant the most beautiful, not... not that she was some kind of nymphomaniac. Everything must have snowballed out of control from there.

I could just imagine the way her life playing out differently, abandoning track in favor of cheer, too busy with her rapidly blossoming sexuality and busy party schedule to study or do homework. All of her intelligence and wit, wasted. All because I thought I'd be doing her a favor?

No. I wasn't going to stand for it. This wasn't the Leah I knew. I had to fix this.

I took an eraser to the words I had written, slowly at first, and then more frantically, but the thick gothic letters refused to yield. I took out a pen and tried to cross it out, but the ink took no purchase. Even a sharpie rolled right off.

In desperation I started scratching at the text, but it was no good. I couldn't even make a mark. The changes I had made may as well have been carved in stone.

I turned the page.

It wouldn't let me change something I'd already written? Fine, I'd just have to write something new.

- The History of *Leah Anne Gardener* according to Lucas Baker. -

I wrote down the first thing I could think of.

"Despite being the sexiest girl in school and popular with the cheerleaders, Leah has still always cared about her studies. She found a way to reconcile her burgeoning sexuality with her academic life, and has never let the former dissuade her from the latter."

There... that should fix things, right? I spun my pen. What if it wasn't enough?

"While it's been difficult at times, Leah's studious hard-working nature has ensured that she's always been head of all her classes and the captain of both the debate team and the track team."

I spun my pen again. I hated to do this next part.

"As of last week, Leah has become Lucas Baker's tutor in the subject of AP Chem. She's excited by the prospect and eager to open up to him."

It was cheating, yes, but that should give me an excuse to talk to her, right? It would at least ensure she was in that class. If I could get her to tell me more about her, maybe I could figure out what had changed. Maybe I could fix it better.

I read back over everything I'd written. I couldn't afford to make any mistakes. Who knew what kind of damage even one misspelled word could have? I hesitated. Was I sure I even wanted to go through with this? I was horrified that in trying to fix things I might just screw things up worse.

But could I ever live with myself if I didn't try at all?

I closed the book. There was the wind and the clap and the blinding flash.

"Lucas?" Liam's voice seemed distant.

"Huh?"

My vision returned to the sight of my two friends staring at me in concern.

“Put the book away, dude, you’re scaring us.”

I looked over at where Leah had been sitting. She was still with the popular kids, she was still gorgeous, but she was wearing her glasses again and was studying a textbook rather than a boy. She seemed so wise.

She glanced up, choosing that one moment out of all the thousands that I had stared at her to look in my direction. I froze. She smiled and waved. I melted.

It had worked! She knew who I was! All the butterflies in my stomach were now a fluttering in my heart.

I blushed as I waved back. Libby Johnson scowled at me from next to her. Leah turned back to her book as the cheerleaders around her continued their gossip. I guess being more studious didn’t mean she wasn’t a part of the cheer team. I wondered where she found the time.

I wanted to run up and talk to her, I wanted to see that everything was okay, but the memories of yesterday still haunted me. There was no way I could even begin to approach her, especially with all those cheer girls there. I’d have to wait until I saw her in Honors English class fourth period - well, if she was still in it that is.

“Hey Leslie?”

“Yeah?” She looked up at me from an enormous thermos of spaghetti.

“What do you think of Leah Gardner?”

“She’s alright I guess? For a cheerleader. I still can’t believe you got her to tutor you.”

“Yeah dude!” Liam held up a hand for a high five. “Half the guys in school would kill to be in your position.”

I reached across the table and slapped some skin. It felt disingenuous. I hadn’t earned it, but I was just glad Leah seemed mostly back to normal.

It was only then, disaster averted, that I realized how hungry I was.

I shoved the book back into my bag and pulled out the lunch Lexi had made for me, blushing a little at the big cutesy heart she had drawn on it. Inside was tupperware containing macaroni and cheese, a fried egg, two slices of bread and a triple chocolate brownie. I laughed. Lexi and I used to eat sandwiches like this all the time when we were little.

I assembled the thing and took a bite. It was every bit as delicious as I remembered.

Underneath it all was an unsealed envelope labeled ‘Dessert’. I opened it up as I munched on the sandwich, then choked as I saw what was in it.

Lexi, sprawled sensuously on her bed, her humongous tits straining against a translucent negligee, stared lustfully up at me from a series of photos. Her pose grew more seductive and revealing with each picture until it approached and then past the point of pornographic.

"Nice!" grinned Liam, grabbing one. "Dude, your sister is so hot!"

"Hey! Give that back!"

"Come on, dude, share the goods. You get to see her everyday. I'll trade you a pudding cup for them?"

Leslie just rolled her eyes. "You two are terrible. You're both striving for the unobtainable. It's not healthy."

"Guys like us, Leslie," Liam laughed, "we take what we can get. Fantasy is all we have. I dare you to find a girl who would be interested in those such as we."

She opened her mouth to argue, but just shook her head instead.

I didn't hear the rest of the conversation. Leah had stood up. Oh my god, she was walking this way.

"Hey Lucas." she waved. "I know we had booked tomorrow, but I was wondering if you'd be okay to move our first session to tonight?"

She was talking to me. Oh my god, she was talking to me. I was so surprised that I didn't even have time to fuck it up.

"Yes!" I coughed and tried to sound cool. "Yes, of course. Tonight sounds great!"

"Great. I'll uh..." she looked down at the table and noticed the pictures of Lexi. I didn't think it was possible for me to turn redder than I had yesterday, and yet I managed. Leah, heavenly creature that she is, just played it off like it was nothing. "I'll see you after class." she winked and walked off.

I felt faint. My gaze lingered on the athletic sway of her ass. I'd died and gone to heaven.

"Oh my god." sighed Leslie. "Could you be any more of a guy?"

"S-shut up." I blushed.

The rest of the day was an agonizing mix of excitement and trepidation. Each second between me and that final bell seemed to drag by like an hour, and yet, unable to focus on anything besides my trepidation, it seemed to be coming all too soon.

Honors english was the last class of the day. It was in that one room where the AC had never worked. As always, Leah sat up at the front. I was glad to see her there. I didn't know what changes the book had made, but the closer this Leah was to the one I had known, the better.

I had worried some trace of the bimbo cheerleader might linger, but if anything, she seemed smarter than ever. She was the first to jump at the teacher's prompts, first to contribute in discussion or read passages. I sighed wistfully. She was amazing.

What was especially amazing though was that skirt of hers. I couldn't help but look. It seemed so short, so perfectly designed to give just a tantalizing view of the skin above her thigh-highs. Was it shorter than yesterday's? It was hard to say. Different material, different cut. Ah, now here was something worth analyzing. Would that I could take a ruler and map her every ratio.

The heat must have been getting to her, she kept adjusting the hem. It was subtle, sure, perhaps a millimeter at a time, but with each gentle little tug she showed the world more and more of that flush forbidden flesh.

Her heel bounced impatient as the final centuries sloughed past. It looked as though that skirt would fly away at any moment.

Finally, the bell rang. I couldn't put my books away fast enough.

"You ready?" She asked, the crowd around us fading away.

I wasn't. I don't think I ever could be. Not really.

We talked about english as we worked our way over to my locker so I could grab my chem books. Well, she was talking about english, I was nodding along and trying not to say anything I'd regret.

"Anyway," she concluded, "I really can't wait to get started. Honestly, I've been looking forward to this all day." She laughed. It was weird seeing her so excited - she was squirming in anticipation. Who gets that worked up over chem?

I just nodded dumbly.

"Here, let's use one of the classes. It's a little less comfortable," I tried not to stare at the way her butt stuck out as she poked a head into one of the nearby classrooms to see if it was empty, "but it'll save us a trip. Come on. More time to get down to business."

"Sure?"

We stepped inside. I'd had social studies in here as a sophomore and hadn't been back since. It hadn't been that long ago but somehow it seemed much smaller than I remembered.

I sat down at one of the tables and pulled out my chem book.

Leah sat down on the table in front of me and spread her legs.

"What are you -" She wasn't wearing anything beneath.

"Thanks again for agreeing to move to tonight." she pulled her lacey white top off and tossed it onto a neighboring table. "I can't begin to tell you how much I needed this." She moaned as her hungry hands

squeezed at the sizeable mounds of exposed flesh. The dark pink of her diamond-hard nipples were a stunning contrast to the white of her pushup bra. "I was helping the the debate team during lunch and I didn't get a chance to jill off like I normally do. Ah-" she let out a musical moan as she pinched one of her nipples. "I was dying during english."

I just stared in stunned silence.

"Sorry," she giggled. "Normally I'm not quite so uh, upfront about it, but... I don't know," she smiled that impossibly warm smile of hers. "there's just something about you that makes me want to open up to you," she licked her lips, "if you catch my drift."

She leaned back and pulled up the hem of her skirt, the smell of her arousal flooded my nostrils. A heady pheromone-laced miasma that triggered a deep instinctual part of me. Blood surged through my body all the harder.

She pressed forward, leaning towards me, one hand behind her back as - snap - her bra fell away and the lusty tits beneath swung free, waving an invitation right in front of my face. She grabbed one of them and groped at it roughly, catching a sweet nipple between her fingers and rolling it with her thumb.

"You like?" she winked.

I nodded. What else could I do?

"I'm glad." she laughed. "I've just been so fucking horny today for some reason." Her hips bucked and rolled at the air. "I had to struggle not to fuck myself silly with a pencil last period while you and half the class were watching." she bit her lip and let out a hot breath. "Fuck, that would have been so hot. Mr. Lewis would have totally freaked."

She fell onto me, sliding off the table and into my lap. I could feel the wet heat of her carnal passion soaking through my pants and into my throbbing dick. She wrapped her hands around me and pulled herself in close. I stared in awe as her face pressed forward into mine. Her lips kissed gently at my own, hot and sweet and needy.

On instinct I kissed back. I was making out with Leah Gardner. I had literally dreamt of this moment. And you know what? All those dreams? All those adolescent sex fantasies? They couldn't even begin to compete. Her tongue and mine intertwined as her chest pressed into me, her naked sex rubbing against the bulge of my pants.

"Wh-What are you doing?" I gasped as I pulled away.

"Uh," she looked down at me and then at her naked tits. "Studying?"

"Studying?"

"Uhg," she sighed. "You're right. We should probably go over this week's material first, but I'm just so horny from class - you know how worked up this stuff gets me." she ran a finger down my chest. "Can't

we just fuck a bit first? Then we'll take a break to go over spectroscopy and then - mmm - then we can do round two."

"Wait, studying gets you horny?"

"Uh, yeah?" she wriggled in my lap. "Did we not go over this? I used to masturbate while studying and now I can't do one without the other."

The book. I swallowed. This was not what I had fucking meant!

My dick was screaming at me. With this morning's ministrations unfinished and that little picture show at lunch, I'd been a pent-up wreck all day. Couldn't I just have this? Isn't this everything I'd wanted?

I reached a hand up to her boob. She sighed as I made contact, then pressed into it, soft hot tit-flesh flooding my palm and overflowing around the edges.

Here was the girl of my dreams, horny out of her mind and begging me to fuck her. Any sane man would just go with it. I'd be a fool to pass this up.

And yet...

She looked down at me and smiled. I pulled away. This wasn't right. This wasn't *her*. I had done this to her, I had made her into this. I couldn't just take advantage, no matter how much I wanted to.

Fuck.

"I can't." I pulled away.

"What?" Frustration warred with confusion on her face.

"I can't do this. I won't."

"Ooh," her expression turned sly. "You want to make me beg, is that it?" She bit her lip and pinched a nipple. "Please Lucas, I need it so badly. Please, I want your hard cock inside me! Fuck my needy drooling cunt like the bitch I am! Take your big fat-"

"No... I..." I pulled her hands down. "Stop. Please. Stop. You don't have to debase yourself for my amusement."

"Wait," she sat up, there was a hint of a whine in her voice, "seriously?"

I nodded sheepishly. The awkward silence was loud enough to drown out even the memory of yesterday's humiliation.

"Oh my god. Oh my god, I'm so sorry." she flushed in embarrassment as she clamored off my lap, hands trying and failing to cover her tits. "You're gay, aren't you? I... I should have known."

"I'm not gay!" I struggled to pull my eyes away from her barely-contained cleavage. "Trust me. It would certainly make things way easier."

"Then why?"

I swallowed. What was I going to say? That I had turned her into some kind of crazy slut?

"Because..." I glanced downwards. "Because the truth is, Leah, I really like you."

"Then why are you turning me away?" she sounded almost hurt.

"No, I mean. I like *you*." I emphasised the last word. "I like the Leah that's smart and quick-witted and eternally optimistic. I like the Leah that's never been afraid to hide who she is." Oh god what was I saying? Shut up, Lucas. Shut up. "Don't get me wrong, you're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen - believe me - and I want this... Oh god, do I ever want it...." That's not helping, Lucas. "but I want to get to know you first! I want it to mean something, and not just be because your horny."

She gave me a look that could almost be pity. It was a blade in my heart seeing it come from her.

"Oh god" I clutched my hands to my head. What the hell was I doing? "I've completely fucked this all up haven't I?"

"No... no..." she put a gentle hand on my cheek. "That's sweet of you Lucas, It really is. But if that's what you want, I'm sorry. Maybe if I'd had more people like you in my life when I was younger, but these days I just... I don't have a place for romance in my life. Besides, I'm not that kind of girl. Look at me." she gestured to her nubile half-clothed body. I could still smell her need. "This is who I am. I'm a slut. I'm sorry."

"You're not a slut." my hand tightened into a fist.

"Hey, I'm not saying it like it's a bad thing." she smiled coyly. "You really are sweet though, you know that?" She sighed and spun off me, walking over to grab the bra that fallen on one of the other tables. "Not many guys would turn down the hottest girl in school. Am I offended? Well, yes. But that's just vanity. You'd have to be an idiot to turn down tits like these." She clutched and squeezed the things with her free hand, rolling them with her palm. "I mean seriously, look at them. They're perfect."

I was. They were.

"But your heart is in the right place." she continued, giving me a little smile. "Even if you are failing chem."

"I'm what!?"

"Yeah, you've got, like, the lowest grades in the class. That's why I'm tutoring you?"

That fucking book.

“So fine, I’ll tell you what.” she laughed. “We’ll skip the sex and just focus on homework, but I hope you don’t mind if I still masturbate. Chem makes my cunt wet like you wouldn’t believe.”

And so we actually studied. Not that I was able to concentrate with the way that the girl I’d spent my whole high school career fantasising about had one hand buried in her pussy. Frankly, I don’t know if I’d ever be able to focus on chem again. I must have come across as exactly as big of an idiot as she thought I was.

And yet, once the awkwardness of the whole situation had passed, it was nice. I was actually talking to Leah. She was just as witty and funny and just as much into all that nerd stuff as the girl I had known from afar. It was a step down from sex, sure, but it was all I had ever wanted, all that I had ever hoped it would be.

And then - all too soon - it was over.

“Oh my god Lex, I’m so sorry.” I was crawling into my sister’s car. She had been waiting for me this whole time. “Leah wanted to move our tutoring session up, I totally forgot.”

“How was it?” her voice was distant, cold.

“Good.” I blushed. I could still smell Leah’s passion on my clothes. “It was really nice.:

“You know if you wanted sex, you could have just asked me, right?”

I blushed even harder and sank down in my seat. There was the Lexi I knew. Was she jealous? Of course she was. Sister or not, accident or not, I’d spurned her for another girl.

We sat in chilly silence as she drove. I was used to Lexi berating me, yelling at me, telling me exactly how she felt. Somehow this was way worse.

“How did we get this way, Lexi?” I asked. “What happened to us?”

“As if you don’t know.” Her laugh was low and dark.

“I’m serious. How did we get... here?”

She seemed to stop to consider the question.

“Because you’re the only guy in my life who didn’t treat me like a freak for my body.”

“What?”

“Because when the boob fairy was done beating me with a stick, suddenly I couldn’t even talk to people anymore. Everybody either thought I was a threat or wanted to bone down. All of my friends... everybody. Oh, I was popular, sure, but I hated it. It was like suddenly nobody could see me for the person I was.”

Great, I thought. I had really fucked this up, hadn’t I?

"Nobody except for you. You were there for me when I needed it. When no one else was. You were the only thing keeping me sane and then... look, do you remember when we were young? You were trying to chase away those bullies and you got hit by that car?"

"Of course," I lied, "how could I forget?"

"You came so close to dying." I could hear the fear in her voice, "and I was terrified I was going to lose you and that it was my fault because you were trying to defend me. All I could think about was how if you were gone, I was going to be all alone. Ever since then... whenever you're not around I... I don't know. I just, I get so afraid that I'm never going to see you again." she tightened her grip on the wheel. "You keep me calm. Stable."

She smiled at me sadly.

"Lex, I'm so sorry..."

"I tried finding someone else who made me feel that way. Remember when I was dating around? None of them ever compared to you. God, do you know how frustrating that is? That, out of all the guys and girls I've dated, none have ever been half the man my little brother is? They were all..." she shook her head. "They were all awful people who wanted awful things from me."

"Lexi, if you hate those things so much then why do you keep doing them with me?"

"That's different! You don't force me or pressure me. I'm doing them because I want to. I like making you happy, Lucas. And I know what makes men happy - I know what makes *you* happy. It feels good when I'm doing it for you. I want to please you, I want you to see how much I love you. Lucas, the way your face brightens up... I'd do anything for that. If I can make you cum? If I can make you happy? That's the most rewarding part of my day."

"Yeah but..." I waved my hand in the air, a mute gestureless outlet of the turmoil I was feeling. "Lexi, we're *siblings*."

"So?" she sniffed back a tear. "You think I don't know that? You think It doesn't eat me up inside in my darker moments? We both know it's not healthy. That doesn't make it any less what it is. But sometimes - all too often - I think of what my life would be like without you around and I just... I can't do that, brobro. You're the only thing that gets me through the day. Jesus christ, waiting for you just now? I was terrified just now that something had happened to you. I kept thinking that you were hurt, or dead, or, or... I don't even know. And then I had to sit there with those nightmares playing out in my head and try to tell myself that you were fine and that there was some kind of reasonable explanation because I know how much you hate it when I come looking for you."

We pulled into the driveway. I wrapped my arm around her shoulder. She was shaking. I didn't know what to say, so I just pulled her into a hug.

"This is all my fault." I held her as she relaxed into me.

"Don't ever say that." she shook her head against my sleeve. "When you say stuff like that it means I couldn't keep you happy and now I don't get to see you smile. This is my fault. I'm not... I'm not good enough."

"Lexi, stop. Come on, you're better than that. Don't beat yourself up over my mistakes."

"I love you, brobro."

I faltered. I don't think I'd ever actually heard Lexi say that before. Not that she didn't, I was sure... but sometimes it was so hard to remember that.

"I love you too, Lex. I'll make this all better, I promise."

Somehow the two of us managed to hold up during dinner. Getting to eat mom's terrible cooking was a small consolation.

I sat down that night again with the book. Lexi was curled up in bed next to me, resting her head on me like a pet. After our fight earlier she hadn't wanted to leave my side all night.

I sighed. Today had been a whirlwind. The book had proved just as resistant to changing my sister back as it had with Leah.

I hesitated, pen in my hand. I couldn't change anything I'd done. But I could add to it.

I was scared. I felt sick. What I had done to these girls... I had changed them, warped them, perverted them. I had ruined my sister's ability to function as a person and made Leah obsessed with sex. I had just been trying to help.

- The History of *Alexis Engstrom Baker* According to Lucas Baker. -

"Last week, Lexi realized that she has gotten over her anxiety issues and that she doesn't need her brother as an emotional crutch any more - she can be a confident capable person on her own."

I closed the book.

There was no flash.

I opened it back up. What I'd written was gone. I swallowed the lump in my throat. Had I exhausted the book's power?

Shakily I wrote that she had dyed her hair pink. In a flash of light, it was true. It still worked, so why wouldn't it let me fix the mistakes I had made? Did it just outright reject anything that went against something I had already established?

I tried again, adjusting the phrasing. It was no good.

"I'm sorry Lexi," I said, stroking her hair. "I'll figure this out." She stirred, her breasts pressing against me as she clutched me tighter.

And what was I going to do about Leah? She had seemed so resigned to her fate. No, that wasn't right. It wasn't resignation - she loved who she was. It was that same self confidence and enthusiasm I'd always loved in her, as radiant as ever, just cast in a new light.

My brain kept circling back to what she had said about maybe having had people like me in her life when she was younger.

I was furious at myself for what I was about to do. I knew just how much trouble this thing could cause. But what choice did I have? Deep down I think what bothered me the most was how much I wanted this.

- The History of *Lucas Baker* According to Lucas Baker -

"Lucas Baker and Leah Gardner have been best friends since sophomore year when they worked together on a history report. Their friendship has helped her work out her sexual impulses in a healthy, appropriate manner."

I winced as I read that back over. Shit, I was going to friendzone myself, wasn't I? I still wanted her to be interested in me.

"Lucas Baker has always been the most attractive guy at school and very popular with women. His female best friends are always open to the idea of making the relationship something more."

I frowned. There. That should do the trick, right? Still, it felt like such a cheat. I hesitated a moment.

"Lucas Baker has had an enormous cock ever since middle school and everybody at school knows it."

I glanced around. Okay. That one was just for me. Sue me, I was still a guy.

The book flashed as I closed it. My underwear felt uncomfortably tight. I'd have taken it out and checked, but I didn't want Lexi to get the wrong idea.

Not that she didn't find it on her own. Her hand slid down my pants as I tried to transition us to my pajamas. She purred contently, still half asleep, her pink hair rubbing against my bare chest as I lay in bed. It's funny, I thought being the handsomest guy in school would have made me more muscular.

I closed my eyes and went to sleep, still silently praying that when I woke up this whole day would turn out to be a bad dream.

Instead, things got worse.

I awoke to the sensation of something hot and wet engulfing my dick. My hips rolled of their own volition, pressing in deeper. Something soft and spongy circled around the sensitive rim of my cockhead.

With a sigh I arched my back, luxuriating in that blissful moment before an overabundance of consciousness could pull this horny fantasy away from me.

A long tongue traced up the length of my cock. I shivered. It was licking flesh I'd never known I had. I twitched as it flicked the top. I tried to angle for better penetration, but someone was pinning my legs.

I opened one hazy eye, pulling myself up just far enough to see a head bobbing beneath the blankets. I let out a hot staggered breath. This put yesterday's goodmorning to shame. She wasn't kidding when she said she'd do better next time.

"Ah shit!" A moan escaped my lips as the head bottomed out, pressing my cock deeper than anything I had ever felt before. My balls surged. "Lexi?"

"Guess again," said a voice beside me. Lexi was curled up next to me, the long locks of her pink hair spilling down lazily over her titanic tits.

Oh shit - oh shit - I was cumming. All of yesterday's horniness and tension started to flood out of me in a blast of white-hot rapture.

I pulled the blankets off. The naked stranger beneath had my cock pressed between her tits and then buried in her throat, swallowing as pulse after pulse of boiling pleasure flooded out of me. She pulled off, coughing as cum spilled down her delicate cheek and splashed against her prodigious melons. She gulped and tried to get her mouth back around my shaft before it finished spilling everywhere, but it was too late. She was already marked with my seed and cum was dribbling onto the sheets.

Who was this girl? There was something so familiar about her.

Then it clicked. This was no stranger. The vision of beauty staring back at me, my thick creamy jism dripping from her luscious red lips, had a face I knew all too well.

'L-liam?"

"Good morning baby." She winked as she scooped some of the jizz off of her tits and into her mouth, then she stuck her milky tongue out at Lexi. "I hope you don't mind, but I just wanted to beat her to it for once."

To be continued.