

It's History
- A Smutty Fiction -
By Razmagurk

= Chapter 4 =

"Liam!?" I stared down in stunned disbelief at the girl before me. She could have easily been my best friend's twin sister. The resemblance was more than just uncanny, it was downright disturbing.

"Good morning, baby." The girl winked as she scooped a fingerful of my hot jizz off of her tits and into her mouth. 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."

"Hey, not fair, Lianne!" Lexi whined, her melons heaving as she put her hands to her hips. "Quit hogging him. You promised we'd do this together!"

"Sorry. What can I say?" the girl rose up onto her knees, dragging a finger along my cock and giving it a reassuring squeeze. "When I get going it's hard to stop. This thing's quite the ride."

"How?" I stammered out. "Why?"

The two girls exchanged a worried glance.

"Come on, dude," the girl - Lianne - laughed, "how else am I going to wake you up?"

"Duh." added my sister.

"Oh my god." I fell backwards onto the pillow. My brain was still addled with sleep and my neurons were misfiring in every direction, but the cold shower of post-coital sobriety sent my mind spinning. This was the book. It had to be. What the hell had I written this time? I put my hands over my face. "Why does this keep happening?"

"Because you have such a delicious cock?" Lianne leaned down to kiss the still softening head of my monster dick. "Because I love the look on your face when you blow your hot load down my throat?" she licked her lips. "Because I'm the kind of girlfriend who treats her man right and I want you to never forget it? Face it dude," she winked again "you hit the jackpot with me."

"Girlfriend?"

Her rich brown hair fell away from her face as she leaned back and rubbed her hips into me. She was beautiful. Maybe it was just the fact that she had just tit-fucked me to the best orgasm of my life, but everything about her oozed confident sensuality.

Had the book made her hot, or was this just what Liam would look like as a girl? His once lanky frame now seemed slim and feminine, though the stunning addition of those wide hips and heavy, swinging tits certainly helped.

I was amazed at how little difference there was in his face. I had never considered his face feminine and yet with only the most basic softening, he could put a super model to shame.

And to top it all off? The smell of her cucumber shampoo was me driving wild.

"You're a girl!" I exclaimed dumbly. I mentioned I was still half-asleep right?

"I'm your girl, baby." she purred, "Thank you for noticing. And, mmm thanks for the snack." she crawled up over me and gave me a kiss on the forehead, her luscious tits hanging down tantalizingly in front of my face. "I love you, Sugarbear."

"I... I love you too?" I could feel the blood rushing to my face. I didn't know what else to say.

She smiled. Liam had always had such a smug smile but on her it was downright flirtatious. My sister rolled her eyes.

"Oh sorry." Lianne hoisted her cum-splattered tits towards Lexi. "Did you want a taste?"

Lexi folded her arms over the expansive valley of her cleavage and looked away, but she couldn't hide the jealousy in her eyes. She was trying her best not to stare hungrily at the creamy glaze still glistening on my best-friend turned love-interest's quivering breasts. "I don't need your pity," she lied.

"Tell you what? Maybe if we give our stud here a show, he'll be back up for round two? Then you'll have all you can drink and more."

Lexi wriggled at the prospect, then pouted. She had always been so stubborn. She looked at me, staring back at her in bewilderment, then she looked down at the half-flaccid piece of meat still resting against my stomach. She bit her lip.

Slowly, almost shyly, she crawled forward. Lian scooped an errant drop of cum off my stomach and rubbed it gently across Lexi's plump wet lips. She took a moment to savor the scent then grabbed Lian's wrist and kissed her fingers clean. With a carnal abandon they pulled themselves closer, the two of them forming a pyramid over top of me as Lexi greedily sucked at Lianne's cum stained lips. Soon their boobs were wrestling for dominance as they mashed together, their turgid nipples scissoring as they moaned and shared the flavor of my sex between them.

Lianne brushed a lock of hair behind Lexi's ear so I could get a better view of the tango their delicate tongues were dancing. They were angled perfectly to give me as much of a show as possible. This wasn't the loving embrace of two smitten lesbians, this was a performance. And a well calculated one at that. By the time Lianne held up her tits for Lexi to lick clean, I was once again hard as a rock.

"See?" giggled Lianne, slapping my straining dick playfully against my abs. "Your turn."

My sister gave her a withering glare, but she pretended not to notice. The two of them slid down while Lianne twisted her hand around the base of my monstrous cock. Jesus christ. This was the first good look I'd gotten at the thing. Her hand didn't even fit all the way around it. It took both for her to hold it up for Lexi, who gave the tip a kiss and flicked a probing tongue.

I don't know how she fit it in her mouth, but my body bucked as her lips crested the pulsing ridge of my hypersensitive cockhead. Leave it to Lexi to find a way. Her mouth was stuffed so full she could barely move her tongue, though that did little to stop her from wriggling along the underside of my meaty shaft. A grunt crossed my lips as she forced me down the throat, her eyes watering but determined to prove herself. I could see her throat distending as she pressed down each hot wet inch.

Lianne smirked and reached down to fondle my balls, Lexi's eyes going wide as my dick twitching and pulsing within her. She swallowed, her epiglottal muscles tugging my meat further, jacking me off with her throat again and again. I groaned and threw my head back.

Finally, she pulled back out, taking a deep breath through her nose once she had cleared the windpipe. Lianne's skilled hands filled in the gap, pumping and stroking the spaces Lexi left behind, leaving no inch of my cockflesh unloved for even a moment.

Despite my recent orgasm the frenetic need to cum was building up in me again. Sharp, fast, impatient. Lexi seemed to sense my need because she dove right back on. Needy, hungry, determined to make me feel good, determined to affirm her value to me and herself. That's when she began in earnest.

"Oh, fuck." I groaned out, precum leaking out of me like a faucet. She'd have grinned if her mouth wasn't full. "I'm so close!"

"Kids! Breakfast is ready!" came a call from downstairs.

She whimpered as she pulled off, coughing and gasping for breath, a thick rivet of saliva hanging between her and my hot flesh. Her eyes were wide with disappointment.

"Be right down!" Yelled Lianne, struggling to put on her blouse.

The next thing I knew I was sitting there at the dining table, a soggy attempt at hash browns sitting on my plate and a beautiful woman at either side of me, competing to see who could give me a better hand job.

Across from me, blissfully ignorant of these under-the-table dealings, sat my buxomy mother - a woman who should be dead, - chattering away gregariously with my so-called girlfriend. From the way they went at it, you'd think they were old friends. I did my best to play along, but I was so far out of my element that it was all I could do to nod in agreement.

I didn't mind getting doted on by a cute girl, especially one that could do that thing she kept doing with her fingers. But this wasn't just any girl. This was Liam. My best friend. My very male best friend. I shuddered at the thought, but the two of them just took it as a sign to start intensifying their actions. I was sure at this rate I was going to blast a load all over the underside of the table, but somehow, I held out.

After breakfast Lianne and I withdrew to my room to get ready while Lexi got stuck doing the dishes. I just couldn't get over the surreality of it.

"So..." I ventured. "You're my girlfriend."

"You sound unsure." She grinned at the sarcasm. "I should hope I am after that little show this morning. God, I swear, I love her to death, but your sister is so greedy. It's like, can't I just have you to myself every once and a while? I mean, I get it. You're just trying to be a good brother, but can't we even hang out without her taking her shirt off and rubbing those stupid boobs of hers in your face?" She sighed and pulled off her shirt. "God forbid we try to have a moment of intimacy."

Blood rushed to my head as my gaze lingered on her pert nipples. My cock could very distinctly remember how soft those breasts had been. It took all the willpower I had to not reach out and grab them.

"What are you doing?" I turned around blushing.

"Changing? I've got your cum all over my top. Can't believe your mom didn't notice." She giggled. "I'm pretty sure she did actually, I think she just didn't say anything. Baby, your mom's great." She pulled a fresh blouse out of my closet. "I wish mine was half as nice as her. Lord knows we can't get away with anything at my place."

I boggled at the implication. Liam's one-track mind seemed intact enough. The fact that mom would actually approve of any hanky panky though was a surprise, but then, I was older now than I had been when she passed.

"Wait," she laughed, "are you seriously going to school like that?"

"What's wrong with this?" I looked in the mirror. I thought I looked pretty good. Better than I ever had before. It was subtle but the more I stared the more I saw it - my face was stronger and more handsome and my skin smoother and without blemishes. It was like someone had digitally erased all my imperfections. Evidently that wasn't enough for her.

"Nothing, but I'm going to seem overdressed. Here, let me help." Lianne came over, her naked breasts bouncing excitedly before her, and started running her hands through my hair. I leaned into her touch. There was an intimacy to the act I was unaccustomed to, but that I couldn't deny I loved.

"There." She grinned at me through the mirror. My hair was now playfully tousled. "Much better."

God, she moved so easily, so freely. There was a girl in my bedroom and she was parading around half-naked like it was the most natural thing in the world. It was more than that - she had clothes in my closet. She belonged here. Somehow, I was the one out of place.

"So, uh, remind me. How long have we been dating?"

"Uh, like forever, my dude?" she pulled on her blouse. "Remember all those gradeschool bitches I had to throw down with for the right to claim you? Don't worry, our anniversary isn't for another two months if that's what you're worried about. I know you always forget."

There was a knock at the door.

"Do you need a ride to school today, Brobro?" Lexi poked her head in. She was almost bouncing at the idea of being useful.

I was about to nod the affirmative when Lianne cut in. "Thank you, Lexi, but we're just going to walk. It'll give us a bit of time alone before school starts."

"Oh..." Lexi's face darkened. I frowned and thought back to the ride in the car on the way home last night. If it made her feel loved, taking a ride from her was the least I could do.

"You know what?" I held up a hand. "A ride sounds great after all, Lex, thank you."

"Great!" her eyes brightened up and I couldn't help but smile.

"Really Sugarbear?" Lianne whispered in my ear, her grip tightening on my shoulder. "I thought we talked about this. You've got to stop encouraging her like this."

"It'll be fine." I whispered back. "What's the worst that could happen?"

The worst that could happen was that when not sharing my dick, the two of them got along as well as a pair of angry cats. I thought yesterday's awkward ride had been bad, but this time I had two beautiful women competing for my attention, and they weren't playing fair.

Lexi had the advantage of course. The length of her skirt would be a gross violation of the school dress code, but that just forced Lianne to bring her A-game: every time I looked over she'd flash me. I felt like a tennis ball being batted back and forth, trying not to play favorites.

When I finally gave my sister a kiss goodbye, it was just as hot and passionate as yesterday, the heat of her tongue a reminder of what I was missing and a promise for when we met again. She grinned smugly as she pulled away, then stuck out her tongue at my girlfriend, who rolled her eyes.

Lianne let out a dramatic sigh as we walked up the stairs to where Leslie was waiting for us. It was a weirdly feminine gesture. Liam had always just spoken his mind.

"Everything okay?" I asked.

"Sorry, you know how I get sometimes. It's not your fault. She loves you almost as much as I do. Plus, she's your sister. You just want to be there for her. I don't want to get between you two. It's just... it's hard not to be jealous sometimes. You know how I get."

"Jealous?"

"Yeah, dude, come on," she sighed again, "Just look at her! Your sister's hot!" She made a groping gesture in front of her own sizeable breasts. "How can I compete with that?"

"I..." I stared down at the boobs in question. While not as hefty as Lexi's prodigious pair, they were hardly small and had the advantage in sheer perkiness. "I think your boobs are just fine."

"You would," laughed Leslie. She was wearing a skirt and had a clip in her hair. It was uncharacteristically cute.

"Yeah... okay." Lianne smirked and adjusted her top. "They are pretty good I guess. But they're still nothing compared to hers." She kissed me on the cheek. "Tell you what, you can make it up to me at lunch okay? Since we're here early, Les and I should go meet Mr. Lewis about the drama club. You gonna be okay, Sugarbear? You seem sort of out of it today."

Did I? I shook my head. "I guess I really just haven't been sleeping well."

"Aw, I'm sorry I couldn't be there to help, baby." She pulled me into an embrace. It was warm and weirdly comforting and part of me wished I could just melt into her, but I just couldn't escape the reality of her identity. Every time I felt like I was able to escape the truth, I'd see some aspect of Liam. "If you want to nap at lunch, you can always use my lap as a pillow, okay? Or maybe," she winked, "something else?"

"That sounds really nice." I blushed.

"It's a date." she pulled me in for a kiss that rivaled Lexi's. "I've got to get going though. I'll see you then, okay? I love you, Sugarbear!"

"Y-you too!" I choked.

"Oh my god," Leslie groaned, "you two are terrible."

The two of them left me to stumble through the halls to my locker alone. For the first time since I had woken up I had time alone to think. What the hell had I written that could have possibly turned Liam into a girl? The book had to be fucking with me at this point. It was the only thing that made sense.

What about the rest of it? What about Leah? How would she feel about me? Would she still want to be close to me? I was in a relationship with another woman - a woman who shouldn't even exist. All of yesterday's anxieties rushed back into me. I wanted to scream.

She and I would be, what? Friends? Still a step up from what I had been. Lord help me, my heart still soared at the thought of being even that close. Yet the prospect still terrified me. Could I really spend the rest of my life so close and yet so far? How was I supposed to enjoy spending time with this girl when I was always balancing on the knife's edge to hide years of missing in-jokes and memories?

And yet... wouldn't it be worth it to be close to her? If I was careful, couldn't I build a house even upon a faulty foundation?

I stopped to compose myself. I was getting funny looks. No, not just that - people were staring. I cast my eyes down and forward, keen to avoid any harassment. It was the weirdest thing though. When I looked up, everybody just seemed to have a smile for me, or, at the very least, a little nod of recognition.

And the girls. I thought I had spilled something on my pants, but those glances they were giving me weren't joined with sneers or derision. Quite the opposite. They were checking me out. The bulge in my pants were a hypnotic lure. A few of them whispered as I passed, then giggled scandalously. My face turned red as I rushed towards my locker.

Holy shit. Of course. It finally sunk in. I was the most attractive guy in school. That meant I was popular. I had gone from a preyed-upon nobody to someone everybody recognized.

I wasn't entirely comfortable getting leered at by the school's entire androphilic population, but I only had myself to blame.

There was a buzz from my back pocket. I pulled out my phone. I had a text from Lianne. I had 20 texts from Lianne.

For a brief braindead moment, I thought I had the wrong phone. The home screen was a picture of me and Lianne together at the beach. I had an arm wrapped tenderly around her shoulder, my hand dangling low near the string bikini her sultry curves were threatening to pop out of.

I slid my thumb across the screen. A text popped up with a picture of her outside the drama room making a little kissy face while throwing googly eyes at the camera. "Miss you." was all it read. I laughed. I scrolled up through her other messages. More little love notes and pictures, including one of her sneaking up on me in bed this morning and her huffing in the back of the car while I was eyeballing Lexi.

"Miss you too," I texted back, hoping it would be enough.

Curious, I took a look at my phone's camera roll. In it were thousands of photos of the two of us, dating as far back as the phone's memory ran. Never anything fancy, just silly little moments of shared joy. I looked so happy. We looked so happy.

I checked the contacts. Lianne Dirkwood. That confirmed it. Unless Liam had a sexy sister he'd been holding out on me this whole time.

But why? How?

I thought back to what I'd written. I couldn't make sense of it. Had life conspired to make him dateable to me because he was my best friend?

I slammed a fist against my locker. Another life I had ruined. Was history really so fragile? I tried to calm my breath. My heart was pounding. I had to keep it together. I couldn't break down. Not here, anyway, not now.

"Lucas?" came a voice. I turned around. It was Leah. She was more modestly dressed than yesterday, though still a far cry from what I was used to. Today she wore layers which accentuated her figure rather than just trying to show off as much skin as possible. It did little to detract from the effect. Her clothes still hung tantalizingly to her every wonderful curve, but now at least she was a girl who was just trying to look good instead of one advertising her extracurricular availability.

"Leah?" I perked up.

"Oh, Lucas, I'm so glad I caught you! Look, about last night." her gaze shifted bashfully to the floor. I blushed and did the same. The memory of her hot flesh rubbing greedily against me was still very fresh indeed.

"I wanted to apologize for my behavior. You're in a relationship. It isn't... It wasn't fair for me to try to seduce you like that."

"What?"

"Yeah, come on, you and Lianne are like, the cutest couple on campus. I'd never want to break that up. I was just... well, you know how horny I get, and you were the only guy around - and I'm sorry but you're just so fucking hot - I just... I couldn't control myself. I'm glad you turned me down."

"Leah, that's-"

"No, sorry, let me finish, please," she held up a hand, "I had this all planned in my head and if I don't get it all out it's gonna drive me crazy. You were upset. You had every right to be. I let my libido get in the way of our friendship. But Lucas, you mean the world to me. There's no one else in the whole world I can talk to like I can talk to you. I don't ever want to jeopardize what we have, especially not over something as stupid as sex." She looked up at me apprehensively. "Can you forgive me? It won't happen again, I promise."

It was a sucker punch to my soul. This was completely backwards. It should have been me apologizing to her.

"Uh," I clenched my fist and put on a big fake smile. "Of course!"

"Great!" She threw her arms around me. "I'm so glad I have a friend like you, Lucas." Her breasts rubbed against me as she giddily bounced on her heels and kissed my cheek. "Lianne's a lucky girl," she laughed, "one day I'll have my own Lucas to come sweep me off my feet."

"Y-yeah."

"Oh, I didn't even get a chance to tell you what happened next! You know Lance, the guy from the swim team? Turns out he's got like, the biggest dick." She held her hands out like she was demonstrating a fish that got away. "Well, maybe not as big as yours," she giggled, "but I payed him a visit afterwards, because, well, like I said, I was super horny, and oh my god, he fucked me so goddamn good. You were absolutely right about him. He's a total gentleman. Exactly what I needed. He kept doing this thing with his finger, I was totally screaming." My heart wrenched as she went into graphic detail about her sordid late-night encounter.

"Stop!" I stepped back. "Wh-why are you telling me all this?"

"Cause your my bff!" She nudged me playfully. "Who else am I supposed to gloat to? Besides, you gave me your thumbs up. I thought you'd want to hear all the juicy details!" She giggled. "I really am so glad I have someone I can talk to about this. Like, you get me. You never judge. I'm sure half the school thinks I'm some kind of crazy slut, but you make me feel like... I dunno. Likes it okay to be who I am. And I'm glad I can get your opinion on this stuff, too. It makes me feel like at least I'm working out all my sexy tendencies in a safe manner. Does that make sense?"

"Of course." I tried to smile. "What are friends for?" My heart was spinning out of control. Leah was still some kind of nymphomaniac, but at least she seemed to have it under control. Wasn't that a victory? Wasn't that a step in the right direction? Then why did it sting so badly?

The bell rang.

"Thanks Lucas." She pulled me in for a hug. "You're the best friend a girl could ask for. Come on, we're going to be late."

Leah wasn't normally in Bio with me, yet in this new timeline we were lab partners.

I did my best to act like I was this person Leah had known for the past three years. I thought it would be a struggle, a chore, but it was just so easy to get caught up in her smile, to get carried along with her energy. How long had I wanted this? To be her friend? To be someone she cared about? She was laughing and joking and it became so easy to slip into that.

I'd never had a friend quite like her before. Never a BFF, at least. Guys didn't have this. Masculinity forbids vulnerability. My closest female friend was Leslie and she was... well, she didn't count.

It felt like a dream come true. At least when she wasn't talking about how hot and lusty the assignment was getting her, or when she wasn't soliciting my opinion on all the cute guys she wanted to fuck. The hornier she got the closer she came to the edge of flirtation. It was a shame - she had said with a laugh - that Lianne had gotten to me first.

And so, despite that, the morning passed. And it was wrong of me, yes, but I didn't even stop to consider how I was going to fix all this. I knew I would have to, eventually, right? Liam had been my best friend since grade school. I owed it to him to save him from this femininity, even if - I thought of Lianne's sweet soft tits wrapped around my cock this morning - even if he did make a really great girl.

I put it out of my mind for as long as I could. But that couldn't last forever. A few hours later I was following Leah to the lunchroom.

"Hey are you guys going to the big party tomorrow?" she asked.

With everything that had been going on, I'd completely forgotten. "Maybe?" I honestly didn't know. Was this something other me and Lianne would go to? "Are you?"

"I've had a lot of guys clamouring for me to go with them, but I honestly think I might stay home, you know? It's not like I get that many breaks from practice and you know me, I'd much prefer a quiet night with a few good friends. Still, it doesn't really do to have a cheerleader miss so I might get dragged along." She sighed. "Half the school expects me to go with one of the football guys, but they're all such total jocks you know? That said, mmm..." she got a hungry look in her eyes. "They are total jocks, you know? What do you think?"

"I mean..." I swallowed, "we could go."

"Oh! That would be amazing! Could you imagine?" she laughed, "The one guy on campus I'm not sleeping with. They'd have a fit! Lianne would kill us both though. Even for a joke, yikes."

We walked over to the large table by the window where the cheer team was sat. I hesitated. It had always been social suicide to even approach. Today though the seated girls just licked their lips as they saw me. I was about to excuse myself when Leah sat down and patted the seat next to her.

I don't know what I had done to make the cheerleaders dress the way they were. Yesterday it looked as though they were all trying to outcompete each other for sluttiest outfit. Today, with Leah's more conservative attire, they were winning. It took every ounce of my strength not to let my eyes tour across the well-displayed bodies of the school's sexiest socialites.

Libby Johnson, who had been the head cheerleader before my changes had burdened Leah with that dubious honor, was in the middle of a tirade about a girl who had evidently wronged her. The enthusiasm was such that the vast valleys of her perky cleavage threatened to pop out of her low-cut blouse at a moment's notice.

"What do you think, Lucas?" she asked. I blinked. Since when had Libby cared at all what I thought about anything?

"Uh." the entire table's eyes were on me. Lashes fluttered. "I don't even know who that is."

"Oof. Savage." A wicked grin crossed Libby's face. "Of course you'd say that."

There was laughter from the group, but it tapered to girlish giggling as Lance approached the table, grinning like an idiot. I scowled. He was tall and handsome with a dark tan and a shock of bleached blonde hair.

"Hey Leah," he said, "I just wanted to let you know I had a really good time last night."

"Oh, me too!" she beamed. The giggling from the rest of the table turned scandalous.

"And I was, well," he shifted his weight and rubbed the back of his head, "I was wondering if you wanted to go over a few math problems with me during lunch? I've been having a bit of a rough time with calc lately and after all that, ah, instruction you gave me last night, I'm raring for more."

"Ooh, I'd love to!" She stood and gave the rest of the group a coy wink, then flashed me a barely contained grin and clutched her hands excitedly. "Sorry Lucas. Some other time. Don't wait up girls!"

I wanted to scream out as she left but all I could do was watch her go, every step taking her further from me. The moment she was gone the cheerleaders pulled in tighter around me. Sharks, hungry for meat.

"So, Lucas," Libby said, a hand delicately caressing my thigh. "We heard you almost shacked up with Leah last night."

I gulped and nodded. Her hand was less than an inch from the throbbing monster running down my pant leg.

"You know it's really not polite to keep a girl waiting, Baker." Her sparkling nails dug into me as she gave me a saccharine grin. "I know you two think you're close, but you need to stop playing with that poor girl's heart."

"Huh?"

"Because you see Lucas - and I'll say this slow so your neanderthal brain can understand it - you're not good enough to date her. Not a single guy on campus is. But the heart wants what it wants. And if we catch you breaking said heart, we're going to break you. Isn't that right girls?"

The squad nodded in agreement; their smiles suddenly sinister.

"Are we clear?" she purred into my ear.

I nodded meekly.

"Good," she relaxed her grip, "because if you do want to cheat on that skank girlfriend of yours, we'll be more than happy to help you out." I shot upright as a pair of stocking-clad feet rubbed against my crotch.

"Lucas!" came a cry. The entire table turned to look. People were diving out of the way as Lianne stormed towards the popular table without a single care for the social protocols. "Claws off, cheer-thots, he's mine!"

"Lianne!" I cried, but her dramatic entrance had merely served to put the cheerleaders on guard. Two of them stood up to get between me and her.

"Your boyfriend came to us of his own volition, Dirkwood." Libby rolled her eyes. "Maybe he's finally developed some taste."

"No, if he had taste he'd be vomiting right now from all the bimbo skank in the air."

One of the cheerleaders snickered, but Libby shut her down with a glance.

"Come on, baby," she held out her hand. "Let's get out of here."

"Uh, sure?" I stood up. "Sorry girls."

"Bye, Lucas!" they giggled, their fingers wiggling goodbye as Libby fumed. "Remember our offer!"

She dragged me out of the lunchroom and through the halls. We settled in an out of the way spot at the top of one of the stairwells. Leslie was already there, eating a sandwich.

"Are you okay?" Lianne clutched my face, inspecting it for damage. "Those girls didn't hurt you or anything did they?"

"I'm fine." I laughed. "They're cheerleaders not hyenas"

"Wouldn't know it from looking at them," she spat. "You weren't responding to my texts. You weren't in our usual spot. And then I find you hanging out with those bitches?"

"I was with Leah." I clarified.

"Oh?" She frowned.

"Yeah," I sighed, "but she ran off with some guy."

"Of course." she shook her head. "Baby, that girl's no good. I'm sorry, I know she's like, your best friend but I just..." she sighed. "Running off and leaving you like that? That's not cool, dude."

"She's not like that."

"Isn't this, what, the fifth time she's done something like this?" Leslie chimed.

"It's not like that!"

"If you say so." Lianne took a deep breath. "Look, baby, I don't want to be the only girl in your life, but I want to be the one you think about first, you know? And someone like her ditching you in that den of harpies..." her hand gripped into a fist. "It just pisses me off. You deserve better than that."

We sat down against the wall, her hot weight leaning against me as she cuddled up.

"I know I shouldn't worry," she rubbed her head against my chest, "but sometimes, I'm afraid you're going to wake up one day and realize you want her instead of me."

My heart pounded. If only she knew.

There was a moments silence as she stared at me expectantly.

"Wow." her eyes darted away.

"What?"

"You're not going to tell me, 'you're the only one for me?' You don't have a 'baby you're worrying about nothing?' for me? Not even a 'Lianne, I have eyes only for you?' Come on Lucas you're the romantic here."

"I-" I fumbled for words.

"Wow." Her eyes widened, then fell. She sat up and pulled away from me. "I see how it is."

Shit. I tried to keep the panic off my face. Had she figured me out so soon? No, there was no way. This was exactly what I'd been afraid of. Who could her blame for her apprehension? If the person I loved more than anyone was suddenly all distant, I'd be worried too. I needed to say something.

"Sorry," I shook my head and tried to look her in the eyes as genuinely as I was able. "I'm sorry. I'm not really myself today." That much was true, even if the rest wasn't. "You know I love you, right?"

She unpursed her lips, her expression melting as she nodded. "I just... I worry sometimes." She gave me a hug. "You're the best thing in my life. You're always there for me. You care. I can be myself around you and I don't have to deal with all this political bullshit. Plus, come on," she ran a finger down my chest, "you're super hot. I don't want to lose you."

Leslie rolled her eyes. I wondered if this PDA was worse for her than the way Liam and would talk about girls.

We ate lunch, her tearing off bits of her meal and feeding it to me as we snuggled and talked. It was the same crap we always talked about, but it was like there was this deeper connection now. There was this underline of hope and all these dreams for the future - a mutual vulnerability that doesn't exist when two teenage guys are talking.

And god help me, I could feel myself falling for this girl. It was nice. It was comfortable. She was exciting, she was funny. They were the exact same stupid jokes Liam had always made, but coming out of her, suddenly they weren't so stupid.

Maybe I could just leave things this way? Maybe I could just give up on Leah and stop making things worse? Maybe I could settle down with this girl who clearly loved me. I'd seen the pictures. We could be so happy together.

But then I looked into her smiling face and saw the same wrinkle in her nose that Liam got when he laughed. I wasn't gaining a girl; I was sacrificing a friend.

He'd have hated this, I was sure. How different were the two of them? Was it just a chromosome of difference, or had she had a completely different path through life? Was she still that person I'd grown up with? Where did I draw the line?

How... how could I fix this?

I still had the book in my backpack. I had almost forgotten about it. I'd been so absorbed with Leah. I wished I could pull out right here and now and put things right, but where would I even start? Every time I tried to fix things it just made things worse.

I fell back into Lianne's arms. I was just so tired of trying to fight it.

"Hey," I interrupted, "Do you guys want to come over after school today? Hang out? Stay up all night playing video games or something?"

"Oh my god, we haven't done that in ages."

"Sorry guys," Les shrugged, "I've got practice both tonight and tomorrow morning."

"Just the two of us then." Lianne lit up. "We can say it's a date!" she ruffled my hair playfully. "But don't think I'm going to go easy on you just because you're cute. It didn't work in middle school and it won't work now."

"Yea, well, don't think I'm going to go easy on you just because you're a girl."

"Oh please, I'm good because I'm a girl."

I laughed. We would see about that.

As lunch ended we were forced to go our separate ways. The afternoon's classes were a welcome bastion of mundanity. Lianne kept sending me little love notes by text. I ignored them at first but it became increasingly apparent that she was getting worried. I had to dig through my message history to try to figure out how to respond and what she was talking about. I was an imposter in my own life.

The worst part was that as much as I hated it, as much as I wished it had never happened, deep down I loved it. I loved the attention; I loved the warmth. That's what bothered me more than anything else. Was I betraying Leah by feeling this way? Was I betraying Liam?

I was by my lockers after class, no closer to figuring out what I was going to do.

"Leslie," I sighed, "have you ever wanted to change your life, but didn't know how?"

"You're kidding right?" she blinked up at me. "What do you mean?"

"Like, have you ever thought that life isn't meant to be this way? That things were supposed to be different?"

"Lucas. Stop. You have an amazing fucking life. Your smart, you've got girls drooling all over you. But you're always doing shit like this."

"Huh?"

"You're always second guessing things, always afraid to take the next step because you want everything to be perfect. Things don't have to be perfect, dude. It's like, swimming. There's no perfect race. You've just got to do your best and if you work hard enough, you'll be a little better than last time."

"Yeah, but what if something goes wrong?"

"Then you deal. You adjust your expectations. You keep moving forward. And that's okay. Things don't always have to go right. Look," she rubbed at the bridge of her nose "What I'm trying to say is stop worrying about how things could be and enjoy how things are."

"I..." I furrowed my brow. "Thank you Les."

"Yeah, well, I'm not one for the touchy-feely crap, but it's better than seeing you get all mopey again."

"Lucas!" Leah waved as she bounced over to us. "Sorry for running off like that earlier."

Leslie looked at the dopey grin on my face and shook her head. "I've got to get to practice. I'll leave you and Slutzilla to it." She hefted a duffel back over her shoulder then elbowed me in the stomach as she passed. "You've got to figure out what it is you want, before someone gets hurt."

"So, there's no cheer practice tonight." Leah gushed. "I was wondering if you wanted to hang out? I want a redo of yesterday. I promise I won't make any passes at you this time." She laughed, and my face lit up in the reflection of that smile.

"Sorry, Leah, we had plans." I turned to see Lianne standing behind me, chest inflated, arms wrapping around me.

"Oh." Leah's smile faltered and my heart fell with it.

Lianne though must have noticed my piteous expression. She glanced back and forth between the two of us before crossing her hands over her chest.

"But," she sighed, "if you want to join us, we'd love to have you."

"We would?" I turned shocked.

"We would." She smiled. I smiled back.

And that's how I wound up surrounded by three topless beauties, getting my ass kicked at a game I was normally unstoppable at.

"I'm pretty sure this is cheating," I mumbled.

"Sorry Brobro." Lexi's mountainous melons heaved as she swung the controller around, leaning in dramatically with every button press. "It's your fault for being so distractible."

"Hey!" laughed Leah, nipples swaying, "give me back that power up!"

"Too slow!" Lianne's tits crashed into my face as she swung the controller.

The book sat untouched on my desk. I had intended to fix everybody, to sit down and try to mend things for good. It should have been my highest priority. I didn't know then how bad things were about to get.

"Come on, Lucas, at least try to keep up!"

But for tonight... tonight I just wanted this.

To be continued.

= Chapter 5 =

I tumbled through an empty void.

The statuesque figure of Lianne loomed before me, the book open in one hand and a pen in the other.

"How could you do this to me?" It was Liam's voice, the disgust as palpable in his tone as it was in the sneer on his female face. "You were my friend!"

"I didn't mean to! It was an accident!" I tried to yell, to explain, to apologize, but my voice came out soft and weak. It was little more than a girlish timbre high in my throat that became more apparent with every articulation.

I looked down at the quivering breasts jutting obscenely from my naked chest. I shrieked. What was happening?

"Let's see how you like it!"

I fell to my knees, long blonde curls spilling down like a curtain around my swiftly softening face.

I looked up to see Lexi, her trademark smirk a foreign touch on her new body.

"Wow, Sis-sis." she laughed and gave my tits a sharp slap. "I didn't know you had it in you."

I gasped at the raunchy wave of rough sensation.

"You make a much better girl than a brother, that's for sure. Maybe you can wake me up with a blowjob for a change?" She stuck out her tongue then sent me staggering back with a chest-bump. Our tits mashed together. Despite her size, mine put hers to shame. "Oh, hey, maybe these will teach you to stop being such a brat! Don't worry, I'm sure all the guys will love them. Now you'll really be popular."

"No," I tried to cover my tits, but they were too big, too heavy. "It's not like that I... I..." Whatever I had to say faltered on my lips as my fumbling gave way to fondling, and then to full-blown masturbatorial mamarian manhandling as I grasped and plucked at my stiff, fist-sized nipples. Pleasure built up within me like a sneeze.

I let out a gasp.

"Oh my god, Lucas!" Leah's voice rang out. It was her looming over me now, hands covering her shocked mouth. "How could you?"

My body flushed red at being seen like this. I tried to turn away, tried to stand, but my horny tits were just too heavy. All it seemed to do was thrust my chest out further.

"You should have told me!" Leah's clothes vanished as she fell to her knees alongside me. "I didn't know you were a slut too!" She pulled me into a platonic hug, her tits rubbing against my flush flesh as she bounced excitedly. "Think about all the hot guys we could have been out fucking together! We could have been trying on sexy clothes and swapping cum and putting on shows for boys!"

My brain fuzzed over as my arousal surpassed my embarrassment. What was she talking about? I wasn't... I'd always been a slut, hadn't I? With big yummy tits like these how could I be anything else? I hugged her back, so glad to have someone I could share my unabashed love of boys with.

When I pulled away, it was Lianne again.

"Are you ready to be my girlfriend Luca? Are you going to be a good girl for me?"

She was asking me to give up everything. My whole life, my very identity, just to be her little slut. I wanted to scream defiance but instead I could only nod, I could only grin to show my excitement as I tugged down her zipper with my teeth. Of course I was going to be a good girl. What else would I be?

My lips curling in delight as her massive cock sprung free.

"I love you." I mewled, as much talking to the fragrant dick I was rubbing against my face as I was to my wonderful boyfriend Lianne. My body grew hotter. The warmth in my tits spreading to the wet fire burning between my legs, my naked cunt dripping with need. This was what mattered. This thing before me was my whole world.

Her balls tensed up as I put it to my lips, then throbbed as she exploded her hot tasty love all over me.

I shot bolt-upright in bed, gasping. My heart pounded; my dick twitched. I was at the edge of a tremendous orgasm.

Lexi and Lianne were both cuddled up naked next to me in my way-too-small bed. Their bodies hot, Lexi's hand groped my balls in her sleep while Lianne's head rested on my chest. They stirred at my sudden motion.

I was in my room.

A dream? A nightmare. The book was right where I had left it, highlighted by the moonlight as it sat, unused, on my desk. I could almost feel it calling out to me. I turned away, shaking my head to dislodge the last vestiges of whatever erotic horror I had just experienced, and went back to sleep.

I groaned as something hot, tight and slick gripped my turgid manhood. I opened my eyes, then opened them wider. Leah, clad in little more than a translucent red negligee, was enthusiastically bouncing up and down the entire length of my cock. Lianne and Lexi were sat on either side of her, holding her steady and cheering her on as each bounce sent her breasts wobbling wildly beneath the thin fabric.

"Ah, fuck!" Her gasps were hot and breathless, her eyes rolling up into the top of her head. A jet of boiling passion poured out onto my crotch as she screamed out through the roiling wave of orgasms battering her body. Her angelic voice rose to a crescendo - a deific swell of carnal want as she approached climax.

"Good morning, Lucas," Lianne chimed, but her voice was barely audible over Leah's ecstatic cries.

"Ooh, me next, Brobro!" begged Lexie. "Please? I need your dick so badly. Let me make you feel good!"

"Like hell!" Lianne cut her a dirty look. "That's my dick, isn't it baby?"

"No!" groaned Leah, her temp increasing, "Keep fucking me, Lucas! Fuck! You're so good! Never stop!"

"Come on Lucas" they all said together. "Show us who you love most."

"It's me, right, Sugarbear?"

"No, come on Brobro, it's me."

I threw my head back and bucked my hips, too enraptured in Leah's actions to respond. Behind Leah's bouncing body, the others descended into a hyper-competitive sixty-nine. Something about this seemed so wrong. Had their boobs always been that big?

My head swam with raunchy hormonal sensation. I could barely think. Leah's hungry passion was driving me so close, the erotic scene before me putting to shame even my deepest and darkest fantasies. I was getting dogpiled by every girl I knew. Well, except for Leslie.

"What are you talking about?" Leah grunted, "She's right there."

"Lucas, you ass!" I turned to see Leslie standing off to the side of the bed, her tits so large they dragged against the floor. She could barely move. "This is all your fault!"

The girls screamed out in climax as I came.

I shot bolt upright in bed.

The sun was shining in through the window. Lianne was gone, Lexie was curled up next to me. Her wet tongue lapped eagerly at the jizz dripping from my pulsing dick.

I shook my head. Another dream? This wasn't funny.

"Good morning, Brobro!" her eyes lit up. "You're up early."

I looked at the clock. Saturday. No school. It was unusual for me to be up before noon.

I rubbed her hair, unconvinced of her reality. She *felt* real enough. She grinned at the attention, rubbing her head into the open palm of my hand in return.

"Do you want me to take care of this?" she squeezed my still rock-hard dick, "or are you all tapped out? Must have been a heck of a dream. I hope it was about me."

"Maybe later." I blushed. The ghostly memory of the three of them moments ago sent my cock twitching in her hand. "For now, lets just, uh..."

She smiled and cuddled up next to me. It hurt how adorable she could be. The real Lexie had never been so cute. She would never have let herself be so exposed.

We lay there in bed, the perversion of my nightmare still echoing through my brain. I sighed. Last night had been great. I liked being Lianne's boyfriend. I liked being Leah's bestie. Lord help me, I even liked being Lexie's emotional support. As much as I hated to admit it, I didn't want to go back.

But was that really how I felt? Or was I just afraid of making things worse?

I stared at the early morning sun dancing as it filtered in through the blinds. What choice did I have?

"Mom?" I knocked at the door to her study. It looked the same as it always had, save two years of dust. Dad had never had the heart to clean it out.

"Good morning, Sweetie. You're up early. You do know it's a Saturday, right?"

With everything that had happened I hadn't really had the chance to speak to her. She was always trying to pass wisdom down on me and Lex. As teenagers of course, we hated it, but now she had been missing from my life for two years. Now I realized just how much I had taken her for granted.

"I need some advice." I fiddled with one of the textbooks on the wall.

"Of course." She beamed, putting away the pill bottle, "If there's one thing I can give you kids, it's that. What's up?"

"I screwed something up." I shuffled my feet. "I can't tell you what, but I screwed up bad. And now it's like, whenever I try to fix it, I just end up making things worse. I'm scared to leave things the way they are, but I'm more scared what trying to put things right will do."

She took a moment to consider this then leaned forward, steepling her fingers in front of her as the weight of her tits rested on the desk. "You got Lianne pregnant, didn't you?"

"Mom! No!"

"Alright, alright," she leaned back in her chair, "just checking. Wait, this isn't some other girl you got pregnant, is it?"

"Mom!"

"I see the way they look at you sweetie," she chuckled and glanced down at my pajama bottoms, "everybody knows what you're packing."

"It's not about girls, mom." I blushed. "Okay, it's a little about girls. But I didn't get anyone pregnant! I just... I did something and now I want things to go back to the way they were," I sighed. It was the blackest of ironies that if things were back the way they were, she wouldn't be here. "I just... I want to do the right thing."

"Oh Lucas," she smiled warmly, "you're always trying to fix things. Do you want to know the one thing I've learned studying history all my life? No matter how bad things seem, the world isn't broken, it's just changing."

My jaw tightened. If only she knew.

“And I know, sometimes it doesn’t feel like that, sometimes it feels like everything is getting worse or that your whole life is crashing down around you - but sometimes things have to get worse before they get better. The best we can do is steer ourselves towards the world we want.” She leaned back in her chair and stretched her back. “We have to learn from our mistakes and the mistakes of history. Become stronger. That way, the next time we’re faced with hard decisions, we can make better ones. Does that make sense?”

I nodded.

“Sorry, I’m rambling. You’ll be like this too in your old age, just you watch. Did any of that help?” she stood up and walked over to me. “You’ve grown into a fine man, Lucas. Whatever you decide to do, I’m sure it’ll be for the best.”

My eyes were tearing up. I hugged her as tight as I could. “Thank you, mom.”

“I’m glad I could help,” she squeaked, surprised by the affection. “You know I’ll always be here for you if you need me.”

I squeezed her all the tighter

I returned to my room. There was a note on my bedside table. “Had to head home early. You looked like you were having such a fun dream I didn’t want to wake you.” and then a big girly heart and a kissy face. Being a girl had somehow improved Liam’s handwriting.

Lexie was still curled up asleep, her arms wrapped around my pillow and her face buried in it. I guess she liked to sleep in too. She was so strangely peaceful. There was no sign of that frenetic need to please.

“I’m sorry Lex,” I whispered, “for everything.”

I sat down at my desk and opened the book. Hard decisions. That’s what mom had said. Learning from my mistakes. She was right. The world was changing, and it was up to me to direct that change.

What was the world I wanted? I wanted things to go back to the way they should be. I wanted Lexi to be able to stand on her own two feet. I wanted to get to know Leah better, and I didn’t want to hurt Lianne to do it.

As great as all the crazy sexyness was, it was time to put an end to this once and for all.

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

“Lexi is a highly motivated person. Though she has struggled at times, for the past two years she has set herself to the task of living independently as a strong confident woman at university. She values her success and independence and has been on track to do great things.”

I closed the book. There was a flash and Lexi was gone from my bed. One down. Two to go. I opened the book back up and turned the page.

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

"Leah is a beautiful and wonderful person. While very positive about sex, she hasn't slept with any of the guys at school, instead being more interested in spending time with her friends and finding more intimate outlets for her libido."

Another flash.

- The History of *Lianne Dirkwood* according to Lucas Baker. -

"Lianne was born a guy."

I paused. Would this make her trans? I wanted my friend back, not to complicate their life even further.

"Born Liam Dirkwood, he has loved being a guy all his life. He's flirtatious and funny and doesn't care what strangers think."

Would that do the trick? I put the pen away but left the book out just in case.

I had to be sure the changes had gone through like I wanted them too. I checked in Lexie's room. Empty. No dirty clothes, no makeup littering the vanity. Her bed was made. No one had been in here in a while.

I went downstairs and knocked on mom's study again.

"Mom? Where's Lex?"

"At school dear. You probably have a better idea of what she's up to these days than I do with all that social media stuff you kids do."

I suppressed a squeal of delight.

"Hey mom? What do you think of Leah?"

She tilted her head. "Since when have you ever cared what I thought about your friends, Sweetie?"

"I don't know." I shrugged. "Just curious, I guess?"

"She's a sweet girl. I'm glad you two are friends. You're a good influence on her. I'm glad my son knows how to treat women right."

"And, uh, Lianne?"

"Who?"

It had worked!

"Thanks mom!" I smiled and ran back to my room.

I opened my phone. The happy faces of me and my very male best friend were now grinning up at me from the beach. I cycled through my photos. Lots of pictures of the two of us hanging out. More than I remembered, actually, but I wouldn't blame this time line's Lucas for being more outgoing if he was the sexiest guy at school.

There was a text from Leah. "Had fun last night! You two are a blast. We don't hang out enough. I'll totally get you guys next time!" She'd sent it late last night.

I sighed in relief. For once everything had actually worked out. I sat down on my bed. It didn't smell like girl anymore.

"Hey I know it's a little last minute," I typed back, "but do you want to go with me to that party tonight?" I hesitated with my thumb over send. I had agonized over approaching her for months - years - and now it just seemed so easy. Just a few little words.

"Sorry!" came the response, "Lol, you should have asked earlier! I'm going with Libby and some of the other girls in the squad. We're all going together ;) . Ooh, you should totally come to this after-party though, it's gonna be great!"

I had to read the response three more times before it finally clicked in my brain. She had said no. She had actually said no. I had expected the world to end. I had expected to die from embarrassment. Instead it was just... fine. I was okay with this. I was more glad that she wasn't gushing about all the cocks she was going to suck than I was upset by the rejection. She was still a cheerleader, sure, but there was no sign of that boy-hunger.

Okay, maybe the rejection hurt a little but there would be other parties.

I looked at Lexi's social media feed. She was at college, hanging out with friends. When I had made those original changes, I had been so angry at her for going off and living her life without us. Now, I was happy for her.

For once everything seemed to be going my way. It was Saturday. I went back to bed.

"Hey I'm picking you up at 8 right?" it was a text from Liam.

"?" I responded.

"For the party?"

Either he'd already heard I'd struck out with Leah once and for all or he had no faith. Well, I couldn't blame him. With all the trouble I'd had, I wouldn't have had any confidence in me either."

"Yeah, sounds great."

"What are you wearing?"

“Uh. A shirt and pants? Why?”

“Hot.”

“Is it? It’s supposed to rain later.”

No response. I grinned. It was good to have him back. Lianne had been great, but I was weirdly excited to see Liam again. I guess I hadn’t realized how much I’d missed him.

Maybe this party wouldn’t be so bad. Leah would still be there, right? Even if we weren’t there together, maybe we’d get the chance to dance.

A few hours later there was a knock at the door.

“I’m here.” came the text

“Your early,” I said, opening the door to the cool night air. “I’m still not -” whatever words I had left died on my lips as my brain stumbled over the vision before me.

Wow. I don’t think I’d ever seen him looking so... *so good*.

His cocky grin oozed a wild masculine confidence as he stood tall before me, chest puffed out. He was wearing a tight-cut button-up and his hair was fastidiously styled. My pulse quickened. The only time I’d ever seen him make anything close to this much of an effort was for a date he’d had particularly high hopes for. He should dress up more often, he looked great.

“You’re seriously wearing that?” he asked, his perfect teeth glittering in the moonlight.

I looked down at my t-shirt and jeans, suddenly self-conscious. “W-what’s wrong with this?”

“Nothing.” he laughed and tousled my hair. “You look great no matter what you wear. I’m just going to look overdressed.”

“Uh, thanks.” I blushed and smiled at the compliment. Why was I blushing?

That’s when he leaned in and kissed me.

I froze, shocked not just at his action, but at my own reaction. I should have panicked and jumped away, I should have freaked out. Instead... instead I leaned into it. Lord help me, I liked it. It was nothing like kissing a girl. I swooned. His tongue was powerful and sweet and it made me want to just fall into him and lose myself in his arms.

My knees were weak as he pulled away, that smug little grin on his face gaining flirtatious new contexts. My dick was rock hard and ready for more.

“What- what was that?” I stumbled back.

"You can't sit there as cute as you are and just expect me to hold back, Sugarbear. Come on, let's get you ready for this party. I can't wait to get you out on the dance floor." He put his hands on my hips and swayed to an imaginary beat.

Sugarbear? The word echoed like a ghost in my ears as the world fell away. That stupid stupid book!

"I... I'll be right back!"

I ran off into the bathroom and splashed cold water on my face. My heart was pounding as my sense of self struggled to make sense with what I was feeling. I had just had a guy's tongue in my mouth and I had liked it. A lot. I pulled out my phone and ran through the pictures. Images of the two of us smiling and happy together. They were so familiar; I hadn't thought anything of it. I stopped on one with him kissing me on the cheek. How had I missed this?

So, what? The book had turned him into a guy but we were still dating? It made me gay? I touched my lips. How else could I explain this? I clutched my hands to my head. Okay, there was a very easy way to settle this. I thought back to Leah's perfect tits as she stripped down in that classroom. I envisioned their roundness and their softness as they bounced before my eyes, as they pressed into me hot and needy.

I let out a staggered breath. Yeah, okay. I still found girls hot. I just... wow, I was suddenly very curious about a lot of things. A flush of heat ran through me as I looked again at the pictures on my phone, at the two of us kissing. How had I never noticed how hot Liam was before? Had he always been that way or had the book changed him?

"Baby?" there was a knock at the door.

"I'll be right out!"

I opened the door. Why was I so nervous?

"So, I know it'll probably make us a little late," he leaned against the doorframe as I stepped out, looking at me through sultry, half-lidded eyes. "But do you wanna maybe fool around a bit first?"

He was standing so close that I could feel the heat of him. I looked away, my heart fluttering, unable to say no.

He pressed into me, the rugged firmness of his masculinity a stark contrast to Lianne's plush curves. He kissed me behind the ear and slid a hand down the front of my pants. I had never been kissed there before. I moaned.

Conscious thought and good sense left me as he ran his hand along the length of my hungry dick. My breathing turned to soft sighs. I couldn't deny how much I wanted this - how much I needed this. After those dreams this morning, my magnum cock had been straining for relief. It had gotten so used to the constant parade of girlflesh that now it couldn't handle it's return to sober mundanity. My cockhead jutted lewdly from beneath my waistband as Liam's skilled hand slid languorously along it.

Uhg, but no. I wasn't gay - or bi, or whatever. Not really. I couldn't let that happen, could I? No matter how badly I wanted it. Even if... even if he did smell so goddamn sexy. There was still that hint of

cucumber, mixed now with aftershave and cologne and sweat. It was unmistakably masculine, unmistakably hot.

“Let me just grab something from the bedroom, okay?” I had to get the book, I had to put an end to this here and now. Liam was my friend, it was wrong to lead him on.

“Ooh, bedroom.” he wagged his eyebrows. “Good idea.”

My body quivered as I imagined him throwing me down onto the bed and giving me a repeat of Lianne’s masterclass blowjob, playing my body like it was an instrument, then him flipping me over and taking me from behind as I screamed out ecstasy into the pillow. God, I wondered how big his cock was. What would it feel like? What would it taste like? Cucumber? I bit my lip.

Wait, - I froze - why was I the one on the bottom in this androphilic little fantasy?

“You know what?” I panicked. Bedroom was a bad idea after all. “It can wait. We don’t want to be late.”

“Aww.” he pouted. I had never seen Liam pout before. It was unbearably cute.

I threw on my shoes and made for the door.

It was just starting to rain as we arrived at the party. Lacey DeCarlo’s parents were loaded and her house was like something out of a movie shoot. I had never been before, but it was an open invitation and everyone was going to be there.

The party thrummed from between the cracks in the door as we ran from the car, trying to get in without getting wet. Liam wrapped an arm around me as he held an umbrella over our heads. He was making sure I was dry even as the rain splattered on his back.

The beat of the music pulsed over the horde of people trying to converse. It was humid and muggy even inside, and the body heat of all those party goers just cranked it up to 11.

When people had been talking about the entire school being there, I hadn’t assumed they meant literally. I was stunned. It wasn’t just that the place was packed, it was that it was packed with hot people. Guys and girls alike. My mouth went dry. How had I never noticed how stupidly sexy guys could be? With their rock-hard chests and their dashing smiles and their tight butts. People I’d known my whole life were suddenly thrust into a brand-new light.

I took a step back from the threshold. I didn’t know if I could do this.

“Just remember, baby,” Liam squeezed my hand supportively. “you’re not here with them, you’re here with me, okay?”

I nodded, though that did little to dissuade my anxiety. If anything, the reminder that I was supposed to be his boyfriend just made things worse, but at least he was a friendly face. I bit my lip. A friendly face with a devil-may-care smile that made me just want to fall to my knees and see what all the fuss was about.

“Oh hey,” he patted me on the back. “Leah’s here.”

We had just made our way out of the foyer when Leah’s car pulled up.

Leah stepped out, umbrella overhead as some of the other girls from the team piled out behind her, giggling and trying to get inside before they were all soaked.

I thought the cheerleaders had been evocatively dressed at school, but now realized just how much they had been holding back. At least then there had been the pretense of propriety. This clothing had nothing of the sort. Each girl was donned in clubwear squeezed two sizes too small. It was as if they had decided that bulging titflesh was the trend and they were going to take it up for all it was worth.

And the piece de resistance? Leah in a tight black dress that left nothing to the imagination.

“We should-” I picked my jaw up off the floor. “We should go say hi!” I had to yell to be heard. The fact that I was here with Liam made me no less excited for a chance to hang out with Leah outside of school.

We pushed our way through the crowd. The worsening rain had caused an influx of people, all now trying to get inside in one big push. With the way Leah was dressed I had expected guys to be taking advantage of the crunch to get closer to her, but except for a few girls, they seemed to be keeping their distance.

She saw us and waved, her face brightening all the further as we made our way through the sea of inferior beings to the lighthouse of her smile. She had a hand wrapped around the waist of Libby Johnson, former head cheerleader, who was giggling as she stage-whispered something scandalous in Leah’s ear.

“Lucas!” Leah gave me and Liam a big hug. “I’m so glad you guys are here! We gotta represent the LGBTQ+ right?”

“I’m not gay!” I clarified, I had meant it to sound casual, but the extra volume it took to push it over the music gave it an edge denial.

Liam pressed his lips together.

“Bi, sorry.” She laughed. “You two just make such a cute couple. I’m totes jealous! Oh, speaking of, you guys remember Libby, right?”

How could I forget? Even prior to all this madness everybody knew Libby.

“Oh, we’ve met.” Libby laughed. “Sorry for getting all catty with you the other day, Liam.” she held out her hand and Liam shook it. “All is fair in love and war.”

“Yeah, no hard feelings.” Liam had the biggest, fakest smile I’ve ever seen.

“Isn’t she great?” Leah gushed.

“Yeah, isn’t she just?” Liam sighed. “I’ll go get us some drinks.”

"Me too." chimed Libby, "You want your usual, Ley?"

"Yes, please!"

Our gazes lingered as the two walked away. They both had such nice butts.

"Hey," Leah turned, stepping closer to be heard, "I just wanted to thank you again for yesterday. It's great to get away from the books once and a while. We need to do that sort of thing more often." She took a step closer. "I feel like all these years you've been my friend, but well, I still want to get closer to you."

"Me too." I gave an exaggerated nod so she could hear my agreement over the music. "How have you been?"

"Honestly, it's been a rough week. Cheer practice is really ramping up and that's been leaving me sore, but I don't really have time to rest because track is also amping up. I'm dead on my feet some days during debate."

I flinched, internally. Another thing I'd screwed up. I hadn't considered the toll such a busy schedule would take when I had made her the captain of those teams.

"Like, I love it, don't get me wrong, but sometimes I'm just completely exhausted, and that makes it hard to focus sometimes. That's always been my weakness, I guess. I'm way too easily distracted. Like, Lacey - she's got these really great boobs, right? - and she keeps wearing these low cut tops and I'm just trying everything I can to pay attention to what she's saying, but she knows all I want to do is stare, so she's always trying to show as much cleavage as possible to throw me off my game. And it's not like I don't see her naked often enough, you know? But damn, they're like these perfectly formed orbs and she likes to bounce on her heels to make them jiggle when she's making a point."

I shifted my weight awkwardly, trying to restrain the rapidly inflating girth of my cock as I imagined Leah sucking on Lacey's lusty tits.

"I'm back!" Liam declared, stepping back through the crowd, beers in hand. "Drinks for all!"

"Oh, thank you."

"How have you been, Lucas?" Leah pressed.

I wished I could tell her everything that happened, that I could unload the anxiety in my heart, let loose one gram of the pressure. I opened my mouth, but I never got the chance.

"Oh my god," Liam's eyes went wide as the music changed. "I love this song! Come on, Sugarbear," he clapped me on the shoulder and grabbed my hand. "Let's go dance!"

I blushed then shrugged an apology to Leah. She gave me an enthusiastic thumb up, happy as she could be that her BFF had a cute guy to dance with.

We glided out to the dancefloor. I was weirdly self conscious about being seen out here with another guy. It wasn't that he wasn't hot, it wasn't that I didn't want to dance - the thought of him grinding up against me was making my blood pump - but I had spent my whole life up to that point striving not to stand out from heteronormativity and old habits die hard.

Even now I could feel unseen eyes staring, judging.

"Come on baby." Lucas bounced his hips into me. "Dance!"

I'm not the best dancer to begin with, but I played along. It was easier to dance with a guy than be the only one not dancing at all. I tried to put the stares out of my mind, I tried to focus on the fact that tonight I was pretending to be Lucas's boyfriend. No, that tonight I *was* Lucas's boyfriend. I had to act it.

Was it embarrassing? Sure, a little. But that's dancing in general isn't it? Besides, I was closer to Liam than I was to Lianne, and I'd have no problem being here with her.

And yeah, everybody did stare. They were jealous that the two hottest guys on that dance floor were dancing with each other.

We were getting into it now. I smiled as I leaned into him, his cologne mixing with his intoxicating sweat as he led me around from dance to dance. Two hard, capable bodies pressing into each other amidst a sea of pulsing flesh. An island of comfort - of stability. I'd be lying if I said I didn't have fun.

My breathing grew hot as the music turned again and our dancing became charged. I could feel my dick straining in my pant leg as strange thoughts came unbidden to my mind.

I wondered if he'd be better in bed than Lianne, given he had a dick of his own. I shivered in delight at the thought of finding out later tonight. I blushed. What was I thinking? There wouldn't be a later. I was going to fix this before things ever got that far.

And yet, as nice as it was, as much as I could see myself caring for this person in a way I never thought I could care about any guy, there was one unmistakable fact that I just couldn't shake: I'd rather have been dancing with Leah.

That one niggling notion just wouldn't leave my mind. She was the one I wanted. She was the one I was supposed to be dancing with tonight.

"Alright," he sighed "what's the matter?"

"What?" I turned back to my date. He had his hands on his hips.

"You keep looking around. What's the matter?"

"I was just, uh," I scratched at the back of my head. "I was just looking for Leah. I want to make sure she's having a good time too, you know?"

"Careful, Sugarbear," he put a hand on my cheek and gave a tight smile, "you're going to make me jealous."

I laughed nervously.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry." he cradled his head on my neck, "I know you two are close. But honey, I don't think you have to worry about her not having a good time."

"What do you mean?"

"Look." Liam pointed through the crowd to a love seat in the corner. Libby was sitting on Leah's lap, her cheerleader tongue snaking down the eager girl's throat.

"Oh my god!"

Leah's hips ground impatiently against Libby's plump ass as the two kissed playfully at each other's lips. Leah's hands found their way to Libby's juicy butt and pulled it in closer, her teeth tugging at her lower lip as they pulled away for breath. They exchanged an intense, wanton gaze of mutual lust, then dove back for more.

I stopped dead on my feat.

"Why are you acting so surprised? She's like, the sluttiest lesbian in school."

"I just..." I swallowed. This was not what I meant when I said she should be more interested in her friends. "I was hoping..."

"Oh baby, no, not again. I know that look in your eye. Don't tell me your crushing on her again. Baby, come on, there's no way. "

He knew me too well.

"Why... why do you want her so much when you have me?" He stopped dancing, looking around, suddenly very self conscious. He blinked back misty eyes. "Am I not enough for you? You have to keep pursuing the impossible? Or is it because I don't have tits? Because I'm not a girl?"

"Liam, I-"

"No, I hope you and Ms. Cunt-for-brains are very happy together."

He turned and ran off.

I hesitated. Lord help me, I hesitated. I had never asked for this. I had just wanted my friend back, not to turn him into my lover. I wasn't prepared for the emotional responsibilities it entailed. I wasn't ready to grab him by the wrist and gaze deep into his eyes and tell him he was the only one in the world for me. His Lucas would have. But I wasn't his Lucas. That was painfully clear. I hesitated, and in that moment of hesitation, he was lost in the crowd.

I took a second look at Leah, who was giggling as she wrestled as much hot girlflesh against her skin as she could manage, then I turned and ran after Liam.

"Lucas!?" a voice called my name from the foyer.

"Lexi?" I froze.

She was soaking wet from the rain, disheveled and distraught, her eyes red with crazed anguish. Her head swiveled, desperately searching the crowd. She saw me, and I couldn't tell if the tears that followed were anguish or rapture.

"Lucas!" She charged forward, the crowd making way for this crazy soaking-wet woman.

"I'm sorry." she wrapped her arms around me like a drowning woman clutching a life preserver. "I'm so sorry!" She was pale. Cold sweat mixed with the warm night rain as her soaking clothes clung to her shaking frame.

"Oh my god, Lexi. Are you okay?"

Whatever response she gave was lost to an uncontrollable sob. A crowd had formed around us. With the way her wet clothes clung to her tits, she was getting leers and jeers in equal measure.

"Let's get you somewhere safe." I put an arm around her and guided her gently towards the stairs. We stumbled into an empty bedroom; raincoats piled up on the floor. I tried to dry her off as best I could, but she refused to let go, the wet of her breasts soaking through my own clothing.

"Lexi," I brushed the hair out of her eyes, "what happened?"

"I'm sorry." she sobbed. "Please, I need you. I tried so hard to be my own person. I wanted it so badly but I can't do it -- I can't live without you. It hurts too bad."

My stomach dropped as I heard those words again, thrown back at me like a knife. She flinched as I slammed a fist down on the bed. I'd fixed nothing.

"Shh, shh." I hugged her back. "It's okay. Everything is going to be okay. I'm here now. Look at you, you're soaked. Come on, let's get those wet clothes off and get you warm and dry, okay?"

I held her tight while she wiggled her way out of her clothes, my own shirt, now just as wet, coming with them. I shivered as the cold of her naked mammaries pressed into my broad heat of my chest, but it was the least I could do to keep her warm. She sobbed.

"Please, Brobro." She sniffed deeply at my neck, the smell of me bringing her comfort. "I need to know you love me." her shivers gave way to undulations and she started to press into me. I was suddenly acutely aware of the diamond-hard mounds that were her nipples grinding up against my flesh as she trembled like a terrified lamb. Her breathing was heavy and needy. She was sweating despite the chill. Again, I hesitated, but then I pulled her closer.

"Lucas, are you alright? I saw your sister and I... oh... Oh my god!"

Leah and Libby were standing in the doorway.

"It's not what it looks like!" I held up my hands.

"Gardner, you pig!" Libby sneered, "what are you doing to that poor girl?"

"It's not like that! She's my sister"

"What!?" she blushed, "How is that any better!?"

"Its not like that!"

"Lucas..." I could see the pity in Leah's eyes.

"Oh my god, Ley, I can't believe your best friend would do something like this. The whole school is going to hear about this."

"Libby, no! He's my friend."

"Clearly you need to find better friends. This is why I'm always telling you, you can't trust guys."

I gave Leah a pleading look. I couldn't deal with this right now.

She nodded wordlessly and took Libby out into the hall.

"I'm sorry." Lexi shivered, "This is all my fault. I'm being selfish. You have every right to hate me. I'm always ruining everything for you."

"Lexi, no, it's not like that."

"I wanted to succeed," her grip tightened, "I wanted to make you proud, to show you that I could be strong and independent for you. I want that so badly, but the people out there are so cruel and it's so hard. Some days, it's like the walls are closing in on me, I couldn't breathe, I had to get away. I needed - I needed to see you. I needed you to make it all go away."

"Lexi," I swallowed the lump in my throat. "you could have called."

"You weren't answering your phone! What if something had happened to you? What if you were dead?"

I pulled the phone out of my pocket. 12 missed calls. I hadn't noticed over the pulse of the music.

"I'm sorry," she buried her face in me, "I keep dragging you down."

"Lexi, no." I wiped a tear from her cheek. "I'm the one who dragged you into this. I felt betrayed because you left us when we needed you, but what was I mad at? That you had moved on with your life? That you were being you? You did exactly what you should have done and I was so self absorbed that I begrudged you for it. I was an awful brother."

"No!" she slammed her fist feebly against my chest. "Don't ever say that! You're the only one who's ever truly cared about me. You put up with all my crazy bullshit! You keep believing in me even when I don't believe in myself. You encourage me to go to school and do great things. You're the best brother I could have had."

"No. that's not true." now I was tearing up as well. "I haven't. But you know what? From now on I will be. I'll always be there for you, Lex, I promise."

We hugged, only the mass of her cartoonish udders getting between us. Was I just saying that? Or was I actually prepared to do what needed to be done to take care of her? Maybe this wasn't something I could fix with the book.

There was a gentle knock at the door and then Liam stepped in with a towel. I couldn't meet his gaze. He frowned as he saw Lexi naked, then crossed his arms over his chest. "Leah sent me."

"I'm sorry." was all I could say, "I didn't mean to push you away."

"Yeah, well, it hurts, but I'll admit I may have overreacted. I can't not love you, dude. I can't not get terrified by the idea of losing you. You're my everything."

"Liam, I never meant for you to get caught up in any of this. Hurting you is the last thing I wanted."

"Well that doesn't mean it didn't happen." He looked away, the unspoken words still hanging in the air, then approached the bed and sat down next to me, a hand rubbing at my back. "She couldn't handle it, huh?"

I shook my head.

"This is all your fault, you know," he nudged me. "You sent her off. You encouraged her to try without you. I told you this sort of thing was going to keep happening."

"You think I don't know that?" I clutched my head in my hands. "You think I don't realize how much I keep fucking everything up time and time again? Every time I try to fix something. Every time I try to help. I just -" I wiped the tears away from my eyes - "I wish I'd never found that stupid book."

Liam put his arm around me. He was warm and strong and I fell into him, all my emotional strength pouring out of me.

Another knock.

"It's Leah." She poked her head in. "I took care of Libby. Is Lexi alright?"

"No." Liam frowned. "And neither is Lucas."

"Look..." I looked up with misty eyes. I was shaking with the last of my resolve. "I need to tell you both something."

"What is it?"

"I've done you both wrong. In ways I can't explain. In ways you wouldn't believe. And in trying to make up for that wrong, I've done each of you worse. Leah, I'm sorry, I just wanted to get closer to you. Lucas, I just wanted to have my friend back. And Lexi, I just wanted you to be able to stand on your own two feet again." And now... now I need to take responsibility. I can't make things right, but I can do the right thing.' my fist shook. "I have to."

"I don't understand."

"I hate it." my voice shook. "I hate how happy it makes me, how right it feels. I hate how how good it is to be your friend, how good it is to be loved. But our history together... I'm an insult to it. The Lucas you know... I'm not him. And I've tried to fix it, I have, but everything I've done keeps making things worse. You all could have been happy if it wasn't for me. You deserve that happiness. You deserve someone stronger."

"Lucas..."

In my back pocket my phone rang. I ignored it. This was too important. Everyone that meant anything to me was in this room.

"I need to start taking responsibility." Tears streamed down my cheeks. "I need to stop trying to fix it and to live with the hole I've dug for myself."

"What are you saying?" Liam was shaking now too.

Lexi's phone went off. She pulled it out and blinked at it through misty eyes.

"What I'm saying is that maybe the best way to fix things is to just leave well enough alone. I'm going to take my broken sister and we're going to go somewhere where we can -"

"Lucas!" Lexi thrust the phone in my face.

My eyes went wide as I read out that little message.

"What is it?"

"It's dad." I croaked, "Mom's in the hospital."

To be continued.

= Chapter 6 =

We were sitting in the hospital waiting room. It was all happening again.

How? I'd saved her, hadn't I? I'd made it so that she never died. Well now she was dying all over and I was too terrified to try to stop it.

"She's been off-again on-again for so long" Lexi choked. "Two years. This is my fault. I should have been around more."

I held her tight. She was wearing Leah's workout gear - the cheerleaders had come from practice and it was the only clothing we could find to fit her. With those tits she made it look like a fetish costume, but it was better than trying to get to the hospital naked.

Leah had come with us. She'd insisted. She was rubbing her hand along my back. She had been a rock of support, but there were no magic words she could say that would fix this.

I gripped nervously at the hem of Liam's button up. He'd literally given me the shirt off his back. It smelt like him, but that was a small comfort right now.

Dad came out. He looked just as helpless and lost as he had the first time. We ran over and hugged him. He was trying to be strong for us, but he, too, was shaking.

"She just collapsed." He shook his head. "They say she- she doesn't have much time left. She wants to talk to you two."

Ghostly visions of the first time echoed in my head, just as fresh now as they were then. How she had waisted down to nothing. How she had lost everything that made her her. How, in the end, she couldn't even recognize me.

This time it was somehow worse. With the added beauty the book had given her, she looked young and healthy. It didn't make any sense. It wasn't right. How could someone that looked like that be dying? She opened one eye, slowly, deliberately, as though that one small thing took so much of her energy. She looked so tired. I wavered. She had seemed fine this morning.

"Mom..."

"My babies." she gave a weak grin.

"Mom, I can fix this! I can save you." I tried to sound confident, reassuring. For her sake, for Lexi's sake, for my own. It came out as a sob.

She reached out a trembling hand and stroked my cheek. "That's sweet of you to say, Lucas. You always were trying to do the right thing. But some things you can't fix or make right." she paused to take a weak breath. "Some things you have to let go."

"No!" my vision was blurring over with tears "I won't!"

"Lucas, I've been in pain for so long. In and out of the hospital two years. Do you remember when I was first here? They thought I was going to die then and there." she laughed. "When I got out I thought I was going to do so much, but since then, all I've done is linger in pain. But that's okay. I made my peace. I'm just glad I have the chance to say goodbye."

"I should never have left," cried Lexi, "I should have been there for you. I'm so sorry."

"No, Sweetheart, don't be. My girl off at university? I couldn't be more proud. I always knew you could do it if you set your heart to it." She twisted her head to get a better look at us. "Look at how big you two have gotten. My only regret is that I won't get to see either of you live out the rest of your lives. You're both the best children I could have asked for. You two are my mark on history."

"Mom..."

"You'll have to look out for each other now. No squabbling. I raised you better than that."

"Mom, no. I can fix this." I begged, "Please, just hold on."

"The best thing you could ever do for me is to go out in the world and live. I love you both so much." She paused and smiled, taking us in for what she knew would be the last time. She tried to be strong for us, tried to make sure the last image we had of her was one of stoic dignity in the face of death, but her expression broke and tears ran down her cheek.

We hugged and the light slipped from her eyes as we held her. Something started beeping. The doctors rushed in and shooed us out.

I sat there staring helplessly at the wall as Leah held my hand. Dad was pacing around the nurse's station, determined to remove himself from our presence as he broke down. Lexi's intense silence was broken only by the occasional sob. She had no tears left to cry, save the occasional hot blast of incoherent emotion.

"I've got it!" said Liam, stepping into the lobby, the bag I'd asked him to bring clutched in his arms. He was wearing one of my shirts. "Is everything okay?"

He saw the look in my eyes.

"Oh, baby, I'm so sorry." He dropped the thing and rushed over.

"This is all my fault." I shook my head. Between the pain of losing mom all over again and the anxiety of everything that had happened over the past few days, I was past my breaking point. "I'm sorry. I've dragged you all into this."

"Lucas, no, it's fine," said Leah, gripping my hand. "We're here for you. No matter what."

"No, I mean, this!" I gestured indistinctly around the room. "All of this. None of this should be happening. I tried so hard to put things right, and everything I've done has just made things worse. I don't know if I can -" I pinched at the bridge of my nose. "I don't know if I can fix this."

“Stop!” Lexi sniffed. “You can’t keep blaming yourself for everything. This isn’t something you can do anything about.”

“No, listen. I’ve been giving it a lot of thought. I just want things to be the way they should be. The way they’re supposed to be. I keep trying for that, but no matter what I do something goes wrong. I can fix this, I can give mom more time, but who knows what else would change. And what? Mom lives on in pain for another week? A month? Another year?” I squeezed my aching eyes shut. “The book can write the past, not the future.”

“Lucas, what are you talking about?”

“All of this...” my eyes softened as I looked at the three of them. “I’ve stolen you away from your proper places. I’ve made your lives revolve around me, but I can’t even be the Lucas that your devotion deserves. As much as I want to pretend to be, as much as I want to just be here and be happy, that’s not fair to any of you. I’m sorry.” My voice was dark. “You’ll be better off without me.”

“What are you saying?” Liam choked.

I picked up the bag Lucas had brought and pulled out the book. My knuckles clenched white around it. This thing, this damn cursed thing. I wished I’d never found it in the first place. God, how long ago it seemed now. I was such an idiot. So preoccupied by my own hang-ups, too nervous to even reach out to the girl I loved.

“I’m leaving. It’s the only way. I don’t know how or where, but I won’t be around to fuck up your lives any more.”

“Bullshit!” Liam slammed a fist against the wall. “Lucas, listen to yourself. You don’t get to decide that! You don’t get to decide that you’re not worthy of us. You don’t get to take the easy way out. I know you Lucas, you want to make things better, but all your doing by saying stuff like that is hurting the people who care about you. I...” he sobbed “you’re my whole world. You always have been. You don’t get to say that that’s not fair to me. We’re supposed to be together. You don’t get to just leave!”

“I never wanted to hurt anybody.” my voice was so tiny. Couldn’t they see this was hard enough? “I’m just trying to do the right thing. I’m trying to take responsibility for my actions!”

“You’re trying to run away is more like it!”

“Lucas,” Leah’s beautiful eyes were watering over, “this isn’t like you. I know things seem really bleak right now, but please, talk to us. We’re here for you. We can work through it together, just like we always do. I don’t know what sleights you think you’re fixing, but you can tell us. Please, especially now, when you sound so close to doing something drastic. Whatever it is, we can work it out.”

My throat hitched.

“Brobro, please.” I could see the look in her eye. There was so much she wanted to say but she could barely speak through the pain of her grief. “Don’t give up.”

I wanted to throw the book down in disgust. I wanted to chuck into a river, or better, a fire. I hated this thing for all the pain it had brought, both to me and to the people I cared about. I had had such good intentions, once. Now it was just rubbing them in my face.

What was the lesson here? that I couldn't fight fate? That I had to face the consequences of my actions?

Learn from my mistakes. Isn't that what mom had said? Steer the future in the direction you wanted. Well, picking up this book was the biggest mistake I'd ever made, I'd learnt that much.

I closed my eyes. I knew what I had to do.

I tightened my grip. The world wanted to tell me I couldn't fix things? The world wanted to tell me I should just lie down and accept it? It wanted me to move forward in a world where all I could do was hurt and disappoint? Fuck that. My friends were right. I couldn't give up. I wasn't about to live in a timeline where I hadn't at least tried.

I still had the book. The past guides us to the future, but it's up to us to make the hard choices. I could still guide this to a better future. I could see that future now. I would face the consequences of my actions, but I would do so on my own terms, and if that meant going down swinging, then so be it.

I opened the book.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm fixing this, once and for all. I'm giving you back your history. I'm giving you back your lives."

I turned to look at the hospital door.

"Mom. I'm sorry. I love you. I never got the chance to tell you the first time, but I'm going to carry you with me always. I'm glad I got to see you again. I'll make you proud this time. I promise."

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

"Lucas Baker never found this book and nothing besides this is written in it. Everything he's experienced since finding it is all just a vivid dream."

I closed the book for the final time. There was a flash and pain. I was falling. The last thing I heard was the long tone of mom's heartrate monitor flatlining, and then I came crashing to the ground.

-

"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.

My eyes darted around in panic. I was in the school library. I was covered in books. I rubbed at the lump on my head. What had just happened?

I had... I had been about to try to ask her out, hadn't I? And then... I shook my head.

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

The room spun. I was hot, flushed and flustered. The ghostly memory of her topless and begging me to fuck in the spare classroom came unbidden to my mind. I shook it away.

I had been here before, hadn't I? The whole library was staring at me. A few had their phones out, filming. This was just before I'd found the book. The book. Oh shit, the book! I looked at the pile of books that had fallen on me. It was nowhere to be seen.

I held a hand up to my head. Had it even existed in the first place? Even now the memories seemed so indistinct, and yet... and yet I had learned so much. Oh my god. I was going to have to start treating Lexi better. And Liam.

"What happened?" I sat up.

"I don't know." she laughed. "You tripped and crashed into a bookshelf."

I stared at her. This was the real Leah; this was the woman I'd fallen in love with. None of the extra popularity, none of the slutty accents or the lesbian femininity. Just this girl I'd always admired from afar.

And she was talking to me.

Oh my god, she was talking to me and I had just made a total fool of myself.

I should have been panicking, I should have wanted to run and hide in a corner, but you know what? All the anxieties and apprehensions that I'd been feeling? They all seemed so small now. So what if I'd made a fool of myself? Wasn't talking to her worth it?

I took her hand. She pulled me up.

"Hey, I know this is sudden," I swallowed the lump in my throat, "but do you want to go to the party this weekend with me?"

"Oh," she blinked in surprise. "I wasn't really planning on going. I don't get along with the cheerleaders."

"Well I was thinking, you know, it's kinda shitty that you can't go to the biggest party of the year because of a few jealous girls." I frowned. "Sorry, I had this all built up in my head as this great big thing. That's fine. Do you want to maybe get a bite to eat some time or something?"

"Like a date? Sorry, I'm not really looking to date right now."

"It doesn't have to be a date." I laughed. "Just as friends. We can take it from there."

She gave me a curious look. "You're in my chem class, right?"

"And lit, and history, and math." I nodded. "I've seen you around a lot and I just... I think you're really great, Leah, and I want to get to know you better."

"Aw." she crinkled her nose, "that's really sweet actually. Sure, I'd love to hang out some time."

"Great!" My heart soared. "Your studying for the chem test right? Do you want to study together?"

"Yeah." she smiled. "I'd like that. "

And the rest, as they say, is history.

The End.