

Alright, I've given it a bit of time to see if anyone wanted to chip in their opinion on a new project and so far it's a no go. As such, I figure I might as well just set up the initial story for an game or two and see if anyone feels like playing along. So, here we go ...

The story: You are a 17 year old high school student by the name of Remi. You used to have a lot of trouble in school over that name ... used to. Nowadays of course, people don't really say much on account of the fact that you have grown, over the past few years, into a young man with the build of a bipedal bull. Thick powerful arms and well-defined muscles are more of less most of what people see of you now, though they sometimes need to tilt their heads downward slightly to do it.

But muscles are common enough, you only need to take a walk around the fields after school to see any number of jocks who are bulky with strength. What really set you apart was that, for a very brief time, there was an attempt at starting an after school club for the noble sport of boxing. You were a very quick learner, and as a consequence so to were the other members of the club. Before long there wasn't anyone who had the time to meet after school, what with broken noses and all.

But that belongs to a different, angrier time. The past two years have seen a marked decrease in the number of people willing to taunt or attack the little-ish hard-tanned Cajun-descended kid. And what's more, you've also discovered the calming effects of the fairer sex. In particular, the calming effects of a young lady by the name of Abigail ... your Abby, as of around 3 months ago. A girl to fight for, if she weren't so adamant about you not getting into fights anymore.

The only other hitch is that the two of you have been doing nothing but hand holding and kissing for the past 3 months. No touching, let alone ... other things. She tells you she wants to wait, to make it something special, but that doesn't mean you are particularly enjoying the wait. Your friends, such as they are, keep telling you to dump her or just find another girl to help you bide your time but you can't even imagine that. You want her; to see what it is like when your sweet girl finally gives in to desire ...

"Really?" The strange woman in front of you asks. "She doesn't let you do anything to her?"

It's the same dream again, the same one as every night for the last week. This dark haired, lusciously curved older woman appears in your room (well, your dream room) and starts asking questions about you and your Abby. Tonight, rather than ignore her (or stare at her ... looking doesn't hurt anyone, right?) you decided to actually answer. If nothing else, it breaks up the monotony.

"Well, no. She wants it to be special." you tell the woman.

"What's more special than sleeping with the one you love?" she ponders out loud. "Well, she's at least let you see her right? You know, given you something to look forward to?"

"No, ma'am." you respond, again wondering why you dreamed this woman into existence. Maybe you should have payed more attention in class when they were talking about that old dead psychologist.

"That's terrible!" she announces. "Keeping a healthy guy like you waiting like that. You need something to hope for at least!"

"Well, not much I can do," you say with a shrug. "And don't say I should find another girl, I don't want to."

"Well, it just so happens that I am somewhat of a specialist in these matters." the woman says proudly. "I want to help you, if you'll let me."

"How?" you ask.

"What you can't do, you can still hope and dream of," she says with a smile. "And dreams are my forte. What would you do if you could see dear Abagail's deepest fantasies? Would you choose to watch?"

"That's a bit like peeping, isn't it?" you ask.

"Well, yes and no." the woman admits. "But people in love share things: hopes, dreams and desires. And it's not as if you are standing at her window watching her undress or something of that sort."

"Well, I guess it's different," you concede, unable to help the niggling feeling that the issue has been sidestepped.

"So? How about it?" the woman asks. "It's a chance to keep yourself for your love and get rid of a little stress. It's a win-win situation."

It does sound good and this is just a dream anyway. Besides, maybe this is how you can resolve whatever it is that is making you repeat this dream ... or something.

"Does it cost anything?" you ask, somewhat warily.

"The only real cost is that you may find yourself unable to stop," she says impishly. "Aside from that, no."

Looking doesn't hurt anyone, right?

"Well ... alright," you say. "Let me watch then."

"Yay!" she thrusts her hands into the air, creating a rather interesting bouncing display that you try to avoid staring at. "This is going to be great!"

"My name is Euphemia," she tells you after she calms down. "If you say my name when dear Abigail is in the middle of a fantasy, you will definitely be drawn in to watch. Now then, enjoy ..."

Euphemia fades to a dim outline then vanishes, leaving you alone. You feel the dream dissolving around you and it occurs to you that you are about to wake up. You suppose you could let that happen, or try out Euphemia's little gift ... Abby should still be asleep, right? Of course, you suppose you don't really know what time it is until you wake up ...

>look

Well, might as well see what this is like ...

"Euphemia," you mutter.

Your room seems to melt around you, shapes distorting and deteriorating into twists of color that seem to encircle you. For a brief moment you are struck by the fact that your room has become an oatmeal swirler, and then it resolves into another familiar place.

A light, airy room twists into being around you: Abby's room, which you have regrettably visited only rarely. The wonderful view from the windows that cover half the room is obscured by curtains and black panes of night, but the inside of the room still feels bright and cheerful. A lone nightlight plugged into the corner keeps the worst of the darkness at bay.

Abby is sitting in her bed, looking as effortlessly lovely as always. Her short dark blond hair is pinned up, a few strands escaping to frame her face. She is wearing an old white t-shirt and light blue pajamas which are not quite long enough to entirely cover her willowy frame. You can see the comforting bulges of her chest through the white shirt and the slightest of slivers of white skin flashing through the gap between her shirt and bottoms. Next to her, dressed identically but practically overflowing out of her version of Abby's nighttime wear, is Euphemia.

"Really? You honestly haven't ever?" Euphemia asks, looking surprised.

"Well, no ..." Abby replies. "It's not really right for a girl to think about those kinds of things."

"Why would you think that?" Euphemia asks. "Thinking is what makes people into people. It is natural ... sublimely so, in fact."

"Well, I just want to be ... good." Abby says, looking a little embarrassed.

"No one is saying you can not have a little desire in your life and still be good." Euphemia says. "What you can't do, you can at least hope and dream about. And as it happens, dreams are my forte. What would you do if you could indulge your fantasies and still remain the good girl you are? Would you do it?"

"What do you mean?" Abby asks, brushing a strand of hair from her eyes.

"I can arrange it so that when you sleep you can seek out and fulfill those little desires that you try so hard to ignore. You will get the opportunity to live the same day twice, and act out the fantasies that you had hoped for during the day." Euphemia tells her. "You can have your cake and eat it too, if you will. How does that sound?"

"Well, it does sound nice ... but I don't know ..." Abby says reluctantly.

"Imagining is not anything at all like doing, but it is as close as you can get without actually doing, if you follow." Euphemia tells her. "You want to be ready for your lover when the time comes, right? My dreams will make you into the kind of virgin that wet dreams are made of."

Interesting, you didn't know Abby was so inexperienced ...

Abby is silent for a moment. "Well ... ok. Please help me."

Euphemia gives a little yelp of pleasure, then reaches across to give Abby an expansive and thoroughly squashy hug.

"I promise, you are going to thoroughly enjoy this!"

The room swirls away into nothingness again and takes Abby with it, leaving you and Euphemia alone.

"I did not expect you to use it so soon," Euphemia comments. "I apologize, I have not had much of a chance to prepare a proper dream for you yet."

"You made a deal with Abby too?" you ask.

"Your love is very stubborn, she took some persuading to see things my way." Euphemia tells you. "I had to ensure that she would not simply shunt her desires away or our deal would not have done much good at all. This might also convince her to loosen up in the real world as well."

"Uh, alright then. Thanks?" you say.

"You are most welcome. Now then, enjoy your day ..." Euphemia says with a smile, fading into the darkness.

An ear piercing buzz jostles you from your slumber. You sit up blearily and turn to discover that you have perhaps ten minutes to get ready for school. As you get out of bed you hear the sound of a car in the driveway pulling away, most likely your mom heading to work.

You take a moment and wonder what to do; you usually meet Abby at school but you probably won't make it unless you rush to get ready, and even then you probably won't have much time with her. She may tease you about it a

bit but really is more likely to be upset with you for missing breakfast than tardiness.

> rush to get ready and try to meet Abby before school starts

Maybe Abby will forgive you for being late but that doesn't mean you want to miss the chance to see her. You brush your teeth, snag some clothes and deodorant and make your way out the door.

You arrive at school and push your way through the milling crowd to your usual meeting place, and catch sight of your girl for the first time today. She is wearing one of those crinkly blouses that you like today, a nice blue one that brings out a little more of the blue out of the grey in her eyes. Standing next to her is a tall and scrawny sort of guy by the name of Greg.

"-would you mind? Things might be a little tight without some extra help." You catch Greg saying.

"Well, I'm not sure ..." Abby begins, but stops when she catches sight of you. "Remi! Morning!"

"Good morning, cher," you say, watching her smile.

You don't exactly have the Cajun accent for it or anything, but at some point or another you found out that she likes being called that so you do. Something about liking a cartoon character called Gambit, you recall.

"Hey," Greg says in passing before turning back to Abby. "Umm, not to put too much pressure on you ..."

"I'll have to check to see if I can. I'm supposed to babysit, but if I can find a replacement then okay." Abby tells him.

"Thanks! I owe you--oops!" Greg says.

A jostling in the crowd sends a nearby pair of students tumbling into the middle of your conversation. One stumbles into you and is knocked back when he encounters what must feel like the human equivalent to a fire hydrant, while the other tumbles into Abby. She stumbles and almost falls before being caught by the nearby Greg.

"What the hell, man?" you ask, after a quick glance to make sure Abby is ok.

"Sorry," the one human projectile says. "Bunch of guys acting like idiots over there."

The two leave your little circle after a few more apologies. You turn back to check again on Abby and are a little annoyed to find Greg still holding her.

"You ok?" he asks her.

"I think so," she offers.

You see Abby shift a little in his grasp, looking perhaps a little uncomfortable. Nice girl that she is, she is probably trying to think of a way to tell him to let go. Greg, for his part, seems to be glancing off over the heads of the nearby students to see if more waves of teenagers are incoming.

You know how shy Abby is about being touched and the situation is starting to get under your skin a little (particularly cause even you don't get much of a chance to hold her). You have to wonder if he's trying to cope a feel or something and you feel a little anger at the thought there. You've knocked guys out for things like that in the past, but Abby isn't much of a fan of violence ...

>go over to abby and take her hand, thank Greg for catching her to not show your jealousy to abby, but give Greg a bit of a threatening look when abby isn't looking to let him know not to mess with your girl.

You step forward and take Abby's hand.

"Hey Greg, thanks for saving my girl," you say, finally catching his attention.

"Oh, uh ... sorry." Greg says to Abby as he lets her go. "No problem."

You gently pull Abby toward you and give Greg a little meaningful look around her as you do so. He doesn't seem to notice, so either he's as absent-minded as he looks or he's a good actor.

"Oh, it's getting late. We'd better get going." Abby says. "Later Greg! I'll let you know about tomorrow."

"What were you two talking about?" you ask as the two of you walk to class.

"There's a book fair in the library tomorrow after school and he's helping out ... well, really more running it at this point. Most of the people dropped out." Abby explains. "He was asking if I could help."

"Oh? You going to?" you ask. If you sound jealous, she doesn't seem to notice.

"If I can. I have to see if I can get a replacement for babysitting." Abby says. "Well ... this is were we part ways."

The two of you reach Abby's homeroom, and she leans down and gives you a quick kiss on the cheek.

"That's for rescuing me." She says brightly.

She leans down again and kisses you again, this time on the lips.

"And that's for keeping your temper." She says with a smile. "I'll see you in a little bit."

"Yeah, see you," you say.

You walk to your homeroom smiling a little. It feels good to hand out a good beating, but sometimes there are nice benefits to turning a blind eye.

You arrive and take your seat, and wait for Mr. Mellenger to start the roll call. First period passes quickly for you and you head to Gym class next, your favorite. After all, it's the only class you share with your lady, and also the only class where you can really hold your own.

Today's class is outside and you change quickly in hopes of making the most of it. You head outside and walk toward the baseball fields and notice a couple of your classmates huddled together below the bleachers a bit away. You beat most of the students here, including Abby, so you suppose you can either warm up and wait for her or go see what they are up to.

>check out what is going on under the bleachers

You walk over to the bleachers and peek between your huddled classmates to find that they are staring at someone's phone. More accurately, they are staring at the shapely form depicted on the screen of the phone ...

"Holy shit," someone next to you breathes. "That girl is unbelievably hot."

"No kidding. I hear she used to go to school here, and," he adds, "that she'd fuck pretty much anybody. One of my friends claimed he lived next to her and that he actually nailed her."

You manage a brief glimpse of the screen through the crowd. You have to admit, from what you can see, the girl in question is rather attractive. Curvy, no ... what's the word? Voluptuous? And there is something to be said for the intensity she seems to be dedicating to her "work". Abby is prettier of course, but you do wonder if she'll ever show you a look quite like this girl's ...

"Remi!" you hear Abby's voice call out. You turn to see her walking across the field to meet you. She is wearing her gym uniform, a pair of shorts that always look far too short (not that you mind) compared with her long slender legs and a white-tee shirt.

Feeling a little guilty about looking at another woman, you walk out to meet her.

"What's going on over there?" She asks, glancing at the circle.

"Oh, that's ... uh ..." you stumble, stopping when you see her slightly mischievous smile.

"You seem a little nervous." Abby says teasingly. "So it must be something you think I'd worry about. And there's not betting or unconscious people, so you haven't been fighting. I wonder what it could be ..."

You are pretty sure your face must look something like a baked apple under your tan by this point. You try lowering your gaze only to find that doing so just results in you staring at her chest and turn away to avoid embarrassing yourself further. You hear Abby giggle a little at this.

"Is she ... well, it was a she right?" Abby asks teasingly, continuing when you nod. "Was she better looking than me?"

"No ma'am," you say awkwardly.

"And does she have any other ... qualities that would make you leave me for her?" she asks.

"No!" you say turning to look at her. You wonder how she could ask something like that. For one thing, you don't even know the girl.

"Well then, that's fine I imagine." Abby says. "Just don't forget about me, ok?"

"I promise," you say. It's nice that she's taking it so well, but you still feel a little guilty about it.

Class has begun to gather and the two of you walk over to join it. Teams are picked and games begin, and for the rest of the class you dutifully do your best to avoid looking at any other girls despite what Abby said earlier. When class ends you meet up with a red-faced Abby and share a brief few minutes together before heading back inside to change.

The rest of the day passes uneventfully. You gather together your books and prepare to head home, wondering what to do with the rest of your day. You know Abby has to babysit today immediately after school and she has always made it clear that you are welcome to come along. Of course, you do have a report due for Mellenger's class by the end of the week and your mom has a few household chores she has been expecting you to do before the weekend comes. You aren't much of a fan of the homework (at least the heavy lifting at home is something you're more accustomed to) but you should probably remember to get these done at some point.

>put of the homework till later, go see Abby

You meet up with Abby outside of school and share a leisurely walk together to her ... what's the word, client's? house. You find yourself taking little sideways glances at her, admiring how she looks today. You also think briefly of how she might look tonight, if your dream really was real ...

"I'm glad you came along," Abby says as the two of you arrive and let yourselves in. "Sometimes it seems like I never get to see you during the week."

Your reply is cut short by the arrival of a short blond topped blur that rockets into Abby, eventually slowing down enough to reveal a young girl of maybe 10 or 11. This is Abby's charge for the evening, Becky.

"Abby!" the Becky squeals and latches herself to your girlfriend. As an afterthought she looks over at you. "And Remi."

"Hey, kid." you say. You can't blame Becky, you always notice Abby first in any crowd yourself.

A sulky looking boy a few years older than Becky skulks into the room, eyeing you with disapproval. Rodney, or Rod ... or pain in the ass, as you secretly call him. The two of you give curt nods to one another, and Abby greets the siblings.

"So, what would we like to do tonight?" Abby asks brightly. "A boardgame, a movie?"

"Movie!" Becky responds cheerfully. Rod simply shrugs.

"Movie it is then," Abby says. "Rod, would you mind helping me prepare something to eat? Remi, you and Becky go and find something for us to watch, ok?"

"Yes ma'am," you and Becky chorus, the little girl flashing you a little smile out of brief camaraderie.

"Let's go, little one," you say. The two of you shuffle through DVDs together while you wait for Abby and Rod, eventually ending up with some cartoon movie or another.

Abby and Rod eventually arrive with a tray of snacks, setting them down on the living room table. Rod gives the movie of the evening a look of disgust before retreating to his room, leaving you, Abby and Becky in peace. The rest of the evening is spent by Abby's side (unfortunately without the usual benefits that dark rooms and movies provide to young lovers) and when the time comes to leave you rather regret it.

You wait while Abby explains tomorrow's situation to Becky's parents and secures the day off, then walk her home. When you get home yourself it is rather late, and you only have just enough time to greet your family and eat dinner before getting ready to sleep. You'll really have to remember about those chores and homework of yours tomorrow ...

You are in bed, drifting into sleep, before you remember last night's dream. And about the strange woman and her promise. It is peeping, sort of, to look at people's dreams ... which is not to say that you don't want to look at Abby's. You wonder if it's worth a try, or if you are being dumb for even considering the idea that it would work. Well, you either need to go to sleep or try it ...

> try it

"Euphemia," you whisper.

Immediately the room transforms into whirling strands of color that resolve into the yard out from of school. The crowds of students that stand here and there seem shadowy and vague when you look at them, and it occurs to you that they are pretty much just part of the background.

Abby walks into view from the street, dressed as she was this past morning, and is approached by the only other "person" here, Greg. You watch as they start chatting, idle stuff from the looks of it ... so, you guess Euphemia wasn't lying when she said Abby would just relive the previous day over again. In that case, you better go talk to her ...

"Morning, cher," you greet her as you approach.

You are puzzled when she doesn't react, and glance down to realize that you can't see yourself. You are just here to watch, apparently ... but where is Dream Remi?

You are distracted by one of the shadowy students stumbling his way into Abby, mirroring this mornings events, and Greg once again saving her from falling.

"You ok?" Greg asks Abby, as before.

"I think so," Abby responds.

"Hey, be more careful." Greg tells the background-student. "There's a shortage of nice girls around, let's not try to kill any of them."

"Ah, sorry," the fake student says and departs.

"Umm, thanks," Abby says quietly, reddening slightly.

Greg watches the student leave, still holding Abby. It might just be your imagination, but it seems she relaxes slightly, leaning against him. The soft bulges of her breasts press against his chest and while she doesn't seem like she is actively embracing him, she hardly looks like she is struggling either.

"Oh, uh, sorry," Greg says, finally letting her go. As she steps away you can see his hands linger, fingertips gently caressing her arms as she pulls away.

"What the hell?" you ask no one, annoyed. You kick at a nearby soda can and are surprised when it is knocked over and rolls a little ways away.

"What is wrong?" A voice asks out of thin air. Euphemia materializes next to you, once again dressed in Abby's current outfit. Even as annoyed as you are, you can't help but notice that she is wearing Abby's exact size

too, or so it appears from the way that the white blouse struggles to contain it's contents.

"You can't tell?" you say. "What was that all about with Abby and Greg?"

"Hmm, he is rather cute, isn't he? Chivalrous too ... Not that you are not," Euphemia comments. "And there is something to be said about a man you can gaze up at."

"What?" you ask, feeling that things have somehow gotten off track.

"Think about it, young lover. Abby is getting to live out her fantasies." Euphemia says. "She must have, at least for a moment, wanted to be held that way this morning. Thus, it happened here."

"But ... that wasn't ..." you begin, unsure of what you are trying to say.

"Mmmn, no, it was not you," Euphemia comments. "Well, not to be mean, but she can hardly gaze up through her lashes at you."

"I don't want her thinking about other guys!" you say.

"Really? You have looked at other girls before, right?" Euphemia asks.

"Well, yeah ..." you say guiltily. "But I don't want to sleep with them or anything."

"Who said she does? This is no different from you watching pornography, except that there is better acting," Euphemia says. "You really must get used to the idea that Abby may fantasize about these things from time to time."

You suppose she is right. After all, you were looking at that little movie from gym class ... maybe you are being too harsh here. But you still feel a little irritated.

"I suppose it is somewhat upsetting, so I can forgive you. In the spirit of kindness and adventure, I will tell you something. During each dream, I will allow you to interfere once." Euphemia says. "You noticed how you could move the soda can earlier? That is the degree to which you can interfere ... do not ask for more, as I dislike meddling with fantasies."

"That doesn't seem like much," you say. "But okay I guess. Thanks?"

"Glad to have helped," Euphemia says, slowly fading into a Cheshire smile. "Now get going, there are dreams to be watched ..."

You look around and notice that the scene has changed to the baseball field. Abby is on the field at the moment, rosy cheeked with exertion. The gym teacher, Mr. Stevens, is keeping an eye on things from the edge of the field, and a cluster of male classmates hang out on the bleachers, apparently still enjoying the movie from earlier.

The game soon ends and Abby heads back to the bleachers to rest while the next two teams are called out. Most of the guys head out to play, leaving the phone on which the movie was playing sitting near the edge of the bleachers. With memories of the scene with Greg earlier fresh in your mind, you note that once again you are not part of this dream.

What is Abby going to fantasize about here? Mr. Stevens is the only "real" person here, so maybe it's him. Does the phone have something to do with it? Should you do something, or just wait and see what happens?

>Change nothing

Abby takes a seat near the edge of the bleachers, just a foot or so away from the phone. Further down the line there are a handful of your classmates cheering for the illusory teams, not seeming to notice her presence. Despite the distance, you can still faintly detect the tinny sound of a female voice drifting through the air from the phone.

Abby looks around at the phantom classmates nearby before edging over slightly towards the phone. She leans over slightly sneaking a peek at the screen and you can't tell if her lovely face is blushing from the supposed activity she was involved in or what she is watching. Her hands settle into her lap and she spares another glance around to make sure she isn't being watched before leaning over a little further.

Sweat glistens on her skin. You notice that her white gym shirt is clinging to her hanging mounds, perfectly outlining her not immodest bust. Abby makes a little noise, and you see her pressing her hands deeper into her lap ...

A ringing bell can be heard in the distance, signaling the end of the period. You hear Mr. Stevens yelling, telling everyone that it is time to get up. Abby snaps up hastily and begins walking inside, leaving the phone where it is. You feel a little irritated and are about to follow, but you wish that damn bell would quit ringing already ...

... and wake up to your alarm blaring. You silence it with a smack, sit up and put your head in your hands. It worked, sorta. You got to see Abby in your dreams, but either you ran out of time or she simply didn't have that much she was fantasizing about yesterday. Then again, you were thinking about her having naughty dreams, so last night's dreams might not be anything more supernatural than your usual ones.

You glance at the clock and realize with alarm that you are running late. You rush into a quick shower, snag breakfast and then make a dash for school. You end up arriving too late to meet Abby before school starts. Later, you catch up with her during gym class and apologize for missing meeting up with her.

"Oh ... umm, no problem," she replies hesitantly.

When you raise an inquisitive eyebrow, she looks a little embarrassed.

"I kind of overslept too, so I guess we're both lazy today," She says. "So I guess I can't nag you ... this time, anyway."

This leaves you wondering a little later during the last few boring hours of school. Were you really dreaming the same dreams as Abby last night? And if so, do you want to know what she fantasizes about, after the whole Greg thing? And lastly, something that did occur to you before ... can you maybe make her dream something more fun for you to peek in on?

Food for thought, if nothing else. You're not really sure exactly what you could do, but leaving easily accessible porn and such around could be an idea. Come to think of it, she's pulling librarian duties today after school, and there are computers in there ...

Well, school is over so it's time to figure out what to do for the rest of the day. Abby will be in the library of course (your least favorite place), as will Greg (not your favorite person right now). You also could call in some help and see if you can get some ideas for how to entice Abby ... some of the guys from the sports teams you used to chat with maybe.

Today is Tuesday.

Remi's chores.

- Mellenger's report
- Clean at home

You make up your mind and head to the library.

The room is cool, quiet and all but empty when you arrive. Bookshelves stand in neat, tight rows, and a small seating area near the entrance is now cluttered with tables proclaiming the joys of "getting lost in a book". Further inside tucked away in neat little corners, invisible from here thanks to the shelving, are the handful of computers that the librarians reluctantly allow to take up space that might otherwise give visitors a place to breath.

You've never had much of a problem with reading but this place has always been somewhat taboo for you. It's not the books, or the thought of grinding away hours on reports (though you aren't very fond of the idea) that bothers you; it's the tightly spaced shelves. You've always been a little claustrophobic and are always a little worried that an avalanche of light reading might one day bury you in here.

You catch sight of Abby at one of the tables, wearing a tan skirt and button-down shirt and the slim set of glasses that she favors when she expects to be reading for any length of time.

"Cher," you say by way of greeting.

"Hey," Abby says with a smile, "What are you doing here? I thought this place gave you the creepy crawlies."

"Gotta check something for Mellenger's paper," you say.

"That's my brave man," She replies. "I'm stuck here for a while. The librarian's out, so I'm in charge I guess ... so you had better behave!"

You grin, raising your hands as if to fend her off.

"Yes ma'am, no trouble here." you tell her. "Anyhow, I gotta run."

"Alright, take care." Abby says, turning back to a paperback on the table in front of her.

You slip through the shelves and make your way back to the computers. After a discrete glance around you bring up a web page that suits your purpose. After a moment's thought you bring up a video of Lana, the same local girl that the other guys in P.E. were watching at the bleachers yesterday, press play and drag another open window partly over the video.

Satisfied, you slip away and grab a book from the shelves and make your way back to Abby.

"Hey, can you check this out for me?" you ask.

"Yeah, sure," Abby says, grabbing the book. "Technically the librarian is the only one allowed to, but a stamp is a stamp ... besides, she never really seems to mind when I do her job for her."

Abby hands the book back to you, then stretches in an exaggerated fashion. You catch your gaze slipping to her chest as her breasts make a valiant attempt to break free from the buttons that hold them.

"I can see why they needed me here, with this kind of workload." she says dryly. "Any more people come in and we'll almost have enough for a decent game of checkers. Oh, also, don't forget to have that back by next Tuesday. "

"Mmm, sure. Why volunteer then?" you ask.

Abby shrugs.

"Gives me a chance to catch up on my reading. Also, counts as an extra-curricular."

"Right then. I'll see you tomorrow." You say, making your way out.

You mother seems pleased and surprised to see you clutching a non-text book when you arrive from school and you again use your excuse about preparing for Mellenger's paper. She is impressed enough at your work ethic that she doesn't even mention that you still have chores to do, something you are grateful for.

You pass the rest of the evening pretending to read and go to bed a full hour earlier than usual. As you drift off, whispering Euphemia's name, you wonder what tonight's dreams will bring ...

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You find yourself in the library, much to your discomfort. You tentatively touch one of the shelves and find that they are roughly as solid as rainbows to you in your current state, which is a slight relief.

Trying to put your fears aside, you slip through the shelves to the computer. Abby sits alone, eyes intent on the screen, the crimson bloom of a blush on her cheeks. Lana is front and center on screen, long blond hair pooled beneath her and a half lidded look of ecstasy on her face. A thick trunk of hot meat pulses between her legs, sliding with a slick wet noise in and out of Lana.

Abby's hand trails across her chest, her breathing growing heavy as she watches the reaming of the golden haired beauty. Her delicate fingers press against her mounds gently, teasing herself to the rhythm of flesh meeting flesh. Abby's attentions are soon drawn downward, her one hand resting at the edge of her skirt impatiently.

You wait anxiously for her to continue, but soon she glances around in an embarrassed fashion before turning the screen off. Abby gets up and walks away, and you hear voices from the direction she headed.

A little disappointing to quit there, but she is a rather shy girl ...any progress is good, right?

"Mmm, I would have liked to see more myself," a voice says in your ear.

You turn to find Euphemia standing by your side. Or, more accurately, you turn to find her cleavage straining to escape from Abby's button down.

"What?" you ask, feeling a little dazed.

"Abby still has a long way to go." Euphemia says, shaking her head. "Do not worry though, I will have a little chat with her before she wakes up. And as for you, do not slack off either! These fantasies start when she is awake after all."

"You want me to ... uh, tempt her?" you ask.

"I want you to expose her to new things. Without that, these will be some boring dreams indeed." Euphemia tells you. "Think about it, alright?"

The world begins to dissolve ...

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You awaken and get ready for school, not late for once, thinking about Euphemia's suggestion. How can you get Abby to think about sex more? You could keep exposing her to little videos and all, but you don't know if that's quite what she meant ...

You make your way to school under a grey and threatening sky, and meet with Abby in the courtyard as usual. The day flies by as you try to think of what to do with Abby. Eventually, you come to the conclusion that you could either keep up with the porn route, though you suspect she might get suspicious about stumbling on it all the time, or try to expose her to more ... real life situations.

Abby has always been shy about letting you touch her, and it's hard to find enough alone time to get in a kiss let alone a decent make-out session. You suppose the only other option is to get other people involved. You briefly entertain the thought of Abby with another girl before Greg pops into your mind. You don't even want to think about him and her together, but a small part of you can't help but think that she doesn't really act as guarded with him as with you in private moments ...

Finally it occurs to you that there is maybe one person who you would be fine with Abby dreaming about: Lana. She is a local 'star', one who loves all sorts of kinky things. You wonder if you could find out how to get a hold of her ...

Well, you'd better decide on a plan for today ...

Today is Wednesday.

Remi's chores

- Mellenger's report
- Household chores
- Return library book

> Look into finding a way to contact Lana to see if she can help you introduce Abby to benefits of an less "inhibited" lifestyle.

Over the course of the day, you decide to try to find out more about Lana. It's probably more of a long shot, but you can't think of any people you know who might be able to help you with this (that you feel comfortable helping you, that is). And so, after school, you make your way to the baseball fields ...

"Lana?" one player asks. "What's going on, your girl not treating you right?"

The rest of the team starts laughing. They crack a few more jokes, and you crack your knuckles. The laughter stops.

"No, I'm supposed to do a paper for Sex Ed," you tell them. "Thought it would be funny to interview her for it."

"W-well, that is kinda cool." the one guy says nervously. "She keeps posting her address on her website, but I hear it's just to a different gay bar every month."

"Didn't one of you know someone who knew her?" you ask.

"Uh, yeah ... he graduated though. I can try to get a hold of him tonight and get you an address tomorrow if you want."

"Please do," you say, turning to leave.

"So, uh, things still going good with Abby then?" one of them asks hopefully.

"Never better." you say over your shoulder.

There is a crack of thunder as you leave and rain begins to lash down from the sky, drenching you in no time. You bear with it until you manage to make it home, then grab a quick hot shower and some dry clothes.

Before you know it, it's time to sleep again ...

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Abby arrives at the Neelson house, home of her babysitting charges, drenched from the rain.

"You're all wet!" Dream-Becky says, stating the obvious.

"I forgot an umbrella today ..." Abby says, wiping her storm-lashed locks out of her eyes.

Dream-Rod stands nearby, staring at your sodden girlfriend with obvious interest. Locks of wet hair plastered across her lovely face, her pants and shirt lacquered to her curves by the rain ... she really must look like this kid's wet dream come true.

"I really need to get changed ... good thing I was bringing my gym uniform home today!" Abby says. "Think your parents will mind if I use the dryer?"

"Of course not!" Becky says, ever the gracious host. "Go get changed and dry off."

Becky grabs Abby a towel and ushers her off to her room, then heads off to attend to a now unwatched living room television.

Abby slips into Becky's room, opens up her bag and pulls out her gym shorts and shirt.

Ziiipp ...

Your pulse hammers in your ears as Abby unzips her jeans, then slides them off with a slick squelch. She peels off her shirt next, her lovely breasts jiggling a little with the effort in the prison of her bra. She snags the towel and begins drying herself off.

You notice movement in the mirror of Becky's dresser, and turn to see the door opening a crack. To your anger you see Rod peering through the crack, his eyes fixed on your luscious Abby.

Abby seems to be contemplating her state of dress in the mirror, and after a moment of indecision begins to unclip her bra. You feel your eyes widen ... you've never seen Abby in a bikini before, much less without one. But Rod ...

Irritated by the interruption, you move over to the door and push it closed. It shuts with a sharp click, startling Abby. When you turn she has a single graceful arm pressed up against her breasts and is staring at the door with alarm.

Damn, so close!

Abby slips her shirt on quickly with her free hand, denying you a further view, and sends a quick glance back at the door before pulling on her shorts. She gathers her sodden clothes and leaves the room to take them to the dryer.

When she arrives in the living room, Becky and Rod are sitting on the couch watching TV. Abby hesitantly sits on the one end of the couch, looking all too aware of Rod sitting next to her ...

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You wake up feeling annoyed. Not only did Rod try to spy on your girl, but he ruined your chance to do the same. Assuming, of course, that really happened. Something seems vaguely odd about that last dream, but you can't really think of what it is ...

You head to school as usual, and Abby gives no sign that anything odd might have happened yesterday.

You wonder what you should do today. You could check up on Lana, but Abby is babysitting again today and you are starting to feel a little uncomfortable about it. Granted, what kid wouldn't want a peek at Abby, but it's still annoying.

Today is Thursday.

Remi's chores ...

--Mellenger's report.

--Household chores.

--Return library book.

> Keep trying to track down Lana.

During gym class you once again track down the baseball team and extract what they claim is Lana's address. From the looks of it her place is somewhat further away than you had hoped when they said she was "local" but it shouldn't be a problem getting there and back today.

Once school ends you head to the station and catch a train that takes you most of the way, then enjoy a short walk to the small apartment building. A small panel near the door lists apartment numbers with a doorbell linked to each, only one of which has a name located next to it. You shrug, and push the button for "Ms. Eggs".

"Hello?" a young woman's voice answers after a moment.

"Hi, I need to speak to a ... uh, girl named Lana?" you say.

"Oh? You're not a thief, murderer, or anything like that are you?" comes the voice again, sounding only mildly interested.

"To the best of my knowledge, no, ma'am," you say.

You hear what might be a laugh coming from the intercom, "Come on up then."

The door makes an angry buzzing noise, and you pull it open. You head three floors up a narrow staircase, noting that there only appears to be one room per floor. When you arrive you peer through an open door at a rather large, spacious loft.

You enter a large, well-lit living room with a pair of white couches resting on a expansive and expensive looking carpet. A flat screen TV rests on the wall opposite them, and a set of glass fronted cabinets filled with a large array of consumer electronics that hook into the aforementioned flat screen. Across the room you can see a kitchen area

separated from the living room by a counter, and a pair of doors across the room from the large windows.

Movement catches your eye, and you notice a young woman lounging on one of the couches. She has long blond hair that pools about her on the couch, and a shapely body that is turning a simple pair of sweatpants and tank top into the most interesting scenery in the room.

"Hey," she purrs softly. "I'm Lana."

"You are," you say dumbly, then catch yourself and turn to look her in the face." Uh, I mean ... sorry. I'm Remi."

A little smile crosses her lips.

"Don't mention it. So then, you're here for the interview, I take it?"

Your mind wanders at that ... then Abby comes to mind and you catch yourself once again.

"Oh, uh, no ma'am, not me. I can't ... I've got a girlfriend, you see ..."

Lana bursts out laughing. You feel fire rising in your cheeks, but aren't entirely sure what you said. You end up waiting for a moment or two for her to calm down.

"Camera man," Lana says, wiping a tear from her eye. "I posted an ad looking for one. Can I take it that you aren't here for the job?"

"Uh, no, I'm not." you say.

"Sorry about the gales of laughter, it's just ... you know, kind of cute." she says. "Most guys would have had their pants off before I finished the sentence, but you ... well, never mind. What can I do for you?"

"Well, it's about my girlfriend ..." you say, not sure where to begin.

Lana sits up and looks politely interested, putting you off a little. You take a moment to get your head together.

"Well, she doesn't know much ... er, have much ... experience. With sex." you say.

"That happens on rare occasions I'm told," Lana says dryly.

"Right, well ... I love Abby. And I want to be with her. But she won't ... umm, you know. I think maybe it's because she's shy, or something." you say, though really you aren't entirely sure about that. "She says she wants to wait for a special kind of time for us, and I'll wait as long as I gotta, but ..."

"But, you'd rather it was sooner rather than later," Lana supplies. "Alright, so ... why me? And what me, for that matter?"

"I think she's seen some of your videos ... some guys play them at school. So I thought, maybe, if she talked to you or something, maybe she'd feel a bit more comfortable about sex," you say.

Lana leans forward, and you jump as grasps one of your hands gently with hers. There is a very kind, sympathetic look in her eyes as she says, "You're ... not tremendously bright, are you?"

Unsure of how to respond, you stay silent.

"But you're kinda cute," she continues. "Most guys would just move on if their girlfriend wouldn't put out. So tell you what. I'll try to help you out. But I'll make up the plans, if you don't mind."

"Really? Thanks!" you say, feeling relieved but also faintly embarrassed.

"When can you guys make it here?" Lana asks.

"Saturdays are probably best." you say.

"Ok, here's the deal. You met my boyfriend, yes I have one, my boyfriend James and got along with him pretty well. He invited you here for Saturday afternoon around noonish and said to bring along your lovely girlfriend. Understand?" Lana says.

"Uh, yeah." you respond.

"You never met me, you just know James. It's just an incredible coincidence that your girl happens to enjoy watching me in my little home videos. Whether you choose to "recognize" me or not is up to you." Lana tells you. "I'll work things from there."

"Ok ..." you say, waiting to see if there are any more orders forthcoming.

"I got nothing else for you." Lana says.

"Oh, ok. Umm, thanks for doing this," you say.

"Not a problem ... I plan to enjoy this a little myself, after all." Lana says with a smile. "Now if you don't mind, I need to make some calls about my supposed camera man ..."

You say goodbye, then begin making your way back home. During the train ride back you wonder how Lana intends to 'enjoy' the situation ...

That night as you are laying down, you almost wonder if you really want to peek in on Abby. In the end, the memories of her barely concealing her lovely body with those slim arms of hers wins out ...

"Euphemia."

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The world swirls into focus and reveals a public pool filled with shadowy non-people. A beach ball floats in the pool near a net on buoys, bobbing slightly with the movements of the nearby dream people. You glance around for anything else of interest and notice Becky in a bathing suit sitting next to a table with a bottle of sunscreen on it. Abby must have taken them to a nearby pool today ... but where are Rod and Abby?

You glance around, and notice the changing rooms nearby. You head over and note that the doors are closed and seemingly impervious to your usual dream-self ghostliness. You could always open the door, but didn't Euphemia say you could only mess about with a dream once per night? If Rod is here then perhaps you should consider using your power to thwart him ...

>Open the door, seems as good a time as any to use your power

The door handle doesn't turn very far before before stopping with a little click-- of course Abby would lock it, even if it was a dream. A little disappointed, you give it another half-hearted tug ... and this time it silently opens.

Okay, seems like you can really change any one thing, but the dream likes letting you know what you're changing. If the door had just opened it would have meant it wasn't locked ... you aren't too sure why this is important, but you suppose Euphemia made it work this way for a reason. Well, whatever, it just proves that you can ignore some of the rules here if you need to. Anyway, time to take a peek ...

Your eyes are greeted with the sight of blue cloth stretching itself against perfect, pale skin. Abby's back is facing you, tantalizingly bare, as she pulls a sleek looking blue one piece up to reveal her shapely legs. You pulse quickens as the fabric stretches across her rear, gently cupping her bottom. She takes a moment to adjust the bottom half of the suit, and you catch sight of a shapely curve as she turns slightly toward you. Finishing her adjustments, she pulls the rest of the suit into place, adjusting the thin, crisscrossing straps across her delicate shoulders. She takes a moment to admire herself in the mirror, and you take the opportunity to do the same: While hardly the most revealing suit you've ever seen, the open back and moderately low cut in the front shows more than you would have expected from a shy girl like Abby.

She turns to leave and gasps, instinctively covering herself with those slender arms as she did the day before. You turn to find Rod slipping away from the still open door. Anger swells inside you as you realize that this is the second time Rod has been spying on your girlfriend. Or is it?

Doubt springs up in your mind as Abby gathers herself and leaves the room. You opened the door (which was, after all, locked before) not Rod. And if that's how things were today, then Rod couldn't have been spying on Abby, right? If that is true, then why was she dreaming about the pool then? What would have happened if you hadn't changed things?

You look outside and see Abby lounging by the pool with Becky. No guys, not even Rod, seem to be approaching her. What the hell happened?

"Euphemia?" you call, wondering if she is around.

"Yes?"

You look around and from the pool emerges your bombshell benefactor dressed in an Abby swimsuit several sizes too small for her. You can't say you don't stare for a moment but you do feel like it takes you less time to get back on topic than usual.

"What happened? Rod couldn't have spied on Abby today like he did in this dream. I wasn't there to open the door." you say.

"I can not say for sure. I can only see what happens in dreams, not reality." Euphemia says with a shrug that causes a distractingly large amount of motion. "Even a normal fantasy is not the same as her daily life. When you change things here you affect what might happen to her here. Because of that, altered dreams are far less reliable for telling you what might have cause her fantasy. It is, like they say 'give and take'."

"I don't want to see it, but I want to know who to look out for," you say irritably. "Isn't there anything you can do?"

Euphemia stares at you speculatively for a moment.

"I can help you, if you wish," she says carefully. "But this time, there will be a price."

"What price?" you ask.

"I love forbidden fantasies best. If you help provide a potential spark for one, I will grant you the power to see those in a dream for whom Abigail holds desires." Euphemia says.

"What do you want me to do?" you say cautiously.

"Abigail is so sweet and innocent ... you are the only man she has ever kissed." Euphemia says. "Give her a slight taste of the world ... get her to kiss another man, and I will assist you."

"What!?" you exclaim.

"It is a small thing for the power I offer you," Euphemia says mildly. "Now then, I am afraid your time is nearly up. My offer will stand until I revoke it. Think about it, will you?"

The world begins to grow dark ...

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You snap awake, and your alarm goes off a few moments later. You half-heartedly slap it to turn it off, your mind still buzzing slightly.

You don't want Abby near any other guys. You are sure of that. But you do need to know who to look out for ... Euphemia's deal certainly helps there. You don't know how you would do it, or if you want to ... or who you would allow to kiss her. A friend? Greg? Rod? Maybe James, Lana's boyfriend? You get ready for school, uncomfortable thoughts circling in your head ...

Abby babysits again today and soon occurs to you that you have done neither your report for Mellenger or your chores for the week, both of which need to be done today. You also need to decide if you want to take Euphemia up on her offer ...

Today is Friday.

Remi's Chores

--Mellenger's report (Due Friday)

--House chores (Due Friday)

--Return library book (Due Tuesday)

>Ignore the offer for now, try to get your chores and the report out of the way. Also don't forget to invite Abby to the lunch with Lana tomorrow.

As much as you'd like to keep an eye on Abby today, you realize that you probably do need to get some of your obligations out of the way. You can't keep an eye out too well if you're grounded, after all. Unfortunately the most pressing of your duties, Mellenger's paper, needs to be ready by the time his class starts ...

You decide to go to school a little late today, and spend some time scribbling out what you hope is at least a decent excuse for a paper before heading to school. You manage to make it in halfway through Mellenger's class (and get an earful about punctuality for your trouble) but at least you have something to turn in.

You catch up with Abby during gym class and tell her about the invitation for tomorrow.

"Tomorrow? Sure, I can come," Abby says. "It'll be nice. We haven't had much time together the past week or two, have we?"

"No, we haven't," you admit. "Let's see about fixing that this weekend, shall we?"

"Sounds lovely," she responds with a smile.

"It's a date, then," you say, feeling a little happier at the thought, even if it strictly speaking isn't entirely true.

The two of you part ways after class, and you have to dash home to get your chores done before your mother arrives. You don't see your lovely lady for the rest of the day, and as you lay down to sleep you wonder what you will see of her tonight ...

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The lapping of water reaches your ears and the pool once again twists into being around you. Becky once again waits obediently by a table, and you see Abby and Rod heading to the dressing rooms.

You glance around, trying to figure out what might have tempted your love in this scenario. The only "real" people here are Abby, Becky and Rod, though there are a host of the faceless dream-people here still. A volleyball bobs to and fro in the pool, and there is a bottle of tanning oil on the table by Becky.

"Hmm, trying to figure it out, are we?" Euphemia asks.

You look around, and then down to see her reflection staring up at you from the pool. Another glance confirms that she is not accompanying her reflection. Ah, right, dreams ...

"If you took me up on my offer, you would know by now. Or at least have a clue," She says, her form distorting oddly as the splashing of the poolgoers sends ripples through the water. "It is as plain as day to me."

You look around, wondering ... it has to be Rod, right?

"I must say, you are making our little game rather boring," Euphemia says. "But then, you have not really been very involved ... physically, that is. I have an idea to make things more interesting ..."

A feeling of heat passes through your body, and the world seems to shift slightly.

"Have another gift. For one time only, I will allow you to merge your senses with a single person in a dream. You will feel, see, smell, touch and ... taste, all that they do." Euphemia says. "Now even if another man touches her, you will be able to enjoy it a little. Now then, you had better decide quickly ..."

Euphemia's image drifts away, and you find yourself feeling more confused and unsure than before. Well, she was right about one thing ... better decide on what to do.

You are still trying to figure out what to do when you see Abby emerge from the dressing room. Today she is wearing a relatively modest white bikini with floral patterns on it. She approaches the table and sends Becky off to play with a smile.

Abby picks up the bottle of tanning oil and begins spreading it carefully across her slender arms and legs. You become mesmerized by the sight of her pale skin turning slick under her touch, and it is only when he is quite close that you register that Rod has arrived.

The kid wears a black pair of swim trunks and a hungry look, which disappears when Abby turns to greet him.

"I can do your back, if you want," Rod says, not looking sullen for once.

"Thank you, Rod." Abby says.

She walks over to a pool chair and lays down with her back exposed, her head just peeking over the back of the chair towards the pool. Rod takes the oil and pours out a generous amount and gently begins to rub Abby's lower back. She gives a little gasp, arching her back slightly.

"Oh, this stuff tingles a little ..." Abby says. "I'll never get used to that."

Rod smiles, and begins slowly massaging the oil into Abby's back, leaving a glistening trail where his hands have touched. His fingers tease slightly at her sides, Abby shifts and giggles slightly at the sensation, before he moves downward to caress her shapely rear. As you watch, your blood beginning to boil, her bikini bottoms become slightly transparent as the oil soaks into the white cloth ...

"Umm, Rod," Abby says hesitantly. "I think I already took care of there."

"Oh, sorry ..." Rod says, grinning.

He shifts his attention to her shoulders and upper back next, pouring more oil between her shoulder blades before gently working it in.

"Mmm ... you should be a professional massager ... wait, that's not the right word ..." Abby says dreamily as Rod works.

Rod's smile widens, and he deftly unhooks the back of Abby's top. You see Abby's eyes widen as Rod's hands slip down her sides and quickly slip her top out from beneath her.

"R-rod ... what ...?" Abby asks.

"You didn't take care of here," Rod says, his hands sliding beneath her to rest on her elegant globes.

Abby gasps and and shudders slightly as the tingling of the oil across her now bare chest sends pin-pricks of heat along her nerves. Rod's hands begin moving, gently squeezing your girlfriend's breasts as you watch. The top of the chair neatly hides Abby's plight, and it is clear that she realizes that any move to distance herself from Rod would reveal her state of undress.

"Don't ... you shouldn't ... mmm!" Abby says quietly, heat rushing to her cheeks as Rod's assault continues.

You become of a faintly wet noise accompanying Rod's movements, and from your vantage point you can see the glistening bulges of your lady's breasts mashing up against the fabric backing of the chair. Abby begins to make little pained sounding noises and twists in Rod's grasp. Damp locks of hair hang over her face, not quite concealing the twist of sensation revealing itself in her expression. Rod leans close, pressing his body up against Abby's ...

"Hmm ..." Abby whimpers, her body shivering ...

Abby's body goes limp against the chair. Rod slips her top back on, and walks away with a smile ...

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You awaken with lead boiling in your belly. How dare that little bastard do that! With your Abby, no less! Granted, it was in a dream, but even still!

You count to ten, then add another count to one hundred on top of it just because you feel you need it. It was a dream ... a fantasy, like Euphemia said. Nothing more ... right? No reason to over react and head over to Rod's house to feed him his teeth ...

Once you have calmed down a little, you get up and take a shower, then dress and grab some breakfast. A quick call to Abby reveals that she will be arriving a little late today, and you reluctantly head over to Lana's alone. When you arrive, Lana introduces you to a muscular looking guy in his twenties who turns out to be James. You are somewhat embarrassed to realize that you recognize him from some of Lana's videos ...

"Alright then, what do we want to do today?" Lana asks. "Personally I could use a good lay--"

"Big surprise there," James jokes and gets a none too gentle elbow to the side for his trouble.

"--but I don't know what you're up for." Lana continues. "Are we just doing introductions today? Do we want to play around a little? Or do you just want me to wing it here?"

Come to think of it, you didn't really do much thinking about what might happen today. What do you want to try today?

> Tell Lana she can wing it.

"I think maybe you should do what you think is best," you tell Lana. "I just don't want Abby to feel uncomfortable ..."

"Dear Remi, I hope to make her supremely comfortable ... don't go regretting that you gave me free reign today!" Lana says, a slight smile on her face.

A short time later the doorbell rings and James buzzes Abby up. She arrives at the open door wearing a simple white and blue sundress with her hair hanging loose and a gold chain around her neck. The two of you hug, and then Abby freezes for a moment when she sees Lana.

"Hi!" Lana says cheerfully, slinking forward and giving Abby a brief hug too. "My name is Lana, nice to finally meet you!"

"Nice to meet you too," Abby says, some hesitation in her voice.

Your heart quickens slightly as you recall that one or two of Lana's videos have involved other girls ... it also helps that Lana's assets bulge enticingly from their bonds at the tight squeeze. Catching yourself, you banish the thought from your mind.

The four of you sit down, you and Abby on one couch, Lana on another, and James on a chair he pulls up near the glass coffee table. You can't help but think that Abby has gotten a little bit more color to her since yesterday, but soon forget about the dream when she smiles at you and delicately laces the fingers of one hand through yours.

A brief introduction follows where James neatly fills in your history as a "friend of a friend", and during which Abby spends much time trying not to focus on either of your two hosts for too long.

"So, have you two been together long?" Lana asks.

"A while now, yes," Abby says shyly when you glance at her.

"I am jealous, my dear," Lana says. "Remi seems like a true gentleman, unlike this clod."

"Hey!" James protests. "I like to think I rate better than a clod. An oaf, at least!"

Abby smiles a little at the overacted protests.

"James seems nice." Abby replies. And adds, as an afterthought. "And handsome as well. You must worry about him."

"Not as much as you'd think," Lana says dryly over James' protests. "How about you with Remi?"

"Not really," Abby tells her.

You suddenly realize that the girls are largely carrying the conversation, and make a quick attempt.

"Abby's the only girl for me," you say proudly, giving her hand a little squeeze.

"Really? You've never been with another girl?" Lana asks.

This throws you a little.

"Well, we're going out ... I'd never cheat on her." you say truthfully.

"But what about before the two of you started going out? Surely you've dated before?" Lana asks, leaning forward to rest her chin on her hand and giving you a generous view in the process.

Abby looks at you curiously, and you know you can't lie about this.

"Well ... yeah, but that was before." you say lamely. To your relief, Abby doesn't look very shocked or upset by the revelation.

"How about you, Abby?" Lana asks, and receives a sheepish shake of the head in reply. "Huh, hardly seems fair ... not even a kiss?"

"Well, no ..." Abby says, her hand slipping from your grasp and clasping her other nervously. "I guess until Remi, I never really thought much about it ..."

"Ever think about it?" Lana asks, and you feel your heart give a strange little jump. "Being with another guy I mean."

Abby glances around the room, seemingly unsure of how to continue.

"It's fine if you do ... we all get curious. Remi seems great, but we all have our little fantasies." Lana says, making your heart skip again. "Hell, I've even slept with other guys while me and James were dating ... he even watched on a few occasions."

Abby's face turns red, and when your hand finds hers again it is hot to the touch.

"Umm, well, I guess I have," Abby admits reluctantly.

"Thought so ... I won't ask who, not with Remi here anyway," Lana says with a wink. She reaches out from her couch to rest a hand on Abby's arm, making her jump slightly. "But I am curious, if you had the chance to ... shall we say taste a little more of what life had to offer without cheating, would you?"

Abby looks a little confused, but you feel the rapid flutter of her pulse through her hand.

"It's only cheating if it's not part of the rules ... me and James decided on that when we first started dating." Lana says. "And I feel a little bad for you not knowing a little more about the world. So ... I'm willing to offer up James' lips to this noble cause. How about it? Do you at least want to try kissing another man before you die?"

"Really?" James asks. "I have to say, this is the best charity I've ever been a part of ... not that I mind sparing a buck or two occasionally, or a pint of, uh, bodily fluids--."

Lana gives him a look that cuts off his sentence as neatly as a knife, then turns to Abby again. She traces her fingernails lazily across Abby's arm.

"What do you say? If it feels a little one sided, I don't mind trading off a kiss for Remi too ..." Lana says.

Abby looks at you, her eyes searching for a response in yours. You'd normally be angry about another guy being anywhere near Abby, but with Lana taking the lead you are finding it hard to get angry James. You have to admit, there is something appealing about getting to kiss Lana, but there is also the lingering memory of Euphemia's deal. All you need to do is give the nod, and this will happen ... or you could object before things go any further ...

>Give Abby the nod.

Your eyes meet Abby's and you give her a reluctant nod. You can feel her hand tremble slightly in yours and you can see nervousness in her gaze ... then she breaks away to turn to Lana.

"Y-yeah ..." Abby says.

"Yeah what?" Lana says, her fingernails still tracing invisible patterns on Abby's slender arm.

"Yeah ... I want to kiss James," Abby says, and you feel something in your chest twist painfully.

"Well, alright then ..." Lana says, gently helping Abby to her feet and drawing her away from you to where James is seated.

Unsure, Abby leans down toward James and ... is gently stopped by Lana.

"Now, now, let's savor this properly ... this is quite possibly your only chance to do this sort of thing, Abby!" Lana chastises. "Sit, a good kiss demands a certain amount of ... equality."

Abby looks for a seat nearby, and soon realizes Lana's intent. She awkwardly sits down on James' lap, eliciting a pleased smile from him, before once again being corrected by Lana.

"Mmnn, not like that. You'll give yourself a good neck ache that way ... here, try this ..." Lana says.

Lana turns Abby to face James and has her slip one graceful leg through the underside of one chair arm, then the other through the other, until Abby sits face to face with James with her legs spread around him. Somewhat off balance, Abby is forced to slip on arm around James' neck, while he encircles the small of her back with one arm to assist her. You see her swallow nervously but she relaxes slightly when James gives her a charming grin. Slender as she is, you can't help but feel she looks fragile in his thickly muscled arms ...

"Now that's more like it ..." Lana purrs, sitting beside you. "Go on now Abby ..."

Abby looks unsure, but begins to tilt her head forward toward James. She stops part way, draws back ... then seems to muster her courage and quickly moves forward to plant a quick kiss on James' lips.

"Really? Just that?" Lana says with some surprise. "Here, my dear, let me show you something ..."

Lana's arms wrap around you, and you are suddenly confronted with a pair of smoky eyes and warm, full lips against yours. Lana leans against you and fills your nostrils with the scent of some delicate flowery perfume, and her lips gently teasing as yours for a few moments until you react, then pushing forward harder once she feels your response. After a few moments she draws back, a slight bit of color to her face. You realize a little uncomfortably that you are starting to get a little hard from the brief encounter, then notice the signs of Lana's own enjoyment peeking through the white of her shirt ...

"Like that, Abby ..." Lana says huskily. "Try it again ..."

Abby looks a little unsure, but James quickly shifts her a little further up on his lap, drawing her attention back to him. He waits patiently, and she once again hesitantly dips forward to plant a little kiss on his lips, this one a little slower and not drawing back quite so much after ... and then another, slower and much more carefully than the others so far. Soon, the tension melts from her and she become soft and pliant in James' arms, and she hardly draws back at all. You find yourself watching mesmerized, as your dear Abigail makes out with James with languorous abandon. As you stare, you feel Lana gently tracing her nails across your thigh, her hot breath against your ear ...

Eventually Abby comes up for air, and Lana gracefully slinks over to help her back to her feet. Lana whispers something in her ear, and Abby gives a tremulous smile before whispering something back. Her face is flushed, and you notice that she seems embarrassed to look at you as she approaches to re-take her seat.

"Well, that was fun," Lana says. "Now, I don't know how long the two of you were planning on staying, but our day is clear. If you want to stay a little longer, we'd love to have you ..."

"No arguments there," James says cheerfully.

"Well, let's go grab some drinks for our guests, goofball," Lana says to James, sending a little look his way. "I think we all might need to cool off a little ..."

Your hosts leave the room, and there is a moment or two of complete silence between you and Abby. Abby starts to say something, then seems to reconsider before starting again.

"Sorry, Remi ..." She says softly.

"What for?" you ask.

"I shouldn't have done that," Abby says. "You've never flaunted any of your past ... interests, so I shouldn't have done this."

You aren't sure what to say for a moment.

"It's ok, cheri," you say. "I told you to go ahead with it ... and it's not like I haven't kissed a girl or two before. Lana's right, you know, it's not fair to blame you for being curious. And ... well, I kissed Lana, so how can I complain?"

Abby hangs her head contritely, letting her hair hide most of her face.

"I'm a bad girl," she says softly, looking at you through the curtain of her hair. "Thinking about these kinds of things ..."

You gently brush her hair out of her eyes, touching her cheek.

"Well, so long as you're my bad girl then I'm happy," you tell her.

"Remi ..." Abby whispers, hugging you. "Thank you."

"Don't mention it," you say, smiling at her.

A moment or two passes in silence, and Abby seems to consider something.

"You know ... those two? They're adult movie stars," Abby says.

"Really?" you say, trying to hide your lack of surprise.

"Just thinking, is all ..." Abby says, leaning against you slightly. "Lots of guys like her I guess. I wonder how they would feel if they knew I let you make out with porn stars ... that's something guys like, right?"

"Well, yeah ..." you say.

"W-well ... if you want to kiss her again, I don't mind," Abby says, her face flushing a little again. You turn to her in surprise.

"You're so sweet to me, Remi. I want to be the kind of girlfriend you deserve," Abby says shyly. "And I trust you ... b-besides, it made me feel a little funny when I saw her kissing you, but it also made me feel kind of ... I don't know. But I kind of liked it."

In the silence that follows, you have time to reflect upon how much more incredible of a girl Abby is than you initially thought.

"We're back!" Lana announces, walking in with a couple of drinks in hand and a few tucked against her chest.

As she and James set down the drinks, you find your gaze drifting to the condensation dampened front of Lana's white shirt before noticing that Abby has seen where your eyes are tending. You settle your gaze on the drinks, feeling your face going ruddy with embarrassment.

"I wasn't sure what you two like, so we brought a few things." Lana says, gesturing. "Bottled water, soda, orange juice ... also, if you promise not to tell, we've got beer. And some other things, if you just want to relax a little ... let's try not to overdo it though, you guys are still minors after all."

Lana selects a bottle of water and James pours a cola and adds a little dose from a squat brown bottle before giving it a sip and an approving look.

"Amaretto and cola ... ever have it?" he says, waiting for the two of you to shake your heads. "Tastes just like a cherry cola. No idea why ... chemistry or something, I dunno."

"So, you two planning on staying a while?" Lana asks.

Abby glances at you, clearly waiting for you to take the lead.

You are a little concerned about Lana's motives here, but things have gone much better than you thought they would. If you want to stay though, a beer might help ... you're not a heavy drinker like some kids are, but you're no stranger to the idea. Of course you don't need to drink to stay, but it might help to prepare you for dealing with Lana. Or you could call it an early day and take Abby home ...

> Stay and grab a beer.

"Sure, we can stay a little longer I think," you say, taking a beer from the table.

"Sounds great," Lana says. "Oh Abby, come with me ... you've got to see the view we get from up here ..."

Lana escorts Abby over to the windows where the two begin chatting amiably.

"Some girl you got there," James says with a wink.

"Yeah, she sure is ..." you say. You're having a hard time deciding how you should be acting around James.

"Ah, sorry man. Lana gets caught up in things when she's excited. She seems to like Abby." James says. "And, no offense, but you didn't exactly look like you hated the trade we made, am I right?"

You can't really argue, so you just nod.

"No hard feelings then?" James asks.

"No, man ... I'm over it." you tell him.

"Cool ... so, you look like a tough guy, do any sports?" James asks.

"Used to box." you say, shrugging. "Abby doesn't really like seeing me hit people though, so ..."

"Gotcha. Behind every good man, there's a good woman threatening to deprive them of sex," James says cheerfully. "I used to do a bit of wrestling myself. Say, you don't happen to watch professional boxing do you?"

The two of you soon are embroiled in a conversation about the fine art of pummeling other people until they are unconscious and before long you find yourself forgetting that the guy you are talking to was making out with your girl only minutes ago. Your attention is broken when the girls return, and James gives you a wink when he catches your gaze wandering.

"Remi, mind giving me a hand with some things in the kitchen?" Lana asks, snatching your hand and leading you away before you can answer.

Lana slips her arm through yours and gently but insistently leads you toward the kitchen. She leaves you at the counter and walks to the fridge to rummage through it.

You glance back over the counter and see Abby pick up your beer and cautiously take a sip. You see her wince slightly and hear James laugh as she gently returns it to the table. When you turn back to Lana, you find her watching you intently from only an inch or two away.

"So, liking things so far?" Lana purrs.

"Uh, yeah." you say, masking your surprise.

"Good ... it seems like Abby likes it here, and I know James has no complaints," Lana tells you. "And since you are staying here for a little while ..."

Lana steps in close to you and presses her lips against yours. Her lithe body seems to wrap itself around you, making you all too aware of the fact that her thin tank top and sweat pants leave very little between her flesh and yours. After a moment she pulls back, leaving you feeling a little dazed.

"A few kisses aren't going to be enough for me," Lana whispers, heat filling her smokey eyes. "How about you play with me a little more ...?"

Lana leans back against the counter with her arms behind her, presenting a heart stopping view of her glorious breasts. A stone statue might well be tempted into moving, let alone you. But what about Abby?

You glance back over the counter again and catch sight of her sitting next to James, laughing about something. She picks up his glass, takes a sip of his cola concoction and a surprised smile crosses her face. She doesn't seem to notice you watching her ...

You remember what Abby said earlier about kissing Lana, but you don't really know how far her tolerance will last. On the other hand, it has been a while and this is something of a rare chance. And it's not like you are going to have sex with Lana ... just a little fooling around, right?

> Behave yourself, and keep a polite distance.

"Uh, sorry, but I can't," you say, putting a little distance between the two of you.

"You ... can't?" Lana says, her face going expressionless.

"Sorry," you say again. "You're, uh, nice and all Lana, but I'm Abby's."

"What about earlier?" Lana asks, advancing on you a little. "You weren't so reluctant then."

"That was in front of Abby and she was ok with it ... this is different." you tell Lana. You think back for a moment, trying to remember how Lana phrased it earlier. "This isn't part of the rules, and I won't cheat on her."

"Fine then." Lana says. "But keep in mind what you just passed up."

Lana leads you back to the living room area and squeezing herself down onto the couch on the other side of Abby, leaving you to take James' chair. Abby shifts slightly, trying in vain to create a little space between herself and your two hosts. After a few minutes of chatting, things begin to wind down for the evening ...

"So, enjoy stopping by today?" Lana asks Abby.

"Oh, yeah. Thanks for having us." Abby says.

"Glad you liked it ... what do you say, same time next week?" Lana asks.

"Well, I'll have check to be sure I can make it, but it sounds good to me." Abby says. "Remi?"

"Sure," you say, standing up and walking over to help Abby from her seat.

"Alright then, it's a date then," Lana says. "Just call if you need to cancel, ok?"

"Sure. Well, goodnight then," You say, leading Abby out the door.

The two of you head home together, and at some point Abby slips one slender arm through yours and leans against you and gives you a little kiss. In response to your questioning look, she simply smiles.

"So, what are you doing tomorrow?" you ask.

"Well ... actually, Lana offered to take me shopping in the morning." Abby says. "And I have some studying to do tomorrow night ..."

"Oh, busy then," You say.

"Well, you're welcome to come along if you'd like," Abby says. "But I can understand if you'd rather not ... clothes and homework aren't exactly your favorites."

"Well, if you want me there I'll go ..." you say.

"Your choice. Just drop by early tomorrow if you want to come along for the shopping trip, or later if you want to explore the world of math with us tomorrow." Abby says as the two of you reach her house.

The two of you part with a kiss and you hurry home to eat a quick dinner and get ready for bed. As you lay down, you find yourself wondering if you really want to see what Abby will be dreaming of tonight ... after all,

James is bound to be in it, right? Of course, doing so will probably give you a chance to test Euphemia's new gift, but still ...

Well, do you want to watch Abby's dreams tonight, or would you rather just go to sleep?

> watch abby's dreams, you've come to far to not use your gift from Euphemia'

Lana's apartment ripples into being around you. It is a little darker than you recall, and a quick glance outside reveals that it is nearly nighttime. Abby sits on the couch with James, chatting amiably. A pair of hands slip over your eyes.

"You decided to treat Abigail after all. I can not tell you how happy that makes me!" comes Euphemia's excited voice.

Her hands slip from your gaze, and for a moment you see what looks like a slight haze of heat rippling from James. A quick glance reveals that neither Abby or Euphemia has turned into a radiator ... you suppose this is Euphemia's new gift then.

"Now then. No disturbing this dream, my dear Remi." Euphemia says, a beatific smile on her face. "This dream will be all for Abby ..."

And just like that, you find you can't move. There is no struggle or strain, you simply feel ... not there. Like the world around you has changed from real life into a movie ...

James picks up his glass and takes a sip before offering it to Abby. She shyly wraps one hand around his and gently tips the glass against her lips and once again an expression of pleasant surprise crosses her face.

"Like it?" James asks.

"Yes ... it's really good." Abby admits, taking another swallow.

"Glad to hear it." James says. "Although ... you did just finish my drink."

Abby looks down in surprise, and despite having appeared full to you a moment before, the glass is indeed nearly empty. "Ah, I'm sorry ..."

"It's ok ... but I would like another taste too ..." James says, slipping a little closer and taking the glass from Abby's hand.

Thump ... thump ...

A low beat begins to rise in your ears as you watch Abby's face color at James' nearness. Her eyes close as James moves forward to plant a long, slow kiss on her lips. His tongue darts out, licking her lips, and Abby's eyes snap open with surprise.

"Mmmm ... it was good, wasn't it?" James asks.

"Y-yeah ..." Abby says, looking away. "Lana and Remi have been gone a while, haven't they?"

"I wouldn't expect them back too soon." James says cheerfully. "Lana's got her eye on him, after all."

"Oh?" Abby says, looking back up.

Thump ... thump ... thump ...

"Worried?" James asks. "They are probably going at it right now ... she's got that kind of effect on guys."

"I'm not worried about Remi ..." Abby says. "I told him he could ..."

"Oh? You're a generous girl." James says, shifting closer to your girlfriend. Abby looks up at him, a strange look in her eyes. "Maybe you deserve a reward ..."

James descends on Abby again, kissing her lightly. When he draws back, Abby moves forward slightly, looking disappointed.

"Well, how about I give you a little reward while we wait?" James asks.

Thump, thump, thump ... the thunder in your ears grows louder, and it suddenly occurs to you that you are hearing the sound of your love's heartbeat quickening at James' touch.

James leads Abby over to the chair, sits, and once again helps her seat herself so that she is straddling him.

"Mmm... I like it this way, don't you?" James says, smiling when Abby nods her assent. "Now then, where were we ..."

Abby wraps herself around James, her lips finding his with surprising passion. James slips one arm around her back, his fingers teasing at any exposed flesh they can find, and his other hand finds it's way to her left breast, gently massaging it. Abby gives a little shocked gasp in surprise, but makes no move to stop James from groping her chest.

Euphemia slips into view, appearing behind Abby. She leans down and wraps her arms around the girl, her heavy breasts resting against James' hand, and whispers gently into your girlfriend's ear. Abby pulls back from James for a moment, the dull red heat of desire in her eyes, and slowly begins to work her hips back and forth, grinding against James. Euphemia smiles and gently begins slipping the straps of Abby's dress down until the ripe swell of her breasts can be seen cradled in a simple white bra.

James takes this chance to take hold of Abby's lovely globes with both hands, leaving Euphemia to hold Abby, and begins thrusting back against Abby in time with her movements. Abby's face takes a pained expression, and her movements begin to quicken ...

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP!

Abby gives a little stifled cry, thrusting with all her might against James ... and then collapsing forward onto him, panting and red-faced. James slips one hand under her chin, then delicately raises her face to his for a kiss.

"So, was that a good reward?" James asks. Abby gives him a slightly embarrassed look, but gives a little nod. "Glad you liked it. I'll have to think of an even better one for next time ..."

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You wake up to find your heart pounding and a not inconsiderable bulge in your pants. It takes nearly ten minutes of effort to get the image of Abby's smokey eyes and hungry face out of your mind. You don't want to see her with another guy like that again ... but then, you do want to see her like that again ...

One long, cold shower later, you find yourself considering your plans for the day. Abby said something about a shopping trip and a study night ... neither sounds particularly appealing, but you're not sure what else you can do. You suppose you could talk to Lana about what happened yesterday during the shopping trip ... but you're not sure really what to say. You suppose you could also have a chat with James about Abby, and more specifically about not touching Abby ...

Well, what are you going to do?

> Go shopping with Lana and Abby

You take some time to grab breakfast and make yourself presentable, then head over to Abby's house. Lana and Abby are on their way out to a bright red convertible parked outside when you arrive, and Abby greets you with a smile and a quick kiss.

"Made it just in time, sleepyhead," Lana says.

"And I thought I was going to be early," you reply as you get into the car.

"Not the way I shop, kid," Lana says with a grin, starting the car. "Early bird gets the worm."

Lana and Abby start chatting about shops they plan on visiting, leaving you to your own devices. With little else to do, you spend some time admiring your companions ...

Lana wears a belted pair of jeans that hang somewhat loosely at the hip and a rather tight in the chest sleeveless shirt which proudly proclaims her to be, in glittering letters, a porn star. Abby, by contrast, is wearing a simple pair of jeans and blouse. You find yourself wondering what Abby would look like if she dressed a little more like Lana ... and realize, with a start, that this is probably the intended purpose of this trip.

The three of you arrive at the mall and Lana leads the two of you past store after store, pausing only to occasionally inspect window displays ... which, you notice, only seems to happen when there are groups of guys giving appreciative glances in your group's direction.

"Now then, Abby," Lana says, walking toward a discrete little clothing store set off in a corner. "I think we need to work on your sex appeal a little."

"My what?" Abby says, a little trepidation creeping into her voice.

"Exactly," Lana says, leading the two of you inside.

A balding man looks up at you as you enter, and his eyes take on an appreciative gleam when he notices Lana.

"My dear, how are you, how are you?" He says as he approaches.

"Doing great ... I've got a customer for you." Lana says. "Abby, meet Mr. Thorp. Mr. Thorp, Abby."

"Hello," Abby says politely.

"Hello, my dear ..." Thorp says. "I can see what you mean, Lana. Lovely girl like this needs apparel to match. Step into my parlor, young lady ..."

Mr. Thorp leads Abby away to a curtained off area at the back of the store, and Lana sidles up next to you.

"You're about to get a major treat, Remi," Lana says. "Thorp has a knack for bringing out the sex appeal in a girl. Well, assuming we can get Abby to loosen up a little, that is."

Lana slips one arm through yours and leads you over to a set of padded benches and pulls you down to sit next to her. She hugs your arm a little closer when you try to move, and you are uncomfortably aware of the softness of her breasts against you. The wicked light in her eyes makes you think that Lana is all too aware of the effect she is having on you.

Abby emerges from behind the curtain, temporarily distracting you from the clingy blond. A slim pair of dark jeans clings to her long legs and molds itself against her shapely rear, and a snugly fit dark vest emphasizes her slim middle and gives a generous lift to her bust, giving you the slightest glance of cleavage over the low cut of the white short-sleeved shirt she wears beneath.

"So ... what do you think?" Abby says nervously.

"It's ... nice," you manage to say, swallowing hard.

"Ah, but we've only just begun ... come along, Abby." Mr. Thorp says, leading her back inside.

When they next emerge from behind the curtain, Abby is wearing a low-cut pair of blue jeans with a black belt and a tux style black vest that gives a tantalizing view of Abby's taut belly and shows more than a little cleavage. After that is a short brown cargo skirt that hangs a little higher on her hip with a loose belt of cloth and metal rings that jingles faintly as she walks and a halter top that only just meets with the tight fitting waist of the skirt. And for the finale, a red-faced Abby appears wearing a short pair of jean shorts and gray halter top that ends merely a few inches beneath her breasts.

"MMm, I think I like the last one," Lana says speculatively as Abby returns in her original clothes.

"I-I don't know," Abby says. "I think it's a bit too ... brief, for me."

"Nonsense, my dear, you looked lovely." Thorp assures her.

Abby looks a little unsure, but doesn't seem to want to argue.

"Well then, pick any two outfits that you like," Lana says. "My treat."

"But, I couldn't ..." Abby begins.

"Don't worry about it. I get a rather nice discount here ... long standing customer and all. Now come on, pick!" Lana says.

"I don't know ..." Abby says. "What do you think, Remi? Which two did you like best?"

"Good idea. Remi's the one who benefits most here, after all." Lana says, then leans in to whisper to you. "And maybe you can convince her to wear one home ... and model for you a little, when you get there."

You swallow hard, images of Abby in those outfits circling in your head. Which two sounded the best? And do you want to see a little more of her (literally, in this case) in them today?

>Tell her you like the first and last outfit the best. Suggest she wear one of them out of the store, to be polite to Lana for buying them for her.

"I liked the first one and the last one," you tell Abby. "Maybe you should even wear one home ... you looked great in them!"

"See, Abby?" Lana says. "Remi loves them! You could wear one home today, and show off the other at school tomorrow!"

"At school?" Abby says nervously.

"Well yeah, I'm getting these for you so you can show all the other girls at school what a real hot tamale looks like." Lana says. "So go on, make your pick!"

Lana takes Thorp aside and pays him as Abby steps into the changing room again, and emerges wearing the tights shorts and halter top and an embarrassed look. She smiles when you reach out to take her hand, but you can practically hear her heart pounding in her chest. Lana reappears, hands the shopping bags off to you, then leads the two of you from the store.

"So, I'm thinking maybe some lingerie next ... how about you?" Lana says brightly.

"Umm, I don't know," Abby replies, crossing her arms nervously across her chest.

"Well, one vote for, one abstaining, and the third is the guy who will benefit from this so off we go!" Lana says. "Oh, though come to think of it ... Remi, mind doing a favor?"

"Uh, sure. What's up?" you ask.

"There's a great little restaurant here, but they are usually a little crowded ... mind dropping by and putting in a reservation?" Lana asks.

"I guess not ..." you say. "Where is it?"

Lana gives you directions to a restaurant outside the mall with a name that you aren't sure you can spell or pronounce, then proceeds to do the same for a shop that you aren't sure you would be able to bring yourself to enter. She then sends you along and heads off with Abby in the other direction.

You are heading on your way, when you feel a strange sensation fall over you. The world seems to ripple around you, like someone dropped a small stone into a pond. You shake your head, wondering if maybe you are coming down with something. You find a bench to sit down on, just for a second to clear your head ...

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Abby and Lana stand in a little round room with a trio of guys around your age. Every once in a while one of the guys looks over, admiring the two

girls, but otherwise they seem to be chatting amongst themselves. The walls are clear, but an outer surrounding wall is opaque up until around neck level, after which it becomes clear again, giving a view of the mall below: an elevator apparently, but from what you can tell it isn't moving ...

"I swear, it always happens ... they need some new mechanics around here to keep these things tuned up." Lana complains. "Though at least we have a little bit of a view ..."

Abby turns to take a peek out over the rest of the mall, and Lana slips up behind quietly and wraps an arm around her waist.

"Oh, but we're stuck here, alone where no one can see or help us, with these three horny young men," Lana whispers. "And we are just a pair of sexy, defenseless young ladies ..."

"Oh, knock it off," Abby says, laughing.

"But what if they decide to ravish us?" Lana says huskily. "Well, I for one might enjoy it ..."

A strange light appears in Lana's eye, and she slips one hand up to Abby's chest, eliciting a quiet yelp.

"L-lana ..." Abby says, turning red.

"It's your fault for dressing so slutty," Lana says, sticking out her tongue. "Picking a hot little number like that ..."

"Ah! I couldn't wear it to school tomorrow ..." Abby says, gasping a little as Lana begins rubbing her breasts gently through her halter top.

The three guys don't appear to have noticed anything just yet ...

"Lucky me then," Lana whispers gleefully. She slips a hand down and unbuttons Abby's shorts, and takes hold of the zipper before Abby reaches down to stop her. "Think about it, those three young guys ... nice hard cocks, just aching and pulsing, all for you. You can't say the thought doesn't make you wet ..."

"I-I can't ..." Abby says hesitantly.

"They don't even have to know, if you stay quiet," Lana whispers into Abby's ear. "I bet you never even got off last night after playing with James ... let me finish what he started. Just give me a sign ..."

You find yourself frozen, heart pounding, staring at the two girls. This can't be real ... it's a dream, like usual, right? But how could Abby be dreaming right now? But if this is a dream, then you can change something ... or 'ride along' with someone, and experience what they do, if you want to take advantage of Euphemia's other gift.

You swallow, thinking of the possibilities, as a heat haze builds around Lana and the three guys. You could probably get Lana to play with Abby here just by unzipping those cute shorts. And while it feels a little funny to think of it, you could also attract the attention of those three guys, and maybe ride inside one and maybe have a little fun ... it's a dream, after all, right? And it's not like you haven't seen a couple guys with her by this point anyway ...

>Unzip Abby's shorts

You take hold of Abby's hand and gently urge it downward, unzipping her shorts to reveal the lovely white V of her panties. Lana slides one delicate hand under the waistband of Abby's panties, and you see Abby's eyes flutter closed in anticipation.

Ssschlliitt ...

"Hahmm!" Abby stifles a little cry, biting her lip.

"Quietly, now ..." Lana whispers, smiling.

Sschlitt, sschlliitt, ssscchhlliit ...

Abby's body twitches, shaking in rhythm to the silent slick noise. Abby raises one hand to her lips, eyes closed and muscles tensed, as Lana skillfully fucks her with her fingers. You find yourself staring at the bulge of Lana's hand that is visible through both panties and shorts, your mind quite easily managing the task of imagining what every shift and contortion of that bulge must look like ...

"God, you're tight ... and wet," Lana whispers. "I bet there are guys who would kill to feel this ..."

Abby looks away, red faced and eyes glazed, and Lana redoubles her efforts. Abby's hips buck forward slightly now, trying to grind Lana's fingers deeper into her pussy. After a moment of this, Abby reaches down to place her other hand on the bulge of Lana's hand, gently urging her on ...

Ssscchhlliiitt, ssscchlliiittt ...

And then, without warning, Abby seems to sag forward and gives a low, but audible, moan. You hear the buzz of the conversation behind you vanish, and turn to find the three guys staring wide-eyed at the girls. Lana notices, but looks more rueful than concerned.

"I told you to be quiet, silly," Lana says.

Abby turns to look at her, then looks shocked when she notices the attention she is getting. With a shrug Lana steps around, turning Abby to face the boys. They watch in fascination as Lana's hand moves once again in Abby's shorts, producing a slick squelch and a moan from Abby.

"Well then, while we're at it ... let's give the boys a little show." Lana says.

"N-no ... you can't!" Abby says, looking horrified.

"Mmm, you're right ... just doing that would be cruel. Look at those nice, hard cocks ..." Lana says, grinning at the bulges in the boys trousers. "We need to take care of them, it'll be embarrassing if they walk around like that ..."

Abby goes to speak, but then looks unsure.

"Don't worry, my dear. I'll do all the work if you're too shy ..." Lana says, eyes glittering. "Now then, what are you waiting for? Come on over ..."

The three look at each other, seemingly unable to believe their luck. As the buxom blond delicately draws her hair back from her face, smiling, they hesitantly begin walking forward. The world seems to slow down, and you feel panic rising inside you.

"How incredibly lovely," A faint voice whispers in your ear.

"Euphemia? Where are you?" You ask.

"I am not at my strongest right now. Is there something you desire?" Comes her voice again.

"This ... this is real, isn't it?" you ask.

"A fantasy come true, yes." Euphemia replies. "Your bond with the dreams of your love have strengthened ..."

"But these guys are going to ... to ..." you stammer, unsure of how to finish. "Is there any way to stop this?"

"You have already changed things once," Euphemia says gently. "Allowing you to do so again would be tiresome ... but I could do it. But I would require a price for such a thing, and the terms would be mine to dictate after I aid you."

"Isn't there anything else you can do?" you ask nervously.

"At the moment, no. It is either my price, or you can watch. Or ... you could use my other gift. What is your decision?" Euphemia asks.

You hesitate. You trust Abby, you do ... but in this kind of situation, you are a little worried that she might get carried away. But knowing Euphemia, the price will be something else you might not like ... but then, your only other options are to just watch or 'join in' ...

> trust Abby and just watch

When you turn around you find Lana on her knees, a cock in each hand and a seductive grin on her face. The third boy has taken Lana's place behind Abby, his hands massaging her chest briefly before lifting her shirt and bra to reveal her perfect, plump breasts. You stare in fascination, your first real look at Abby's tits only marred by the fact that you aren't the one touching them ...

"Ooooo, very nice," Lana says, drawing the other two boys' attention to Abby. "Good to see you're loosening up a little ..."

"D-don't ...AH!" Abby says, exquisite agony crossing her face as the boy behind her slips one hand into her soaking wet panties.

"God, she's soaked," Abby's molester says wonderingly.

He reaches down and pulls down her shorts and panties, revealing a glistening slit crowned with a tiny thatch of dark brown hair. He gently teases apart the swollen lips of her pussy and strokes a finger across them, eliciting a low moan from your girlfriend. He unzips his pants, freeing a massively engorged cock, and brings it to a rest against Abby's bottom ...

"N-no! You can't!" Abby says, looking shocked.

"You kidding? I've never seen a girl more ready to be fucked." The guy says looking for a moment as if he is going to continue anyway. A searing heat begins to burn inside you ... and it shocks you to realize that you aren't sure if it's rage or desire that fuels it.

"Abby's still a virgin," Lana says coyly. "And she's saving it for someone special ... but I bet she'd love to feel your cock against her pussy ... right Abby?"

"I, I ..." Abby stammers, then is prompted by a slight nudge of the swelled member at her rear. "Y-yeah, rub your ... cock against my pussy."

Abby spreads her legs slightly, allowing the guy behind her to slide his dick between her thighs before closing them again. Blood pounds in your veins as the boy eagerly begins to thrust, his hands grasping Abby's tits as he mounts her from behind. The sounds of their heavy breathing fill the room, punctuated by the slick slapping noise of each stroke ... even knowing that Abby's virginity is intact, you can't help but imagine the boy's cock is inside her, pounding away ...

The boy grunts, arching his back and pulling Abby close, his hips thrusting forward and a thick stream of cum gushes forth from his arched cock, dripping and splattering on Abby's firm belly. Little droplets drip downward, tracing the curve of her thigh ...

The whole elevator gives a jolt and begins moving. Lana's partners hastily neaten themselves, looking a little disappointed that their adventure failed to have a happy ending. Abby leans against the wall, seemingly too shocked to tidy herself ...

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You awaken on a mall bench, feeling a little disoriented. You are embarrassed to find yourself ... ah, at attention, and sit back down with your hands folded in your lap to hide the source of your embarrassment. You wait a few minutes before heading to the store Lana designated, and find the girls there browsing. You notice that Abby doesn't seem noticeably disheveled or upset ...

"So, how'd the reservations go?" Lana asks.

"Uh, they said they were full up. Sorry." you respond.

"Dammit Remi, one simple job ..." Lana says irritably. "That's it, you're my bitch now! Abby, keep browsing, me and Remi are going to go looking for heavy things to buy."

Lana takes your hand and marches off angrily before Abby can object. She leads you through clothing racks, getting you thoroughly lost before pulling you into a changing room. You open your mouth to speak, and Lana latches to you with a full on, and quite lengthy, french kiss.

"Oh. My. God. I really need to cum right now," She says, leaning against you with her arms looped around your neck.

"What?" you say, bewildered.

"You heard me ... you failed in your mission, and I'm as horny as I've ever been right now. Finger me, lick me ... fuck me, even. Just do it now ..." Lana whispers.

She rubs her thigh against your rapidly hardening cock, looking at you expectantly. The world seems to ripple around you, and you hear the sound of blood pounding in your ears ... but it's suddenly hard to pay attention with this blond beauty clinging to you ...

What do you do?

> Give in and eat her out until she cums

Unable to help yourself, you reach up and take hold of Lana's magnificent rack, squeezing them softly. Lana gives a delighted little chuckle and leans back in for another leisurely kiss.

"You like my tits?" Lana asks, breaking away.

"Yeah ... they're amazing." you say. You give them another squeeze, marveling at how you can barely fit your hands around them.

"Mmmm, good. Maybe someday I'll let you play with them as much as you want. But first ..." Lana says, unbuckling her belt.

You get the picture. You help her unzip her jeans, kneeling to pull them down and finding yourself confronted by her smooth shaven pussy. You run a finger along her slit ...

... and feel the slickly wet fabric of Abby's panties, her eyes staring down at you feverishly. Her hands feebly push against the hands that work at her tits and pussy, but offer no real resistance when they are pushed away ...

... and Lana purrs softly for you to continue. You dip your finger inside the warm wetness of her folds, softly stroking her until she hisses at you to keep going. Obliging, you lean forward and give her pussy a little kiss, smiling when she gasps. You press on, letting your tongue stroke her just as your finger had ...

...Abby's hands press against your head, this time urging you gently. You suck and lick gently through the slick fabric of her panties, her flavor delicate on your tongue and her cries music to your ears. Her voice becomes a muffled moan as another pair of lips meet with hers. Her fingers twist in your hair, grinding her wet slit against you as you lick frantically ...

... and Lana hisses softly, her back arching as she climaxes. She continues to hold you against her for a while, her body gradually relaxing. Finally, she releases you, a hazy smile on her face.

"God, I needed that." Lana says softly. Jeans still around her ankles and shirt still hiked up, she leans back against the wall. You find yourself staring, finding it hard to believe that you just ate out a porn star ... and feeling a deep down need for satisfaction yourself.

"Oh? I'm being rude ..." Lana says, sidling and gently rubbing the bulge in your with the palm of one hand. "I think this little guy needs a little attention ... what do you think, Remi?"

Before you can reply, the world seems to shift again and you see an image of Abby, gasping and red-faced, leaning against a wall. Her shorts are pulled down to reveal a sopping wet pair of panties, and Lana's partners from the elevator stand before her, cocks standing at attention.

"Come on, help us out here," The one says. "Fair trade ... you already came, now give us a turn."

Abby reaches up ... then stops, unsure.

"How delightful." Euphemia's voice whispers. "What will you do? It is clear that Abigail wants to do this ... will you deny her? Will you help her? Or will you simply watch?"

Reality, your reality, begins to return, bringing with it a quizzical Lana. If you are going to try to change something with Abby's, err, fantasy, you'd better do it now. Likewise, if you want to do anything with Lana ...

> let Abby's fantasy go wherever she wants. Observe it while unzipping pants to let Lana suck cock.

You unzip your pants and Lana gives you a peck on the lips, tasting her juices on your lips, before dropping to her knees before you. You can feel the pleasant weight of her tits against your thighs, and she gives a sultry smile before taking your hardened cock in her mouth ...

... and Abby wraps a trembling hand around the first boy's dick. She gives a cautious little jerk that is rewarded by a little sigh, then looks nervously around. The guy grabs her hand and begins to direct her, giving her a slow rhythm.

"It's ... so hot," She says wonderingly.

"Never touched a cock before? Well, I'm glad to be the first then ..." her partner says. "Just keep going like that, I'm almost there ..."

Abby obediently continues stroking, a strange fascination showing on her face. You find yourself imagining her looking at your cock that way, jerking you off with that same look of careful concentration, and your hand settles on Lana's head as you gently encourage her to take your cock deeper.

"Alright now, faster ... faster!" Abby's partner gasps, "H-here it comes!"

His cock spasms in Abby's hand and despite her surprise she manages to keep a firm grasp as his hot semen gushes out, spilling onto the floor. No sooner has the first boy stepped back than the second presents his throbbing member to you girlfriend.

"Jerk me off next," he says, a grimace of pleasure crossing his face as she takes hold. He slips a hand down to fondle her breasts through the thin material of her halter top, grinning when she gasps in surprise. "Yeah, let me hear more of that cute little voice."

"D-don't," Abby stammers. "That makes me feel ..."

"What?" The second guy asks, grinning.

"Hot ..." Abby says softly.

"Well then, you'd better get me off quick then, or I'll be making you cum again." He says, clearly enjoying himself.

Abby begins stroking him faster, biting her lip as his groping begins to build the heat inside her again.

"Heh, or maybe I'll make you beg for it ... maybe suck my cock. Or I could fuck those tits, and splatter you with my cum ..." He pants, urging her on.

"Please, don't ... Remi ..." she says softly, but you can see her nipples getting hard through her shirt.

"Alright then. But in exchange, I want to see you to taste my cum," He says, panting.

Abby looks shocked, but doesn't seem to have a reply. She begins jerking faster, and you can heat building up inside. You explode in Lana's mouth just as the guy unloads, a geyser of hot sticky cum gushing from his cock and onto the floor. Lana carefully suckles at your cock, drawing out every last drop of cum before swallowing. She smiles, looking quite satisfied with herself, but you find yourself looking beyond her to Abby as she shyly extends her tongue to taste the last pearly droplet from her partner's member.

The the next few minutes are a blur as you and Lana carefully neaten yourselves up. You leave the changing room, Lana giving a sweet little smile to a curious looking clerk. You find Abby more or less where you left her, but her face is flushed and she seems quieter than usual. Not long after, Lana declares the trip to be over and drives back to Abby's house to drop the two of you off.

"So ... do you want to come in?" Abby asks, after a few moments of awkward silence between the two of you. "I've got to study soon, but I've got at least a few minutes ..."

You suddenly realize that there are no cars in the driveway, meaning Abby's parents are out for the evening. An evening (or at least a few minutes alone) with your girl ... your girl, who was just fooling around with a couple of other guys. With a twinge, you find yourself remembering the last image of Abby preparing for her first taste of cum ...

You find yourself wondering if you're all that comfortable with being with her tonight ... maybe you should just go home and get your thoughts straightened out over this whole thing ...

>Go inside with Abby.

"Sure," you say, stepping inside.

Abby leads you to her room and deposits her shopping bags on her bed before turning to you.

"So, you really do like this, then?" Abby asks shyly. "This kind of outfit?"

"Well, yeah. Not that I don't like how you normally dress, but ... " you tell her, feeling a little embarrassed. "But you look really good in those. Sexy. Though, uh, maybe you shouldn't wear them to school ..."

"I think I agree there," Abby says sheepishly. "I feel like people can see a little too much maybe."

Your eyes are drawn to her long, mostly bare legs and belly and find yourself disagreeing ... well, as long as she is wearing them here, that is.

"So, um, did anything happen between Lana and you?" She asks.

"W-what?" you ask with a start. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, the two of you were gone for a while ... and I said I was ok with it ..." Abby says. "So, did anything happen?"

Abby looks at you curiously and you find yourself nodding reluctantly. You wince, waiting for her to ask just how far things went ... and are surprised when she dips forward to give you a quick kiss.

"Don't look so worried. I told you, you have permission to kiss Lana. It's not like you haven't before." Abby says with a strange little smile. She slips her arms around you gently. "If we're both ok with that, then it's fine."

"Umm, what if it went a bit further than kissing?" you ask tentatively.

"You didn't, umm, sleep with her, did you?" Abby asks.

"Well, no ..." you reply.

Surprisingly, she smiles.

"Lana told me she was going to try to get you to, but I knew you wouldn't. I don't exactly mind you doing that kind of stuff either I guess ... but try not to get too carried away, alright? At least, not unless you ask me first ..." Abby says.

You stare at your girl in amazement for a moment before responding. "Uh, yeah, alright."

"And maybe ... sometime, if it's ok ..." Abby says, turning red.

"What?" you ask.

"N-nothing ... umm, so I had better change and get a shower. Greg will be here soon." Abby says.

"Oh, uh, ok. Night, cheri." you say.

"Night, Remi." Abby says, seeing you out the door.

You head home feeling uneasy, expecting at any moment to feel that haze drifting over your senses ... but to your surprise, the rest of the

evening is uneventful. You fall asleep in your bed, and drift off into a dreamless sleep ...

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You wake up the next morning on time for once and actually manage to arrive at school ahead of even Abby for a change. Your lovely girl arrives dressed in your second pick from yesterday, a slim pair of black jeans and string-tied black vest over a white shirt, drawing more than a few appreciative stares on her way to meet you.

The day passes rather quickly after that, with little of interest (or at least, little of interest compared to Abby) occurring until you meet up with Abby again after school.

"So ... Remi ... something I wanted to ask you about last night." Abby says carefully, turning red. "You and Lana ... umm, did things together. And I'm ok with that ... but I was wondering a little ..."

"Yeah?" you ask.

"Does that mean ... I mean, would you be ok with ... me doing that kind of thing too?" Abby asks.

"With Lana? Or another guy?" you ask nervously.

"Well ... either? Both?" Abby asks.

You stop in your tracks, blood pounding in your ears. Images of Abby with Lana compete with similar ones of Abby with Greg, Abby with James ...

"Well, I mean, I was just curious," Abby says, looking away in embarrassment. "It's not like I have ... well, plans or anything. And you've already let me kiss someone else. So I was just wondering if you thought things like that are ok too ..."

"I guess ... it would depend on the situation," you say carefully, trying to avoid a real answer. On the one hand, you want Abby for yourself ... on the other, you feel a little ashamed acting that way when she has been so ... open about your relationship.

"Ah, sorry about the weird question," Abby says. "I was just curious, that's all. Umm, anyway ... I've got babysitting to do. Do you want to come along today?"

Well, you do have some things to take care of (including another Mellenger paper), but then you can't help but recall what may or may not have happened last time you left Abby alone around Rod. What to do ...

Today is Monday.

Remi's Chores

--Housework (Due Friday)

--Mellenger's paper (Due Friday)

--Return library book (Due Tuesday)

>Return library book.

"Sorry, I have some things I have to take care of," you tell her.

"Alright, I'll see you later then!" Abby says, giving you a peck on the cheek.

You head back to school and make your way to the library. The librarian isn't at the front desk when you arrive, forcing you on a thoroughly uncomfortable hunt through the worryingly close shelves before finding the grumbling woman and dragging her back to the front desk. She thumbs through the book, checking it over intently for signs that it has been mishandled, then grudgingly signs it back in. After fleeing from the cramped and musty place and taking a moment to catch your breath you put the school behind you.

You head to Becky and Rod's house, thinking you might just check in on Abby before going home, and find it empty. Realizing that Abby must have taken her charges for a trip, you turn to leave ... and find yourself staring at the naked back of none other than your girlfriend.

Abby stands in the stall of an open shower in a changing room, damp tangles of her hair trailing down her back. You stand transfixed, feasting your eyes on her delicate curves.

"Mmm ..." She sighs softly, and as you watch she begins kneading her breast with one hand. Her lips press together as she tries to keep herself from crying out.

Abby is masturbating. Right in front of you. Now if only you were there to help her ...

Something catches your eye, and you glance up to a curtained window that overlooks the room. Not just one but two sets of eyes are staring through the curtain. The curtain has been gently drawn back just enough to grant a view, and you can see that the window must not have been closed. Irritated, you step through the wall and find Rod and another boy his age, both wearing swim trunks, standing on top of a garbage can outside.

"Oh man, look at that," Rod's friend exclaims. "She's actually touching them ... you have the best babysitter ever!"

"Yeah, normally she just lets me watch her undress," Rod says.

"Seriously!? Man, I need to come over more often." his friend says. "Think she would let me touch them?"

"Maybe. I could try to get her to," Rod says. "And they're pretty nice, just so you know."

"You mean--!" his friend asks, wide eyed.

"Shh, be quiet ... it's starting to get really good in there now ..." Rod says, turning back to the action inside.

Peeping little bastard ... and he's gloating to his friends that he touched your girl, too. Of course, you only ever saw it happen in a dream, which is hardly hard evidence, but even still it does make you a little angry. You wonder if you should take the chance to use your little gift from Euphemia to teach him a lesson ... then again, he's just being an obnoxious, braggart like some kids are, so maybe you should reign in your temper a bit ...

>Teach the little bastard a lesson

While Abby hates to see you fight, Rod definitely has a little something coming. And it's not like you can get caught right now...

After a moment of thought, you kick the trash can as hard as you can, sending it, Rod and his friend flying away from the window. You hear a little shriek from inside and a quick glance tells you that Abby isn't likely to continue what she was doing ...

Moments later, Abby appears outside wearing a towel and discovers the two boys on the ground.

"Rod? What ..." Abby starts, then notices the trashcan, the open window and the little tents that are painfully obvious in the boy's trunks. Her face goes bright red, and she quickly turns around. "Umm, you should hurry and finished getting changed. We're going to be leaving soon ..."

You smile to yourself as the world begins to swirl around you again, returning you to the steps outside Rod's house. You walk home feeling a little better about today.

That night, however, you dream again ...

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Abby sits in her room, dressed again in her slightly too small pajamas. Next to her sits Euphemia, buttons of her Abby lookalike pajama top straining fit to burst.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Abigail?" She asks sweetly.

"Y-yeah ... I think I am." Abby says sheepishly. "I think I'm being a little bad lately, but I do kind of like it."

"It is not bad to have desires, little Abigail," Euphemia says.

"Umm, but mine ... I feel guilty about." Abby says.

"Why is that?" Euphemia asks.

"I ... keep thinking about boys. And me ..." Abby says, blushing. "And the boys aren't always ... Remi. I'm not supposed to think like that."

"Remi fantasizes about other girls." Euphemia tells her. "Such as Lana ..."

"Yeah, but he told me about Lana, and I said it was ok." Abby objects. "I never told him about ..."

"The boys at the mall?" Euphemia asks.

"Yeah. And ... what makes it worse is, I sort of liked that." Abby says. "I felt ... good. Sexy, I guess."

"Perhaps you should talk to Remi about what you want. " Euphemia suggests. "But for now, I think our time has ended ..."

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"Remi, what did you do with Lana, exactly?" Abby asks the next morning.

"Uh, I don't really--" you begin.

"Please, tell me." Abby says, smiling. "I really want to know."

"Umm, well ..." you say, feeling a little uncomfortable. "I licked her pussy."

"Anything else?" Abby asks.

"She ... gave me a blowjob." you admit. "And that's it."

"Did it feel good?" She asks curiously.

"Uh, well ... yeah." you say.

"Umm, so ... what I was wondering ..." Abby says nervously. "Was ... will you let me do that? Would you let me ... touch another guy?"

A moment of silence passes while you try to think of how to respond.

"It's just that I'm curious about ... umm, guys." Abby says. "Since talking to Lana. She talks about how all guys are a little different and all. But I love you, Remi ... so I know I won't get the chance to find out. Not unless ... you say it's ok."

Once again, you find yourself at a loss for words.

"And ... I talked to Lana this morning. She said ..." Abby pauses. "She said she would have sex with you, if you wanted it. And if I said it was ok. Or she said she could call some of her friends for you. So if you'll let me ..."

You can tell that she is ashamed to ask this of you, but the whole concept is a little unsettling. You want Abby for yourself ... but this clearly took a lot of willpower to ask you. Despite your dislike of the concept, you do feel a little bad about being so selfish when she is so permissive of you. And her offer isn't exactly unappealing either ... though really, you feel odd about having sex with Lana before Abby.

Well, how will you respond?

>agree to go with her deal, but tell her, that there's no way she'll be doing anything with Rod whatsoever - other boys are fine though.

"Well, alright," you finally say.

"Really?" Abby asks. "Are you sure, Remi?"

"Yeah, it's ok." you manage. "Just don't go over to Becky's and go looking for Rod ..."

Abby gives you an odd look.

"Honestly Remi, that wasn't really what I had in mind ... umm, not that I had something in mind," Abby says. "But anyway, thank you."

Abby gives you a kiss, entwines her fingers through yours, and the two of you continue on to school. Throughout your first period, you find yourself questioning your choice ... maybe you should have just tried to find a nice way of telling her no. But then, maybe it's like Lana said ... it'll be ok as long as neither of you get mad about it.

As the day goes on, you find yourself unable to concentrate. You spend your time waiting for the sensation of the world shifting around you, wondering when Abby will make use of your permission. By the time gym class comes around you feel your stomach twisting in knots ...

And then Abby is beside you again, looking lovely in nothing more than a simple pair of gym shorts and shirt, and suddenly everything seems ok again. And then when circumstance places you on the bleachers and leaves her in the field, you find yourself thinking too much again. You stare at your girlfriend from the bench: her flushed face, the way her white (and now slightly transparent) shirt clings to her with sweat, the tight little package of her rear in those shorts ...

You start to get a little turned on, and entertain a brief fantasy of taking her aside somewhere and pulling those shorts down and making her yours right then and there. Appealing though the thought is, it's hardly the most romantic first time you can think of ... you try to dismiss the idea, but find it returns all too quickly. Probably all that stress looking for an outlet ...

A sudden, awful idea strikes. There's another way to end the source of your stress ... you could try to get someone to make a move on Abby. There's plenty of guys right here who are staring at her that wouldn't say no, or you might be able to get Greg later. Or you could just try to bear it, and hope it ends soon ...

You wonder if you should do anything ...

>look at the other girls that are currently in the gym.

You look around, trying to find something to distract yourself ... and find your eyes drawn to a familiar lithe form sitting on the sidelines. A tight little rear, the dark fabric of the shorts covering it drawn tight. Long, dark hair and smooth pale skin with, you are well aware, a smattering of freckles across her otherwise perfect china doll face ... Selene, one of your previous lady friends. Your first, as a matter of fact.

Seeming to feel your gaze, she turns around and notices you staring at her. She gives a smile and waves, then seems to think for a moment and gets up and approaches you.

"Hey, Remi." She says, sitting next to you.

"Hey, Selene. It's been a while," you say. You let yourself take a quick glance, taking in her slim, well toned body. "How have you been?"

"Oh, well, you know. School, practice, study ..." She says, sweeping her hair back to one side. "My parents are grooming me to go for the gold, I guess ..."

"What, they want you in the Olympics or something?" you ask. You knew (quite intimately, in fact) that Selene was a good gymnast, but you never knew she was that good.

"Seems like it," She says matter of factly. "I like it and all, but it's kinda killing my social life. I've been meaning to catch up for forever but I can never seem to find the time ..."

She looks up at you with a smile, and you find yourself remembering the last time you saw her smiling at you that way ... as you recall, her legs were wrapped around you at the time ...

You glance away and catch sight of Abby still out in the field, and then back to the petite Asian beauty next to you. Your heart begins to beat a little faster, and you begin to think about Abby's deal ... you know how girls can get when their guy talks to an ex, but she did say you could sleep with other women, didn't she? And it's not like this would be anything new anyway, you've slept with Selene before, after all ...

Anyway, you'd better hurry up if you plan on trying to sneak off ... class will be ending pretty soon. What are you going to do?

>Introduce Selene to Abby, etc.

While you really want to leave with Selene right now, you decide to play it safe. Feeling a little impatient, you continue to chat with Selene until the class ends and wait for Abby to approach.

"Hey, Abby." You say. "Be right back, Selene,"

You take Abby aside, noting the questioning glance she throws over at Selene.

"So, umm, about what we were talking about earlier ..." you begin. "About how you wanted to be able to be with other guys. And how you said I could be with other girls ..."

"That's not exactly ..." Abby begins, then gets what you are saying. "Oh, with her? I don't know, I don't really know her, Remi ..."

"I do though." you say. "We used to date."

Abby hesitates, then finally nods.

"Ok, Remi ... if you want. But I'd really rather you were with Lana instead." She says, looking concerned.

"Thanks ... also, one more thing." you say. "I forgot to say earlier, but could you also not do anything with Greg?"

Abby looks a little taken aback by this new demand.

"I can understand Rod ... but what do you have against Greg?" Abby asks.

"I don't know, I just ... don't like him." you say lamely. You suppose it's better than saying that you are afraid he might steal her from you ...

"I ... guess," Abby says. "Umm, is that everything?"

"I think so ... uh, sorry to ask and all," you say.

"It's ok. I have to go to my next class now. I'll see you, Remi," Abby says.

You return to Selene, who also appears to be getting ready to leave.

"Sorry, that was my girlfriend Abby." you say.

"Oh, the jealous type?" Selene asks.

"Not exactly, I just needed to ask her something. So, you were saying you wanted to catch up. How about today?" you say.

"Hmm, I'm a little busy after school ... it'll be tight, but I might be able to swing something," Selene tells you.

"How about right now?" you ask, unable to help yourself.

"Classes, Remi." Selene reminds you.

You want to tell her to forget about any classes ... you could always make up an excuse about her needing to go to the nurse or something. Of course, both of you could get in trouble, perhaps it's best to wait and see about after school today.

What will you do?

>Wait for now. Talk to Selene later.

"Alright ... can I chat with you after school?" you ask.

"Sure, I think I can spare a few minutes at least." Selene says with a smile.

"Good, I'll see you then." you say, then rush off to your next class.

Later, after school, you search out Selene in the halls ...

"So, you wanted to talk about something?" Selene asks when you find her.

"Yeah, it's ... kind of a relationship thing though." you say.

"Oh? Trouble in paradise?" Selene asks.

"Well, kind of ... me and Abby decided we wanted to ... uh, see other people." you say.

"You mean you broke up?" Selene asks.

"No ... I mean, while we are together." you say.

"Really? I wouldn't have thought that of her ... she looks like kind of a prude." Selene says. "Good for you though."

"Well ... I kind of want to keep her from getting too into the idea ..." you begin.

"You mean you want to sleep with other girls, but you don't want her sleeping with other guys." Selene says. "Or maybe you want her sleeping with other girls?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind the last bit." you admit.

"And you're talking to me because ... I see." Selene says. "Well, she is kind of cute. But honestly Remi, I've never really gone for other girls before ... "

"Well ... would you at least be willing to drop by sometime? Maybe see if ..." you trail off.

"You boys ..." Selene says, rolling her eyes. "Alright, give me a call sometime ... if I'm not busy, I might get involved in your little fantasy. Ok?"

"Ok ... umm, I should get going." you say. "I'll call you at some point, ok?"

"Sure ... later, Remi," Selene says.

You get your backpack and are just trying to decide if you wanted to check on Abby or not today when the world changes around you ...

... and you find yourself at Rod's house. Abby stands at the door, inviting James and Lana inside while Rod stares in awe from behind her.

"Hey Abby, thought we might drop by to say hi." Lana says cheerfully.

"Hi Lana ... Rod, this is Lana and her boyfriend James." Abby says. "Lana, James, this is Rod, my charge for the evening. "

"Didn't you say you had two?" Lana asks.

"Becky went over her friend's house. It's just Rod for today." Abby says, leading everyone into the living room.

James takes a seat on the couch next to Abby, ignoring Rod's dour look.

"Oh Abby, I just got some new clothes from Thorp's." Lana says, holding up a bag. "Mind giving me your opinion on them?"

"Sure." Abby says. "Rod, would you mind showing Lana to a room where she can change?"

"Uh, yeah ..." Rod says, looking somewhat happier.

Rod leads Lana off through the house, and you could swear you see Lana give Abby a quick wink. Abby and James begin chatting ...

You wander off and catch sight of Lana thanking Rod and closing the door behind her. Rod looks at the door for a moment then glances back to the living room speculatively ... and a soft sigh seems to cut across the silence, catching his attention.

You dash back to find James with his lips pressed against Abby's and his hands are beginning to wander. You glance back into the hall and notice Rod glancing indecisively between the door and the living room ...

You freeze for a moment, not entirely sure what, if anything, to do ...

>make the door open up a little bit as Rod glances back at it

You give the the door a little nudge, just enough to open it a crack. The quiet creak of the hinges catches Rod's attention. He smiles and creeps forward to peer inside, Abby temporarily banished from his mind.

Satisfied, you return to the living room. James and Abby are sitting a little closer together than before, but seem to have cooled off ... for now. You can't help but notice that James' hand occasionally strays over to your girlfriend to rest on her thigh.

"Well, someone is eager today ..." he murmurs, a glint in his eye.

Abby looks a little embarrassed, but doesn't look like she is ready to deny it.

"Umm, we probably shouldn't ... with Rod here." Abby says.

"Kids have to learn sometime," James says with a grin. "And I'm sure he wouldn't mind too much ... besides, he's taking a while to get back."

"Mmm. Maybe I should go check on him ..." Abby says.

James sighs as she gets up and leaves the room

... and you find yourself standing outside of the school. It takes a moment for you to realize what has happened: Abby's fantasy has ended prematurely. Seems like you may have won this round. Of course, she is still alone with two porn stars and a horny kid ...

Before you realize it you are on your way to Rod's house, and minutes later stand outside. Lana appears at the door when you knock and lets you inside. She leads you to the living room where the others are waiting.

"Remi? What are you doing here?" Abby says with surprise, getting up to give you a hug.

"Thought I'd drop by," you say. "Sorry I didn't have time to catch you after school ..."

"No, it's ok." Abby says. "It's good that you're here actually ... would you mind keeping an eye on things here for a little bit?"

"Uh, I guess ... what's up?" you ask.

"I wanted to pick up dinner for everyone, but I don't know the area too well," James says. "I was hoping Abby could be my navigator."

"It shouldn't be too hard. It's just Rod today, and he has some homework to take care of." Abby tells you. "I just need someone to keep an eye on him until we get back."

You hesitate ... agreeing means leaving Abby alone with James. Of course, you could also offer to switch places with her if you don't mind leaving her with Lana and Rod. Or you could suggest just leaving Lana alone with him and go with Abby and James, but even you can see how that might be kind of a bad idea ...

Well, what do you say?

>Leave Rod with Lana

"What about Lana?" you suggest. "She could probably keep an eye on him better than me. We don't get along too well."

"I don't know ..." Abby says.

"Oh, go ahead." Lana says, waving the two of you off. "I think I can manage one kid for twenty minutes."

"You're sure?" Abby says.

"Absolutely." Lana says.

"Well, alright ... we'll be back in a little bit then," Abby says, still looking a little uncertain.

The three of you leave in James' car, Abby riding shotgun and faithfully guiding James through the neighborhood until you arrive at your destination.

"You don't think Lana will do anything ... inappropriate, do you?" Abby asks nervously.

"Don't worry, knowing how to manipulate horny kids is Lana's job. They'll be fine," James says cheerfully.

Minutes later the three of you enter the living room and find Lana dressed in a white tank top and cargo shorts. She looks up as you enter, but

appears to be currently engaged in unclasping her bra from beneath her shirt while Rod watches expectantly.

"Umm, Lana ..." Abby says carefully.

"Hey guys. We were just playing Trivial Re-Suit." Lana says.

"What exactly does that mean?" Abby asks, while James tries not to laugh.

"Well, I wanted to keep trying on new outfits, and Rod needs to study. So he gets asked questions and if he gets them right he gets to pick my next outfit. Neat, huh?" Lana asks. "He's actually doing pretty well ..."

You can't help but smile (though you are quick to hide it when Abby turns your way) at Lana's antics ... you suppose James was right, she does know a thing or two about getting kids like Rod to do what she wants.

The game breaks up and the five of you eat. James and Lana leave shortly after, promising to visit again sometime (Rod's eyes light up a little at that) and not long after Rod's parents return home and send the two of you on your way. You escort Abby home, but there is little conversation between the two of you. Eventually you kiss her goodnight and make your way home and off to bed ...

.....

....

...

You find yourself outside of Rod's house. Abby and James stand outside, gazing in through the window. Looking inside, you notice Rod and Lana inside ... most likely playing their game from tonight.

"See, I told you Lana would be able to handle things," James says with a grin. As he speaks, Lana peels off her white tank top and you can see her gesturing toward a fairly wide selection of shirts and bras on the floor, clearly asking him to choose something.

"I think they'll be busy for a little while, if you have anything you want to take care of ..." James says meaningfully.

Abby looks a little unsure, throwing a quick glance inside toward her charge ...

If you're going to find a way of interrupting, now would probably be the time ...

>do nothing and see what Abby's response will be.

Abby looks around nervously, then moves in a little closer to James.

"M-maybe we should go inside ..." Abby says quietly, blushing. "There's the bedroom where Lana was changing earlier ...?"

James smiles and gently takes Abby's hand and leads her inside. The slip quietly down the hall past Lana and Rod's game and into a nearby bedroom. Once inside, Abby immediately steps in close to James and allows him to place a sweet, lingering kiss on her lips.

"My, my, so eager this time," James says with amusement. He reaches up and cups her ample bust, smiling down at your blushing girlfriend. "I've been dying for a better look at these ... would you mind showing me?"

"N-no ..." Abby says softly. She pulls her shirt up over her head, leaving one arm across her chest for a moment before shyly allowing James to look. She jumps a little when he reaches out to caress them through her white bra, but does not pull away.

"Sorry, I just can't help it," James says, his hands wandering. "They're just the right size ..."

"T-they're not as big as Lana's ..." Abby says shyly, looking embarrassed.

"Her's are huge," James says, his eyes glittering. "But yours are pretty big too ... and they fit perfectly in my hands. It's like they were made for me to squeeze ..."

Abby looks away, embarrassed, then gasps as James reaches behind her and unclasps her bra with a single quick movement. He gently slides the straps down around her shoulders, his eyes fixed on hers, and she offers no resistance as the bra falls to the ground, revealing her breasts to the world.

"See, just perfect ..." James says, once again bringing his hands to her tits. "I can rub and squeeze them, lick and suck them, or even fuck them ... and speaking of which ..."

James starts stripping off his pants and underwear, revealing a massive hard on. He leads a nervous Abby to the bed, sits down and pulls her down next to him. He takes her hand and begins directing it toward his throbbing member when she pulls back.

"I ... wanted to try something," Abby says, a little tremor in her voice.

"Oh?" James says, looking interested.

"It's ... not the kind of thing a good girl does." Abby says.

"Then be a little bad. I'll take responsibility," James says.

Abby gives a little sigh, then leans down and takes hold of James' cock. She licks her lips nervously, and you feel a jolt run through you as she dips down and plants a wet little kiss on the head of his cock. She draws back quickly, and you can feel her heart pounding from where you stand ... and then she dips back down and plants another little kiss, then another.

James watches in interest, his breath quickening slightly when the merest tip of his dick passes her lips. He places one hand on the back of her head, and suddenly she draws back, looking alarmed.

"Sorry," James says, looking disappointed. "It was just starting to get good ..."

"Umm, maybe we should get back ... Rod and Lana must be waiting for us ..." Abby mumbles, retrieving her clothes and hastily dressing again.

"As you wish ... but let me know if you want to try anything else, little Abby," James says, getting up ...

.....

....

...

You wake up feeling oddly turned on, and it takes a few minutes for you to calm down. You have to admit, there is something tremendously sexy about the idea of Abby doing something like that in real life. Of course, you would much rather it were with you ...

You make your way to school and manage to catch Abby before the bell rings. You are surprised to see her wearing the skin tight jeans and vest outfit that Lana bought for her. The jeans, in the light of day, almost look like they have been painted onto her shapely thighs, and you find yourself standing and staring for a moment when she parts with you to head for her first class.

The rest of the day passes fairly normally, though there are a few disturbing moments when you find yourself forced into a little daydream when Abby is confronted with an obviously interested and attractive guy. Fortunately, nothing of note ever comes of it, and before long the school day ends.

"Mr. Mellenger got a little upset by the new outfit," Abby says when you ask her about her day. "He seemed to think it might be inappropriate ... what do you think?"

"I think it's fine," you say, unable to keep your eyes from wandering.

Abby blushes, and changes the topic.

"So, I'm babysitting again today. Rod has another test to study for apparently, and Lana won't be around to be his tutor this time. Did you want to come along?" Abby asks.

You find yourself wishing Abby had the night off right about now ... you can't seem to stop yourself from stealing glances at her, and you still feel a little turned on when you remember last night.

Oh well ... you suppose you could go, but you doubt it'll be much fun sitting around ogling Abby and trying to ignore Rod. You do still have some chores to take care of for the week, though you've still got some time to work on them. You could also see about visiting Selene or Lana, and maybe working off some of your frustrations ...

Today is Wednesday.

Remi's Chores

--Mellenger's paper (due Friday)

--Housework (due Friday)

>call Selene, and ask if she wants to go with you over to "help" Abby babysit.

"Might need to get back to you on that," you say. "I have to check on something ..."

"Well, I'm just about to leave," Abby says. "I can wait a few minutes, but I don't want to be late."

"Alright, I'll be right back," you say.

You walk off back into the school and slip into a deserted classroom before making your call. After three long rings, Selene picks up.

"Hello?" she answers.

"Selene, it's Remi," you say.

"Hey, what's going on?" Selene asks.

"I was wondering if you had some free time." you say.

"Well ... I might be able to squeeze you in," Selene says, her voice full of meaning. "What did you have in mind?"

"Abby wants me to come along to help her babysit, I was wondering if you'd mind coming along," you tell her.

"Remi?"

"Yeah?"

"That is singularly one of the most boring sounding uses of my free time I can imagine." Selene says plainly.

"Oh." you say, blinking. "Uh, well, there's this obnoxious kid there, and I thought he might be easier to handle in more pleasant company ..."

"Mm, sorry Remi, but I don't think so." Selene says. "One, I don't have the whole night free; two, you're making it sound rather dreadful. Now if you wanted to drop by to ... hang out for a bit, that would be fine."

"Uh, well, I think Abby might want me to come along," you say, not quite believing it yourself.

"Are you sure? Some time away from the ball and chain would probably be good for you ..." Selene says.

Well, it looks like Selene won't be coming along after all ... it was a nice idea while it lasted though. Your situation hasn't changed much, it's still pretty much a decision between going with Abby, visiting Selene or Lana, or taking care of your chores and homework. Better settle on something quick though, you do have two girls waiting on your decision.

>tell Selene you'll be coming over.

"Maybe you're right. Is it okay if I come over?" You ask.

"My parents are still around and I'm supposed to be studying but I'm sure there is ... something we can do." Selene says.

"Alright, I'll be over as soon as I can." you say.

You return to find Abby waiting patiently for you.

"Sorry, I have some studying to do, cher," you say. "Maybe next time?"

"Sure, I don't mind. I'll see you tomorrow, Remi," Abby says, giving you a quick kiss.

The two of you head your separate ways. You feel a little guilty for not telling her where you were going, but she did say it was okay before ...

You arrive at Selene's place, a rather large two story house in one of the more upscale areas. Her father lets you in, but gives you a bit of a stern look as he directs you to the living room where Selene is studying. You can understand his irritation, her parents aren't big on shows of affection and the last time you were here ... well, they became aware of a very definite show of affection.

Selene is sitting on a cushion on the floor of her living room when you come in, and she cheerfully greets you and beckons you over to sit beside her. Her father gives you a look full of meaning, then leaves.

"I'm glad you made it," Selene says, eyes glittering. "So ... what do you want to study?"

"Uh, I'm beginning to have second thoughts here ... your dad is a little more intense than I remember." You say.

"Oh? But I thought that was part of the fun ..." Selene says. Her voice drops to a whisper. "I'm willing to risk whatever you are ..."

You swallow, heart quickening at the look in her eyes.

And then ...

... you stand in Rod's living room. Abby is there, along with Rod and a boy that you recognize as his friend from the pool.

"I don't think that's a good idea, Rod ..." Abby says.

"Please? I aced my last test because of it." Rod insists. "And I'm failing this class. I really need to do good on this test."

Abby bites her lip.

"We can't. I don't have any other outfits to change into," Abby points out.

"Then maybe ... you could just take something off? When I get something right?" Rod asks eagerly.

Abby looks a little shocked, but doesn't respond immediately.

"Come on, miss. It's not like we haven't seen you naked before," The other boy says. "And it's to help Rod pass his class, right?"

"T-that's not really good reasoning, Frank," Abby says.

You can feel her heart pounding though, and you can't help but feel she might actually be considering it. You can't really think of much you can do to interrupt this though ...

"This is a hard one, is it not?" Euphemia's voice whispers. "Perhaps you require something to help you, again?"

"Maybe ... what did you have in mind?" you ask.

"I can grant you the power of insight. You could listen to your beloved's thoughts in these dreams of hers." Euphemia says.

"What would it cost?" you ask.

A moment of silence passes.

"This is a dreadfully exciting fantasy. I wish for you to further it. Find a way to use your power to encourage Abigail to perform a sexual act with at least one of these boys." Euphemia says. "If you do, I will grant you the use of this power in her dreams. If you can encourage her to a particularly enjoyable act, or one with both boys, I will allow you to use this even in the waking world."

Your heart twinges painfully at this, and you glance at the two boys. You made Abby promise not to do anything with Rod, so she probably won't even do anything with him. His friend ... is something of a loophole in your agreement. You wonder what you should do ...

... "Hey, you ok?" Selene asks.

You snap back to reality, though part of your mind is still in Rod's house.

"Uh, yeah, just ... thinking," you tell her.

You wonder if you should just get out of here now. You don't know if you can concentrate on both Abby and Selene at once, though part of you thinks that if Abby is going to be with those two boys, you might as well get some enjoyment on your end. And what should you do about Abby? You can't think of a surefire way to stop her from playing that game with Rod and his friend. You could bide your time, and try to interrupt it ... or take Euphemia's bargain and try to get Abby involved with one or both boys ...

>Leave and head over to Rod's house.

"You know, maybe this isn't such a good idea," you say. "Maybe I should just head out."

"Oh, don't be like that ..." Selene says, looking put off.

"Uh, sorry ... maybe another time." you say, getting up.

You quickly leave Selene's house, then stop for a moment to consider the quickest route to Rod's ...

"...-romise not to talk about it, ok?" Abby says, looking uncomfortable. "And it's only this once, to help you pass."

"Y-yeah," Rod says, looking excited. "Let's get started."

"Alright," Abby says. "First question ..."

...

... You snap back to reality, suddenly worried. It's pretty far to Rod's house from here, and if you can't keep your head on your shoulders instead of in Abby's dreams, it's going to take a lot longer. You start moving at a quick jog ...

..."The Romans?" Rod says questioningly.

"That's right," Abby says.

Rod and Frank stare, anticipation written all over their faces. Abby reaches up to take off her glasses ...

"Can you read without those?" Frank asks.

"W-well, not very well ..." Abby admits.

"Alright, I can read the questions if you want." Frank says, grinning.

"N-no ... that will be fine ..." Abby says, reaching down and unbuttoning her vest ...

... you find yourself waiting impatiently for a line of cars to move by. After what seems like minutes, you find an opening and dash across the street ...

... "The Romans? Again?" Rod asks.

"R-right ... are you sure you haven't been studying, Rod?" Abby says.

"Just a lucky guess," he says. "Umm, can I make a request?"

"W-what?" Abby asks.

"This time ... can you just unzip your jeans? You don't need to take them off, maybe just pull them down a little?" Rod asks.

"I ... I guess," Abby says, cheeks reddening.

She slowly undoes her belt, and slowly unzips her jeans. She wiggles her hips slightly, managing to pull them down a little. She sits back, vest unbuttoned and hanging and the soft white of her panties showing through the open V of her black jeans. The two boys stare, captivated by the sight of your girlfriend carefully unwrapping herself ...

... you stumble and accidentally plow into a kid around your age. He yells as you pick yourself up and continue your dash ...

..."-orrect again," Abby says.

She still looks nervous, but seems to be getting used to the idea of this game. She gives the boys a questioning look, and with a grin Frank gestures toward her shirt. She delicately slips her arms out of the vest, then slowly draws her shirt up over her head. Her boobs bounce enticingly in her white bra once freed from the constraints of her shirt, delighting her audience. She quickly tries to hide herself behind one arm, delicately turning the page of the textbook she is reading from with her other hand ...

... you find yourself slowing down, fire burning in your lungs. Shaking your head, you try to shrug it off and keep moving. You turn the corner and end up having to vault over some old lady's pet poodle, narrowly avoiding squashing it...

... arm still held over her chest, Abby ineffectually tries to unclasp her bra. After a moment of watching her fumble, Frank steps around her and lends a hand. Abby jumps when she feels his hands on her, but a moment

later the sound of metal on metal can be heard and her bra drops free. She crosses her arms, clearly a little flustered again.

"Come on," Frank says. "Rod does all this and we don't even get to see them? Give us a little look ..."

Frank reaches around to grab Abby's arms, clearly savoring the excuse to let his hands brush against her breasts, and gently draws them away. The boys look hungrily as Abby's perfect globes are revealed before she quickly hides them again ...

... you stagger and catch yourself on a nearby fence, sweat pouring down your face. You stop to rest for a moment, furious with yourself for tiring out now. You close your eyes, resting your head against the cool wood of the fence ...

... "-hink we should take a break here." Abby says. You can see her hands trembling slightly.

"But Rod just got another one right," Frank complains. "That's not fair."

"W-well ..." Abby hesitates.

You can see her shoes and socks neatly placed off to the side. Only her glasses, unzipped jeans and panties seem to have survived the last round of questioning.

"You lost your jeans earlier too," Rod points out.

"That's right, Rod was just being nice and letting you keep them on for the time being. So now ..." Frank says suggestively.

"I think we're getting a little too carried away," Abby says nervously.

"It's not fair to back out entirely," Frank says. "How about ... y-you give us a hand job."

"Yeah, I'd be okay with that," Rod says eagerly.

"I-isn't Rod the one being quizzed," Abby says weakly.

"It's okay, you can do it just for me then," Rod says, ignoring Frank's pissed off look. "It's either that or take off what you have left, right?"

You can feel Abby's heart pounding in her chest ...

... you realize that there is no way you can make it in time to stop whatever is going to happen. As eager as you are, and as close as you are, you can barely bring yourself to take another step for the moment. You could try to use your power to influence this fantasy, but you can't really think of a surefire way to stop what is going on. You could probably influence Abby's decision one way or another ... probably by quite literally forcing her hand. Or you suppose you could at least enjoy

the situation a little by possessing one of the two boys with Euphemia's other little gift ...

What are you going to do?

>Looks like you're not going to get there in time, might as well get the ability to understand what Abby wants - may help us later on. Use power to influence Abby's hands to reach for both boys crotches (or only Rods if thats all we can do).

You can feel Abby's heart beating as you step behind her and gently take hold of her hands. You pull her arms away from her chest, feeling a little annoyed when the two boys stare lasciviously ... and guide Abby's hands to the boy's crotches. Abby trembles slightly, but seems to gain a little resolve.

"I'll ... I'll jerk you off," Abby says.

"Both of us?" Frank says.

"B-both of you. Come here ..." Abby says.

The two boys sit down next to her, one on either side. They both unzip their pants, and Abby slips a hand inside each boys pants and carefully extracts their dicks. Abby seems to stare at them for a second, and you wonder if she is having second thoughts ...

"Yours is ... kind of thick," Abby says, giving Frank's half-hard cock a gentle stroke. She turns to Rod, giving him an experimental jerk with her other hand. "But yours is ... a bit longer ..."

She cautiously begins pumping the two boys with a slow stroke. Rod gasps, looking like he almost can't believe what his babysitter is doing. Frank reaches around and let's his hands fall on Abby's tits, giving them an experimental squeeze. Abby gasps as he begins to play with her tits.

"God, these fucking jugs of yours are just begging to be touched," The boy grunts.

"F-frank ..." Abby says, looking like she is about to object.

"I'll come quicker if I can play with you a little," Frank says.

"Otherwise we might get caught if Rod's dad gets home early."

Abby looks unconvinced, but no longer objects when Frank gives her nipples a little tweak. Rod, seeing this, looks on enviously ... and finally slips on hand around the other side of Abby's hip and down into her panties.

"Ah!?" Abby cries, looking shocked.

Rod's hand begins working furiously in her panties, caressing your girlfriend's slit before finally driving a finger inside. Abby slumps forward, seemingly trying to push her hips back ... and presenting her

breasts nicely for Frank's next assault. When she pulls back, Rod begins furiously plunging his fingers into her pussy. Abby begins groaning under the two boys assault, and finally seizes up, whimpering as orgasm finally takes her. She sinks back, looking exhausted, until she is lying on the floor before her two charges.

Frank kneels down over Abby and begins jerking himself off furiously, finally letting loose with a hot wet load that splatters all over Abby's boobs. Rod spreads Abby's legs and kneels between them, pounding his meat desperately to the sight of his creamed babysitter. He finally gives a grunt and squeezes out his load all over the exposed V of Abby's panties and her belly.

The boys sit back, clearly spent and stare at your girlfriend's cum splattered body ...

... and then you arrive at Rod's house. You knock on the door, and you can hear the sounds of activity inside. It takes a minute, but eventually Rod appears, looking annoyed to see you. You control yourself, trying to avoid punching him for, what is to most people, no real reason, and step inside.

"Remi?" Abby says, looking up from the couch when you enter. She appears fully, but perhaps hastily, dressed. "You look like you just ran a marathon. And I thought you were busy today."

"Uh, just tried to hurry up so I can check in on you." You say.

"Oh, that's sweet of you," Abby says, smiling.

She comes closer to give you a kiss, but as she does you can't help but notice that her white shirt looks faintly damp. As her lips touch yours, you catch the distinctly male aroma of the boy's cum through her perfume ...

... later, the two of you leave together. Abby doesn't say a thing about what might have happened before you arrive, and you can't bring yourself to ask. After all, how odd would it sound to say you had a dream that she was breaking your promise?

That night you have no dreams to keep you awake, and you get to school early the next morning. Abby arrives wearing a conservative tan skirt and white blouse, perhaps with Mellenger's warning from yesterday in mind.

Abby seems rather quiet for most of the day and Selene seems to be avoiding you, so the day is largely dull until school finally ends and you have a chance to talk to Abby.

"I'm supposed to help out in the library today," Abby says apologetically. "I know you don't really like it there though ..."

"I don't suppose you could skip it?" you ask, shuddering at the thought of those cramped shelves.

"Mmm, maybe ... I guess. I probably should go, but I was thinking about going to the mall lately ... and maybe getting some new clothes," Abby says. "Becky's dad paid me for babysitting yesterday, so I have a bit of money now."

"That might be good," you say, thinking of some of the things Mr. Thorp had shown Abby off in before.

"Hmm, I don't know though. That's probably not much fun for you either ..." Abby says.

Hmm ... you can't really go with Abby to the library, or at least you really don't want to, but it is less likely for her to encounter a random guy there. The mall you could do, even if it's mostly boring, but you don't want a repeat of the last time ...

You still have work for Mellenger and your mom and it's getting rather late in the week. You only have today and tomorrow left, so you'd better hurry if you plan to stay in their good graces.

Today is Thursday.

Remi's Chores

--Mellenger's paper (due friday)

--Housework (due friday)

>hastily try and find Selene, and (lie) tell her that you just weren't feeling well yesterday, and it was nothing personal. After that, go home and do the housework for your mom.

"Actually, don't worry about me." you say. "I have some chores to take care of at home."

"Alright," Abby says. "I'll see you later then."

You leave, and only realize afterward that you avoided giving her a goodbye kiss. Somehow, the thought made you think of yesterday ...

You can't find Selene, but manage to get her on the phone to apologize later. She seems skeptical, but in the end grudgingly accepts your excuse. Afterward, you hurry home take a moment to find the list of chores that your mom left from earlier this week, then roll up your sleeves and get to work. Sometime into cleaning the garage, you feel that familiar sensation ...

... Abby is standing in one of the many little plazas of the mall, wearing a pair of low rider jeans and a tight fitting green shirt. You take a moment to look her over, admiring the new look. Her shirt seems to mold itself to her sides and breasts and the jeans reveal a bit more hip than you are used to seeing.

"So, how's it going ... Abby, right?" a strangely familiar looking guy in front of you asks.

"Yeah," Abby says, looking uncertain.

"I'm John, by the way," the boy says. "I don't think we talked much last time."

You can feel Abby's heart beating a little more quickly.

Oh, it's him ... what should I do?

You start, wondering who just spoke ... and then remember your deal. Well, at least you get to figure out what exactly is going on here now ...

"So, you aren't here with your friend today?" John asks.

"No," Abby says.

"Well ... want to hang out then? You don't seem like you want to talk much, but I could keep you company at least ..." John says suggestively. "We could go off somewhere, be alone ..."

"I ... I have a boyfriend," Abby says quietly.

"I remember. That didn't stop you before," John says with a grin.

Abby stays silent, but you can feel something ... something not quite words ... embarrassment, maybe?

"My buddies are around here too." John says. "They've been looking forward to seeing you again ... and they're pretty pushy. They'd probably push for more than just a handjob. But if we head off somewhere, I can make sure they don't come near you ... well, unless you want that, I guess."

His friends ... want to do more?

That strange heat haze that signifies Abby's arousal begins to gather ...

I kind of want ... to go with him. I kind of want to meet them ... and Remi said I could, right? But should I? M-maybe I should just go with him ...?

You feel a twisting feeling in your stomach as you hear this ... Abby wants this. Of course, you kind of wanted to do something with Selene and Lana, but still ...

There are four different hallways you could direct her towards if you wanted to try to stop her: north, south, east and west. You get the impression that she might not have quite enough courage, or at least isn't turned on enough, to seek out John's friends ... though some traitorous part of your mind wonders if you could influence her that way. As jealous as you were, that tiny part of you can't help but think how sexy Abby looked yesterday ...

>direct Abby to the west.

You take hold of Abby's arm and gently tug her to the west. She looks around, momentarily distracted.

"So, how about it, Abby?" John asks.

"I-I think I'd better go," Abby says. "Umm, sorry."

Abby begins walking to the west, moving quickly to put ground between her and John. She slows down a little when she notices that John isn't following. She seems almost disappointed as she turns the corner-

- and walks directly into another boy.

"Ouch, wh-- oh, it's you," the boy says, his tone changing noticeably when he gets a look at Abby.

"Oh, I'm so-," Abby begins, but stops when she gets a look at him.

You don't recognize him either ... but clearly you made a mistake when you tried to send Abby this way ...

"You're that girl from before," He says, glancing at her new outfit. "I like this outfit too, but the other was so much better ..."

"Umm, sorry, I--" Abby begins, but is interrupted when he slides a casual arm around her shoulders.

"Don't worry about it. I'm Alex, by the way. So, mind if I tag along ..." Alex says. "It's getting late, and who knows what might happen to a cutie like you if we leave you all alone ..."

Abby murmurs something, possibly an objection, but obediently allows him to escort her outside. As you watch, powerless, he escorts her through the emptying parking lots to where a nearby theater rubs shoulders with an empty building and escorts her into the small alleyway between the two.

Once out of view he slips on hand down to her chest, giving her ripe tits a thoughtful squeeze, then slides his hand down to toy with the button of her jeans.

"So, how about we pick up where we left off last time?" Alex asks, unzipping his pants. "I think you were about to suck me off ..."

Abby pulls out his cock and gives it a stroke or two, letting it grow to full size in her hand.

Bigger than Frank's ... you can hear her think, a hint of concern coloring her thoughts.

"But I've .. I've never ..." Abby says.

Alex grins.

"So the first cock past your pretty lips is mine ... wish your boyfriend was here to see this," he says, making her kneel in front of him. "Don't worry, I'll help you learn ..."

You feel fury building inside you as he presses his cock up against Abby's lips, looking down at her expectantly. She gives it a nervous look, then closes her eyes ... gives a shuddering sigh ... and plants a sweet kiss on the head of his cock. Her lips come away with a little sucking sound, and again when she kisses it again. For the third she takes in the tip, sucking on it slightly ... and then Alex grabs the back of her head, startling her.

"Deeper," he says. "And don't let it touch your teeth ..."

He rolls his hips forward, relishing the feeling of penetrating Abby's lips. She groans through his meat, and to your horror you can sense her becoming aroused. She wraps her hand around the base of his cock, stroking it as she licks and slurps ...

"Ugh!" Alex grunts.

Abby's eyes widen in alarm and she tries to pull back. No sooner does Alex's cock leave her mouth than it begins to gush, painting her face with long strands of his semen ...

... you snap back to reality and find your fists clenched in fury. James and Rod were one thing ... but this guy all but forced himself on Abby! She didn't exactly stop him, but you don't know if she really could have.

Knowing any attempt to find him now is futile, you finish up what you were doing, putting your angry energy to good use. That night, you go to bed thinking vengeful thoughts ...

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The next day Abby says nothing, and you can't think of any real way of bringing the subject up. You spend most of the day thinking about that bastard from last night, which somehow makes the day pass by more quickly than usual.

You make an attempt to inquire about Alex during gym, hoping maybe you can find him and ... talk to him, but the handful of guys you manage to approach are once again mesmerized by a video on one of their phones. You manage to get their attention eventually, the owner of the phone in question hastily pocketing it when he notices you but the group seems oddly jumpy and reluctant to talk to you and before you can convince them to help, class ends.

After school, Abby reveals something else to sour your day ...

"A sleepover at Becky's!?" you say, hardly able to believe it.

"Yeah ... Becky is having a sleepover tonight with some of her friends, so her parents asked me if I could stay over and help keep an eye on them." Abby says. "Her mom is away apparently, and her dad said he had to be up early so for Saturday so he can't be up all night keeping them out of trouble."

"So, uh, you going to need help keeping an eye on them today then?" you ask.

"Actually ... umm, I asked about that." Abby says, suddenly blushing a little. "They said you could be there for a while, but that they weren't sure they were comfortable with both of us staying the night ... umm, I guess they thought we might ... get carried away."

Your face must be quite expressive of what you think of this, because Abby quickly adds. "But they said you could be there for a little while. Just that you can't sleep over."

You really are beginning to hate today ...

Well, at best you can keep an eye on Abby until nightfall ... or you could spend your time trying to find out some more info about Alex, and/or maybe try to figure out why some people seem so nervous when they see you today. Also, you thought there was something else you had to do today, but you can't remember what ...

Of course, your usual options, chatting with Lana or Selene for example, are still open for today, but you don't know if that will help anything.

Today is Friday.

>You really should keep an eye on Abby at least for as long as possible, but your paper is due today. Rush off a quick paper and hand it in, then catch up with Abby with the babysitting.

"I have some schoolwork to take care of, but I'll drop by a little later if that's ok," you tell Abby.

"Alright. I'll see you there," Abby says.

The two of you share a quick kiss, then you head off to take care of your paper. Mindful of how little time you have, you rush a little on your paper and rush it off to Mellenger. You catch him just before he leaves and hand it off, ignoring his peevish comment about how close you cut the deadline.

Afterward, you make your way over to Rod's. Becky opens the door to let you in and you make your way inside through half a dozen perpetually

excited young girls. You bump into Frank by the kitchen doorway, feeling a bit of anger building when you notice him ogling Abby from behind. You glare at him when he finally notices you, sending him scurrying. You find yourself wishing you had a reason to beat the snot out of that jerk ... Alex gets top billing so far of course, but Frank was kind of pushy before too.

Abby stands by the kitchen table, getting some snacks together for her charges. Rod's dad sits at the table, glancing up from his newspaper when you come in and nodding amiably.

"Done now, Remi?" Abby asks. "That was fast!"

"Yeah, I thought I'd try to get here in time to give you a hand." you tell her.

"Alright, would you mind helping me carry this out?" Abby asks, gesturing to the fruits of her labor.

The next couple of hours are largely spent catering to Becky's friends. You find yourself hastily covering your ears whenever you hear mention of certain popular boy bands are mentioned, as Becky and her friends do their best to reach near painful levels of noise at such times. You catch Frank or Rod occasionally hanging out around Abby, and warn them away with a look, but aside from that things pass uneventfully until you leave.

When you get home, you immediately head to bed, waiting for the inevitable ...

.... Abby is dozing on the living room couch at Rod's, wearing a light blue pair of pajamas with teddy bear images covering it. The girls don't appear to be present, so you suppose they must have ended up sleeping in Becky's room.

Rod slips inside the room stealthily, followed by Frank and a pair of other boys that you don't recognize. They approach you sleeping girlfriend, Frank grinning.

"Told you she was hot," Frank whispers. "Look at those tits, man!"

"You guys seriously got to feel her up?" the one boy asks.

"Feel her up? I fuckin' creamed all over her," Frank says proudly.

"No fucking way," the last boy says skeptically.

"I bet we could get her to do it again," Frank boasts. "I'll wake her up right now, if you want."

They go quiet for a moment, looking at her speculatively.

"I kind of want to touch those tits," the first anonymous boy says. "They look amazing ..."

You don't like where this is going ... you wonder if you should wait, or take your chance to act now ...

>do nothing.

If you use your power now and waste it then you won't have anything to stop them later ... you decide to wait to see what they do.

"I'm gonna go for it," the first of the anonymous boys says.

He reaches down tenderly and puts his hands on Abby's breasts. He gives them an experimental squeeze, eyes on Abby to see if she wakes up ... then begins gently rubbing them, an expression of awe on his face.

"Nice, huh?" Frank says.

"Yeah," the boy breathes, not taking his eyes off of Abby.

"Her pussy is nice and tight too," Rod adds.

The second boy seems to take this as his cue, and moves forward to join the first. He slides his hand into her pajama bottoms, fumbling around for a moment ... and then Abby gives a groan, her back arching in her sleep, as he penetrates her with his finger. He begins working his hand around inside her panties, grinning as he fingers your girlfriend ...

You feel anger building inside you, but are surprised to discover that you are getting a little turned on.

"I can feel that you are enjoying yourself at last," Euphemia's voice whispers.

"No, I don't want them near her ... I just need to find a chance to get them to leave." you say.

"It is perfectly natural, enjoying the sight of a lovely girl in the throes of pleasure," Euphemia's voice continues. "You should simply enjoy it."

You try to ignore her, but you can't help admitting to yourself that this is kind of sexy ...

"Perhaps it is time to let go somewhat," Euphemia continues. "Perhaps get used to the idea that Abigail may enjoy the thought of sex in general, not just with you."

You see the one boy unbuttoning her shirt, revealing her white undershirt. Her skin is dark behind the white fabric, the dark and shadows giving the illusion that you can easily see through the cloth. You feel a sense of confusion and arousal arising, and you see Abby's eyes flicker open. She gasps, alerting the boys, and tries to move ... then shudders from the

stimulation of the one boy's fingers, still thrust deep inside her, drawing out as she pulls away.

"Abby ..." Rod says. "D-do you think you could tutor us again?"

Abby looks confused at first, but then you feel understanding flash through her mind. You can feel her considering it, her mind addled by sleep and the sensations caused by the boys assault ...

"Why not let them?" Euphemia asks in your ear. "I think you would enjoy watching. And think of how much of a burden you would be putting down by simply coming to terms with this."

"What do you mean?" You ask.

You can almost hear the smile in Euphemia's voice.

"Let them touch her; let her touch them. And when they are ready, use the power I have lent you to direct Rod ... he has been dreaming of this for so long. Give up to him that which worries you so ... give him Abigail's virginity ..." Euphemia whispers.

A burning jealousy runs through you at the very thought. There's no way you would allow that ...

"Even if she truly desired it?" Euphemia asks. "Would you deny her joy and pleasure? I will let you decide ..."

Time begins returning to normal ... time to make a decision. What will you do?

> refuse and do whatever you can to prevent rod or his friends from doing anything more to Abby.

You don't waste any time thinking; you can feel where Abby's thoughts are heading. You reach up and grab a nearby picture frame and hurl it to the floor.

Abby and the boys jump at the sudden crash. Abby hastily covers herself up as Rod's dad appears. Becky and a gaggle of her friends appear behind him moments later.

"What happened?" Rod's dad asks, looking around until he spies the broken frame.

"I ... I don't know." Abby says truthfully. "I was asleep."

"Yeah, we just heard it and came running too," Frank says hastily.

Rod's dad goes over to inspect the damage, then the wall where the frame hung.

"Someone must have knocked it loose earlier," he says, eyeballing the Becky and her friends. "A draft probably knocked it off the rest of the way ... made a heck of a noise though. Alright, back to bed girls, we'll get this cleaned up."

Becky and co. retreat back to their room and the boys are sent to grab a trash bag before returning to Rod's room. Abby helps to clean things up, and Rod's dad gives her an appreciative look and a smile ... then finally seems to notice her unbuttoned shirt. His eyes widen slightly and he hastily looks away, seeming faintly embarrassed.

Once the mess is cleaned up, he quickly thanks Abby and tells her to get some sleep ...

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You wake up the next morning to a lovely sunrise. You smile, feeling rather pleased with having averted last night's crisis. You spend some time just lying in bed, letting yourself soak in the lazy Saturday morning before finally getting up for breakfast.

"Good morning Remi, did you sleep well?" your mother asks as you enter the kitchen.

Your mother stands by the kitchen window, occasionally taking a moment to give the sizzling creation on the pan in front of her a deft flip. She smiles at you brightly, gesturing for you to take a seat at the table and begins getting a plate ready for you. You watch her, as always feeling somewhat amazed that she is so energetic this early in the morning.

Your mother, like you, has a tanned complexion. She is somewhat taller though, and willowy like Abby, but lacks your girlfriend's more curvaceous body. She keeps her long dark hair twisted into a single braid. She always seems to have a smile for you, particularly since you haven't been in trouble much lately ...

The two of you eat together and chat about your week, though you find yourself leaving out an awful lot.

"So, planning on seeing a special someone today?" she asks, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah," you say. "Actually, I'd better get ready. I wanted to meet Abby this morning."

"Ah, young love," she says with a grin. "Run along then, I'll clean up."

You get some fresh clothes and head to the bathroom. You step into the shower ...

... and Abby stands before you, her body naked except for a few patches of lather. Her hair hangs damply across her face, and a slight blush has risen to her cheeks. As you watch, she tentatively soaps up her thighs, then hesitates for a moment ... looking nervous ...

You hear a faint noise, and look outside to find Rod creeping in. Irritating, but pretty much what you would expect ... you suppose this means she hasn't left his house yet. Well, looks like you'll have to scare him off again ... you wonder if the same trick will work again. You'd like to see the little bastard try to explain himself when he gets caught peeping. Or you could try to think of another way of getting rid of him ... or wait and see if a better opportunity comes up ...

>Turn the cold tap on full - hopefully that will shock Abby enough that she will finish her shower and not give Rod a lovely show.

You reach inside the stall and give the cold water faucet a turn, silently apologizing to Abby as you do. With a sudden hiss the stream of water kicks up, and Abby screams. Startled, Rod stumbles back from the curtain, trips, and barely manages to catch himself on the sink.

"What? Who's there?" Abby says, sounding alarmed. She peeks out around the curtain, eyes widening when she spots Rod.

As the world begins to fade away around you, you can't help but grin at the sight of Rod's startled face ...

... you return to reality to find yourself under a stream of lukewarm water. Still smiling, you wash and and get dressed. You find yourself wondering if you should give Abby some time to properly have Rod punished, or head over early ...

... and then you are in Rod's living room again. You are stunned ... this is the third time in two days that this kid has made a move on your girlfriend. This is getting downright stupid ...

Abby sits on the couch, now wearing the halter top and cutoff jean shorts that you picked out last week. You find yourself wondering what inspired this choice of clothing, but put that aside for the time being to concentrate on what is being said.

"--really can't keep happening, Rod," Abby says. "I shouldn't have left Lana here with you I guess, since it's giving you these kinds of ideas ..."

"Sorry," he says, looking at his feet ... for a moment, at least, before his gaze returns to Abby.

"So, will you stop? You are lucky I'm the only one who knows about this, or you would be in a lot of trouble," Abby says, frowning.

Why does it make me feel good when he looks at me like that? He really shouldn't be ...

"Well ... it's hard," Rod says. "You're so pretty, and you're always around. And my friends keep talking about all these things they get to do with their girlfriends ..."

He likes how I look ... I really shouldn't feel flattered about that. Abby thinks.

"And then ... I saw that video." Rod says.

Abby looks surprised for the first time. You furrow your brow, wondering what he is talking about.

"You looked so ... sexy. I just couldn't stop thinking about you," Rod says.

"I don't know what you mean ..." Abby says uncertainly, but you can tell she is lying.

A glint appears in Rod's eye, and he looks a little less worried.

"Umm, but if I could just do it with you, just once ..." Rod says. "Maybe I could get it out of my mind, and feel a bit less left out when my friends talk about girls ..."

"I ... don't think I can do that," Abby says, seeming a little less in control of things.

You can see that heatwave gathering around Rod ...

"Then ... can I at least do something else?" Rod asks.

"What do you ...?" Abby asks, looking nervous.

"Could you ... suck my dick?" Rod asks. "Or maybe let me fuck your tits?"

Abby looks shocked to be asked so plainly ... and Rod continues.

"And maybe ... if you're okay with it later, I could try ... umm something more?" Rod asks.

You can tell Abby is having a hard time getting used to the idea of what he is asking ... but you can definitely feel that she at least partly is considering his offer ...

I know Remi said I couldn't be with Rod ... but if I do this, he'll stop, right? Is it ... okay then?

You'd better figure out something ...

> Make Abby's hand slap Rod.

You take hold of Abby's hand, and awkwardly bring it around in a reasonable approximation of a slap.

Crack!

Abby and Rod look stunned. You personally feel a little disappointed ... there is barely a red mark on the little bastard's face. Abby recovers first and attempts, with some degree of success, to look stern.

"I'm sorry Rod," she says. "But you need to stop this now."

"You hit me," Rod says incredulously.

"I didn't want to," Abby says, quite truthfully. "But you were getting out of hand. Now, I need to get ready to leave. Please go to your room until then ..."

... and then your room swirls into existence around you again. Suspicious, you wait a few minutes before finally breathing a sigh of relief. Looks like Rod is done for today.

Deciding not to waste any time, you hurry over to pick up Abby. She greets you with an enthusiastic hug, something which you find yourself enjoying a little more than usual considering her choice of outfits for today.

"I like the new look," you tell her.

Abby blushes and gives you a sheepish smile.

"I was hoping you might ..." she admits. "So, umm, Lana said she wanted us to drop by today. I told her it depended on what you wanted to do."

"Oh?" you ask.

"Yeah. She said ... a friend of hers would also be dropping by," Abby says. "But it's your choice if you want to go or not."

You open your mouth to reply ... and catch sight of something behind Abby that stops you. A tallish, muscular looking guy with a crew cut ... one you recognize as one of Abby's assailants from the mall. Alex ...

You feel your blood begin to boil at the sight of him. Your anger builds up even further when he takes a long, lingering glance at Abby's ass, though he doesn't seem to recognize her from behind. He walks away after a bit, turning the corner a little ways down, and leaving the two of you alone.

"Remi?" Abby asks, following your gaze to where Alex was standing. "Is there something wrong?"

"No, not really," you say, trying to smile at her.

That was definitely the bastard who cornered Abby before ... the one who made her ... suck his cock. You find yourself debating the merits of

sending Abby off home for a little while so you can go enjoy giving the kid an etiquette lesson ... you haven't had a good reason to test your boxing skills in a while. Of course, you could also let him go for the time being and go somewhere with Abby ...

> With Abby's recent experiences, she may be willing to do more with you, so leave the guy alone for now. However, he will get his comupance soon. Kiss Abby and take her somewhere more private and see how far she will allow you to go. Then depending on her mood maybe go to Lana's.

You step in and give Abby a kiss, surprising her. She returns your kiss after a moment, the steps back with a inquisitive smile on her face.

"So ... did you want to drop by your place before we decide on where to go?" you ask.

Abby's eyes widen, and she blushes a little ... then nods silently.

The two of you walk back to Abby's place in silence and you are pleased to see that her parents don't appear to be home. She lets you in, and the two of you proceed to her room. Abby leads you over to her bed and sits down next to you ...

"Remi ..." Abby says quietly, an appeal in her eyes.

You gently lean her back onto the bed and kiss her again, softly. She looks nervous as your hands begin to wander, eventually settling on those beautiful mounds of hers. You gently begin rubbing them, loving their soft firmness, the way they fit so perfectly in your hands. Abby catches her bottom lip between her teeth, eyes closing as she finally allows you to touch her. You pull up her shirt and bra in a single movement, revealing those perfect globes, and once more renew your assault.

Abby reaches out to with one hand to your crotch, a question in her eyes. You unzip your pants and allow her to reach inside to draw out your cock, a thrill running through you at the sensation of her delicate fingers caressing you. She smiles at your expression, then dreamily begins to pump you with surprising skill. Staring at her blissful expression, your hands buried in the soft flesh of her breasts, you feel yourself beginning to groan with expectation all too quickly. Abby notices and begins jerking faster, an unfamiliar look of excitement on her face. You begin to spasm, hot semen spilling out onto your lovely girlfriend's hand as she watches with that same dreamy look on her face ...

Abby cleans the two of you up with some tissues on a nearby nightstand, adjusts her clothes, then gives you a delicate kiss.

"That was for being so good to me," Abby says, the heat in her eyes unfamiliar but not unwelcome. "I ... I want to do more, but I don't know if I'm ready yet."

"That was ... great," you tell her, smiling. "It's alright, I told you I'm willing to wait."

You take your lovely girl in your arms, and the two of you stay like that for a little while until Abby's parents come home. Afterward the two of you make your way to Lana's place, and are introduced to a young red-head named Eve.

Eve has a soft, freckled face with lovely blue eyes. She has a cute smile, and is slender like Abby, but lacks your girlfriends more pronounced curves. Still, you can't help but feel like she is familiar ...

"So Abby, how far along are you two?" Lana asks.

"Umm, we haven't really ..." Abby mumbles, looking at you for support.

"She's at least blown you by now, right?" Lana asks, seemingly oblivious to Abby's look of shock.

"Uh, well ..." you begin, but are interrupted by Lana.

"Kids these days ... I figured as much." Lana says, flicking back her mane of hair. "Fortunately, I think I've got an idea. Eve here knows a thing or two ... if you want a little tutorial, Abby."

"I ... don't know ... Remi?" Abby asks, looking to you again.

"Good idea. She can demonstrate on Remi how to give a proper blowjob ... then Abby can try. How about it Remi?" Lana asks, grinning. "Does that sound good?"

Abby looks at you curiously ... she doesn't seem like the idea bothers her too much ...

>say you dont want to do anything Abby is uncomfortable with, but you are more then willing to be their practice dummy if they want.

"Well, if Abby's okay with it ..." you say.

"Y-yeah, sure." Abby says quickly.

Lana gives you a wink, and quickly makes her way over to you and takes a seat next to you. She scoots right up next to you, the gestures for Abby to do the same.

"You'll want a good view of this Abby," Lana says.

Abby complies, and the two girls press themselves up against you. You feel your heart beginning to pound as Eve approaches ...

"Hey, what about me?" James asks mildly.

"What about you?" Lana asks, sticking out her tongue.

Lana unzips your pants and helps to pull them down. Eve takes a seat before you, her soft innocent face gazing up at you ... and you feel yourself starting to get hard ...

"Eve is a great one for you to learn from, Abby," Lana says quietly. "She's got that same cutie next door look you do ... I swear, even I can't even tell if she's really shy about sucking a guy off or not sometimes!"

Ignoring Lana, Eve leans forward, swallowing nervously. You can feel her hot breath against your member, and you can feel it getting harder from anticipation. She gives a little lick, then stops and looks up at you with those lovely eyes, as if unsure ... then, holding it with both hands, takes the head of your cock into her mouth. She pumps you gently as she sucks, letting the sensation slowly build. Gradually she takes more and more of you inside, until eventually she is only stroking you with one hand while her tongue and lips attend to the rest.

Sllp, slp, slp.

Only the slight, wet noise escapes from the cute redhead as she takes you into her mouth, and while she occasionally glances up at you with those innocent eyes her attention is entirely given to your cock. You find yourself comparing it with any porn you've ever seen, and your previous girlfriends and find it ... somehow more thrilling. Eve might well be Abby, the sweet girl next door who isn't doing this for porn or anything but simply because she wants nothing more than for you to cum ...

Sllp, slllp, slllpp.

Eve begins moving a little faster, her hand jerking you a little harder, and you find yourself shocked to feel yourself near the edge already. Lana grins, trailing her hand across your chest while the other gently massages your thigh. Abby, watching Eve intently, simply closes her hand around yours ... and suddenly it becomes too much. You grunt, bucking your hips forward as you release. Eve's eyes flutter close, her pale throat convulsing as she swallows your load ...

"Oh ... s-should I swallow it, when they ..." Abby asks, hesitantly.

"Some guys think it's really sexy," Lana says. "Others like to see it all over your face, or on your tits ... but I'd recommend getting used to swallowing cum. You don't have to just because you can, but you can't if you don't know how."

"And some girls like to," Eve says shyly. Abby looks at her inquisitively. "Yeah, I'm one of them. It's just ... the way it feels, the way it tastes. I also like guys to cum inside me too, but ... umm, there can be problems there. So I don't mind them cumming in my mouth. It's also a bit more discreet ... if people are in the habit of walking in on you, you don't really need to clean up after."

Abby blushes, looking away.

"Alright then, Abby's turn I think," Lana announces.

Lana takes your cock in hand, playing with you slightly ... and it stays disappointingly soft. You came pretty hard just now, and what with your session with Abby earlier you suppose you need a little time to recover.

"Umm, I think I need a bit of a break ..." you mumble.

"Eve has a habit of doing that to guys," Lana says. "Well, that's fine. Fortunately we have another test subject."

You look over with shock at James.

"Well, I suppose if Abby really needs me, I couldn't say no ... assuming Remi is okay with it." James says.

Abby looks at you questioningly. Once again, you get the impression that she is okay with this ...

"How about it Remi?" Lana asks. "Think you're big enough to let your pretty girlfriend learn to suck cock from another guy?"

What will you tell them?

>reluctantly agree

"I ... guess," you say uncertainly.

"How about you, Abby?" Lana asks. "Would you like to suck my boyfriend off?"

"Umm ... yeah, I guess ..." Abby says.

Eve escorts Abby over to James' chair and helps him remove his trousers. His monstrous dick, which must be a good eleven or twelve inches and on the thick side, lumbers forth as his boxers come down ... you suppose you expected something of that sort, him being a porn star and all, but Abby looks utterly shocked by his girth. You feel jealousy burning inside you as she follows Eve's example and takes hold of his massive cock with two hands.

Eve bends down and whispers something into her ear, and Abby nods hesitantly. She closes her eyes and gives his cock a long, careful lick along the underside, ending in a little kiss at the tip. At Eve's urging, she starts kissing up and down the length of his shaft while she gently jerks him off, her lips gradually beginning to make soft, wet sucking noises.

Satisfied, Eve finally directs your girlfriend to the main event. Your fists clench as she takes him into her mouth for the first time to claim his first inch or two. Her second try takes him a little deeper, but on her third descent Abby makes no progress. Eve whispers to her once again, and after several painful minutes of watching her lips slowly slide up and down the porn star's shaft Abby finally manages to take half his length.

Sslllpp ... slllpp ...

You soon notice the soft noise of Abby gently sucking the massive cock in her mouth. Her face is a mask of concentration, entranced by what she is doing ...

"Oh, get ready ..." James groans. "I'm almost there ..."

Eve once again whispers to Abby, and she begins jerking James off with that same surprising skill she demonstrated on you earlier. James grunts and you hear Abby make a surprised noise, but does not pull away. You watch as James' prick twitches in Abby's hand, pumping his sticky load inside your girlfriend's mouth. When James is done, Abby sucks gently on him for a moment, then pulls back. She seems to struggle for a moment, and then her slender throat convulses as his wad slides down inside her ...

"That was great," James says, smiling at your girlfriend. "You're a natural ..."

Abby's face turns bright red, and she mumbles something you can't hear.

Abby returns to her seat next to you, but you can't seem to meet her gaze for the rest of the night. You catch her giving you a confused look at one point, but never have much of a chance to be alone with her to explain. Before you know it, it has gotten rather late and Lana offers to allow the two of you to stay the night. A tired looking Abby agrees readily enough, but you find yourself somewhat hesitant to do so as well.

You find yourself coming up with excuses about getting up early so you can find and beat the crap out of Alex, or seeing if you can get some work done early for you mom ... but deep down, you just feel uncomfortable with the thought of sleeping so close to Abby when she was so readily sucking another man's dick only hours earlier. Even still, you suspect that if you don't stay Abby might spend some more time learning from James and Lana. Of course, you being here hasn't stopped that so far ...

> Well Abby looked eager enough to suck our dick earlier, maybe we will have recuperated enough for her to perform on us later. Maybe even allow us to return the favor to her. Plus will hopefully keep her occupied enough to stop Lana and James helping out for now. Agree to stay the night so you can walk her home in the morning.

You feel a little uneasy, but you decide to stay the night. Eve declines, and leaves shortly afterward. Lana finds an old set of sweatpants and a somewhat loose tank top for Abby to wear to bed while you and James go in search of some extra blankets and pillows for the couches.

"Alright, all set," James announces. "Abby can take the longer couch ... or sleep with me, either way ..."

Abby blushes, and Lana gives her boyfriend an elbow to the side while you try not to scowl.

"Alright, we'll just leave you two lovebirds alone," Lana says, winking. "Just try not to get too loud ..."

Lana saunters off with James in tow, leaving the two of you alone. You sit down on the couch next to Abby, who looks at you a little nervously. Lana's sweatpants hang a little low on Abby's one hip, and the loose neck of her shirt reveals a little more cleavage that Abby usually allows for. You feel heat stirring inside you, and find yourself thinking that you've had enough of a break ...

"Remi ..." Abby says softly, noticing the look in your eyes.

She leans down, her warm breath brushing against your cheek ... and unbidden, the image of her with James appears in your head. You turn away at the last second, and Abby gives you a questioning look.

"Uh, sorry, cher ... it's just a little weird, with ..." you say. "With you and James earlier."

"I thought you said you were alright with that." Abby says.

"Well, I mean, kinda ..." you tell her. "But it's still kind of strange feeling."

"I guess I understand," Abby says.

"Sorry ... umm, I'm still okay with doing other things with you though ..." you tell her.

Abby shakes her head. "Maybe we should just leave it for tonight. I want things to be perfect between us for our firsts. I don't want to force you, or for you to be thinking about anything but us."

"Uh, well, if you're sure ..." you say, feeling a little disappointed.

"I'm sure ... we'll have more chances, I promise," Abby tell you.

She gets up to turn the lights off and lays down on her makeshift bed.

"Goodnight, Remi," she says.

"Yeah, goodnight, cher," you tell her.

You lay down on your couch, trying not to think of what you might have missed out of as you fall asleep ...

... Abby creeps toward the door to the bedroom, drawn by a lurid reddish light streaming through a crack in the doorway. You can hear the sound of Lana's moans through the door as Abby continues her approach. You find yourself wondering, suddenly, if this is a dream ... and if so, is it yours or Abby's?

Abby pushes the door open a little and looks inside. The source of the reddish light, a nearby table lamp with the lampshade knocked askew, sits on a nearby end table next to Lana's bed. The bed itself rocks enthusiastically as James goes to work on his buxom blond girlfriend. To your surprise, a blanket covers them, an oddly private gesture considering their vocation. The door creaks softly, and for a moment the two entangled lovers stop. Abby gasps and draws back, looking embarrassed to be caught spying.

"Abby, is that you?" a slightly out of breath Lana asks, giving your girlfriend a start. "... you can come in, if you want."

Abby looks up, surprised ... and after a moment, takes a step back toward the bedroom door. You hesitate, unsure of if you should do anything ... James hasn't done anything to Abby that he hasn't asked your permission for yet. Lana seems more likely to take liberties with your girlfriend ... which, you suppose, you wouldn't mind seeing. And with no Euphemia urging you on or anything of the sort, you can't even be sure if this is a dream or not, can you?

> Do nothing for now.

Abby opens the door and steps inside. Lana lays on the bed next to James, the sheets draped around her curvy form. You notice movement beneath the sheets by James ... you suspect Lana is making sure he is keeping ready for when the event starts again ...

"I'm sorry," Abby says, looking embarrassed.

"Haven't had enough today, Abby?" Lana asks curiously.

"W-well ..." Abby says, looking embarrassed.

"It's okay," Lana says soothingly. "I guess Remi really was tired out then ... come here."

Abby walks closer, then yelps when Lana pulls her down onto the bed. The blond grins, heat glittering in her eyes.

"Well Abby, what will it be? Are you here for another lesson, or just some review?" Lana asks.

"I ... I don't ..." Abby stammers.

Lana stares at the lovely brunette before her, seemingly trying to decide. Her eyes linger on the dimples that Abby's hardened nipples make in the over sized tank top, then on the smooth curve of her shapely rear.

"How about something that will make you feel a little good too ..." Lana says. "We've been working on pleasing Remi, but you need something to enjoy too. I've been wanting to show you how to jerk off a guy with those big boobs of yours. Or, if you're feeling really ready, I'm sure James

won't mind teaching you a little about anal sex ... or the real deal, if you just want to skip to that."

"Mmm, maybe we should wait for Remi's permission for that last one," James says.

"Abby's body, Abby's choice," Lana responds. "What do you say, Abby?"

You planned to just watch and see ... but now you're feeling a little nervous. You suppose you kind of want her to learn the first one ... and it can't be worse than watching her learn about blowjobs, right? The other options sound a bit more worrisome ... particularly with the way Abby looks at James sometimes. You think she would save her first time for you ... but part of you can't help but wonder if she really will. Should you do something? And if so, what?

> Probably not a whole lot we can do at the moment. See how things go for now. However, if it looks like Abby and James are going to have sex, either anal or normal, initiate the power to experience everything James is feeling. Might as well enjoy it if you cannot stop it.

"Umm ... maybe ... show me how to use my breasts?" Abby says hesitantly.

Lana smiles and gestures for Abby to approach. Lana reaches over to the bedside table and retrieves a small bottle, then helps Abby remove her tank top and lays her down on the bed. Lana squeezes the bottle, squirting a generous amount of the contents over her large tits.

As James watches with a grin, Lana lays down on top of Abby, pressing her boobs against your girlfriend's, and begins grinding against her. Abby looks shocked, but not unhappy, as the blond's tits rub against hers until they are glistening with oil.

"That feels ...strange," Abby says softly.

"You like it?" Lana asks, eyes glittering.

"Y-yes ..." Abby admits.

"Good ... but now it's James' turn," Lana says, rising.

Abby is led over to the side of the bed where James sits, patiently waiting as she takes up her position next to his painfully erect member. Lana whispers to you girlfriend, and as you watch she let's the pornstar's cock settle in between her breasts. She squeezes them together, cradling his meat in her soft flesh, and slowly begins rocking up and down.

"Yeah, just like that," Lana says, watching Abby with delight in her eyes. "Use oil, or do this to someone after giving them a blowjob ... or after they've been fucking you. It feels a lot better when they're all slick ..."

Abby nods, not slowing down. You watch helplessly as James' shaft pierces it's way upward through Abby's smooth flesh. She stares down, enraptured by the sight of his head forcing it's way up through her cleavage ... and the James begins thrusting his hips slightly, groaning ...

A small spurt splatters against Abby's cheek, and as she watches a few more squirts gush upward to paint her breasts and throat in white. Abby waits until he is done, semen forming a little pool between her boobs, and finally leans back. As you watch, pearly beads of white drip down her glistening breasts ...

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... and you wake up with a start. You glance around and find Abby sleeping peacefully on the other couch. You find yourself wondering if what happened last night was really real or a dream. All too clearly you can recall the strange look in her eyes as James came ... you can't recall Abby ever looking like that before.

Later, when Abby, Lana and James are awake, you find yourself watching them carefully for any sign that they may be hiding something from you. You don't notice anything different but you can't help feeling suspicious. After breakfast you and Abby depart, thanking Lana and James again, and you escort your girlfriend home.

"So ... I need to study again tonight," Abby tells you. "But I have the morning free, at least after I get changed and shower. Do you want to go to the mall or something?"

"I'll have to check in at home and all," you tell her. "Can I call you about it in a little bit?"

"Sure," Abby says. "I'll talk to you later then."

You split off from one another to head home. After a brief chat with your mother about your sleepover (you get the impression that she suspects that Abby might have been around for it) you grab a shower and change your clothes. Afterward, you gather your thoughts and try to decide what to do with today ...

If you go to the mall with Abby, you suspect there might be a chance of you running into those guys that keep harassing her ... which means, of course, a perfect chance to give them an etiquette lesson. If you don't go, you could always look into finding her assailants closer to home, or see about having a chat with Rod about his behavior toward your girlfriend ...

>See if Abby wants to go visit the park. Maybe find a nice secluded spot to make things more interesting.

You pick up the phone and dial Abby's number.

"Hello?" She asks.

"Hello, cher," you say.

"Hi Remi ... so, what did you want to do today?" she asks.

"How about a walk in the park?" you ask.

"That sounds nice. Meet you there?" She says.

"Sure thing," you say. "I'll see you in a bit."

You stop by to check in with your mother before leaving, then make your way to the park.

You end up waiting a few minutes before Abby arrives, this time dressed in a simple pair of jeans and a long sleeve shirt. You give her a kiss and snag her hand in yours, then proceed in a random direction through the park.

"None of Thorp's clothing today?" you ask, a little curious and, you must admit, somewhat disappointed.

"Umm, I have to do some wash later," Abby says. "You ... really like when I wear that kind of stuff?"

"Well, kinda," you admit. "It makes you look even prettier than normal."

Abby blushes.

"Well, maybe I'll have to see if he has something new for me, next time," Abby says.

The two of you stop and take a seat at one of the benches, hands still linked. You look around, noticing that the park seems pretty empty ... and a decision forms in your mind.

"So ... umm, about yesterday at Lana's..." you say.

Abby looks embarrassed, but waits for you to finish.

"Maybe we could ... you know, practice?" you say.

"I-if you want to ..." Abby says, the faintest glimmer of heat in her eyes. "But, umm, here? We could get caught ..."

You suppose she has a point ... while it is nice and empty, it is pretty open here. The best hiding spot you can see within a reasonable distance is a handful of trees that might block people from seeing you from one side of the path, but not the other. You wonder if it's worth the risk of being caught ...

>try to talk her into blowing you, right here, right now, where everyone can see it. Tell her, that if she agrees and successfully pulls it off, it'll be a massive boost to her confidence.

"It'll be okay, the park is empty," you tell Abby.

"B-but ..." Abby says.

"Think of it as a test. If you can do it here, you can do it anywhere ..." you tell her.

Abby looks at you uncertainly, and hesitantly begins unzipping your pants. She pulls out your cock and begins slowly jerking you off until you are hard.

Abby gives you one last questioning look, seemingly hoping you will tell her to stop ... and after a moment, leans over and plunges your cock into her mouth. You close your eyes, savoring the sensation of your first blowjob from Abby ...

SSlllpp slllpp ...

Abby's head bobs up and down in your lap, gradually sinking further and further as she becomes more engrossed in her work ...

And then a hand settles on your shoulder, and your eyes snap open to find a man in an official looking uniform standing by the bench. Abby starts, shocked by the sudden appearance of the park security.

"Zip up, kid," the ranger says, disapproval written all over his face. "I think we need to have a bit of a chat ..."

Several minutes later, you and Abby are seated at a nearby station. Your 'chat' takes a little while, during which Abby looks utterly horrified. In the end, you manage to talk the ranger out of calling Abby's parents by taking the blame for the whole incident (fair enough, really ... you did suggest it after all), but unfortunately are not able to talk him out of calling your mother.

Shortly afterward, she arrives to pick you up. She doesn't yell or seem particularly upset when you get home but she does warn you not to try any future exhibitionist acts with Abby ... and informs you, almost apologetically, that you are grounded for the next three days.

"I was young and did dumb things before too ... some of them with your father," she says sympathetically. "You are allowed a little of that when you're young. But that doesn't mean you don't have to pay the price if you get caught ... sorry, dear."

Afterward you are sent to your room, though are allowed to come down for dinner once it is ready. That night you fall asleep into a dreamless slumber ...

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The next day, you don't get a chance to see Abby until after school.

"It's both our faults ... I should be getting punished too," Abby says, looking unhappy.

"I don't like it but it's fair, cher," you tell her. "You didn't want to do it. I shouldn't have pushed you into it."

"Well ... I guess I'll see you tomorrow ..." Abby says.

"Yeah, see you," you tell her.

You head home and find the new list of chores for the week ... well, you'll definitely have time to do them now. You toss it on your dresser in your room along with Mellenger's latest assignment ...

... and Abby stands before you. She wears a bathing suit and her hair hangs dark and wet behind her. A quick glance around reveals a high fence and a low stone building; the area behind the changing rooms and showers at the pool. Frank and Rod's other two friends stand nearby in their swim trunks, but Rod himself is nowhere to be seen. Strangely, you have the oddest feeling that someone else is here ...

"Come on, we've all seen you on the website," Frank says.

"I ... I don't know what you mean," Abby says.

You suddenly remember something about a website or a video being mentioned by Rod before. What kind of video ...?

"Sure you don't ..." Frank says. "I could be wrong ... but if that's the case, you won't mind if I get everyone I know to throw in a vote for that mysterious, hot brunette right? That way, we get to see her do a little more than modeling."

Abby watches Frank with worried eyes.

"But I only go to that site, or talk about it, when I'm horny ... I don't suppose you could help with that, could you Abby?" Frank asks.

I ... I can't let him do that. If I rub his cock again ... will that be enough? Or will I have to ...

Abby thoughts arrive in your mind, and you feel yourself getting a little worried. She's really considering doing something with this kid again ... what could that website be that she is willing to do this to keep him away from it?

You should stop this ... or at least try. But part of you is worried about what may happen if you do.

> Look around and see if there is a fire alarm to activate - that should get them moving.

You glance around, looking for some way of distracting them or driving them away. You move around the corner and look around the pool area ... a tall fence surrounds the open air pool, and a handful of tables and chairs speckle the area around it. The changing room is right next to you, the only building visible aside from the small booth near the gate.

An idea comes to mind, and you begin glancing around the changing area and showers for a fire alarm ... and find nothing aside from an extinguisher on the outside wall. You suppose they don't expect much in the way of fires here, but you find yourself wondering whether or not they are supposed to have one for such a small building near a large body of water ...

You return to the area behind the changing rooms and are horrified to discover Abby on her knees before Frank. His shorts are pulled down to reveal his erect member, which Abby strokes slowly with one hand, a look of worry on her face.

"Holy shit, she's actually doing it," one of Rod's friends says to the other. "He wasn't lying ..."

"I told you so," Frank says back to them. "Abby's had my spunk all over her too, right Abby?"

Your girlfriend doesn't answer, the look on her face telling volumes.

"How about you suck me off this time," Frank suggests. "I bet you want to taste my cum this time, right?"

Abby looks up at Frank, reluctance mingling with desire in her eyes ...

"I know something important ..." Euphemia's voice whispers. "Something you may wish to know."

"What?" you ask, uneasy.

"It is a secret. And I think you may realize what I want in return ..." Euphemia tells you. "Perhaps the other boys here would like to enjoy Abby's new talents ..."

Euphemia must want you to use your power to get Abby involved with Rod's friends ... you find yourself wondering whose side she really is on. But you can't deny that the things she has been giving you have been useful ... and, at very least, Rod isn't here right now. You wonder what you should do ... can you stop them? Should you stop them? Or will you ...

> Push Abby's head onto Frank's dick, and move her hands onto the other boys crotches.

You place one hand on the back of Abby's head and push her down until her lips press against Frank's dick ... and, not giving yourself time to think about it, push her down further until the kid's dick is in her mouth.

"MMNn!" Abby moans in chorus with Frank. You girlfriend seems almost shocked at what she is doing, but after a moment or two she slowly begins bobbing her head up and down on the younger boy's cock.

Moving quickly, you take her hands and place them at the crotches of the other two boys, who stare in open amazement. Abby rubs the palm of her hand against each boy, and after a moment they get the picture and unzip their pants. Abby's hands slip inside and return with a pair of rapidly hardening cocks ...

"S-see, I told you ..." Frank says to his friends. "Abby is the best babysitter ever ..."

Sllpp sllpp....

You stare at your girlfriend, hardly able to believe that she is going down on Frank, hardly able to believe she is doing so while jerking off two other boys she hardly knows. You watch as the one boy reaches down to play with Abby's tits, while the other helps by pulling down her bathing suit to reveal those lovely globes. And somewhere else, in the real world, you find yourself unzipping your pants and taking your cock in hand ...

"Oh shit, I'm cumming!" The one boy groans. Hot white spunk gushes out over Abby's one hand, slowly dripping down her slender arm as she gently pumps him dry ...

Frank tenses shortly after, and Abby's closes her eyes and stops for a moment. Frank's dick twitches between your girlfriend's lips, jettisoning a thick load into her mouth. Abby waits patiently until he finishes and then you watch as her throat convulses as she swallows his cum ...

The last boy begins gasping and you feel an odd rush of hot excitement building inside you. Your mind returns for just a moment to your body, and you realize with shock that you are jerking off and cumming to the sight of your girlfriend with these three ... and then the last boy explodes. A splatter of cum reaches Abby's smooth cheek, and the next few he directs to her perfect breasts. His orgasm seems to go on forever, and by the time he is done her tits are drenched in his spunk, long rivulets trickling down to soak into the dark cloth of her bathing suit ...

... and moments later find yourself back in your room.

You clean yourself up, shocked at what you just did while watching your lovely Abby with those boys. For the remainder of the day you find yourself thinking back to that defiled image of Abby ... and keep finding, to your annoyance, that you keep getting a little hard at the thought. That night, you fall into a troubled sleep ...

... and find yourself awakening in your room, your head pillowed against something warm and soft.

"Well, Remi, I am rather impressed," Euphemia's voice coos in your ear. "What you made Abby do today was lovely. And you enjoyed it a little too, I think ..."

You turn and find your head resting against an utterly massive rack ... and quickly sit up, catching Euphemia's amused smile at your sudden revelation. She seems to be squeezed into a skimpy version of Abby's bikini this time, bringing to mind all too quickly the image of your girlfriend splattered with cum ...

"Whatever ..." you mutter, feeling embarrassed. "What was it that you said I needed to know?"

Euphemia looks at you, and you have the horrible feeling that she knows exactly what you were imagining.

"You now have a rival. Someone else who has made a contract with me," Euphemia announces.

"What do you mean? Like, they can see what Abby dreams?" you ask. "Who?"

"The boy named Rodney. He was quite interested in knowing what the lovely Abigail dreams of." Euphemia tells you.

"What!? Why would you do that?" you ask, shocked.

"I only desire to see Abigail's dreams and fantasies come true. It does not matter to me who fulfills them," Euphemia says. "And Rodney is quite eager to do so ..."

"... he can only watch, right?" you ask. You hate the idea, but if it's only that ...

"As of now, I have given him the ability to influence Abby once. If he causes her to fulfill a truly enjoyable fantasy, then he will keep that power." Euphemia informs you.

"Can't you take it away?" you ask, horrified by the thought of Abby's charge with that ability.

"I am afraid not. However, I offer you the same opportunities as he has. If you cause Abby to fulfill fantasies, I will grant you more power," Euphemia tells you. "And if you seize the opportunity first, then Rod will not have the ability to gain more power over Abby's dreams."

You sit back down on the bed. So Euphemia is telling you to ... make Abby do things with more guys. And if you do, then Rod won't be able to do the same ...

"You clearly enjoyed yourself this past time ... why not do so again?" Euphemia says. "And as you were first, I will give you something to think about: you at least need not use your power to influence Abby. If you merely try to convince her in the real world, then you will retain your power for situations you wish to prevent ..."

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"R-remi ... I need to tell you something," Abby says to you later the next day. "I broke our promise ..."

You look over at your girlfriend, and she hangs her head, her dark hair obscuring her face.

"I ... did something. With Rod." Abby tells you. "I touched him, and his friends. I-I didn't mean to ... it just kind of happened. I'm sorry ..."

You swallow, trying to figure out how to respond. Abby looks at you with pained eyes, waiting for your response ...

Abby must have convinced herself that the first time was an accident (you suppose it was, from her point of view ... you made her do it, after all)... but the second time with Rod's friends must have felt like too much to not mention to you.

You think for a moment, trying to decide what to tell her. You do forgive her, since after all you were the one who made her break any rules between the two of you. But it also occurs to you that Rod may well use Euphemia's gift to good use today when Abby comes over. If you convinced her to do something first (with Rod or someone else, you suppose), then any use of his power would be wasted, right? And that would mean you wouldn't need to worry about him any more ... or are you forgetting something?

Today is Tuesday. You are grounded until Wednesday.

> Forgive Abby for her transgressions (they were your fault after all), and see if she would be willing to do anything with you right now

"I forgive you, cher," you tell her. "It was an accident, right?"

Abby gives you a look full of wonder, then quickly hugs you.

"I'm sorry. You're being so good to me and here I am ..." Abby says.

"It's alright." you tell her. "But if you wanted to, uh, do something with someone, we could always ..."

Abby turns red, and she gives you a look you aren't used to. It takes you a moment that you realize that she looks excited.

"I'd love to," Abby says softly.

"Now?" you ask, hopefully.

"Umm ... well ..." Abby says, looking around. "I don't think I really have time ... I should be going. I have to babysit again ..."

"Oh, uh, okay," you say, disappointed.

Abby waits for a moment, then suddenly speaks up.

"Maybe Thursday? I'm not busy then," Abby says. "And my parents will be out for a while. If you wanted to come over ...?"

"Yeah!" you say.

"Alright, it's a date then." Abby says, smiling. "Umm, I have to go now though ... see you tomorrow?"

You nod, and give her one last kiss before she leaves. You make your way home and sit in your room, dreaming about your upcoming date until ...

... you appear, to your complete lack of surprise, in Rod's house. Rod appears to have cornered Abby once again in the living room.

"But, you did it with my friends," Rod says, looking upset. "This isn't fair!"

"Rod, I told you, we can't ..." Abby says.

Rod looks about ready to argue when the sound of a door opening stops him, and a moment later his father walks past the living room. He turns back a second later and peeks his head inside, noticing Abby and his son.

"Hello," He says, before turning to Rod. "Your mother home yet?"

"No, she said she'll be working late," Rod says sullenly.

"Darn," he says ruefully. "Abby, I don't suppose you'd mind staying a little later today and doing dinner? I'm all thumbs with the stove ..."

"No, that's fine," Abby says.

"Wonderful!" Rod's father says. "You've saved us from starvation, or worse, my cooking!"

Abby smiles, and slips past Rod and out of the room, heading toward the kitchen. She begins getting the makings for spaghetti together, sending Rod to fill a pot with water when he arrives to sullenly stare at her. He picks up the pot and begins taking it over to Abby ... and trips, all too conveniently, just in time to splash half of it onto Abby's shirt.

"Oh, uh, sorry," he mutters, putting the pot down. He takes a towel and reaches to help her dry off ... and pulls back when his father enters the room.

"Rod, you need to be more careful ..." he says, shaking his head when he notices what happened. "I'll help Abby, you go do your homework.

Rod looks reluctant, but obeys and leaves the room. His father hands Abby a towel, which she tentatively uses to blot water off of her shirt. Today's outfit is the black vest and white shirt combo, and you find yourself watching with interest as her shirt turns transparent despite her best efforts. You notice Rod's father sneaking a glance once or twice, seemingly unable to help himself as Abby's cleavage and white bra become readily visible through her shirt.

Once Abby has dried herself off as much as she can, she quickly returns to help make dinner. Rod's father soon leaves her to her work and grabs himself a beer from the fridge before taking a seat at the kitchen table. Abby leans over to check something on the stove, and you notice Rod's father staring at her ass as he cracks open his beer. That strange heatwave that has become so familiar to you begins to show up around him ...

"Umm ... salt ... oh!" Abby mumbles, looking around and spotting a salt shaker on the table.

She begins taking a step towards the table ... and it occurs to you that Rod must be seeing this right now too. And he can influence things just like you. And while you don't think he can tell who Abby is attracted to at the moment, it's pretty easy to figure out in this situation ... but the question is, will he try to make her do something with his own father?

If he does and it works ... you'll have to worry about him every time she has a fantasy. And he'll undoubtedly try to gain an edge on you by making more deals with Euphemia. No matter how you look at the situation, you can't be sure that you'll know how he'd try to do it (if he's going to), so you can't be sure you can stop him. The only sure way to make sure he doesn't win Euphemia's favor here ... is to force Abby's hand somehow yourself. But is it worth it?

What will you do?

> Unbutton some of Abby's blouse's buttons as she nears the table.

You move over to Abby and reach for her blouse as she begins moving. Obliginglly, you feel the world beginning to slow around you the same way it always seems to when Euphemia wishes to speak to you ... can she sense what you are thinking? If so, it looks like she approves at least ...

You fumble at the buttons of Abby's shirt, unbuttoning until her shirt is open down to the low cut of the vest she wears. The tight vest gives her a bit more cleavage than she ordinarily has, giving a tantalizing view of

her curves through her shirt. You step back as Abby walks towards the table to retrieve the salt.

Rod's dad looks up absently as she approaches, then does a double take as he notices the state of Abby's outfit. Abby notices his attention and blushes.

He must still be able to see my boobs through my shirt ... you hear her think, seemingly oblivious to what you have done to her shirt. I shouldn't but ... I've always wanted to ...

Abby leans over the table, unnecessarily, to grab the salt. Rod's father watches, seemingly astounded as Abby gives him a perfect view of her breasts. Abby catches his eye, smiling in a not altogether innocent way, before taking what she came for. Your jaw drops, and it occurs to you that Abby was just ... teasing him.

Rod's father watches her from behind, his beer forgotten. His eyes trace her long slender legs to the lovely curves of her bottom as she leans over the stove to check on something ... then stealthily gets up and approaches her from behind. He slips behind her without her noticing, impressively silent for such a large man, and reaches around to rest one hand on her ripe breasts.

Abby gasps, surprised by the unexpected grope, and takes a step back directly back into him. His other arm slips around her waist, pulling her back against him. As you watch, a very noticeable erection is thrust eagerly against Abby's bottom, and she stops moving suddenly. You swallow, once again finding yourself feeling oddly aroused.

"It's not nice to tease like that, Abby ..." he says, slipping his hand inside her shirt.

"Oh, Mr.-- AH!" Abby gasps as his hand works past her bra to cup her warm flesh.

"I think we're past that. Call me Steve," he says.

"S-steve ..." Abby says reluctantly.

"That's better," Steve says, still playing with her tits. He looks at her thoughtfully, smiling. "You've grown up quite a lot in the past few years ... I guess you wanted to show off a little, leaving your shirt unbuttoned like that."

He reaches down and begins unbuttoning Abby's vest and then the rest of her shirt, then finally pulls her bra up to reveal her tits. He plays with them with one hand, gently tweaking her nipples from time to time, reveling in her soft gasps. Eventually his other hand migrates down to stroke at her thighs before coming to a rest between them, pressing his palm against her just enough to remind her of it's presence.

Does he ... does he want me to jerk him off? Will he make me suck his cock? you hear Abby think, feeling the odd sense of longing in her thoughts.

You feel yourself getting hard as he plays with her, oddly turned on by how much more eager she seems to be right now. She turns to look at Steve, looking up over her shoulder innocently, and he leans down to kiss her. His hand leaves her breasts for a moment, brushing against her cheek before coming to a rest on her chin.

Abby's eyes open wide as his tongue snakes it's way past her lips. She attempts to turn away out of surprise but is held fast by the hand on her chin ... she closes her eyes, sighing into him as his tongue duels with hers. After a moment he pulls back, a small trailer of saliva connecting their lips for a moment. Abby's cheeks burn, and she looks up at him with glazed eyes full of desire ...

"So, my dear, what am I do to with such a naughty little girl," he says softly.

Abby looks up at him, longing in her eyes ...

"This is wonderful! And I think you are enjoying yourself too," Euphemia says with delight. "Now would be an excellent time to give her the nudge she needs to experience a real fantasy. I suspect Rod may be thinking something similar ..."

"But I already got Abby involved with him, Rod won't get anything out of it," you say, confused.

"He will if he can up the ante, as they say," Euphemia says. "Just as you did when you made your pacts with me."

"What!? You didn't say that," you say, forgetting about the scene before you for a moment.

"You have nothing to worry about," Euphemia says. "I am quite happy with you. Happy enough to give you something ... I will allow you to influence this event once more. You may whisper a suggestion into the ear of someone here and plant an idea in their mind. They will only follow it if it is something they wish to do, but it may prove useful."

"And if I use it to make Abby, or Steve, uh ..." you begin.

"If you push Abby's limits by making her do something she had not considered, then you may keep this power." Euphemia says. "You will be able to make a single suggestion each time she has a fantasy ... wouldn't that be lovely?"

You turn back to the scene before you, wondering what you could suggest. Abby was thinking of handjobs and blowjobs earlier ... so you suppose those are out if you want to keep this power. He could fuck her tits, maybe, or her ass ... or, you think with a strange sensation that you can't entirely define, she could let him put it in her pussy. You swallow,

suddenly struck by the image of Abby bent over the table with Steve behind her ... but then, is this power really worth Abby's first time? It would definitely work, but ...

Of course, all you really need to do is get Abby and Steve to do something before Rod does. But this power would be rather interesting to have ...

>plant idea in Steve's head

You approach the two, and whisper to Steve ...

"Put it in her ass," you suggest.

You watch as Steve seems to digest this thought, then looks down at your girlfriend with a gleam in his eye.

"Alright Abby, if you don't have any suggestions, how about you show me how naughty you are and help me decide. Get me ready with your mouth," He says.

He draws Abby back from the stove, and she gets on her knees. He unzips his pants and presents his cock to her, and she descends on it without a second thought, working with obvious enjoyment ... you feel yourself getting hard as you watch your girlfriend go down on the older man.

Eventually he stops her and pulls her up, then unzips her jeans and lets them fall to the ground, followed immediately by her panties. Abby tries to cover up her pussy with one hand almost out of instinct, but Steve's thick fingers push them aside and sink inside her. She gasps, bending slightly in reaction to his sudden assault, and he slips around her and begins carefully letting his one hand trace it's way across her body, occasionally straying to play with her heavy breasts, while the other skillfully plumbs her womanhood.

"Does that feel good, Abby?" He asks huskily as he fondles her.

"Yes ..." she moans in response.

"Good ... then it's time for your punishment," Steve tells her. "Bend over."

"W-what are you going to ...?" Abby asks, but you can feel her excitement.

He's going to ... put it in me? you hear her think.

You feel simultaneously horrified and turned on as, immediately after that thought, Abby obeys and leans over the kitchen table. Her breasts hang out from her shirt, jiggling appealingly, and she casts a disheveled look over her shoulder as she presents her ass for the older man ...

Steve presses his cock up against her pussy lips, rubbing it back and forth. You grab hold of your own member, stroking yourself as you watch, half afraid and half excited by the thought of him penetrating her ... and

after a few strokes he draws back and repositions himself behind your girlfriend. There is a moment or two when Abby looks back, breathless and confused ... and then Steve's dick penetrates her ass with a single smooth stroke.

"AHH!" Abby cries out, shocked.

You watch her face in fascination as it contorts, her eyes squeezing shut as Steve's member forces it's way deeper inside her. Steve stops, allowing her to adjust to the sensation, and takes a moment or two to reach around and resume playing with her pussy. Long minutes pass as Steve gently plays with Abby's body, occasionally giving a little thrust to force more of himself inside her ...

And then, at some point, he begins thrusting into her in earnest. Abby's little yelps soon transform into moans, her face twisting in some strange mixture of pain and pleasure. Her hands clench, latching onto the corners of the table in an attempt to keep her upright. Steve's assault rocks her, his hips striking her ass with an audible slap on each stroke and setting her boobs jiggling wildly ...

"AH! AH! AHHMMM!" Abby whimpers, biting her lip.

Steve begins hammering her harder, sweat gleaming on his face. He takes hold of Abby's hips and thrusts forward one last time, grunting ... and the the two of them shudder, Steve groaning and Abby whimpering softly as his seed gushes into your girlfriend's ass. You watch her turn, her face red and slightly sweaty, her eyes glazed ... and give Steve a small, satisfied smile ...

... and you return to your room to find yourself cumming, gushing out a river to the image of a satisfied Abby with a relative stranger's dick in her ass.

As you clean yourself up, you suddenly realize that you just gave up your virginal girlfriend's ass to an older man ... and enjoyed watching it. You can still feel a burning jealousy, wishing that you could have been the first to put your cock inside Abby. But you can't help but admit that it was incredibly hot to watch ...

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The next day, Abby says nothing about her previous evening when you meet her after school. She chats with you lightly, as lively and beautiful as ever in a pair of low riders and vest ... but you can't help but picture her as she was last night, moaning beneath another man.

"Umm, so ... St-- Rod's dad is home tonight, but his mom is still working," Abby says carefully. "He said I didn't need to come by, but he'd appreciate it if I did ..."

"Oh?" you say, anger warring with desire inside you.

"I could go, but I was also thinking I could stop by the mall and pick out some new clothes ... something special, for tomorrow," Abby says, reddening. "Maybe a new skirt ... or maybe see if Thorp has something special you might like. Um, so what do you think?"

You hesitate, thinking. If she goes to Rod's then she'll probably end up with his dad again ... if she goes to the mall, she may end up running into those boys again. You wonder if you really have a preference ...

> Tell her she looked wonderful in the new clothes she got last time, so you would certainly enjoy something new she would find there.

"I did like what Thorp found for you last time. Why don't you try the mall again?" you tell her.

"Alright," Abby says. "I'll make sure to pick out something special for you ..."

The two of you kiss and go your separate ways. On the way home you find yourself wondering what Abby may end up finding at Thorp's. Your chain of thought is abruptly broken when you arrive at your house and notice who is waiting for you.

"Hey," Rod says, not looking tremendously happy to see you. "I wanted to talk to you."

"Too bad," you tell him, feeling annoyed.

You try to walk past him, but he steps in front of you. You stop, surprised, but quickly feel yourself transitioning to anger. This little brat ...

"It's about Abby," Rod says.

"Kid, you're lucky to still have your teeth with the crap you pulled," you growl, cracking your knuckles.

"You can't hit me," Rod says quickly, looking worried nonetheless.

"Want to bet?" you ask.

"Your mom knows I'm here to talk to you," Rod says. "She'll realize you beat me up if it happens."

You briefly debate the merits of pummeling him and hiding his body in the yard until you can bury it ... but eventually realize this might take long enough that your mother would be suspicious. You nod for him to continue.

"I talked to Euphemia," Rod says. "She told me you wanted me to stop bothering Abby ... so I thought we could make a deal. I want to have sex

with her ... if you convince her to let me do her, I'll stop bothering her after that."

"What the hell makes you think I'd do that?" you ask, reconsidering your stance on getting inside too late.

"To get rid of me ... I'd give up what Euphemia offered me, if you did that. And I'd try to keep my friends from bothering her too." Rod says. "They found a website that she's on ... a site for finding new amateur pornstars. They blur stuff out, but you can tell it's her. They vote on the girls on there every week, and the one who wins ..."

You watch him stonily, and he hesitates for a moment.

"Uh, well, they place a bounty on her, I guess," he says. "They pick a day, and an outfit she is supposed to be wearing, and guys are supposed to get pictures or videos of themselves with the girl and send them in. They aren't supposed to know who she really is, so they kind of have to guess ... but part of the deal is she's supposed to let them do something with her ..."

"I don't believe you," you say flatly.

"Well, you can always look for yourself ... it's called Tail-Bounty.--err,something," he says. "And even if they're lying, you're still getting rid of me."

You have to admit, not having to worry about Rod anymore does sound pretty nice.

"Have her stop by my house tomorrow if you agree," Rod says.

You glower at him as he walks away, and head inside to await the end of the last day of your punishment. You find yourself wondering about Rod's offer, and eventually find yourself sneaking off to the computer when your mother is busy cooking dinner. You find the site easily enough, and notice a number of rather pretty girls featured there ... and, you have to admit, one does look an awful lot like Abby.

The rest of the evening passes uneventfully for once but you can't help feeling uneasy ...

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The next day, Abby greets you after school wearing her new outfit. A short greenish skirt of some kind of khaki material hangs high on her hip and a loose belt of cloth and metal rings encircling her waist. She wears a spaghetti strap top that shows off a generous portion of her bust and tightly hugs her sides.

"You like it?" Abby asks, smiling.

"Y-yeah ..." you say.

"Mr. Mellenger complained about me wearing indecent clothes again ... but I thought I owed you something special," She says shyly. "I'm glad you like it ..."

You stare at her, and suddenly remember Rod's deal ... give him Abby today, to make him leave her alone tomorrow. Give him Abby's virginity, actually ... you find yourself wondering if it's worth it. You let (made, actually) Steve take her ass first, and somehow even enjoyed watching it. Could you really do that again? And ... would you enjoy watching it again?

Of course, even if you don't let her do this now, Rod or one of countless other guys might get the chance anyway. You briefly consider taking her aside someplace private and trying to convince her to let you take her virginity before sending her to Rod ... but you don't think Abby would be in the mood for that much right afterward, and it might be pretty obvious to Rod what happened anyway ...

You wonder what you should do ...

> Abby seemed to be receptive to further advances yesterday, so you could get to take her virginity today. If you do manage it (somewhere you are unlikely to be caught), then you can agree to Rod's deal - his problem if Abby doesn't want to do anything. If Abby is not up to having sex today, Rod misses out.

"So, can I escort you home, cher?" you ask, offering her your arm.

"How kind of you to offer," Abby says, smiling and slipping her arm through yours.

When you arrive at Abby's house you scoop your lovely girl up in your arms, setting her off into a fit of surprised giggles, and carry her through the door and in to her room. Abby slips from your arms and leads you to her bed ...

"Remi ... thanks for waiting so long," she says. "I know it must have been hard ... but I hope this makes up for it."

And with that, Abby pulls down your pants and promptly takes your cock into her mouth. You close your eyes, reveling in the feeling of her soft lips around you, and before long you are rock hard. Abby sits you down on the bed, and you watch in delight as she pulls her shirt up over head and removes her bra.

She lets you palm her large breasts for a moment, smiling up at you, then reaches over to her dresser and retrieves a small bottle from a drawer and slowly begins drizzling it over her chest. She closes her eyes as you begin rubbing her tits, your hands leaving a glistening trail of oil across her smooth skin.

Abby stops you, then moves forward until your cock rests between her tits before squeezing them together around you. She begins shifting up and down, jerking you off with her breasts, and you watch in amazement as your cock pierces up through her lovely cleavage, finding it hard to believe that this is really happening. Abby occasionally sneaks glances up at your face, anxious to see your reaction to what she has learned, and whatever she sees there seems to excite her. She begins moving faster, and you find yourself getting caught up in the slick sensation of her skin against yours ...

With a surprising suddenness, you feel heat rise up inside you. You gasp, your eyes locked on Abby's, as your cum gushes up and pools between your girlfriend's tits. She dutifully waits for you to finish, smiling as your semen begins to trickle down her chest ...

"Did you like it?" Abby asks softly.

"That was ... great!" you say, meaning it.

"Good," Abby says, smiling up at you. She takes you in hand, stroking you softly ... and seems surprised when you grow hard again almost immediately.

"Uh, I wouldn't mind doing something else, if you're okay with it ..." you tell her.

Abby nods, looking suddenly shy, and you help her onto the bed with you and begin stripping off the rest of her skirt and panties. She gasps when you slip a finger into her pussy and begin plunging it back and forth into her depths. You feel yourself getting even more excited as you play with her, feeling her grow wetter and wetter ... and eventually she turns around and leans over, presenting her ass to you ...

"Abby, can we ...?" you ask, drawing up behind her. You feel your heart beating in anticipation ...

Abby turns to look at you, looking a little uncertain ... and then, after a moment, shifts herself so that your cock is pressing up against her ass.

"I'm not ready for it yet ..." she says softly. "But, if you want, we can do ... umm, anal ..."

You feel a flash of disappointment, but only for a moment. You take hold of Abby's hips, and slowly begin pushing forward ...

"MMNN!" Abby moans as you penetrate her.

You wait a moment, then slowly begin pushing the rest of the way inside her. You take a moment to revel the sensation of your first time inside her ... and then begin carefully begin thrusting. After a couple of slow movements Abby seems to get used to the sensation ... and somewhere, you lose track of what happens and you find yourself grunting furiously as you pound in and out of Abby's ass.

Abby's yelps fill the room as you thrust inside of her, and you find yourself remembering her time with Steve in an odd moment of clarity. You reach around and sink two fingers into her pussy, attempting to play with her while you thrust, but soon find it a little too difficult and settle for reaching around to grope her tits.

"MMN! R-REMI!" Abby cries out, her body stiffening beneath you as she cums ...

You feel her clench down on you and that combined with the excitement that fills you at Abby's last cry sends you over the edge. You grunt and push yourself as deeply inside her as you can and pour your spunk inside her ...

.. several minutes later, the two of you lie on her bed together. Abby rests her head against your shoulder, and smiles at you gently when you look over at her.

"I can't believe we finally did ... umm, something," She murmurs softly.

"Umm, did you ... like it?" you ask, feeling suddenly embarrassed.

"It was kind of nice. I think it will be better when we do ... umm, you know," Abby says.

"Well, I could probably go another round if you want," you say hopefully.

Abby giggles, and shakes her head. "Not yet ... but I appreciate it, Remi."

The two of you lie there for a little while before Abby rouses you so that you can leave before her parents get home. Eventually the two of you say goodbye, and you walk home feeling satisfied with your day for the first time in a while ...

...the next day you meet up with Abby in the morning, right back on schedule with how things were before the incident in the park. The morning classes seem to crawl, but you eventually make it to gym class. Abby ends up out on the field while you wait by the bleachers wondering what to do.

You notice Selene throwing glances over at you from her seat nearby ... you wonder if she is mad at you over your flight from your last tryst with her. You also notice the usual crowd of boys by the bleachers checking out something on someone's phone. You wonder if you should find something to do, or just try to stay out of trouble for once ...

>approach Selene, and ask if there's anything on her mind that's bothering her.

You walk over and take a seat next to Selene.

"Hey, what's up?" you say. "You look like you got something on your mind."

Selene gives you a quizzical look, seemingly trying to make up her mind about something.

"Well, kind of ... I was wondering why you really ran off the other day," Selene says.

"I told you, I wasn't feeling good," you say.

"Not buying it Remi ... you're not a great liar. It was my dad, wasn't it?" Selene asks.

"Uh, maybe a little I guess ..." you say, deciding that the truth probably wouldn't sound particularly sane.

Selene sighs.

"Sorry ... he's been pretty uptight ever since we dated," she says. "I ... uh, talked to him after you left. About scaring you off. I told him he needed to apologize."

"Oh, uh ... you didn't really need to ..." you say, not feeling particularly eager to meet her father again.

"He refused, but he did say I was allowed to have some people over this Saturday," Selene tells you. "And he did say you were allowed over. Did you want to come? Abby can come along too, of course."

You give Selene a long look, wondering suddenly what is going on. If she wants Abby to be there, does that mean she isn't looking for sex? Or does it mean she's considering what you asked of her before ...?

>agree to come over on Saturday. Tell Selene, that you'll be bringing Abby with you.

"Sure, we'll be there," you tell Selene.

"Great. I can't wait," Selene says with a smile. She glances out into the field as one of the players waves to her. "Looks like they are calling me in. Later, Remi."

You spend the rest of the day thinking about what is to come tomorrow ... and before you know it, you are walking to Rod's house with Abby.

When you arrive you are greeted by Frank and Rod, which does not surprise you, and a girl who Rod introduces as his girlfriend, which does.

"Sammy," She introduces herself, nodding to you and Abby.

You look her over, still astounded by the idea of Rod actually having a girlfriend. She wears jean shorts that show off her slender legs and a sleeveless yellow shirt and suspenders. You notice a perky pair of bulges beneath her suspenders, smaller than Abby's by a fair margin, but not

altogether unappealing. At this point you look up at catch her smiling at you mischievously, and look quickly away. She drops her gaze slightly, her sandy hair slipping down to cover her face slightly, but you notice her watching you still.

"Nice to meet you ... I didn't know Rod had a girlfriend," Abby says, mirroring your thoughts.

"We just started going out recently," Sammy says, glancing over at Rod.

"Congratulations!" Abby says, smiling.

"Thanks," Sammy says, returning her smile.

All of you head inside and take a seat in the living room. Abby leads in the conversation, asking Rod's new girlfriend about how they met, how long they have been dating, and various other tidbits that you can't bring yourself to care about.

You stay quiet, casually watching Rod and (as discreetly as you can) Sammy. You notice Rod peeking over at Abby every once in a while, but to your surprise he seems genuinely more interested in Sammy ... though Frank, you notice, still seems to be intent on staring holes through your girlfriend's chest. You have to admit, you didn't expect this kind of development in the whole Rod situation.

You end up getting thirsty after a while of listening to all this relationship talk and excuse yourself. You head to the kitchen and grab a drink from the fridge ... and then find yourself stopping for a moment when you turn toward the kitchen table. You find yourself remembering what happened here just a few days ago. You can almost see Abby bent over the table, groaning as Rod's father fucks her in the ass ...

A pair of slender, lightly freckled arms slips around your shoulders. You start as a soft body presses against yours.

"I saw you looking, earlier ..." Sammy whispers, and you turn to see a bright look in her eyes. One hand slides down your chest and settles on your crotch. "You liked what you saw, right?"

"Well, yeah ..." you say, not seeing any sense in denying it, particularly as you can feel yourself getting hard beneath her touch.

"Good ..." She says, kissing you on the neck as she begins undoing your belt with one hand. "That saves me the effort of seducing you."

You open your mouth, though you aren't sure if it's to object or encourage her (you do rather like the thought of getting Rod back a little) when part of you is pulled away ...

... Abby breathes heavily, her face red. Her one hand is wrapped around Frank's cock, her arm crossing his as he reaches into her jeans to finger her. Rod is nowhere to be seen.

"Come on then, let's get going ..." Frank urges her. "I want to cum, and who knows when they'll get back."

Abby looks at him, seemingly unsure of what to do ... but you can feel her desire, and that she has no real thought of stopping. You can feel yourself getting turned on, distantly aware of hot breath against your cheek and a soft hand working it's way into your pants ... but at the same time, a strange sense of shock and horror as Abby so willingly gives in to the younger boy's demands. You wonder what you should do ...

>Tell Sammy you are tempted but cant with Abby right in the next room. Go to Abby and interrupt her and Frank.

You reach out and grab Sammy's hand, reluctantly stopping her from what she is doing.

"Sorry ... I can't do this with Abby here," you tell her.

She pouts, but steps away from you obediently.

"Alright ... I get it. Next time, I'll have to make sure to catch you alone then," Sammy says.

You feel a bit like you should be saying something back about this ... but your sense of urgency takes priority and you head back to the living room instead. When you arrive Abby and Frank are sitting apart, their faces flushed but their clothes back in place. Rod slips back into the room a moment or two after Sammy, and the five of you pick up where you left off before your little break ...

Rod's dad arrives maybe an hour later, cheerfully greeting the five of you.

"My wife isn't going to be home for a while, so I'm thinking of ordering something for dinner," he says. "What does everyone think?"

After a general chorus of agreements, Steve heads off to make the phone call.

"Alright then, I might have to make a stop or two on the way," Steve says. "Abby, you mind coming along for the ride to help out?"

"Oh ... umm, if you need me to ..." Abby says, filling you with alarm.

"I could come too, if you need someone to carry everything," you say quickly.

"Well, we do need someone to stay behind and keep an eye on the youngin's," Steve says with a grin. "Who wants to come along?"

You notice Sammy and Frank watching the conversation with interest. You wonder what the best option might be ...

> If Abby goes with Steve, hes going to do something with Abby. Unlikely to do much in a car, so leave them go and you may be able to influence it so that you keep control over these powers for now. Then see if you can get Sammy alone.

"I guess I can stay," you say.

"Alright then, let's get going Abby," Steve says.

"Later, Remi," Abby says, kissing you on the cheek.

You watch the two of them leave, then turn to your charges.

"Uh, alright then. Homework time for you guys I guess," you say.

The boys look annoyed, but grudgingly head to grab their homework.

"Mine is all done," Sammy says, smiling. You notice Rod turn, looking concerned.

"Alright, I'm sure there's some chores you could help with," you tell her, feeling your lips pull upward in a smile at the look on Rod's face. "Get going guys, I don't want to see you until you're done."

Rod reluctantly follows Frank upstairs to his room. You lead Sammy into the kitchen, closing the door behind the two of you.

"So ... Abby is gone," Sammy says.

"Yeah ..." you say, ignoring the slight twinge of guilt as you step in close to her.

She turns her face up to yours, a smokey look in her eyes. A smattering of light freckles covers her cheeks, you notice ...

"Aren't you ashamed? I'm younger than you ..." She says softly.

"By what, a year or two?" you ask. "Besides, I kind of like young innocent girls."

Sammy smiles at that.

"Well, I like an experienced man ... so I guess that works," She says.

Your lips meet hers, and after a moment you are prepared to revise your statement about her innocence. Her tongue touches your lips lightly before she pulls back slightly, drawing you forward to her by your eagerness. Your hands are on her in moments, taking in her soft curves, and you notice a wicked light in her eyes as she playfully pretends to shy from your touch.

"You're moving things along too fast," she says teasingly. "I don't know what to do ..."

"You should take off those shorts and turn around," you say, surprising yourself. You feel yourself getting hard, and begin to feel an almost painful desire to fuck this girl.

"You really do move fast," Sammy says, laughing. "I like that. But that might be a little too fast ..."

"Rod wants me to tell you to stop," Euphemia's voice whispers in your ear. "He does not want you to do this."

"Oh? What did you have in mind then?" you ask Sammy, ignoring Euphemia.

"Well, I mean ..." Sammy says, still smiling. "I didn't really have a plan ... but I wasn't really thinking of taking it too far."

"He can see what you are doing, of course." Euphemia continues. The world begins to slow down.

Tell him to stop bothering Abby then, you think at her.

"He refuses to promise that ... he merely says that he will use the power I give him to influence her if you do not stop," Euphemia says.

... and then you see Abby inside the pizza place, apparently waiting for the order alone. You immediately notice the trio from the mall hanging out in the corner, playing some arcade game or another. You also notice Greg in the midst of the crowd. That familiar heat haze surrounds the trio and Greg, as well as a nearby, relatively attractive looking employee. You can feel Abby's impatience with what seems to be a long wait, and her rising desire to finish what her and Frank started earlier ...

You think for a moment, considering Rod's threat. He can only manipulate objects, and can only do so once ... after that, you don't need to worry about him anymore. If you make him angry enough to blow his chance (pretty easy, since you have the same power and can probably just stop him there) then that's a good thing, right?

Seems like what you are doing is enough to upset him already ... but you can't help but wonder how he would react if you actually had sex with Sammy. She seems reluctant but you do have the power to suggest things to people. It did work on Steve last time, so it should work on Sammy now, right? Of course, you'd be abandoning one of your two counters to Rod's actions, which does make you nervous. You'd still have the manipulation power though ... you wonder if it's worth a try ...

> Well Rod's had plenty of times where he has influenced Abby (or at least tried to) and done several things - payback time. Leave the power of object movement for now, influence Sammy to have sex with us.

"Come on, don't lead me on now." You say. You focus on her, suddenly seeing yourself and the girl before you as if outside your body ... and

then you have the odd feeling of speaking two times at once. "Let me fuck you."

Sammy looks at you speculatively ... then, something changes in her eyes, and she slowly slips her suspenders off her shoulders. She turns around and grips the kitchen table, turning back to give you a questioning glance.

Without hesitation you pull her shorts down, your cock hardening at the sight of her exposed slit. You rub one finger up against her, pleased to find that she is already wet, and pull out your cock and line yourself up ...

... and ram yourself into the cute blond. She whimpers through closed lips, struggling to keep from alerting the boys upstairs. You take a moment to revel in her hot, tight pussy, the long absent sensation of plunging your cock into a willing girl. Trying to restrain yourself a little, you slowly begin pumping your cock into Rod's cute little girlfriend, listening to her gasp softly ...

... Abby gives a little moan, a look of desperation filling her eyes. You watch with a vague sense of confusion at the sudden change in her, and she turns and walks toward the trio by the arcade machine.

The one boy, Alex, looks up, catching sight of her. He says something to his friends, who quickly turn to face her.

"H-hey ..." Abby says.

"Why hello again," says another. John, you think his name was. "Looking for some company?"

... You try to concentrate, alarm bells going off as you watch. But every time you do, you find your mind drifting back to the kitchen, your hands on Sammy's hips, and the hot tightness of her pussy ...

"Y-yeah ... I have some time to kill," She says, to your horror.

"It's hot in here," John says, grinning. "Let's step outside for a bit."

"Y-yeah, okay," Abby says.

The three surround her and walk outside and, after a furtive glance around, lead her into a nearby alley. You watch as Alex grabs her from behind, pulling up her shirt to reveal her bra and begins fondling her breasts. Abby closes her eyes, not objecting in the slightest to his assault. You feel yourself getting turned on, somehow enthralled as she takes hold of the other two boy's cocks and begins stroking them eagerly ...

"Oh, yes ..." Euphemia says. "This is truly a first class fantasy ... what do you think she will do with them?"

You feel heat beginning to build up inside you, and you find yourself in the kitchen again, furiously pounding Sammy. You lean up against her, feeling her sweaty skin against yours and feeling oddly excited considering what is happening to Abby. You slow your pace somewhat, both trying to avoid cumming too soon and also trying to calm down enough to think.

You manage to wonder, just for a moment, what Rod did to Abby ... but then quickly decide that it is unimportant. You need to stop this ... but you are having a hard time thinking of anything in your current state.

"Mmm, well, I can see you are busy ..." Euphemia says. "But I suppose you probably do not wish to see all three of these boys take Abby, do you? If not ... I may be willing to help. However, much of what I have wished to see has happened already ... really, there is only one option left ..."

You slow down your thrusts almost to a halt, the meaning behind her words catching you. She wants you to give up Abby's virginity ... in exchange for stopping these three boys from potentially having sex with her.

"If you promise to try to convince her to give herself up to one of her two charges tonight, I will help you," Euphemia says. "It would be fair for Rod, at least, as you have taken pleasure from his girlfriend after all."

As Sammy turns to look at you questioningly, you suddenly see Abby taking a cock into her mouth while her hands jerk furiously at the other boys dicks. You find yourself wondering if Euphemia's deal is worth it ... is it better if one guy takes her virginity at your request, or three to do it when you can't help it? You can't think of a way to stop this with your manipulation power, and even if you could you suspect Rod used something different ... so he would still be able to stop you with his.

Do you trust Abby to not let the trio get too far with her? Can you make this deal and try to weasel out of it? You doubt it's a good idea to upset Euphemia, but you really don't want to go through with it. Or ... do you agree, and simply resign yourself to what is going to happen?

>Trust Abby

Biting your lip, you decide to watch and see what Abby does. You notice Sammy's questioning look, and slowly begin thrusting again ...

... "Damn, she's really good at this!" the only anonymous boy of the trio says. Abby sits on Alex's lap, sucking diligently at the anonymous boy's cock while Alex fondles her exposed tits.

You feel yourself getting a little turned on as you watch, Sammy's soft moans in your ears as you watch your sweet girl's lips take in another man's cock. You feel your pulse begin to race as he grunts, his body tensing as she takes him to his limit. Abby dutifully lets this stranger shoot his spunk in her mouth, her throat twitching as she drinks every last drop.

"You're really getting into it," John says. "Now, I think it's my turn ..."

John takes a seat on a nearby trashcan, beckoning Abby forward.

"How about you jerk me off with those nice big breasts of yours?" John says, smiling.

"Okay ..." Abby says.

She leans over and cups his erect member between her tits. A look of excitement on her face, she begins stroking him with her boobs, her body weaving about sinuously as she jerks him off. Alex slips up behind her and begins undoing her jeans, pulling them and her panties down to reveal a slick and ready pussy. You feel a moment of worry as Alex places his cock at her entrance ...

"You remember this, right Abby?" Alex asks.

"Yes ..." She says softly. "R-rub my pussy ... with your dick ..."

Alex grins, slipping his member between your girlfriend's soft thighs and begins thrusting between them. Abby groans, taking a moment to savor the feeling of his hot flesh against hers, then slowly returns her attentions to John ...

... "MMMN!" Sammy gasps, turning back to look at you. "I'm close ... are you?"

"Y-yeah ..." you say, snapping back to reality. You feel the heat building up inside you, shockingly close to being released ...

"Don't cum inside me ..." Sammy says. "I don't want to get pregnant. Cum on me!"

... You see John erupt, his semen squirting out from between Abby's lovely globes before dripping slowly down her delicate skin ...

... and you quickly pull out of Sammy and begin jerking yourself off. Your cum splatters her small, shapely rear, and she turns to watch with a pleased look on her face ...

... Abby has fallen to her knees, panting softly, still dripping with John's spunk.

"Damn, I think she just came from titfucking John!" Alex says. "And here she acts all sweet and innocent ... well, my turn then."

Abby looks up, some remnants of that heat from before in her eyes ...

... and you return to the kitchen to find Sammy kneeling before you, her hand working at your semi-stiff penis. You watch with fascination as she gently milks out every last pearly drop from you, catching every last bit

on her tongue before taking you into her mouth to finish cleaning you. Finally, she looks up, a wicked look in her eyes.

"How about another round? I think we might have just enough time ..."
Sammy says, eyes gleaming.

She sits on the table, opening her legs. You feel a slight stirring of heat inside you ...

.. Abby places her hands on the wall of the alley, her jeans completely removed. Alex stands behind her, positioning himself. The head of his cock nestles itself between her pussy lips ...

"Hey, isn't she supposed to be saving that for someone?" John asks mildly.

"That's what her friend said," the other boy confirms.

"Maybe Abby's changed her mind," Alex says. "How about it Abby? No one here is going to say anything ... and I think you want a dick inside you. Don't you?"

"Y-yes ..." Abby says, somewhat reluctantly.

"I thought so," Alex says, grinning. "So why don't you just tell me what you want me to do then ..."

I want ... him to fuck me. M-maybe it could just be anal? But I really want it ... in my pussy ...

... Sammy watches you, waiting for your reaction. You don't know if there is anything you can do about Abby. You could try Euphemia's deal, but is it really any better that way? The only real difference is that Abby would probably feel bad about cheating on you with Alex, whereas she wouldn't need to if you convinced her to do so with one of the boys. Or you could just watch and see what happens ... maybe enjoying Sammy again, to take the edge off ...

>watch and see what happens; fuck Sammy in the ass.

"How about we try something different this time," you say to Sammy.

"Like?" Sammy asks.

"How about ... anal," you say.

Sammy looks surprised, and a little unsure.

"I ... haven't done that before," Sammy says. "I don't know ..."

"There's a first time for everything. Want to give it a try?" you ask. In your mind, you can still see Alex standing behind Abby, waiting for her response ... and suddenly decide that you would rather be distracted by Sammy when that happens. "I think you'll like it ... come on ..."

Sammy looks a little uncomfortable, and slowly moves back.

"I don't think ... I'm really ready for that," She says. "Umm, maybe I should get back anyway. Rod probably is wondering where I am."

As Sammy takes a moment to get her clothing back on before hurrying from the room, leaving you frustrated ...

... and you soon find yourself back in the alleyway standing next to an impatient Alex. You notice, to your shock, that he is slowly rocking back and forth, slowly pushing his member inside.

He's ... going inside, you hear Abby thinking, a note of longing in her thoughts.

A moment passes, and the head of his cock is nestled in Abby's folds ... another, and the slightest tip pierces her ... another, and the whole head vanishes inside your girlfriend. Alex gives her another, slightly faster stroke, and maybe another inch or so slips inside ...

"Hah!" Abby gasps, a shudder running through her curvy frame. "W-wait ... stop ..."

Alex looks annoyed, but stops moving forward ... but doesn't pull out.

It feels ... strange, you hear Abby think. And good ... but I can't ...

Abby pulls away from Alex, a look in her eyes telling you that this was not an easy decision. You can feel her frustration ... but, oddly, it seems to be diminished compared to before. Did Rod's trick run out of steam?

"I ... I can't. Umm, I have to go." Abby says suddenly.

"Wait ... what?" Alex says, looking confused and extremely annoyed.

"Bad luck, man," John says, grinning as he watches Abby re-dress herself. "Looks like you pushed it too far, and you get a serious case of blue balls for your trouble."

As the world begins to dissolve around you, Abby finishes dressing and hurries away from the ally ...

... and you return to the kitchen, feeling relieved. You don't know what exactly happened, but you are grateful that it did before Abby let him ... do what he wanted.

"Euphemia, what did Rod do?" you ask.

"He merely used what we gave him," Euphemia says lightly.

"What? We? You mean he has some kind of dream ... power ... thing? Like me?" you ask.

"I do not feel that I can comment," Euphemia says. "Not without a proper bargain for this information, at any rate."

"What do you want me to do?" you ask cautiously.

"That depends on what you want to know," she replies. "I would like to see Abigail take a more active role in her sex life ... but she worries about what you might think. Perhaps you could persuade her ..."

"To ... do things with other guys," you finish reluctantly. "I want to know about what gift you gave to Rod."

"Gifts, plural," She replies.

"Wait ... you mean he has more than one!? How!?" you ask, horrified.

"Ah, now that is a separate question," Euphemia says. "And if you wish to know the answer, then it will require a separate payment. Or, perhaps, a more substantial single payment. Convince Abby to take her desires into her own hands ... the more thrilling the way she does so, the more likely it is that you will learn the answer to both questions."

After this, you find Euphemia is unresponsive. Sighing, you decide to wait for Abby to come back ...

Later, Abby and Steve arrive with the food and the other three are called in to eat. Steve spends a little time complaining about the long wait at the pizza place and afterward attempts to start a little conversation, but the table is largely quiet.

You glance around; Abby occasionally looks over at you, but avoids meeting your gaze ... looks like she is still feeling guilty. Sammy seems a little embarrassed, but also seems to be sneaking glances at you thoughtfully, while Rod openly glares at you from across the table. Frank, you notice, appears to largely be spending his time admiring the two girls.

When dinner is over, Steve asks Abby if she can stay the night.

"Sammy said she wanted to try sleeping over this once ... I need someone to keep an eye on things," Steve says in a conspiratorial whisper to her. "You know how boys are I'm sure ..."

Abby nods, blushing slightly.

"Umm, I'm not sure ... would you mind if I checked with my parents first?" Abby asks.

"By all means," Steve says.

You hang out with Abby while she makes her phone calls, worrying growing inside you. You know Steve is going to ask you to leave ... you suppose it makes sense in a way, to keep the chaperone from having her boyfriend

over, but you have to suspect that he might have ulterior motives this time. At very least you have Frank and Rod to worry about ...

You wonder if you should ask Abby to walk home with you or something, to keep her away tonight. Of course, this is a chance to fulfill Euphemia's bargain too ... if you were willing to convince Abby that she should fool around with one of the guys here. It's not a pleasant thought necessarily, but whatever Rod did today nearly got her into having sex with a random guy ... you don't know if it's a one time sort of thing or not, but if not you probably need to know about it ...

>Ask Abby if she wants to be walked home; if not, suggest that she practices tonight.

Abby finally gets off the phone.

"So, uh, do you need me to walk you home tonight?" you ask.

"Well, my mom said I could stay. And if I don't, Sammy won't be allowed over, so maybe I should stay over," Abby says.

"Uh, alright then." you say.

Well, since it's probably going to happen anyway, maybe you should make the best of it.

"So, umm, you said you ... wanted to try things out with other guys, right?" you ask quietly, after a quick glance around.

Abby turns red. "Y-yeah ..."

"Are there any guys you really wanted to ... uh, try things with?" you ask, your stomach twisting in knots.

"Well, umm ... I don't know ..." Abby says, looking away.

"Well, if you wanted to ... maybe you should ..." you say.

Abby looks at you, shocked.

"Do you mean you want me to?" Abby says.

"Well, I know you might be shy about that kind of stuff," you say, feeling awkward. "And maybe might still feel bad about it. But if you wanted to ..."

There is a moment of silence between the two of you.

"I don't really ... have a preference," Abby says. "If you want me to umm, practice though ..."

"Y-yeah, I guess I do," you say. "But, umm, don't let them go too far with you, okay?"

"A-alright," Abby says, blushing. "But I can't think of someone I'd want to ... practice with. Do you think you could ...?"

She wants you to pick, you realize suddenly. She wants to, but she probably wants to make sure you are okay with it.

Steve? You are more okay with the idea of him than either of the boys, but it occurs to you that the last time he had Abby all but begging for more ... out of the three guys here tonight, he seems most likely to be able to convince Abby to give up her virginity. Rod has a grudge, and definitely would do his best to fuck Abby just to get back at you ... but you don't know if he'll have much luck, particularly now that Abby knows that he has a girlfriend. Frank is somewhere in the middle; he probably wants to do Abby, but might be okay with going less than all the way ... but knowing Euphemia, she may require that Abby tries something new with her partner, and Frank has done more with her than Rod. You could tell her to do both Frank and Rod at once maybe ...?

Whatever you do, it had better be good enough for Euphemia though, or else this is all wasted effort.

>pick Steve, but make sure to emphasise (again), that you'd very much like her virginity to stay intact for now.

"I think ... maybe, Rod's dad," you tell Abby.

"Y-you're sure?" Abby asks. "You're definitely okay with this?"

"Yeah ... just, you know, don't get carried away." you say. "I want your first time to be with me, cher."

Abby blushes, and murmurs something that you can't quite catch.

"So, can you stay?" Steve asks, abruptly entering the room.

"Yeah, sure," Abby says, glancing at you nervously.

"Fantastic!" Steve says, smiling.

"Uh, guess I'd better get going, my mom's expecting me soon," you say, leaning over and kissing Abby on the cheek. "See you tomorrow."

"Bye, Remi," Abby says ... but you notice a somewhat distant look in her eyes, as if she is thinking hard about something aside from you.

When you finally get home, you chat with your mom as much as you can stand before heading to your room feigning exhaustion. You wait there for a few hours, nervous with what is to come ...

... and find yourself in the master bedroom of Rod's house.

The room is dark, and after a moment you notice the two people laying on the king sized mattress. Steve lays on his back, snoring softly, while his wife sleeps peacefully on her side next to him, facing the wall.

You see the door open silently and Abby quietly slips inside. She covers the distance to the bed, then seems to take a moment to screw up her courage before lifting the blanket from Steve. A thick thatch of chest hair can be seen on his shirtless chest, and only an old pair of boxers separates the rest of him from the world.

Trembling slightly, Abby slips her hand inside his boxers, giving you a little twinge. You watch as the bulge of her hand shifts beneath the cloth slightly as she takes hold of him, and then begin moving in a slow, careful pattern. After a few moments of this, you see the bulge begin to grow, and eventually Abby draws out his tool for the world to see. Steve sighs softly in his sleep, causing Abby to freeze ...

At that moment, you catch sight of movement through a crack between the door and frame. Suspicious, you glance at Abby to make sure she is still frozen, then slip through the door to the hallway. You are unsurprised to find Frank outside peeping through the crack. Sammy, dressed in blue PJs and sitting beneath Frank with her eye also at the door, does catch you a little off guard.

"Goddamn, what a slut," Frank whispers gleefully, enjoying the show. "Told you she'd be off to play around tonight."

Sammy looks surprised, but doesn't answer. Instead, she simply continues staring, looking entranced ...

Abby finally seems to settle down and gives Steve another careful pump or two. When he doesn't wake up, she licks his cock, almost experimentally, before letting her lips slip around it's head. You stare, unable to help feeling turned on, as Abby carefully begins sucking the older man's cock.

"Quite thrilling, is it not?" Euphemia asks. "Still, it is lacking something I think. You may need to impress me a little more for the information you seek ..."

"What?" you ask. "Abby is ... giving him head. What else do you want!?"

"Ah, but she has already gone further than that with him, hasn't she?" Euphemia asks. "I can feel that she is excited, but not so much as I would like ... nor as much as she would like, I expect. In fact, if his wife was not right there, this would not merit anything at all."

Steve stirs in his sleep, clearly beginning to feel the effects of Abby's blowjob.

"However, I will tell you something for this, at least," Euphemia continues. "Rod's gifts suffer from the same limits as yours ... each can be used once during a fantasy. If you desire to know more, you will have to impress me further."

You watch Abby's lips sliding up and down on Steve's dick, a tangled mix of desire and worry building inside you. Euphemia seems mostly unimpressed with the current state of things ... but how much will you have to raise the ante to get what you want? You have your suggestion ability, and your push ability but apparently Rod has two tricks up his sleeve too, so making any move might be risky.

And what would you even do? Suggest Abby do something else? Maybe it might work, but if things get too loud in there Steve's wife may wake up, and you doubt she'll take kindly to what is going on. You suppose you could suggest something to Frank or Sammy, but you don't really know what they'd be willing to do here. Or you could wait a see if another opportunity comes along tonight ...

> Use your suggestion power to make sure Steve's wife stays soundly asleep. Let Abby proceed for herself. If Steve gets his cock in Abby's pussy, use the push ability to make Frank and Sammy fall through the door before he cums.

You move around the bed to the same side as Steve's wife.

"Don't wake up until morning, no matter what you hear," you suggest.

Nothing seems to happen, but you suppose that it'll be hard to tell if it worked or not ...

You turn to find Abby has stopped what she is doing to slip off her pajama bottoms and panties. You hear a slick noise as she presses her fingers against her entrance, sighing softly, before crawling carefully onto the bed. Abby straddles Steve, a hungry look in her eyes ...

She begins thrusting her hips forward, grinding her wetness against Steve's member. Abby trembles, biting her lip at the sensation of the older man's hot meat at her entrance. You can see her struggling to keep herself from going too fast, her fear of waking Steve's wife adding a delicious sense of danger to what she is doing.

You turn to see Frank and Sammy at the door, eyes wide. Frank seems to have taken the opportunity to sneak an arm around the pretty young blond and is groping her chest enthusiastically. She tries halfheartedly to stop him, but stops eyes wide and staring behind you. You turn to see what has caught her attention, and freeze.

Steve's prick stands at attention, and Abby has carefully positioned herself above it ...

Remi wanted me to practice ... but he didn't want me to go this far, you hear her thinking though a wave of desire. She hesitates, her body trembling with clear desire to continue. I need to stop ...

But you didn't tell him you had already gone this far today, another voice says, surprising you. If he knew that, maybe it would be different. Besides, you really want to feel what it is like inside you, right?

Abby gives a little moan ... then lowers herself down gently. The tip of Steve's cock disappears inside her, and the world seems to slow down around you. Abby comes to a halt, then raises her hips a little and comes down again, taking him in a little further.

You watch Abby's face twist in a mix of pain and pleasure as she comes down a third time. She stops, looking down, and seems amazed to see that nearly half his length is lodged inside her ...

I ... I have a dick inside me ... you hear her think. So ... hard and hot ...

"Holy shit," you hear Frank exclaim quietly. "She's really going for it!"

His voice breaks you out of your trance, and you feel shock setting in as Abby begins moving again, her hips bobbing as she tries to fit Steve's tool deeper inside her ...

Desperate, you move through the door and use your push ability to shove Frank forward. Unbalanced, Frank falls forward onto Sammy and they fall against the door, causing it to swing open with a slight creak. Abby freezes, a look of shock on her face.

The next moment seems to last forever. Abby stares in horrified embarrassment at the two figures that have half fallen through the door. The moment seems to drag on ... until Steve, still asleep, begins to groan, his half-buried member beginning to twitch ...

Abby, a look of panic on her face, pulls away. Steve's cock slips free from you girlfriend, sperm gushing out to splatter her thighs and belly. Sammy and Frank watch, mesmerized for a moment, before quickly dashing out the door. Abby seems frozen as Steve's load spills out over her, his sticky fluids dripping down along the sides of her pussy ...

"That was quite interesting," Euphemia says, a note of excitement in her voice. "It may have been a team effort, but that was thoroughly enjoyable."

"Team effort?" you ask, feeling a little out of it.

"You've earned this much at least. Rod's one gift is like yours; the power of suggestion. And he used it quite effectively there too," Euphemia says.

"And the other?" you ask.

"As I said, it was a team effort, so I can not really give you everything for this fantasy," Euphemia says, sounding apologetic.

"Abby just ... just gave it up," you say, feeling angry. "And you don't think that's worth telling me both of Rod's powers?"

"Some might question whether that counted as the real thing or not," Euphemia says. "The boy from earlier got nearly as far, but you do not

seem to feel her virtue was lost to him. Other men have covered her with their seed before, and yet she was still a virgin in your eyes. Can you say this is any different?"

You open your mouth, about to answer ...

.....

....

...

And wake up the next morning, feeling confused.

You make yourself breakfast, thinking all the while about what happened last night. The phone rings, and you feel a sense of dread when the caller ID registers Rod's number.

"Morning, Remi," Abby says happily.

"Uh, hey Abby," you say.

There is a moment of silence between you before Abby finally says something.

"I ... did what you asked, last night," she says softly. "With Steve."

"Oh?" you ask, not failing to notice that she is using his first name now.

"It was ... strange, but I kind of liked it," she says quietly.

You aren't sure how to reply. Neither of you speak, and after a moment or two you realize what must be going on. Abby ... must want to know if you want her to 'practice' again ...

"Remi? Are you still there?" Abby asks.

"Uh, yeah, sorry," you reply quickly.

"So, umm, Steve and his wife left. I'm supposed to watch Frank, Rod and Sammy until around noon, then I can get ready to go to Selene's with you," Abby says.

"Uh, alright, sounds good ..." you say.

Again, neither of you seems to know what to say after this. You find yourself remembering Abby astride Steve's tool ... and wonder about what Euphemia said. Last night, did Abby actually have ... sex? Is there really any reason for her to hold back anymore? If not, maybe you should just let her do what she wants ... at very least, you'll get to learn what else Rod can do.

You feel confused, not sure what to think of your girlfriend anymore. You wonder how you should end this conversation ...

>Tell her you will see her later, and suggest maybe trying some girl-on-girl action with Sammy to distract the 2 boys while the parents are out.

"If you wanted to practice again today ... maybe you could try it with Sammy," you suggest.

"R-remi ... I don't know if that's ..." Abby says nervously. "I mean, I don't know if Rod and Sammy would ..."

"Just a thought," you say quickly. "And I don't think Rod would mind."

"Umm, well, I have to go," Abby says quickly. "I'll talk to you later, Remi."

"Yeah, later," you say, hanging up.

The phone hardly has time to click back into it's cradle before the world begins to shift around you ...

... and gradually fades to black. When the world refuses to resolve into the shape of anything recognizable, you begin to feel a little worried ... and the Rod is standing in front of you.

"What the hell?" you ask, wondering if Abby snuck off into a closet or something.

"I think we need to talk," Rod says. "So I called in a favor."

"More weird dream stuff?" you ask, sighing when Rod nods. "Well, what do you want. You're probably missing the show, you know."

As if called by your comment, the world shifts to take the form of the bathroom in Rod's house. Abby and Sammy stand face to face, talking, but you find that you can't hear what they are saying. You notice Abby's face reddening, and Sammy's confused expression ... and feel your blood surge as she leans over and gives the younger girl an awkward kiss.

"You're messing with Sammy again," Rod says. "That's what I wanted to talk about. You already got what you wanted from her--"

"Oh yeah, I did," you cut Rod off, feeling a certain glee in the expression on his face.

"--so leave her out of this," Rod says, glaring. "Or I'm going to do my best to pay you back."

"You're one to talk," you say, noticing idly that Frank seems to be watching the two girls as they experimentally touch lips once again. "You kept hitting on Abby! And bragged to your friends about it!"

"Like you've never done something like that before," Rod says. "And I have reasons; well, reasons aside from just thinking she is way to hot to be a babysitter for a teenage boy."

The two of you stop for a moment, distracted by the sight of Sammy's hands wandering. Her hands drift across Abby's much larger bust, then begin pulling up her shirt. You girlfriend's boobs jiggle slightly as they slip free from the tight confines of her shirt, and it is only with an act of supreme concentration that you return to the conversation.

"Uh ... well ..." you begin, trying to remember what the argument was. "What other reason could you possibly have?"

Rod seems a little distracted, but rallies when he hears your question.

"... I like Sammy, and she says she likes me," he says. "But she won't let me have sex with her. She says she doesn't want to get pregnant, so she doesn't let guys cum in her. And she says she doesn't trust virgins to keep it together enough to pull out on their first time."

You stare at the kid for a second, disbelieving.

"Uh, what?" you ask.

"I said I liked her, I didn't say she always makes sense," Rod says sullenly. "When I mentioned Abby one time, she said that if I nailed her we could finally do it."

You wonder if this is really true ... if so, you almost feel bad for the kid.

"So yeah, that's the deal. And now that you did it with my girl, I want to do yours," Rod says. "Fair trade, right?"

In the background, you notice Sammy and Abby standing together, both shirtless. Theirs hands tentatively wander, each girl exploring the other ...

"Abby's still a virgin too ... no way I'm letting you take that away," you say. "Even if I would let you near her in the first place."

"Hell, my dad pretty much popped her cherry already, what do you have to lose?" he says. "And anyway, if I don't do it, I'll make sure someone else does. In fact, Frank looks like he would be okay with it right about now ..."

You turn to find Frank staring through the door at the two girls, grinning at the sight. You can feel Abby's excitement growing, and suddenly realize that she knows of Frank's presence.

"I've got my friends on their way over right now," Rod says. "If Frank doesn't do Abby here, I'll have another, better chance to get them to do it later. What's it going to be, Remi?"

You watch, wondering what to do. You still don't know Rod's second ability, which does make it risky. If you agree, you'll have to convince Abby to have sex with Rod later ... if not, you'd better figure out what you can do to stop Rod from enticing Abby into having sex with Frank ...

>argue the case that Sammy wasn't a virgin when you fucked her, so Abby shouldn't be one either, when/if Rod eventually gets his way with her.

"Sammy wasn't a virgin, Abby is," you say. "I don't think it's particularly fair to let you go first. Maybe after I've had a chance ..."

"I don't think I want to wait quite that long, thanks," Rod says. "Especially since you'll probably keep messing around with Sammy in the meantime."

"Then how about this, there's another girl I might be able to talk to for you," you suggest. "Ever hear of a girl named Lana? Maybe on the computer, when your parents aren't home?"

Rod gives you a disbelieving look.

"Oh, right, you just happen to know a pornstar," Rod says. "Sorry, not buying that one."

You turn to find the door opening, and Frank stepping inside. Sammy looks startled, quickly stepping behind Abby in an attempt to keep Frank from seeing her mostly bare chest. Abby, you notice, reacts somewhat more slowly, her arms crossing her brassiere clad chest in a gesture that only serves to entice your gaze.

"Last chance, Remi," Rod says. "One way or another, Abby is going to get fucked today. I'm just letting you choose who gets to give it to her. What's it going to be?"

Frank begins to approach, a grin on his face as he approaches the girls ...

>threaten Rod with brute force - either agree to go with the offer, or get knocked the *bleep* out!

"Didn't want to be this way," you say. "But I'm going to have to kick the crap out of you if you do this."

Rod looks at you blankly. He clearly was not expecting this particular response. You see a momentary flicker of fear in his eyes, but it disappears as quickly as it came.

"You know what, go ahead Remi," Rod says, looking somewhat worried but still resolute.

You stare at him, honestly surprised ... and watch as he and the strange place you find yourself in fade away, leaving you in the bathroom with the two girls, Frank and your confusion.

You aren't surprised to find Frank eagerly palming Abby's tits, but the look on Abby's face does catch you off guard. Abby watches the younger boy as he strips off her bra and plays with her body with a sweet, dreamy expression on her face. She coos softly at his touch, seemingly losing herself in the sensation.

"You like it when I play with these nice big titties of yours, don't you," Frank teases her.

"Y-yes ..." Abby says, seeming almost unaware of what she is saying.

"Good ... hey Sammy, how about helping Abby out of those jeans now?" Frank says to the other girl.

Sammy looks a little less certain of herself than you are used to seeing, but nods hesitantly and reaches around Abby's hips and unzips her jeans. Abby wriggles her hips as Sammy pulls her pants down, eagerly shedding the layer of denim to reveal her long, smooth legs.

Abby turns to the younger girl, and slowly begins divesting her of her bra, revealing her perky little breasts. Abby leans down to give her another gentle kiss, her nipples brushing lightly up against Sammy's smaller breasts and sending a shiver of sensation through them both. You stare, unable to help yourself, as your girlfriend begins making out with the younger blond. Their hesitation melts away rapidly, and their heavy breathing begins to fill the room as their languid kisses become deeper and more intimate ...

A sound behind you catches your attention, and you turn to find Frank removing his clothes. His member stands at full attention, clearly appreciating the show before him. He steps up behind Abby, pressing his meat up against her from behind, and once again she reacts with a slight sigh but no resistance ...

You look around, but don't see anything you could hit him with ... you don't know if your manipulation power will do much good here. Not only that, but Rod is actively trying to get Frank to seal the deal here ... one wrong move, and you have no doubt that he will take Abby's virginity. You need to do something, but what?

> Move Sammy's foot to kick Frank in the groin.

Desperate, you grab Sammy's foot and do your best to bring it up in a kick directed at Frank. To your disappointment, the awkwardness of trying to hit Frank without hitting Abby results in less of a kick and more of a slip ...

"Eek!" Sammy yelps.

Sammy grabs on to Abby to stop herself from falling. Her one arm encircles Abby's shoulders, and she pulls Abby down and toward her a little ... and as a result, forcing Abby to thrust her rear back, effectively bending over to present her shapely ass for Frank to admire.

"Getting a little more eager now, Abby," Frank says teasingly. "Well, we're almost there now ..."

Frank slips Abby's panties down, smiling at the sight that greets him; Abby, hot, wet and ready before him.

Panicking, you realize you only have one trick left ... and only moments left to use it. What are you going to do?

>Get Sammy to suck Frank's cock.

You whisper a quick command to Sammy, and her hesitation and confusion melt away. She kneels down in front of Abby and reaches between your girlfriend's legs to grasp Frank's prick. You see his eyes widen in surprise and at her urging he pushes his cock between Abby's thighs. Sammy's lips are waiting to meet him, wrapping around his length as it slides up against Abby's wet pussy.

"Holy shit," Frank says, eyes closing for a moment.

Abby braces herself against the wall and Frank reaches around to grope her ripe tits, squeezing them gleefully as he begins pumping his cock into Sammy's mouth. He quickens his stroke, clearly getting off on the strange mix of fantasies he is getting to fulfill: simultaneously 'fucking' the beautiful brunette babysitter while being blown by a his friend's cute blond girlfriend. You suppose you can't blame him (at least, aside from all the ways in which you do) when he loses it after only a minute or two.

Sammy pulls back as Frank's load gushes out over her pretty face, and Abby gasps, clearly turned on by the twitching member between her thighs. You register a brief moment of disappointment in Abby's thoughts before the scene begins to fade ...

... and find yourself in your kitchen again. Trying to calm yourself, you take your breakfast and dispose of what is left. You know you need to hurry, but you are a little worried that, if you leave feeling like this, you might actually kill Rod.

Moments later the phone rings, the caller ID showing Rod's number. You pick up the phone, stifling your urge to shout death threats when Abby's voice, not Rod's, reaches your ear.

"Hey Remi," Abby says, an odd note in her voice. "Rod's parents are back, and ... his mom wanted me to help her out with some shopping. I'll be out for a while, so I'll just meet you at your place around lunchtime, okay?"

"Uh, sure," you tell her, already formulating a plan to sneak over and pummel her charge. "That's fine Abby. I'll see you then."

"Alright ... I'll see you later, Remi," Abby says, hanging up.

You hang up the phone, feeling a little relieved. Seems like Rod's prophecy may well not come true today after all, though come to think of it, that doesn't mean yours doesn't have to. You get ready to leave, wondering how much time you might have before Abby returns ...

... and, to your shock, find yourself in Rod's livingroom again. Abby is sitting on the couch, Frank on one side and a black guy that looks about Frank's age on the other. You notice with alarm that they appear to be letting their hands wander rather freely and that Abby doesn't seem too inclined to stop them. Sammy and two other boys, ones you recognize from the day at the pool, sit on nearby chairs, watching with some interest.

"Come on Abby," Frank says, grinning. "Not like most of us haven't seen them yet. Let Will have a look."

Abby hardly hesitates, slipping her shirt over her head and lifting her bra up. All eyes in the room seem to focus on the gentle bounce of her breasts as they come free, and the boys grin in expectation. The newest addition to the crew, who you can only assume is the Will that Frank mentioned, shows no hesitation in taking a feel, and again Abby offers no objection. You see her eyes meet his, her breathing growing heavy as he gently tweaks her nipples. Frank takes the opportunity to unzip her jeans and slips his hand inside, rubbing one finger up against her pussy. Abby's eyes widen, and she gives shocked 'oh!' when Will ducks his head down against her chest and begins licking her tits.

And all the while, you can feel the heat of her desire, and a single thought runs through her mind.

Remi, I'm sorry. I need ...

"I think I'm about ready for round 2, Abby," Frank whispers into her ear. "You want to have a little more fun, right?"

The next moment seems to last an eternity. Abby bites her lip, molten desire mixing with shame in her eyes.

"Yes ..."

What will you do?

>suggest to the new black guy that Frank is looking awfully handsome.

"So, maybe you should pay more attention to Frank ... he's, uh a good looking guy, after all ..." You whisper to Will.

Will doesn't react, seemingly too intent on suckling on Abby's breasts. Abby's eyes flutter closed, her lips parting slightly ...

"The suggestion needs to be something the person would consider, remember?" Euphemia's voice chimes in. "I will not penalize you for this attempt, but keep it in mind for the future."

As you watch, Abby's hands wander to the boys' laps. Her fingers quickly find what they are looking for, wrapping around hot meat and stroking softly until it grows and hardens. You find yourself staring dumbly at her hand as it strokes Will's cock, struck by the odd contrast of her pale flesh against his.

You try to shake yourself from your daze. You need to do something ... but what?

>Persuade Rod's mother to go to the living room.

You suddenly remember Abby's call earlier and an idea begins to form. You dash through the nearest wall and begin running from room to room, trying to find Rod's parents. You stumble upon Rod sitting in his room, but ignore him despite the swell of anger you feel at the sight of him and continue on ... and eventually come to the conclusion that Rod's parents aren't here after all. Could they just not be here yet ...?

"Mmm, poor Remi," Euphemia says, sounding rueful. "If you only knew what I knew ..."

"What? Where are Rod's parents?" you ask, feeling frantic.

"Abby lied." Euphemia says, stopping you dead in your tracks. "She did not want you to show up early and interrupt this time, I think ... after all, she hardly had a chance to finish last night, and she spent all night thinking about it. To be fair though, I think she initially only wanted to 'practice' with Samantha, but now that the boys are here and so willing to help her ..."

You return to the room, feeling stunned by Euphemia's words. The other two boys seem to be getting into the spirit of things, their hands starting to wander to Sammy as they watch Will and Frank work Abby over. You still have both your powers left ... but you aren't sure what use they can really be. The best you might really be able to do is trust Abby and maybe save your powers on the off chance that you see an opportunity, unless you can think of a better plan ...

>Trust Abby.

You watch the boys hands as they continue to wander across your girlfriend's body, feeling utterly helpless. Frank gets up and moves around and begins taking off Abby's shoes. Abby looks confused as he takes hold of the waistband of her jeans and begins pulling them off, but wriggles her hips slightly to aid him in slipping them off. Will moves back a little as Frank grabs Abby's one leg, lifting it up and forcing her to lay back along the couch with her head in Will's lap. Frank's member

stands fully erect and he steps forward, leaning her leg against his shoulder as he positions himself ...

"Finally time to get down to it," Frank says, grinning like a fiend. "You ready to get fucked Abby?"

"We ... we shouldn't, Frank ..." Abby says hesitantly.

But I want to ... you hear her think.

"Maybe not," Frank says, "But I think we're kinda past that by now, right?"

Abby remains silent.

... Will he stop if I tell him to? Will he keep going if I don't? I shouldn't want him too, but ... Abby thinks.

Abby sighs softly. Her eyes drift closed, her body relaxing. You stare at her lovely face, strands of dark brown hair curling delicately across her smooth, flawless skin. And then her lips press together, her smooth features contorting in an expression of pain as Frank pushes forward, forcing himself inside her tight pussy in a single stroke.

Frank looks incredulous, staring down at the impossible sight of his cock plunged down to the root in sweet Abby's honeypot. He draws back experimentally, a look of bliss on his face as he plunges forward again and elicits a gasp from Abby.

"I did it ... I'm fucking Abby," Frank says, looking stunned for a moment.

Frank begins thrusting almost experimentally, seemingly waiting for Abby to object. Her large breasts bounce with each thrust, her soft breathing growing heavy as the younger boy begins increasing his pace ...

I can't believe I'm doing this. I'm ... such a bad girl, doing this with Frank. But why does it feel so good?

You notice Will getting up, slipping over to join the other two boys with Sammy, but you find that you can't take your eyes off the pair on the couch. Your ears become filled with the sound of Abby's labored breathing, the wet noise of Frank's thrusts as she becomes more and more turned on.

Sweat begins to bead on Frank's forehead and gleam on Abby's body and the two writhe together in ecstasy, their movements growing more and more frantic ...

I'm almost there ... but I need to make him stop before he ...

"OH!" Abby cries out, her eyes snapping open before squeezing shut again, her body shivering as it reaches it's long awaited climax.

"Fuckin' ... tight ..." Frank gasps, pounding forward as your girlfriend's vagina constricts around his dick.

You watch as the kid begins thrusting at a machine gun pace, and too late you shake yourself from your dazed state

"YEAH!" Frank shouts in triumph, planting his prick deep inside your girlfriend one last time.

"No ... don't ...!" Abby begins, eyes snapping open again. "OH!"

Frank grunts, a look of supreme satisfaction on his face as he unloads a great hot load inside Abby. Abby's eyes look distant, her look of shock mixed with something else as the younger boy's semen erupts inside her ...

No ... I might be ...

The world seems to fade, Abby's sweat covered body slipping from view last ...

"Well, no doubt about it anymore," Euphemia says cheerfully. "Your love has finally experienced the joys of sex."

"How ... how did Rod do that?" you ask.

"He is quite a bit more clever than I expected, I admit," Euphemia says. "And I suppose, things being what they are, that you have earned that much. Rod's second power is to link the desire of two individuals of the same gender, which he gained by allowing you to ... enjoy his girlfriend."

"What!?" you ask, horrified. "So when I ... when I had sex with Sammy, he planned that!?"

"Yes and no ... I rather think he truly did not want that power, but he was quite willing to use it once he had it," Euphemia tells you. "And ever since, he has been using it to make Samantha's arousal spark Abby's own desires. Well, there was more to it than that, but that is what you've earned."

You feel your anger rising at that and open your mouth to say something, but are cut off by Euphemia.

"Now then, your dear Abigail has finally lost her virginity, and I expect you may find her more willing from this point on now that that troublesome business is out of the way," Euphemia comments. "Now then, my question is ... what do you wish to do about these powers of yours and Rod's?"

"What do you mean?" you ask suspiciously.

"You have seen much, and it would be quite understandable if you wished for this to end. If you would like, I will allow you to give up the gifts I have given you, and in exchange I can strip Rod's from him." Euphemia says. "No more dreams to watch ... but no more of the warnings they provide, either. It would certainly help level the field between you and Rod, would it not?"

You nod, then suddenly wonder if she can even see you doing it.

"Uh, I guess," you admit.

"So, tell me what you would like ..."

You hesitate, wondering why Euphemia is offering this now. You've wondered about the mysterious creature's motives more than once, and often it seems like she is working against you ... or, at least, not for you. It might be nice to be through with all this, but it is beginning to worry you that you are starting to enjoy this. If you had any other favors you wanted of Euphemia you suppose you had better keep these powers, otherwise ... well, perhaps it's time to be done with all this.

>Get rid of powers, on a trial basis

"I gave up a lot, so I'm not really sure if I just want to give these powers up," you tell Euphemia. "Could we do this for, I don't know, a day or two? Just long enough to help me decide?"

"Hmm ... I think I find that agreeable enough. Very well, I will strip you and Rod of these powers until Monday," Euphemia says. "For the rest of today and tomorrow, you no longer need to fear his abilities. Good luck ..."

Your kitchen swirls into existence around you with disturbing suddenness. You stare out the window for a moment, still feeling a bit strange. Right now, Abby must be ... with those other boys, and it feels strange to imagine it without actually seeing it happen.

You close your eyes, and immediately a picture forms of Frank smiling as his load gushes out inside Abby, her sweaty body trembling ...

You need to do something ... but what? Pummeling Rod into a pulp sounds good, but going over now would seem odd if Abby saw you. You could try to sneak in and discretely catch Rod you suppose, but you aren't particularly stealthy and it's likely to get loud when you catch him regardless. You could sneak over and try to see what is going on with Abby now that Rod can't manipulate her of course ... or you could just wait and meet her at the usual time.

>sneak over and see whats happening

As little good as it will do you, you realize you can't just sit here imagining what's going on. You finish getting ready and begin making your way over to Rod's. As you near Rod's house, you catch the sound of laughing from around the corner, and on a hunch you slip out of sight behind a nearby hedge.

Moments later you see Frank, Will and Sammy walking by with the nameless duo from before.

"I can't believe she let you do that!" one of the nameless two says. "You shot it inside her and everything!!"

"You really shouldn't have ..." Sammy says, a disapproving note in her voice. "You know what could happen, right?"

"I could have knocked up a total hottie?" Frank says.

"I could have kicked your ass, I wanted some of that too," Will says. "Selfish bastard."

"Heh, sorry Will ... couldn't help myself," Frank says. "And you see the look on her face? She loved it! Next time, I bet she just begs to get stuffed!"

You catch a glimpse of Sammy through the branches, an unhappy look on her face.

"And next time, I'll fill her up with baby batter ... you too Sammy, if you want," Frank says teasingly. "I bet Abby's got enough guys on the side that they wouldn't even be able to prove if it's mine or not ..."

Your vision goes red, and you miss Sammy's retort. Frank took what was rightfully yours ... and is bragging about it right in front of you. And talking about doing it again.

You clench your fists, your knuckles crackling. You wonder what would happen if you just stepped out from around the corner right now and had a little chat with Frank. It would be a rather pleasant way of passing the time before meeting up with Abby, you think ...

> Step out and punch Frank, then go find Abby.

You aren't consciously aware of standing up and turning the corner. You find yourself standing in front of a surprised looking crowd of Rod's friends, and for some reason your fist is coming around ...

Thock!

... and then Frank is keeled over on the sidewalk clutching his stomach.

"Remi!?" Sammy says, looking shocked.

Will and the others take a step back when you glance in their direction.

"Wow ... uh, hey Frank, is this that guy whose girlfriend you were just talking about?" Will asks, his hands raised in a gesture of supplication. "You know, the one whom I had never said a disparaging word about?"

You ignore what he is saying, trying instead to decide whether or not to include the other three in the venting of your anger. You distantly notice Sammy watching with a look of concern, trying to say something to you ...

Only several years of fighting (in and out of school sponsored functions) save you from what would have likely been a halfway decent punch; instead, it merely clips your rock hard jaw and bruises Frank's knuckles. You step back in surprise, putting some distance between you and your assailant.

"Sucker punching, sneaky piece of shit!" Frank snaps out, getting his hands up. "Come on!"

You have only a moment to marvel at his pluck before you find yourself dropping away and into the fight. Frank takes a swing-- a haymaker, which looks good in movies but you easily deflect by jabbing the palm of your hand at his shoulder, breaking his momentum and rolling what does make it to you off your shoulder with ease. You counter with a slap to the face, bringing tears to the boy's eyes, and follow up with a knee to the side. And from there, Frank's day gets progressively worse ...

You pick apart what could laughably be called his guard and just simply begin showering him with quick strikes, merely shifting your focus when he does react to defend an area. You purposefully pull your punches to avoid seriously hurting him, both savoring the chance to finally give him what he deserves and ensuring that he has plenty more aches and pains to worry about later than he would have if you had simply knocked him out to start.

All too soon, Frank falls to the ground groaning and you reluctantly stop yourself from going any further.

Breathing hard and starting to feel a little better about things, you look around and notice that Sammy and Will are still standing nearby while the other two have run. You set your eyes on Will, memories of him playing with Abby still fresh in your mind.

You are a little tired, but all in all you're not feeling bad. You think you could take him, if you were angry enough and decided to go for it ...

>Ask Sammy to come with you, and ask her to help you find Abby.

"Get out of here," you tell Will. "Take Frank with you. And tell him 'this didn't happen' later when he isn't half unconscious."

"Yeah, that's cool," Will says agreeably. "He kinda had it coming anyhow."

You hear Frank groaning something as Will picks him up, but decide to ignore it. You turn to Sammy, who jumps, looking uneasy.

"You mind coming with me to see Abby?" you ask.

"Why do you need me to come along?" she asks hesitantly.

You think for a moment, not entirely sure why you asked her.

"Dunno, just feel like company I guess," you reply. "Your choice though."

You start walking toward Rod's house, and soon Sammy catches up to you.

"So, umm ... I guess you heard Frank earlier?" Sammy asks.

"Yeah," you tell her, leaving out the part where you ended up watching earlier too.

"Are you ... going to ask her about Frank?" she asks.

"I don't know," you admit.

"Well, just so you know ... he's a jerk and all, but he has been known to lie ..." Sammy tells you. When you turn to look at her, she continues. "I don't want you to upset things with Abby over him, you know?"

You wonder if that's really what it is, but keep silent for the rest of the walk. When you arrive at Rod's house, Rod himself opens the door for you and invites you in. The two of you glare at one another, and Sammy looks on nervously before offering to fetch Abby.

"Shame, isn't it," Rod says, a bitter grin on his face. "Looks like you missed the big event."

"I just beat Frank until he couldn't stand anymore, so I'm a little tired," you mention. "But I might be able to fit you in for a beating today too."

"You're not the only one who would have 'fit me in' today," Rod says, eyes glinting with meaning. "Oh well, at least you're done worrying about Abby now, right?"

You freeze, clenching your fists. He couldn't have ... could he?

Abby enters the room with Sammy in tow, her smile faltering a little when she sees you. You notice that her fair skin looks somewhat slick and her cheeks are red.

"Remi!" She says, walking over and hugging you.

A damp heat radiates from her body, and you think you catch the smell of fresh soap. How long did she have while you were coming over ... long enough for a round with Rod and a shower, maybe?

"I got back early from shopping, so I guess it's lucky you came by," Abby says, a slight flickering of something in her eyes the only indication that you can see of her lie.

You stare at your girlfriend, trying to decide what to do now ...

> Take her back to your house and see if Abby mentions anything. Calm down, and see if Abby is willing to do anything.

"Uh, yeah, lucky," you say.

You notice Rod smirking at you, and another swell of anger washes over you.

"Want to head over to my place then?" you ask, reminding yourself that Rod may deserve a beating but that it should be somewhat more private than this.

"Sure," Abby says, following you as you step back out the door. "Be good and say hi to your dad for me when he gets back Rod! See ya, Sammy!"

You depart with Abby in tow. After a minute or two, you realize that it is uncomfortably silent and make a feeble attempt at engaging her in conversation. She smiles and laughs and talks quite freely when you encourage her, but you can't help but feel that she is a little quieter than usual ...

By the time you arrive at your house you have exhausted your supply of easy conversation, and are relieved when you finally step through the door. You turn and snatch Abby in a hug, swinging her into the house with relative ease. She gives a surprised giggle, her arms slipping around you with a comfortable ease that, at least, feels a little more familiar to you than the forced conversation.

"Cheri, I missed you last night," you tell her truthfully.

"I missed you too," Abby says with a smile and a sad look in her eyes.

You wait for a moment, wondering if she is going to mention anything. Eventually, her arms slip free from your shoulders and she steps back, her smile fading slightly. Eventually, you realize that she doesn't seem to want to say anything else ...

"Cheri, it's been a while. Perhaps we could ..." you suggest.

"I ... I don't know. I'm not feeling very good today Remi," Abby says. "Umm, maybe tomorrow ..."

"Uh, alright, I guess that's okay," you tell her, a sinking feeling in your chest. "Maybe we should get ready to head over to Selene's then."

"Actually ... I don't know if I can make it," Abby says, looking uncomfortable. "I'm really not feeling too good today."

"Oh, uh ... alright," you tell her. "I guess I can call her and tell her we'll have to try it some other time ..."

"No, I don't want to ruin your plans," Abby tells you. "You can go on without me, if you want. Umm, I might just head home to rest up for now ... I'll talk to you later, okay?"

"Alright, cher ... I hope you feel better," you tell her.

She smiles and hugs you before leaving you alone with your thoughts. For a moment, you find yourself wondering what she is going to do at home ... a

part of you can't help but wonder if maybe she is just going to go back to Rod's, or find another guy to ...

You shake your head, feeling a little ashamed of thinking like that. Abby was under Rod's and Euphemia's influence ... what happened wasn't really her fault, and knowing her she is hating herself right now for what happened.

You sigh, wondering what you should do for the rest of the day ...

>Head over to Rod's place, lie to him that Abby left something behind. Beat the crap out of Rod.

Things aren't going so well today, but it does occur to you that there is at least one thing that could go right for you if you decided to go through with it. You think about it for all of a minute, and then find yourself heading out the door.

Several minutes later you arrive at Rod's house.

"What do you want?" Rod asks, answering the door.

"Abby forgot something, I just came by to pick it up for her," you say.

"Oh really," Rod says sarcastically. "Like I believe that one ... come on in, anyway."

He opens the door, and you are immediately suspicious. After a moment you shrug, deciding that even if it's some kind of ambush you can more than handle Rod and his friends, and step inside.

Rod heads to the living room and you follow him, alert for the slightest indication that there is anything fishy going on.

"So, you just come over here to look at the wallpaper?" Rod asks.

"Actually, I'm here to beat you into a pulp," you say frankly, cracking your knuckles experimentally.

"Sure, go ahead," Rod says, grinning.

You hesitate ... Rod has always struck you as a little cowardly, even if he is cleverer than you used to imagine, which makes you wonder what he could be thinking. Is this some kind of bluff?

"Normally, people don't agree to this," you tell him. "It's usually customary for you to cringe, or try to fight back or something."

"No need to. I don't want to get hit really, but I suddenly realized that no matter what you do, I win," Rod says, smirking.

"How do you figure?" you ask, raising an eyebrow.

Rod falls back onto the couch, looking annoyingly relaxed considering the amount of pain that looms in his near future.

"Well, basically, if you beat me up, it'll hurt and all but you'll end up getting in trouble for it ... and trust me, I'll make sure of it," Rod says. "And if you get grounded or something, that'll just make it easier for me to get to Abby. You knock me out and I may well get a day or two with her. You put me in the hospital or something, her parents probably wouldn't even let you see her anymore, and I'll make sure she gets it from me and my friends every day until you're able to see her again. Pretty cool, right?"

"Bullshit," you growl, anger flaring again.

"You really think so? Abby knows you hate me. And she might hear about what happened to Frank. And she's pretty honest, so if people ask what she thinks what do you think she'll say?" Rod asks. "Do you think she'll lie for you?"

This question catches you off guard, and you can think of nothing to say in response. Come to think of it, you really aren't sure what she would do if that happened ...

"I trust her. She's just been acting this way because of you and that weird dream girl," you reply eventually.

"You really think so?" Rod says. "Want to bet on that? I bet I could be inside her tomorrow if I wanted to."

You try to ignore him but a small part of you wonders if he might be right. You feel a little confused ... you originally came over here to give Rod what he deserves, but all of a sudden it seems like you don't really know what to do ...

> Hes not worth it. Maybe time to catch up with Selene as was the initial plan, see if you can get from her what Abby is reluctant to do now. Or anything.

As much as you'd like to wreck this kid, maybe it might be the smarter move to wait for a better chance to get back at him.

"You aren't worth my time," you say.

Rod just smirks as you turn around and leave. You grit your teeth the whole way to the door, swearing to get back at him somehow ...

You walk away without thinking about where you are going. You just feel the need to go somewhere, work off a little more stress ... and soon look up to find yourself at Selene's house. You feel a bitter smile slipping across your face as it occurs to you that you've done exactly what Abby told you to earlier; you've kept your appointment with Selene.

You knock on the door, and eventually Selene appears at the door dressed in an airy looking blue dress.

"I got it, Dad," she calls, then slips outside to join you. "Hey Remi ... where's Abby?"

"She couldn't make it," you say, stepping forward toward Selene, suddenly wanting her right then and there.

Selene steps back, a look of annoyance in her eyes.

"Seriously?" Selene asks. "Dammit!"

"What? I didn't know you wanted to see her so bad ..." you say, confused at her reaction.

"I didn't want to see her ... I wanted my dad to," Selene says irritably. "He's all uptight about me with guys my own age, but he's got a thing for cute high school girls with giant boobs."

You stare at her, comprehension dawning.

"You wanted Abby to distract your dad!?" you say, hardly able to believe this.

Selene rolls her eyes.

"Well, how else am I going to get you alone ... also, I told you, I don't like doing it with other girls," she says. "I wouldn't have minded watching maybe, if you wanted ... I'm not a big fan of girls that look like her, but it might be kinda hot, like catching someone you know in an amateur porno or something ..."

"What made you think I'd agree to that? Or that she would?" you demand, exasperated.

"Because you really want to fuck me again ... admit it," Selene says, a devilish smile crossing her lips. "And because no girl is innocent on the inside when they act that innocent on the outside. Not that it matters now ... without Abby, my dad will be watching us like a hawk."

You aren't sure what to think at this point, much less what to do. Today really has to be one of the worst you've had in a long while ...

>Go and visit Abby

"I guess today's a bust then," you say. "Unless you want to see if Abby is up for some visitors with me?"

Selene makes a face.

"I don't imagine Daddy is going to let me leave with you ... although, he hasn't seen you just yet ..." Selene muses. "Alright, go and hide for a few minutes. It'll be a big risk, but let me see what I can do."

You obediently walk away from the door and go a little way down the block until you are out of sight. A few minutes later Selene comes walking out, grinning fiendishly. She loops one arm through yours casually and urges you along.

"I told him a friend needed me to drop by to help on their gymnastics routine, and that she might possibly be a rival I could sabotage," Selene tells you. "Daddy doesn't like competition ... anyway, you had better make this worth my while, it may well be the last chance I get to leave the house for years if he finds out."

The two of you arrive at Abby's house a few minutes later, arm in arm. As you approach the door, you hear someone talking from around the corner of the house ...

Selene gives you a questioning look as you head around the corner. Rod and Sammy are standing in the bushes and looking through the window, though Rod turns to glance at you as you approach. He gives you a grin, putting a finger over his lips before looking in the window again. You approach quietly, gesturing for Selene to follow suit, and peer in through another window ...

"Told you so ..." Selene whispers in your ear.

Inside, you can see Abby sitting on her bed, her lips locked with those of a buxom blond that you recognize. Lana back, licking her lips suggestively, and you can see Abby looking confused. Abby looks like she is talking, but you can't hear through the closed window ...

"Not really my thing, but ..." Selene says, her hand slipping down to rub up against your thigh. "I think I'm okay with this ..."

"Got another so soon, Remi?" Rod says quietly. "Guess that means Abby is up for grabs."

You glower at him, but your composure breaks a little when Selene's hand moves upward to a more intimate area. You turn to look at her, and she gives you a wicked look.

"Mmm, sounds good to me," Selene says to Rod.

You feel another pair of hands touch you, and suddenly Sammy's arms are around your waist, her deceptively innocent eyes staring into yours.

"Hmm, guess I'd better head inside then," Rod says with a grin. "Time's a wasting ..."

You open your mouth to object, but find yourself getting distracted by the wandering hands of the two cute girls beside you. Their soft bodies press up against you, and you feel yourself getting hard ...

But can you really do this? Admittedly, you did feel a little turned on a few of those times when you watched Abby ... and you really have been feeling the need for release today. And really, this is the closest thing to a fair deal that Rod has ever offered ... his girlfriend for yours, in a way. But could you really watch him have sex with her? Could you really enjoy one, or both, of these girls while it happened?

> Go with it, fuck Selene, then fuck Sammy's ass.

You watch Rod turn the corner, disturbed slightly by how easy it is to just watch ... and then Selene pulls you to the ground. Her lips press against yours and seem to pull yours with them as they draw away ...

"Good to see you chose quality over quantity, Remi," Selene says. "Let the little kid have his fun with those big boobed cows ... hell, the sluts will probably love it."

Sammy gives Selene an upset look at the mention of the 'little kid' but is distracted soon enough when the lithe asian girl's fingers skillfully extract your manhood from your trousers. At her urging you reach beneath her dress and pull down her panties and bury your fingers in her slit. Selene purrs softly in approval, then repositions herself to allow you better access and leans over to take your cock in her mouth.

"R-rod? What are you ...?!" you hear Abby's voice through the window, accompanied by a brief surprised noise from Lana.

"You look like you could use a hand ..." comes Rod's voice.

You hear him saying something else, but are suddenly distracted by the hot warm tightness that clenches down on your member as Selene proceeds to mount you and spear herself on your cock. A look of excruciating delight crosses her face as your thickness spreads her tight pussy to it's limits. She arches her back in pleasure, her delicate mounds clearly outlined by the stretching material of her dress, and begins humping you with wild abandon.

"AH! R-Rod, no! We can't ..." you hear Abby say. Moments later you hear her cry out, and hear the soft murmur of approval that is Lana's voice.

Sammy stands up and awkwardly steps over you to gaze through the window, a strange sigh escaping her.

"Oh, wow ..." Sammy says quietly. "He's finally ..."

Sammy's hands migrate downward, rubbing against her thighs excitedly as she watches her boyfriend lose his virginity to your sweet Abby. Selene stops her humping for a moment, and smiles at you before reaching around to divest Sammy of her shorts and panties. Sammy looks down in surprise, but a dull fire burns in her eyes ...

"R-rod! AhN!" Abby's voice reaches you, and you can swear you can hear a wet sound from inside ...

... and Sammy's hands pull you forward toward her glistening folds, tightening in your hair as you begin lapping at her juices. You lick furiously as Selene thrusts herself down on you, trying to forget the sound of a sweet, clear voice moaning out another boy's name. You gasp as Selene's already tight cunt clenches down on you, her body trembling with her climax. You struggle to hold on, and just as you think your self control is about to break you feel her sliding off of you, a satisfied smile on her face.

"Mmm ... that was nice. But I think you still need to finish up. Fortunately ..." Selene says, managing to stand and slip her arms around the young blond in front of you.

Sammy looks oddly reluctant to leave her post, her eyes intent on the action inside the house, and you find yourself standing up and circling around behind her. Your eyes catch sight of Abby on her hands and knees on her bed, Rod triumphantly pounding away while Lana's soft hands wrap around him from behind ...

You feel a surge of anger inside you, boiling together with lust ... and find yourself adjusting your aim slightly.

"W-what?" Sammy gasps, shocked to feel something hard and hot pressing up against her ass. "No, you can't!"

"Don't want to interrupt them, do we?" you say spitefully. "Better keep quiet ..."

Sammy tenses as your hands take up their position on her hips. You smile, admiring for a moment the cute smattering of little freckles across the smooth skin of her lower back and rear ... and then push forward, reveling in the small strange noise she makes as you claim the only virginity she has to offer.

Selene wraps her arms around you, her hands running across your chest in a mockery of Lana's display with Rod. You pump slowly and carefully, trying to savor this as much as possible. You hear the tempo building indoors, and you find yourself beginning to lost control ...

"Abby! I'm cumming!" Rod shouts, his voice almost lost in the frantic sound of their rutting.

You grunt, pushing forward one last time ... and watch over Sammy's shoulder as Rod does the same. Abby gives an low, almost anguished moan, her head hanging low and hair draping down to cover her face. You can see the lovely white fruit of her tits bouncing still from the last fierce thrust as her hands clench the bedsheets tightly

You explode inside Sammy, your hands squeezing hard enough that the blond yelps slightly. Your seed jets out inside her, and every time you feel like the heat coursing through you is about to stop you look up to see

Abby's frame shuddering as Rod's sperm trickles down deep inside her and suddenly you are gushing again ...

You eventually slide to the ground, spent, and Sammy follows suit, albeit after moving away from you slightly. The desire in her eyes is fading, rapidly being replaced with anger ... perhaps you went a little too far, doing what you did to her ...

You hear the people inside coming to life again, and under some unspoken agreement the three of you sneak away from the window after taking a moment to make yourselves decent.

As you walk away, Sammy turns to you.

"Rod got to fuck Abby before you," She says rather coldly. "So I guess we're done ... don't bother coming near me again."

She walks off silently, and you catch Selene grinning ruefully.

"Probably shouldn't have sprung that little surprise on her ... though I like that you've gotten a little kinkier," Selene says. "Anyway, it was fun today ... give me a call sometime and bring Abby over. I think she'll get along with my dad pretty well. Later, Remi."

Selene gives you a quick peck on the cheek, then slips away with a bit of a spring in her step. Well, at least someone is happy about what just happened ...

You stand in the street, unsure of what to do. You don't really want to go back to Abby's, but you sort of want to settle things with Rod. Oddly enough, you're having a hard time feeling angry about what he did ... you had a chance to stop him, but you just let it happen.

You could wait for him, or you could just go home. On one hand, you'd like to settle things now ... on the other, he might still be enjoying himself at Abby's, so waiting might be a bad idea.

You wonder what you should do ...

> Head home

In the end, you decide to head home. You eat dinner with your mother silently, trying to make sense of what happened today, and retire to your room as soon as you finish and sit on your bed to think.

Everything you've been working so hard for recently has pretty much failed ... your first time with Abby will no longer be the special, romantic event that you expected. But the part that bothers you most is that, somewhere, somehow, part of you was turned on by watching her even as another part burned with raw fury.

You sit silently for several minutes, considering ... then, feeling oddly guilty, reach for the phone and dial Selene's number. After a brief but

excited (at least on Selene's end) chat, you arrange for another visit to her house tomorrow. Then, heart pounding, you slowly dial Abby's number.

"Hello?" Abby answers.

"Hey Abby, it's Remi," you say. "Are you feeling better?"

Silence hangs for half a second, before her cheerful voice answers.

"Yeah, thanks for asking, Remi," Abby says.

Images of Rod's hands on her tits and memories of the sound of wetness and flesh on flesh fill your mind. You remember what Selene said about Abby 'getting along' well with her father ... and your pulse begins to race, though if your life depended on it you wouldn't be able to say why for certain.

"I'm glad," you say. "So, uh, you want to try dropping by Selene's tomorrow?"

"Yeah, alright," Abby tells you. "After all, I need to make up ... for today."

"Great," you say, your stomach in knots. "I'll see you tomorrow then."

"... Umm, Remi?" Abby says hesitantly.

Your heart stops. Part of you was wondering if she would say anything else. Seconds tick by.

"Um, nevermind ... I'll see you tomorrow, Remi," Abby says, hanging up.

You fall back in your bed, and as you slip into slumber part of you wishes you could see what Abby is dreaming of tonight ...

.....

.....

....

The next morning you take your time preparing before you leave your house. You try to think over what you are really planning, but honestly you can't seem to focus on it for very long and soon it occurs to you that you are just delaying the inevitable.

You meet Abby halfway to Selene's house and the two of you walk together in silence. When you arrive Selene greets you at the door and invites you in, and a glance from the corner of your eye reveals that her father does indeed seem to have given up glaring to better sneak glances at your girlfriend's shapely rear.

The three of you find places to sit on the floor around a coffee table in the living room. You notice Selene's father walking by every once in a

while as the three of you talk, and you feel a twinge in your gut when Selene elbows you and gives you a pointed look. Abby sits next to you, unsuspecting of what the little asian girl by your side is planning ... what you may be planning.

Your heart begins to pound. Will you really ask Abby to seduce another man, just for a brief moment of pleasure with Selene? Or perhaps, will you do it for other reasons? Abby lost her virginity, so she has nothing else to lose, but part of you realizes that there is something very different about what happened yesterday and what you are considering right now.

Conflicted, you hesitate ...

>Convince Abby to seduce Selene's father.

Your heart in your throat, you turn to Abby.

"Hey, Abby ... I wanted to talk to Selene for a minute alone about something," you say.

"Oh. Alright," Abby says. "I guess I can step out for a bit."

Your stomach twisting, you continue.

"Actually the one we really don't want to hear is her dad ..." you say. "And it looks like he, uh, likes you ..."

You notice Selene's eyes glittering with delight out of the corner of your eye. Abby looks confused for a moment, then suddenly flustered as she considers what you are saying in a different light.

"You just need me to talk to him or something like that, right?" Abby says, seemingly oblivious to your real intent.

"Actually, I really want to make sure he stays away." you tell her. "So I was thinking you could ..."

"-Make use of that hot little ass and big tits," Selene says, interrupting you. "Give my dad a few minutes in paradise and us a few minutes alone. That's what Remi is trying to say."

Your heart constricts when Abby looks over to you for confirmation, and a look of disbelief crosses her face when you nod slowly. Abby looks troubled, and is silent for a moment.

"Alright," She says quietly. "If that's what you need, Remi ..."

Abby gets up from the table and Selene quickly reaches out and grabs her hand. Abby looks startled, and Selene presses something into her hand that crinkles with plastic.

"You might want one," Selene says slyly. "I like being an only child."

Abby looks shocked, and with a final glance at you leaves the room with Selene's gift tightly gripped in one hand.

"Mm, now then, where were we ..." Selene says, her arms slipping around your shoulders.

Her lips catch hold of yours, and suddenly she is in your arms. You feel yourself beginning to relax slightly under her ministrations ... and then Abby appears again in your mind, and you feel that tense twisting in your gut again. Selene pulls away from you, looking annoyed as you stiffen in all the wrong places for her taste.

"Umm, maybe we should check to make sure the plan works first," you suggest. "What if your dad doesn't take the bait?"

"He will, trust me," Selene says, flicking her hair back. "All you need to do is relax ..."

"I can't really," you say truthfully, "I want to make sure things are going alright."

Selene sighs, then reluctantly stands up with you. The two of you move quietly down the hall, listening for anything that might give away the presence of your girl or Selene's father ... and stop by the entrance to his study, where you can hear faint noises through the door. You gently ease the door open ...

Abby sits on the older man's lap in an easy chair facing the left side of the room. His hands mash against Abby's impressive bust through her shirt, and you can hear her breathing heavily. You feel yourself getting hard as you watch her excitement growing ... it looks like she is getting over her earlier reluctance.

"See, nothing to worry about," Selene whispers. "Now then, let's get going."

You ignore her as you watch her father fumble between his legs for a moment, and you hear the sound of a zipper being drawn. Your blood pounds in your veins as he puts his hands on Abby's hips, clearing preparing to do the deed when she stops him.

"What?" He asks in response to something you can't hear.

"C-condom ..." Abby says softly, drawing Selene's gift from earlier out.

The older man chuckles softly, taking it from her and removing the package. You are distracted as you feel Selene's hands at work at your belt, unfastening your pants and drawing out your hardened member. She slips in front of you with her back to the door and promptly begins to go down on you. You shudder, unable to take your eyes away from the scene before you even as Selene's dark mane of hair bobs up and down ...

You hear Abby gasp, and though you can't see it you know the older man's dick is now inside her. Heat begins to build up inside you as you watch

them rock back and forth gently, Abby biting her lip gently as she rides his cock. Eventually, they begin moving a little faster until with a sudden spasm the old man bursts, holding your girlfriend tightly. You feel yourself lose control as you watch, and you hear the long throaty sound of Selene obediently swallowing your cum.

You fall back, exhausted momentarily, and Selene daintily licks you clean before zippering you back up. The two of you sneak away quietly before Selene's father comes to his senses and head back to the living room.

"Not quite what I was expecting ..." Selene says. "I'm not really big on watching my dad bang those big-boobed cows of his, but you seemed to really be getting into it."

"No, I just ..." you say, trying to deny it.

"Remi, that's the hardest you've ever been to my knowledge," Selene says, half teasing. "Admit it ... you'd rather be with me, watching Tits there get plowed than actually be with her."

"That's not true!" you say. "I love Abby!"

Selene rolls her eyes.

"Seriously, Remi? I didn't think you were one of those gushy romantic types. What's next, you'll say you're destined to be together?" Selene says.

"Yes!" you say, though deep down part of you has started to wonder. As much as you'd like to deny it, Selene was right about your reaction to watching Abby with Selene's dad.

"You really think this is one of those 'it's destiny, it's love, we'll have lots of children and a happy family' scenarios?" Selene asks. "Care to test that?"

You stare at Selene for a moment, wondering what she could mean. In response, she pulls out a string of condoms from her pocket ... part of you wonders what she expected to use all of them for.

"These are yours to give to Abby," Selene says carefully. "I assume you might like to watch her having fun again from time to time, after all, and while I guess she got caught up in the heat of the moment yesterday she doesn't really seem to want kids just yet. She's not on the pill, right?"

You shake your head.

"It probably wouldn't matter, being love and fate and all that," Selene says sarcastically. "But it'll probably make her feel better about things. Of course, if it's really fate, there's no way some youthful fooling around and experimenting would result in any problems, right?"

You nod, suddenly suspicious.

"So, if you really want to prove it, we can just do this," Selene says, suddenly holding up a small, thin pin.

You watch as she carefully holds the pin up against the clear packaging of the condom, looking for an area where a perforation runs up close to the edge of the packaging, then carefully inserts it into the package. With a surprising degree of expertise, Selene pierces the thin layer of rubber a few times, then withdraws the needle and holds the package up for your inspection: if you hadn't seen her doing it, you'd have never noticed the slightly wider perforation in the package.

"Instant placebo," Selene says with a smile. "So, how confident are you in true love, Remi? Tell you what, if you use all of these and nothing happens then I'll do anything you want with your girlfriend ... and you, if you want."

You feel your stomach twisting in knots again. True love, fate, destiny ... despite everything that's happened, you do still care about Abby. And you do believe in this sort of stuff, mostly. But the idea of purposefully 'testing' this without telling Abby unnerves you a little.

But part of you is wondering what the odds are of anything happening. Really, it's safer than what Abby has been doing lately in a way; there's at least something between her and the other guy this way, even if Selene has done her dirty work. And there is the distinct possibility of finally claiming your fantasy of Selene and Abby together.

You wonder what you should do ...

>Agree, but try to remove any real risk from the dare

"Alright," you say, a plan forming in your mind.

You reach out for the condoms, but Selene waves you away.

"Not so fast there, Remi," Selene says. "Not much of a test if it's just one in the pack, right?"

Selene moves on to the next, quickly by skillfully slipping the needle into the packaging. A few careful pushes complete her sabotage before she moves on to the next. You begin getting more and more nervous with each carefully planned puncture, and begin straining your brain for a new idea. After a surprisingly short amount of time, Selene holds up the string of packages with a triumphant smile.

"There we go ... 11 perfect little placebos," Selene says, giving you a devilish smile. "Not that it matters of course."

You reach out for them once again, leaning forward to kiss Selene, hoping she won't realize ... and her lips meet yours, but her hand draws back, keeping the pack of condoms away from you.

"I'll hand these to her myself if you don't mind," Selene says. "Really Remi, you didn't think I'd be suspicious when you tried to snatch them before I was done working on them? Just out of curiosity, were you planning on getting rid of the one I had worked on, or were you just going to treat it like some kind of russian roulette kind of thing?"

You wince involuntarily, confirming her suspicions.

"I like that you want me Remi ..." Selene says quietly, heat in her eyes. "And it's very flattering that you would lie and cheat to get both me and her. But please don't think me silly enough to not think of things like this."

You can't really think of much to say in response.

"I can see I'll need to be more careful if we are going to make this bet," Selene says. "I can't let you use these with her, so I guess I'll just have to drain you dry every day. Or just ask Abby myself what she's used them for ... just a little girl chat, you know?"

Selene leans in close to you.

"Unless you're getting cold feet over all of this ... care to admit that fate and love and all that is just nonsense? Maybe you and Abby aren't meant to be after all?" Selene whispers. You can hear the sound of someone coming down the hall: Abby. "Time's almost up. This is your last chance to admit it and back out."

Abby enters the room, her cheeks reddened and her clothes disheveled. You notice the small points of her nipples showing through her shirt ... despite her earlier reluctance, it clearly looks like Abby is feeling a little excited from earlier. You feel your nerves twanging and that odd feeling of desire arising inside you again. You feel Selene's hand tense slightly on your arm, the tips of her nails prickling against your skin ... then message is clear.

Part of you wants to open your mouth, but part of you is caught up in your girlfriend's appearance and thoughts of what else may have happened to her ...

Should you make it clear that the bet's off? Or stay silent?

>admit defeat and back out

You turn to Selene, shaking your head slightly. You see a smile spread across her face, and she quickly slips the strip of condoms from view. You turn to see Abby looking off to the side, seemingly reluctant to meet your gaze ... looks like she hasn't noticed Selene's little care package at least.

"Thanks Abby, you're a lifesaver," Selene says sweetly. "You can come back in now."

Abby takes a seat next to you again, shooting you a worried look. Her arm brushes up against yours and you can feel the heat flowing off of her ... her body is still hot, her blood still pumping from fucking Selene's father. The scent of heat catches in your nostrils, mixed faintly with the musk of another man. To your horror, you find yourself beginning to get hard again at the thought ...

"Uh, be right back," you mumble, getting up quickly.

You can feel the girls staring through your back as you walk away. You head to the bathroom and lock the door, breathing slowly and carefully. You splash some water on your face, trying to clear the heat from your head. You try to force the image of Abby riding that old man from your head, but you keep hearing her whimpers in your head. You know you shouldn't be thinking about this ... you wonder if something is wrong with you, getting turned on by the idea of her fucking another man ...

It takes a few minutes for you to calm down, but eventually you open the door. You find Selene's father outside, looking annoyed with you until you step outside and let him in, and you feel a brief flash of anger. Once again you force yourself to calm down and return to the living room.

As you approach you hear Selene and Abby talking quietly, and a brief flare of fear fills you. You creep up softly and are relieved to hear them discussing, of all things, clothing.

"Hey Remi," Abby says brightly. She seems to have returned to her usual self since you left ... part of you wonders if you should be bothered by that. "I was just telling Selene about Thorp's shop."

"I hear he carries some nice clothes ... what do you say to a little shopping trip, Remi?" Selene asks.

There is still a little more time left in the day ... and you have to admit to liking what Thorp has done with Abby's wardrobe lately. It might also give you an opportunity to make sure that Selene hands off those condoms to you so that you can ensure that they don't 'accidentally' fall into Abby's hands ...

>Go shopping. Try to find an opportunity to steal the condoms.

"Yeah, sure," you reply, trying to keep your face deadpan. "I guess that's cool."

"Really?" Abby asks, looking at you anxiously. "I know it can't be much fun for you ..."

You manage to smile at her.

"I like seeing my girl looking beautiful," you tell her. "You don't mind me giving my opinions, right?"

Abby smiles, and you notice Selene rolling her eyes.

"Daddy's in a good mood today for some reason," Selene says, looking pointedly at Abby. "So he lent me the keys to the car and is actually letting me out of the house ... let's hurry before he changes his mind!"

The three of you pile into the car, a sporty little red thing that looks far too expensive for a high school student to be trusted to drive, and head off to the mall at breakneck speed. When you arrive you weakly peel yourself from the seat and escort the two girls inside and push your way through the bustling weekend crowds. As you approach Thorp's clothing store, you notice some familiar faces in the crowd; a trio of boys who sit at a bench a little ways away. You can remember two of them, Alex and John, particularly as they have both spent a fair bit of personal time with Abby, though the third one's name escapes you. Much to your relief, the three of you pass by them to enter the shop unnoticed.

Thorp appears immediately as you enter, greeting Abby and (to your surprise) you by name, and quickly introducing himself to Selene.

"I'm always happy to meet a new customer," he says pleasantly. "Oh, and miss Abby, I've found a few outfits you may wish to take a look at. This first one I hear may be popular amongst people who like video games, though I can't quite vouch for it myself ... "

Thorp gestures for Abby to follow him and retrieves a bundle for her from behind the counter and sends her to the changing room.

"Now then, I only have one changing room so you'll have to take turns," he says to Selene. "But that will give us time to find something for you, my dear."

Thorp spends some time taking the little Asian girl's measurements before leading her over to various racks and talking with her in a low voice. A minute later you hear the changing room door open and Abby emerges. She wears a white tank top that cuts off only a little ways below her breasts and a black mini-skirt with a thick black belt and suspenders that seem to have less to do with keeping her skirt up and more to do with accentuating her chest. You can't say you get the video game reference, but you can't help but enjoy the view. You notice Selene rolling her eyes again as she catches sight of Abby's new outfit.

"I like it," you say in response to Abby's unspoken question.

"Indeed, you look most lovely ... now, miss Selene?" Thorp says, gesturing the other girl inside.

Abby turns around before you letting you admire her figure in her new outfit while Thorp goes to retrieve her next outfit. Shortly later Selene appears wearing a short pleated skirt and white button down with some sort of red tie knotted loosely around her throat.

"Hmm ... not bad, right?" Selene says teasingly as Abby is ushered back into the changing room.

"Quite fitting," Thorp responds, smiling. "I had wondered if I could find someone quite right for that outfit. Hmm, now what else ..."

Abby soon emerges wearing a teal cargo skirt and matching sleeveless jacket over a tight white tee. A belt of interchanging cloth and metal loops circles her waist, jingling faintly with each sway of her hips.

"Ah yes," Thorp says happily. "A slight variation on something I had you try on before. This color suits you more I think."

Abby examines herself in the mirror, smiling at what she sees. You nod in agreement when she looks over at you, unable to keep yourself from eyeing up the lovely length of leg that is visible in this outfit. Eventually Selene reappears, this time dressed in an extremely short pair of cutoff jeans and a tee featuring some wide eyed face and unreadable characters.

"You know, I'm not actually japanese right?" Selene mentions offhandedly as she checks herself in the mirror.

"My apologies, miss Selene," Thorp replies. "It's rare that so delicate and lovely a girl as you arrives at my place of business. I'll have to order more in the future ..."

"No, it's fine ... I kind of like these, I just thought you ought to know," She says. "I'll take them."

"Excellent!" Thorp says, clapping his hands together. "As a new customer, I would also like you to know that we have special discounts available to those who would like to model our fine wares; one outfit of your choice would be free, among other advantages. You, er, are required to be 18 of course ..."

"Really...?" Selene says. "Interesting ... how does it work?"

Thorp slides a piece of paper across the counter to her, along with a pen. Selene begins reading, then suddenly stops and seems to start over.

"And this ... 'extra rewards program'?" Selene asks, raising an eyebrow. "Is this ..."

Thorp coughs softly. "A small side business of mine. A tasteful little theater of sorts for those who can appreciate such things ... rest assured, it is completely confidential. None of the recordings ever see the circuitry of a computer, and no cameras are allowed at showings, so as to ensure exclusivity."

You look over Selene's shoulder, wondering what they are talking about. And suddenly, you understand how Thorp and Lana must know each other ... part of this contract includes an option for what is basically an amateur porno.

"Uh ..." you say, trying to think of how exactly to respond when Abby appears, dressed in her original clothes, beside you.

"Essentially, you may model a single outfit of your choice, be entered into our regular reward program and receive the outfit for free. Additionally, you may choose to be included in a video with a man in the store who also qualifies. To avoid any ... unpleasantness, this does not include myself," Thorp says carefully. "An outfit of your choice will be worn for the video and will also be free, and you will receive a significant discount from then on, plus referral bonuses for new customers."

"You do this in the store?" Selene asks incredulously.

"In a small studio in the back," Thorp answers. "Though I generally have to lock up the store anyway, so it doesn't matter much."

You glance at the price tags on the clothing, wincing as you quickly calculate their cost. You'd be surprised if Selene can get both of her outfits, and as it is Abby will probably just have to choose her favorite to pick up today, even if you chipped in. You notice both girls looking a contemplative.

"So Remi ..." Selene says, glancing around the store to make sure there is no one else inside. "How do you feel about cameras ...?"

"Uh, well ..." you begin, thinking.

If Selene needs to step into the back room, that would leave her clothes unguarded for at least a moment or two, allowing you to steal those condoms. And then, without warning, you feel an idea strike like lightning in your brain. A quick glance at the contract reveals a couple of key phrases ... one is that eligible and willing men are selected at random, not by choice. Another is a mention of toys, props and protection being provided upon request of either party involved.

Alex and those other boys may still be outside ... if you could convince them inside, they would probably be more than willing to get in on this, and if she was blindfolded she wouldn't know until it was too late. The idea is strangely appealing, and it would effectively get her back for how she has been acting toward Abby lately. And, if you really wanted to enact some karma ... you could always slip one of her own 'placebos' off to her partner. Heck, you could even try to get Abby to sign up too ... you did like both those outfits, and part of you finds the idea of finally having sex with her while watching Selene get her due rather appealing ...

You could also accept Selene's proposal too you suppose, or just see if Abby is interested. You doubt you have enough energy for both of them though, so you'd have to make a choice ...

"Abby, what do you think?" you say, ignoring Selene's annoyed look.

Abby looks like she is really considering it ...

"I don't know ..." She says quietly. "I don't know if I can ... with a camera ... and people are going to be watching."

Selene rolls her eyes.

"What do you say, Remi?" she asks again.

You think for a moment ... and make a decision.

"You should go for it," you tell her.

"Alright ... any opinions on what I should wear?" Selene asks.

"Not really, both were nice," you respond. "Uh, and it says something about props ... do you have blindfolds?"

Thorp gives a slight bow, and produces a long black piece of cloth from behind the counter. Selene gives you an odd look, but doesn't argue ... first thing to really go right in a while. Selene thinks for a moment, then picks the skirt and buttons down.

"While Remi takes care of his contract, you can change and ... prepare in the studio," Thorp tells her, unlocking the door for her.

"Uh, just a second," you say as Thorp returns. "Got to run to the bathroom real quick."

He nods, and you quickly step outside and return to where you saw the three boys earlier. They look up at you without recognition, and it occurs to you that you've only ever really seen them in Abby's fantasies.

"Hey guys, how do you feel about getting to have sex with a cute girl?" you say bluntly, not wanting to waste time.

They look at you as if you are crazy.

"Uh, what do you think?" Alex asks.

"Well, here's the thing. There's a girl who really needs a guy right now," you point at Thorp's. "She wanted me, but my girlfriend Abby is there so ..."

The three boys perk up at mention of her name, though you notice John has a guarded look about him. An unspoken question seems to pass between them, and after a moment all three stand up. You lead the crowd of boys inside, and Abby gives them an alarmed look. You pretend not to notice the wink from John or the suggestive leer by Alex, and take advantage of their distraction to slip to the changing room and quickly grab the string of condoms from Selene's jean pockets. When you return all three boys are signing their contracts happily, and Abby looks a little nervous.

"I don't know if I can go through with this after all," you mention to Thorp. "I was really only doing it since she wouldn't have been able to otherwise ..."

Thorp accepts this readily enough, and draws out a handful of straws which he proffers to the three boys. John selects the longest, and is walking toward the studio happily when you nudge him and hold up the string of Selene's damaged prophylactics, and he takes one without hesitation. Thorp then proceeds to tell you that you must leave the store or come inside and watch quietly if you wish to stay, and without hesitation you and the other boys follow him inside followed a moment later by Abby.

You feel a surge of desire burning inside John approaches the unsuspecting Selene, carefully undoing the front buttons of her shirt and slipping his hand inside to tweak her nipples gently. Selene groans, grinding her skirted rear back against him, seemingly enjoying the attention 'you' are showing her. He eventually slips his hand down beneath her skirt, playing with her briefly until the sound of wetness can be heard before sliding her panties down.

You turn to see the other boys looking envious as John leads Selene over to a nearby chair and sits down facing the camera and strips the condom of it's wrapping and puts it on. You see a look of faint confusion on Selene's face for a moment, and you wonder what she is thinking ... but then John turns her around so that she is facing the camera and pulls her down, spearing her tight little pussy.

"Oh ..." you hear a whisper beside you, and turn to find Abby shifting uncomfortably, her hands tucked between her legs. You can see her stroking herself through her pants when she thinks you are looking away, her eyes fixated on the action as the little asian's snatch is spread wide open by John's cock.

You feel yourself getting even more excited at the thought of Abby enjoying this, and a strange twinge of delight begins to fill you as John begins pumping harder, his climax drawing ever closer. Selene begins making low, animal noises in her throat with each thrust, clearly approaching her limit as well, and her hips begin to twist and gyrate as she humps her mystery lover, milking him until ...

"Oh, shit!" John gasps, locking his arms around the disheveled school girl.

A look of shock crosses Selene's face for a split second before her climax comes crashing down on her, her delicate face twisting with pleasure. John's member pulsates inside her ... and, to your secret pleasure, seeping out slowly in pearly droplets from the damaged condom to dribble inside her ...

You feel your heart pounding, shocked by how much you enjoyed that. A glance over at Abby reveals that she seems to have similar feelings, and when she turns to meet your gaze her eyes look dull with heat. You notice dimly as Selene reacts with shock to her new partner, and you dimly hear Thorp explaining the contract and situation to her ...

"R-remi ... maybe I could learn to be okay with the cameras?" Abby says softly, looking at you.

Your mind whirls at these words ... this could finally be it. It's hardly the most romantic first time of course, but given the circumstances ...

You suddenly remember the other boys and glance around; John looks pretty exhausted, though satisfied, while from the looks of it Alex and the nameless member of their trio looks to have actually jerked off during the performance. Both look tired, though Alex still has a slight gleam in his eye ... still, he will probably need a minute to recover, right?

If you act now, you might be able to get a turn in with Abby with no one to stop you. If so you should probably have her pick out her outfit for it in a hurry ... she'll need to get changed and you may not have much time ...

>kick the trio out, then go for it.

"Alright, well ... you guys got what you wanted," you say to Alex and the other guy. "Thanks for helping my friend out but I guess we should all get going ..."

John, approaching after straightening his clothing, nods amiably enough at that.

"Yeah, thanks for the heads up man," John says. "Let me know if she ever needs a hand again, eh?"

You notice Selene look up at that, and Abby gives you a surprised look. Well, you would rather they didn't find out but ...

"Hey, who got what they wanted?" Alex asks. "I still have a little something to take care of here. What do you say, cutie, got another round in you?"

Selene simply scowls at him before turning to glare at you. You can imagine that there are going to be words about this later.

"I would hardly object to more footage," Thorp mentions. "But I traditionally limit a customer to one video per visit. Now if miss Abby wishes to perform ..."

Alex grins.

"Now that's what I'm talking about!" he says with enthusiasm. "Let's get this show on the road!"

Abby looks around, suddenly nervous again.

"I ... I don't ..." She stammers, faced with the prospect of possible sex with three perfect strangers.

"If I might interject," Thorp says politely. "I might be prepared to accept some alternative videos if you'd like. My clients like to see how a young woman responds to having sex in front of a camera but I'd also

accept you pleasuring all the young men here with your hands and mouth and breasts. Or, if you wished to follow miss Lana's example for her debut, she once pleased two men with her hands, and had sex with the one who found release last."

You had hoped for a better solution than this from Thorp ... but then, what does he really care about your relationship, given what you've learned about him today?

"How about these guys just leave," you rumble, glaring at Alex.

John again starts toward the exit before Alex grabs his shoulder.

"Geez, if you've got such a problem about it ... why don't you make us?" Alex says.

"Now boys ..." Thorp says, trying to calm you all down.

Finally, a simple solution. It took it's sweet time, but it finally presented itself. You notice Abby giving you a disapproving look, but you try to ignore it. If you just kick this guy's ass, you can have her to yourself ... Abby won't like it, she hates to see you fight, but maybe it's worth it. On the other hand, you could just take the risk and hope the other three can't perform (John might even back out on his own, from the looks of it). You could also try one of Thorp's compromises ... or just leave, you suppose.

>Consider one of Thorp's alternatives

Your mind drifts back to Thorp's suggestions and you once again are somewhat disturbed by how much the idea turns you on.

"Abby, what do you think?" you ask her.

Her cheeks burn, and she looks away awkwardly.

"Whatever you want to do, Remi," Abby says, turning to meet your gaze. In her eyes you can see an uncharacteristic heat ... she actually wants to do this!

"L-let's do it," she says finally.

Thorp glances around, seemingly satisfied with Abby's answer.

"Now then, who is ... ah, up to the challenge then?" Thorp asks.

You, Alex and boy #3 all raise your hands, and you feel a surge of anger twisting in amongst your desire.

"Very well then, we need to decide what we are doing," Thorp says. "With the individuals we have available, miss Abby could use her hands and mouth on all of you, perhaps with the option of intercourse for the one who lasts the longest. Or we could simply have you three draw straws and each

take up, ah, what might be called the classic position for a situation such as this: one of you takes her ass, one her vagina, and one her mouth. Or, of course, you could simply draw straws to see who takes her alone ... "

Thorp reaches into his pocket and draws out the straws from before, turning his back and fiddling with them for a moment before holding them out. Abby looks unsure as to what to do or say, and simply stares at you questioningly. It looks like the choice is yours ...

If you choose to have her jerk/suck all of you off there's no risk ... but it's hardly what you want right now. Testing your endurance against the others might be risky seeing as they just got off while you have not, but there's still a chance it could work. Either of the last two options are equally risky with regards to what Selene hopes for ... really, the biggest difference between the last two is whether or not you ensure that you get something out of the situation.

Better make a choice ...

Author's note: Just to make it a bit more interesting ... if one of the last two (the draw straws options) are picked, then feel free to assign straws. The options are: left straw, middle straw, right straw. Match them up to Alex, Remi and Boy #3 ... and don't forget to mention which option these are for (as in 1-on-1 sex or foursome)!

>Suggest a foursome

"I guess ... we could all do her," you say, heat burning in your cheeks.

Thorp nods, turning his back to the three of you while he modifies the straws. He turns back to you, offering them first to you.

"The man with the shortest straw will experience her mouth," Thorp says matter of factly. Abby watches you nervously from the side as he continues. "The middle straw will take her ass. The longest straw will have the pleasure of her pussy. Now then."

You reach out and pick the straw furthest to the right. Alex glances at Abby for a moment and after a moment chooses the left straw, leaving his friend to take the middle. The three of you hold out your hands, comparing ...

"Hell yeah!" Alex says triumphantly, turning to grin at Abby. "Better get ready girlie, I'm gonna be plowing the hell out of you!"

Abby looks shocked, turning to you with a question in her eyes. You stare down at the short straw in your hand, strange emotions burning in your gut. You hear, dimly, Abby being ushered back to the changing room while the other boys begin stripping. When you next look up time seems to have skipped forward; Abby sits astride Alex in that little black skirt, looking up at you with a worried expression on her face. Alex's cock,

wrapped in one of Thorp's rubbers, stands at attention between her legs, and you hear Thorp comment that it is time to begin ...

Your girlfriend raises her hips at Alex's coaxing, and though you can't actually see it you can tell by the look on her face when he enters her. Abby gives a little cry as the other boy stabs forward into her ass, and her lips whitening slightly as she presses them together in an almost pained expression. As if in a dream, you move forward and press your cock up against her lips and shuddering as she moans softly into it and takes you into her mouth.

A strange feeling begins to fall over you as she sucks your cock; you watch as every thrust of each of the other boys ripples through her body, eventually reaching you in the form of a moan that sends vibrations through your dick as she sucks. Anger fills you at the sound of Alex's elated grunts, at the look on the other boy's face ... but somehow, you can't stop yourself from enjoying the feeling of her lips and tongue ...

Before long you hear the other boys grunt as they finish and Abby shudders at the sensation, her face twisting into an expression of pained bliss as she cums with them. Your last thought before fire begins to rush through you is one of confused anger at the thought of these boys brazenly enjoying your girl ...

And then you stand before Abby, gasping with your exertions. Her black skirt is hitched up at one side, allowing you to see her wetness, and her shirt is spotted with damp droplets of your cum. Thorp approaches, congratulating Abby on her first performance, before ushering her outside to change.

Minutes later you, Selene and Abby leave the store, the two girls clutching their hard won packages and looking somewhat uncomfortable. Selene takes the two of you home, giving you an evil glare as she drops you off at your house. You go inside and readily fall asleep, exhausted and confused by today's events ...

.... and awaken to find Euphemia smiling above you.

"You have been enjoying yourself I see," she says playfully.

"Yeah, I guess," you respond guardedly. "So I guess you're back then?"

"Of course," Euphemia says. "The loss of your powers, and Rod's, were only temporary. Although, I think they may not be very helpful for a little while though ..."

"Why not?" you ask, suspicious.

"I spoke with Abby as she dreamed. She seems concerned that her trysts may have resulted in an inconvenient joy arriving," Euphemia tells you. "Which is to say, she is worried she may have conceived a child."

A painful twist runs through you at the thought, and you struggle to ask the next question.

"Is she ...?" you ask, horrified.

"I am quite sure neither of us knows," Euphemia says. "Although I know someone who might. Regardless, Abby expressed her desire to abstain until she is sure."

Your mind turns to wondering ... either Frank or Rod could have ...

"I'm sorry to say, for now, you'll simply have to wait," Euphemia says. "Although I could contact my friend if you would like."

"Yeah, that would be cool," you say numbly.

Euphemia smiles as the dream begins to fade around you

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...

A few nerve-wracking weeks go by as you wait to find out what may or may not have happened. Abby seems somewhat distant, and as predicted seems to shun boys of all sorts for a little while. You notice Selene showing up from time to time to chat and make it a point to show up before she can pass off any more damaged condoms, but as far as you can tell she does nothing questionable.

Then, roughly three weeks later, you dream again.

"It would seem Abby has confirmed what I have learned ... she is not yet pregnant," Euphemia says.

"Thank god," you say, feeling tension dropping away at this brief missive.

A slender red-headed girl appears next to Euphemia, surprising you.

"Mmm, it seems a shame," she says, sighing. "wrong place, wrong time ... this Abigail is quite the ripe young thing too."

While you try to decide how to respond to this, Euphemia steps in to introduce the new girl.

"This is Floria, a friend of mine," Euphemia tells you. "Some might call her a fertility goddess ... it is as close a designation as is possible, at any rate."

The new redhead sizes you up, seeming largely unimpressed. "So, you're her boyfriend? I'm surprised at you! You should be out there romancing her, tricking her into sleeping with you unprotected ... babies don't make themselves, after all."

"I, uh, don't really think I want kids just yet," you manage to stammer, thinking to yourself that she sounds a bit like one of those mothers who keep talking about how much they want grandchildren. "We're still kind of young, you know."

Floria glances at you with a look of disdain, sighing softly.

"Well, I can appreciate what you did for my cause with the cute little Chinese classmate of yours," She says. "So I'll give you this one for free: you might want to hurry. Your cute girlfriend is getting nice and ripe and ready ... this week is probably a good one to try."

"I'll, uh, keep it in mind?" you respond, unsure.

Floria nods, looking satisfied ...

... and you wake up.

It is Monday. You are all caught up on your work from school, but your mother seems to have left another chore list for the week. Your mind keeps drifting back to what this new ... girl, Floria, has said about Abby. You can't imagine having children just yet ... frankly, the idea terrifies you. As you get ready for school you wonder what to do about this ...

Maybe you should drop by the corner store and pick up something to help this week; after all, it sounds like Abby may be willing to let you get a little closer to her this week ...

>Look into getting the pill.

You leave the house a little earlier than usual and take a slight detour to a nearby drugstore. You feel a little nervous as you browse the shelves and nearly jump when a friendly looking woman dressed in the store uniform asks you if you need anything.

"I'm, uh, doing something for school," you lie. "I'm supposed to be researching the pill ..."

"Really? Well, I'm afraid you're looking in the wrong place," She replies. "We don't carry any over the counter version of that. Honestly, I don't even know if there is one. The pharmacist might be able to help you though."

She points toward the back of the store and you thank her. You approach the counter and repeat your story to the pharmacist, a silver haired old man who sips contentedly at a coffee in a paper cup as you approach.

"Birth control, eh?" he asks. "Sure, I can help you. What do you need to know?"

"Well, I don't want to take up too much time," you say. "I got a lot off the internet. I heard that I can get extra credit if I bring in a pack of the pills though."

The older man chuckles and takes another slurp of coffee.

"Kids these days. The internet ain't everything!" he tells you. "Had a girl doing a report on fertility drugs maybe a week ago who said the same thing. Can't give you the real thing without a script though, son. Tell you what though ..."

He walks away for a moment and begins rummaging on the shelves behind him. A moment later he returns with one of those little cards with the aluminum backing and little pill filled bubbles on the front.

"Companies come through every once in a while with these little guys," he says. "No actual medicine in there, just placebos. It's a demo pack so you can show folks what it looks like ahead of time; you can have it for your class if you want, I've got a bunch."

You accept the package, noticing the giant "S A M P L E - contains no active ingredients" letters stamped across the front. Well it's not quite what you were looking for but maybe it'll come in handy ...

You think for a moment before leaving. Is there anything else you wanted to ask? Or is it time to head to school?

>Get condoms.

"Uh, cool, thanks," you tell the pharmacist. "Well, I better run."

"No problem kiddo," he says, giving you a little salute with his cup. "Good luck! And feel free to stop back if you need more information!"

You thank him again and make your way to the front of the store. As an afterthought, you check your pocket for cash and after thinking it over for a moment you grab a three pack of condoms. The cashier is the friendly woman from before and she makes no comment as she rings you up. You really shouldn't care, but you sort of hope that she thinks that this is for your 'report' ... somehow, it's a little embarrassing thinking that she might know what they are for.

You make it to school just before the bell for first period rings and sit impatiently through your first classes while you wait to see Abby. Part of you is worried that the world around you is about to do the usual swirly thing and then you'll be watching her with another guy but your fears prove to be unfounded. The first two periods end and you rush off to gym class.

You arrive early, and you wait anxiously, casting glances occasionally over to the door to the girl's locker room. You see Selene leave the room and a few minutes later Abby appears, looking lovely as always. Neither seem to have noticed you just yet ...

Well then, what do you want to do?

> Try to chat with Abby during gym

Abby turns with a start when she catches sight of you from the corner of her eye, but recovers quickly enough to smile at you. It occurs to you that the last time you saw her, you had just let two other boys fuck her ... you wonder for a moment if that is the reason she is hesitating to see you. You try to shunt the thought off to the side ...

"Hey, Abby," you say. "You feeling better lately?"

"Yeah. Umm, yeah ..." Abby says. "Sorry if I worried you."

Abby had explained away her absence for the past few weeks as a combination of a long running cold and a mounting pile of school work. You had a hard time pretending to swallow that excuse, knowing as you did the real reason for her reluctance.

"Yeah, it's okay. Just as long as you are feeling better," you say, smiling despite yourself. "Uh, I was wondering if you wanted to stop by the mall today. I thought we could stop by Thorp's."

Abby looks surprised, then suddenly nervous. You suppose she is definitely remembering what happened last time.

"I have to babysit, sorry Remi," She says apologetically. "Maybe next time?"

"Uh, sure," you say, trying to think of a way of saving the conversation. "I guess we can ..."

Abby looks up, missing what you are saying, to see someone calling for her. She gives you an apologetic smile and hurries off across the field to join her team.

"Such a shame," a soft, smokey voice whispers. "Looks like you made her a little nervous last time."

You glance around to find no one in your immediate area. You notice Selene catching your eye from a set of bleachers, giving you a cold look, but can find no source to fit the voice you just heard.

"Mmm, shouldn't you be used to this by now?" the voice asks. "Euphy claims to talk to you an awful lot ..."

You swallow, an idea clicking into place in your mind.

"Uh, Flora?" you murmur hesitantly, trying to keep your voice low.

"It's Floria, actually," The voice says, sounding amused.

"Alright ... why do you sound so ..." you begin.

"So ... present? So real maybe?" she asks. "It shouldn't surprise you. Euphy does dreams, and she isn't much for anything else. She's kinda weak in the real world. Me though ... well, only a few people are realer than me."

"Alright," you mutter, walking away from the field when you notice people looking over at you. "What do you want?"

"Just thought I'd follow suite and offer a deal, just like Euphy," Floria's husky voice informs you. "I can let you know more specific things about Abigail ... like narrowing down when she will be most fertile and ready."

"Uh, that's nice but can't it be like ... things that help prevent that?" you ask. "I'm not really looking for kids right now ..."

A low chuckle catches your ear.

"Not a chance ... though I suppose this could help you figure out when to avoid sleeping with her," Floria mentions. "Unfortunately for me, it's a bit of a double edged sword that way."

You think about it for a moment then finally ask what you know she is waiting for.

"What will it cost?"

"Well, there's only one thing I'm interested in ..." Floria says smoothly. "I see three girls aside from Abby that seem to figure prominently in your life: Sammy, Lana and Selene. I would be content if you would make sure one of them is, to use that delightfully crude phrase, 'knocked up'. Though really any girl would suffice, and any boy for that matter ... I believe you still have Euphy's gifts, correct?"

Floria goes silent after this and you find yourself unable to answer immediately. You hear the bell for class some time later, and wander through school in a haze of contemplation. To use Euphemia's gifts for this ... it occurs to you, Abby would need to be present. As always, it seems like you would have to risk something.

By the time the final bell rings, you are still unsure of what to do. It does occur to you though that Rod also still should have Euphemia's gifts ... though whether or not he is still your enemy or a potential ally here you hesitate to say.

As you leave school, you notice Abby walking ahead. You hang back, still unsure of what you will do ...

>Catch up with Abby

You hurry along to catch up with Abby. As you approach, you finally notice what she is wearing today; her hip hugging dark pair of jeans and matching vest from Thorp's so long ago. Your blood begins pumping a little faster

as you admire her for a moment from behind ... and then she turns to notice you.

"Uh, hey Abby," you say. "Just wanted to say sorry about earlier. I just thought you might want to do something together tonight ... we don't need to drop by Thorp's place if you don't like it."

"Oh ... it's not that," Abby tells you, shaking her head. "It's just that I'm busy tonight. I'm babysitting tonight and I've got some homework to take care of ..."

Abby trails off, sounding uncertain.

"Oh, well, it's alright ... maybe tomorrow then?" you say.

"Yeah, sure," Abby says. "I'll see you tomorrow, Remi."

You sigh after she walks away, feeling a little disappointed ... seems like she really wasn't too fond of what happened at Thorp's last time. Considering the week or two prior to that, it seems a little odd ... but you suppose having you there might have made it uncomfortable or something.

You start walking away, not really paying attention to where you are going and find yourself at Selene's house. Well, since you are apologizing ...

You knock on the door and after a minute or two it finally gives a sullen creak and opens to reveal Selene.

"What do you want," She asks archly.

"Uh, look, I wanted to say sorry ... about last time," you say. "Those guys came in just when we were getting ready, so ..."

"You could have made them leave," Selene says, a hard note entering her voice. "Or let me know or something. I thought it was going to be me and you!"

"Uh, sorry, I couldn't just start a fight ..." you say, wincing.

"Why not!? You always used to, back before you met Miss Big Boobs," Selene says scornfully. "No, I'm not taking 'I'm sorry' here Remi ... you owe me big."

"Uh, alright ... what do you want?" you ask.

Selene stares at you for a few moments, then steps back inside. You hear her calling out something back inside the house, then she steps outside with you.

"Let's go for a little ride and have a chat," Selene says, holding up a pair of car keys. "Maybe we can arrange something."

You follow Selene to the car and get inside. She begins driving, though you hesitate to ask where she is going.

"So then, you say you are sorry right?" Selene asks.

You nod tentatively.

"Alright then ... here's what you can do," Selene says, reaching into the back seat. She retrieves a camera from somewhere and hands it to you. "My dad likes to bring this along on trips so we can capture nice memories on film. I want you to do the same."

"Umm, what do you ..." you begin, but Selene immediately cuts you off.

"Since you don't feel like stopping other guys from banging the girls you like, I want lots of pictures of Abby getting banged." Selene says easily. "In fact ... she either has let my dad do her, no protection, at least three times. Or at least three other separate guys of my choice, starting with Mr. Mellenger, with protection if she wants. Or I'll also accept her fucking the whole football team, or jerking off every guy in gym class ... how do those sound? That's a rhetorical question of course, I don't care what you think. Pick one of these things, and that's what it'll take to get me to forgive you."

You hesitate to say something, waiting for her to continue ... but Selene stays silent, clearly waiting for you to choose. As angry as she seems, you wonder if she found out about the rigged condom you slipped in for her turn at Thorp's. How are you going to respond?

>Agree to Abby fucking Selene's dad three times.

"Alright ..." you say. "I'll try to get Abby to sleep with your dad."

Selene looks at you, a hint of surprise showing through the anger in your eyes.

"Really?" Selene asks, sounding skeptical.

"Y-yeah," you say, feeling nervous.

"Alright then, how about tonight?" Selene asks, staring at you intently.

"Uh, I think she's babysitting all night ..." you say. You notice the look Selene is giving you and hastily add. "But I can call her in a little while and ... see."

Selene looks satisfied with that, smiling slightly.

"Uh, until then, mind dropping by the mall to kill some time?" you ask. "I wanted to talk to that Thorp guy real quick."

Without a word, Selene changes lanes and soon the two of you are speeding off in the direction of the mall. When you arrive at Thorp's shop there

are a handful of young men and women there, the busiest you've ever seen the store, and as you and Selene approach the man you begin to get a little nervous.

"Ah, hello again," Thorp says, smiling. "What can I do for you today? Here for some more outfits for the lovely young lady?"

Selene looks a little uncomfortable, shifting slightly from one foot to the other, and lets you speak.

"Uh, no," you tell him. You lower your voice. "Actually, I was just wondering a little bit about your videos ..."

"Oh, of course ... what would you like to know?" Thorp asks.

What will you ask him?

> Ask him who gets to see the videos, how they arrange to see the videos and whether he takes requests.

"So ... those videos, who watches them?" you ask. "Do you sell them, or have some kind of theater or something?"

"As I mentioned before, I take privacy quite seriously when it comes to those videos," Thorp tells you. "They are aired in a small private theater at night that I happen to rent at this very mall, and they are never sold. No one is allowed to bring in cameras either, I am rather strict about that."

"Gee, that's a relief," Selene mutters.

"So, uh, do you do requests?" you ask.

"Rarely. Most gentlemen who frequent my establishment are quite content with the idea that they are only watching local girls," Thorp responds. "Although occasionally some wish to meet with the girls from the videos. I occasionally pass the request along, though whether any of my clients have met I couldn't say. May I ask why?"

"Uh, no real reason," you tell him.

Thorp gives you a small, polite smile.

"Perhaps your lovely companions were looking for ... ah, another discount?" Thorp asks.

"Oh, uh ..." you begin, trying to figure out how to respond.

What do you want to tell him? And, while you are here, is there anything else you want to ask?

If there's nothing else, maybe you should just call Abby ... though you still aren't entirely sure what to say. You'd like to get back into

Selene's good graces but her request was a little unreasonable and you aren't really sure how to broach the topic with Abby ...

"I don't think Selene's interested right now, sorry," you
tehttp://www.aifgames.com/components/com_joomlaboard/emoticons/silly.pngll
Thorp. "So what kind of people watch those videos? Older guys, I guess?"

Thorp waves a finger.

"Ah, ah, ah! Confidentiality, my friend," Thorp says simply. "No more about that, if you don't mind."

"I'm just worried about Abby and Selene," you tell him. "I don't want, I dunno, their dads coming in and seeing them."

"No need to worry," Thorp tells you. "I have their last names, and tactfully refuse anyone with the same name as a girl featured that evening."

"But what about uncles, or friends of their dads or something?" you ask.

Thorp smiles.

"A minor degree of privacy is ensured for the girls through some video editing," he tells you. "And for those who guess such things ... ah, well, I rather suspect that is part of the appeal."

Your misgivings have only grown with the visit, but you soon realize that you won't be getting much more from the man. You say your goodbyes and thank him for his time and leave the store with Selene.

"Now then, are you ready to call Abby?" Selene asks as you exit the store.

You squirm uncomfortably, remembering your promise.

"Actually, I kind of need to make up with her after what happened at Thorp's," you inform Selene. "And I kind of think she might not like it if you're there ..."

"So, in other words, you just wasted my time," Selene says bitterly. "Alright Remi, get back in cow tits' good graces ... but we're done until I see something good."

"Well, now that you mention it, I'm really not sure she'll want to sleep with your dad again," you say, ignoring the pulse of heat at the memory.

Selene turns and gives you a smile as sharp and brittle as broken glass.

"Alright then ... maybe that is too much. But I want to see her slutty side. I want to see those big ripe melons of hers bouncing and that sweet ass jiggling," Selene says. Selene leans close. "I want to suck your dick and feel that nice ... hot ... cum gush into my mouth while your girl rides another guy's cock and howls for more."

Selene steps up close to you, and you are surprised to see that heated look you know so well in her dark eyes.

"Until then, Remi ..." Selene says, pushing you back and sliding around to the driver's seat of her car.

You stand there, a little dazed, as she pulls away. After a moment you suddenly realize that she has left you stranded, and with a sigh you begin to walk your way back home ...

That night, you call Abby and ask her if you can meet her after school tomorrow, and she hesitantly agrees. A sudden idea occurs and you find yourself sorting through the medicine cabinet and eventually find a shelf of bubble foil, similar to the one you picked up today. Your mom's name is on it, along with a long passed expiration date and a long sticker with instructions for use.

You weigh it in one hand and the sample packet in the other, thinking to yourself. You wonder if expired pills even work anymore ... and, on another impulse, peel off the sticker and place it over the large S A M P L E impression on the other packet. You aren't entirely sure who you intend these pills for ... but part of you thinks it might be handy, just in case.

You fall into a restless sleep, your dreams filled with slender redheads and buxom brunettes who watch you eagerly

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You awaken the next morning and take your time preparing for school. You eat breakfast slowly and carefully, without thinking, and head directly to homeroom instead of trying in vain to wait for Abby. Mellenger hands out his usual boatload of homework which you accept without blinking, and you find yourself focusing intently on what you are doing when gym comes around. You fail to see Abby or Selene all day and it is not until the final bell rings and you leave the building that you see your girl again.

Abby waits for you, looking faintly nervous. She is wearing a short tan skirt and blouse, and her glasses are perched on her cute little nose.

You look away from her face, trying to compose yourself, and your eyes catch sight of Greg standing a ways away, watching the two of you. You are caught slightly off guard for a moment, surprised as much by his presence as you are by the realization of his long absence. You wonder what he is doing here ...

"Remi?" Abby says, pulling your attention back to her.

You open your mouth, suddenly unsure of what to say ...

>Apologize to Abby. Give her the placebos.

You swallow nervously, but finally find the resolve to speak.

"I wanted to say sorry about what happened," you tell her. "Things got out of hand ..."

Abby looks at you, her eyes troubled and begins to say something, then stops.

"It's ... it's okay, Remi," Abby says. "I didn't mean to avoid you, it's just I was worried about ... something."

It may be your imagination, but you could swear you can just barely hear Floria's laughter ...

"It's alright ... so, uh, are we ..." you say, unsure of how this should go.

"We are," Abby says, smiling. She holds out her arms. "Come here, I've missed you."

You step into Abby's arms and she leans down and gives you a peck on the lips. Part of you trembles inside as you consider what is next. Your gut twists with worry, and then she has stepped away and it is time. You reach inside your pocket and your hand touches a crinkly package ...

"Uh, here, these are for you. For us, I guess, kinda," you mutter, holding the traitorous pack of pills out toward Abby.

Abby takes them, a questioning look on her face, and then reads the label. Her face turns red and she glances around then, lacking pockets, hastily slips the packet down the front of her skirt and pulls her shirt over to cover it.

"Remi ..." Abby murmurs, looking away. "These are ...?"

"I found them at home, they were in our medicine cabinet ... my mom's I guess," you say, wincing at the lie.

"They're old? Would they still work?" Abby asks.

"Yeah, I think so ... I'm pretty sure, anyway." You tell her. "I don't think they could hurt, anyway."

Abby looks around again and you notice that most of your classmates seem to have gone home. Abby sneaks the packet out from it's hiding place, staring at it for a moment. With a glance at you, she pops one of the pills from the packet and, after a brief moment of hesitation, places it on her tongue. Her throat convulses as the treacherous placebo slips down inside her ...

"Umm, do you know how long before ...?" Abby asks. "I don't really know much about these kinds of things. You have to be on them for a while, right?"

"I think they pretty much work right away," you say. "Don't some girls even use them the day after or something?"

"Maybe we should wait ... at least a day, or something," Abby says, looking worried.

Abby slips the packet back in it's place in front of her skirt again. You try to ignore it, but you keep imagining it pressed up against her smooth belly, incubating it for what is to come ...

"I guess, if you want," you tell her, uncertainly leaking into your voice.

"I'm sorry, Remi," Abby says, looking a little guilty. "We don't really need to, if you really don't want to I guess. It's just, I want to be sure ..."

"We can talk about it later, if you want," you tell her. "Umm, what are you doing today?"

"Well, I do have to babysit again ..." Abby says, looking unsure. She looks over at you, gauging your response.

You do have homework and responsible things to take care of at home ... and Abby seems to have gotten a little uneasy about other men lately, so maybe it would be safe to give her tonight to get comfortable. And Rod has his girlfriend now, so he shouldn't be a problem. And you are still pretty uneasy about the idea of Abby getting pregnant ... perhaps tonight is a good night to muster up your resolve and make sure you are doing the right thing.

You are still a little worried about her though ... what should you do?

>Tell her you can wait, offer to come babysitting with her.

"Well, if you want, maybe I could come along," you tell Abby. "We don't have to do anything, I just miss you."

Abby gives you a brilliant smile and nods.

"I think I'd like that, Remi," she tells you.

You extend your arm to her and smile back.

"Shall we then, cher?" you ask.

Abby loops her arm through yours, a sparkle of amusement in her eyes, and the two of you begin walking to Rod's house. It takes you a minute or two before you remember Greg, and wonder for a moment where he went to ... but

eventually you shrug the thought away and concentrate on this brief return to normality.

When you arrive Rod opens the door for the two of you, and you note a surprising lack of hostility in his casual 'hey' of greeting. When you enter the living room you find Frank and Sammy waiting. Frank cringes slightly as you approach, and a slight popping noise of your knuckles cracking alerts you to the fact that you are clenching your fists. Sammy simply glowers at you before turning away to watch TV.

"Dad, Abby's here," Rod calls out, and after a moment his father emerges from the kitchen.

"And Remi too! How are you doing, kid?" he said, offering you his hand to shake.

You shake his hand, again suppressing some annoyance. Perhaps you really shouldn't have come

"So, what did we want to do today?" Abby asks. "It's a little warm, so we could head to the pool. Or did we want to stay in today?"

"Uh, no real opinion," Frank mumbles.

"You still haven't seen my new swimsuit Rod," Sammy says mischievously.

"I vote pool then," Rod says.

"I'll vote for home," Sammy says. When Rod gives her a look, she simply smiles. "Teasing is a girl's right."

"Hmm ... well, what do you think, Remi?" Abby asks.

How will you reply?

>Make Abby give Sammy a pill.

"Offer her one of your pills," you whisper in Abby's ear.

Abby bites her lip, seeming to think about what you suggested.

"I ... do have something, if you want," Abby says. She reaches for her skirt and retrieves the placebos, popping one out of the tin foil.

Sammy looks at it doubtfully.

"They're birth control pills," Abby says. "So, if you wanted to ... umm, you know,"

Sammy looks doubtful, but you take her hand and guide it to Abby, who drops the pill into the younger girl's palm. Sammy looks at it doubtfully, seeming unsure of why she reached for it in the first place.

"You use these?" Sammy asks, looking doubtful.

Abby's face goes red.

"I just started," Abby says. "You don't need to take it if you don't want, I just thought ..."

Sammy stares at the pill for a moment, then returns her gaze to Abby.

"Don't you need to take these for a while before they work?" Sammy asks.

"I ... I'm not really sure. I think it works right away," Abby says. "I can give you more, if you want."

Sammy looks at the pill a moment more, then closes her eyes as raises her hand to her mouth. She swallows the pill with a grimace.

"Hey, Abby ... I know you are supposed to keep an eye on me and Rod today, but do you think you could let us sneak off for a little while," Sammy asks, her face flushing.

Abby also turns a little red, and thinks for a moment.

"I guess I should have expected that. Alright, this can be our little secret," Abby says. "But just this once!"

"Thanks, Abby," Sammy responds

.... and then you return to the living room to find Rod's father giving you and Rod a doubtful glance.

"You two feeling okay?" he asks.

"Uh, yeah, we're fine," you say. "Just thinking about ..."

The older man's eyes twinkle and he gives the two of you a wink.

"Say no more; I know what you two are thinking about," he says cheerfully. "Sorry Remi, even my old shorts are a bit too big for you. I can run you home if you want though."

"No, that's alright, I'll be fine," you say, your mind still on Sammy and her new sense of security. You hazard a joke. "I'll just go work on my tan."

The older man smirks. You hear footsteps on the stairs and look up to see Abby and Sammy descending. Both wear long t-shirts to cover themselves, but you catch sight of dark blue fabric stretched across Abby's belly as she comes down. You sneak a peek out of the corner of your eye and notice a flash of Sammy's belly above small white bikini bottom with floral patterns on it.

"I'll go get changed now," Rod says eagerly, dashing upstairs with Frank.

"You're not coming, Remi?" Abby asks, noticing your lack of a swimsuit.

"I'll just be going along to hang out, cher," you say. "It'll be fine."

Abby shrugs and when Rod and Frank return the five of you set out. You arrive at the same bustling pool you remember from Abby's dreams and claim a table a short ways away from the changing room. Sammy strips off her shirt to reveal a floral top that matches her bikini bottom and Abby follows suit to reveal her open backed, blue one piece. Your companions waste no time in heading poolside, and you take a seat at the table and simply enjoy the view.

Your gaze wanders around, pausing when you catch sight of a struggling bikini top and the well shaped bust within. Your eyes raise to catch sight of a familiar mane of blonde hair and a devilish smile.

"Hey there, Remi," Lana says. "Fancy meeting you here."

"Hey Lana," you respond, surprised by her presence.

Lana takes a seat next to you, an odd light in her eyes.

"So, I see Abby's broken into the business," Lana says. "Good for her!"

You puzzle over her meaning before it dawns on you what Lana would refer to as 'business'.

"Oh, uh, you saw that?" you ask, wincing.

"My god, yes! You have no idea how hot that was for me!" Lana gushes, then lowers her voice when a nearby man looks over. "James had to do me right there in Thorp's theater."

You shift uncomfortably, unsure of how to respond.

"So ... do you think she'd be interested in a little film opportunity?" Lana asks.

"Uh, I dunno ... you'd have to ask her, I guess," you say uncomfortably.

You notice Sammy sneaking out of the pool and looking around before heading past you to the changing rooms. You tense slightly, remembering her question from earlier. You notice Rod and Frank are still in the pool with Abby and it doesn't look like they have noticed yet.

"Looking at younger women now?" Lana teases you. "Whatever will Abby think! Of course, you aren't the only one."

Lana gestures across the pool, and you follow her nod to a pair of boys in the distance. You notice they always seem to be glancing over in Abby's direction quite a bit ...

"Hmm, I can't help but think those boys look familiar," Lana says thoughtfully.

You wonder if there's anything you should do right now, or if you should just wait and see ...

> Lie back and keep watching.

You settle back, deciding to wait. After a minute or two the boys from across the pool get up from their table and slip into the water. You watch them briefly, but are distracted when you notice Frank leaving the pool and heading to the building with the restrooms and changing rooms. He quickens his pace a little as he passes you, but you notice he manages to spare a long look at Lana before heading on his way.

"Oh! I know that look," Lana says mischievously. "That's a boy who has been watching my videos. You can tell by the way his eyes go wide and his shorts bulge."

"Uh, you think?" you say, not really sure how else to respond.

"I know ... he's going to need to spend a while in those restrooms if he wants to come out of there looking presentable," she says with a grin.

You spare a glance over at Abby and notice two boys making their way over toward her. As you watch they seem to halt a little ways away, their backs to you, seeming to just watch her for now. Rod, on the other hand, seems to have pulled a little closer to her than you are entirely comfortable with ...

You narrow your eyes, suddenly suspicious of his friendly attitude earlier. Is he still after Abby after all? You can't really go in the pool as you are to find out what's going on though, can you?

You wonder what to do. Sammy still hasn't returned, and Lana is probably right about Frank needing to cool down a bit before coming back. If Abby were in the midst of a fantasy you could spy on them, or use your powers, but so far that doesn't seem like a possibility

> Suggest Lana go give Frank a hand, steal his trunks if he removes them.

"Why don't you go help him out," you say to Lana, nodding toward the restrooms.

Lana raises an eyebrow.

"I don't know about that. He's not really my type, Remi" Lana tells you.

"I was thinking of messing around with him a little, you know. Not that way!" you say when Lana's eyes widen. "You get his shorts off, and I'll steal 'em. You know, kind of strand him for a bit?"

"Hmm ... well, it's a bit mean ... but heck, it does sound a bit funny," Lana says. "Sure, I'm in."

"Alright, get them off and toss them out the window to me," you say. "I'll be waiting outside."

Lana leads the way to the restrooms, and you take a look around before gesturing for her to enter. She steps in the men's side without so much as flinching and you slip around the corner to the window. You grab a trash can and stand on it, then slowly ease the window open. You have a strange feeling of deja vu as you glance inside, remembering a similar incident with Frank doing the same to Abby ...

"Why hello there," you hear Lana purr inside.

A gasp echoes through the heavily tiled room.

"You! You're ..." You catch Frank's voice.

You duck as you hear feet scuffing the floor, and then the voices sound closer.

"Yes I am ... and since I'm responsible for that, how about I help you with it?" Lana says.

A sound to your left catches your attention, and you turn to find Sammy walking from around the corner, an annoyed look on her face. Upon seeing you, her expression changes to downright hostile ... and then to confusion when a pair of swim trunks sail through the air between you.

"Hey! What are you doing!?" you hear Frank yell from within, followed by the sound of running feet.

"What the hell are you doing?" Sammy asks, her question mirroring Frank's.

You reach down and snag the trunks. You smile, thinking that this is at least a down payment on what you owe Frank so far.

"Oh, nothing really," you say. "What are you doing here?"

Lana turns the corner in time to cut off Sammy's response.

"Ooo, I'm sorry, am I interrupting?" Lana asks.

"What? No!" Sammy says, turning red.

"Seems a shame," Lana says, grinning.

You hesitate, wondering what to do now. You've got Frank back a little already, but it occurs to you that Sammy and Rod have hardly been your best friends either. In fact, wasn't Rod hitting on Abby again in the pool? Not to mention that deal you made with regards to getting a girl pregnant ...

Sammy isn't exactly into you though, so you doubt you'll get a chance with her today. You wonder if there's anything you can do ...

> Be polite to Sammy, but waste no time, change into Frank's trunks and join Abbey in the pool.

"So, uh, sorry, but I kind of have to get changed real quick, so do you two mind ...?" you say to the girls.

"Yes I do," Lana says. "But in addition to that ... do you really think you can fit into those?"

You glance at the shorts and then down at yourself. Frank is about the same height as you, it's true, but he is kinda scrawny by comparison. You might be able to get into the trunks, but just flexing your muscular thighs might well tear something.

"Okay, probably not the best plan then," you say, feeling a little disappointed.

Perhaps you need a new plan ...

> Trusting Abbey has proven ill-advised in the past. Keep the trunks and return to the pool area to keep an eye on her.

"Well, let's just head back to the table then," you say.

"Bye!" Lana says, turning to wave to a confused Sammy. "Well, that was kind of fun, don't you think?"

You give a grunt of assent as you hurry back to your table, worried about what you will find (or not). To your relief, Abby still seems to be in the water, though Rod and those two boys are still near her. Eventually you catch her eye, and she turns and waves, then says something to Rod and her admirers before swimming off in your direction.

Long rivulets of water run down her curves as she emerges from the pool. Abby gives your company an odd look before recognizing her.

"Lana, how are you?" Abby asks, smiling at the other girl.

"Just lovely ... and you are doing pretty well too, I see," Lana replies, nodding to the boys Abby left behind.

Abby gives her a sheepish look.

"That's ... nothing. Just some boys who wanted to talk," Abby says dismissively, her eyes flickering to you for a moment.

Abby takes a seat next to you, and Lana gives you a long look as Abby's hand slips over yours. You notice Abby look over at Frank's shorts, which

you have tossed on a nearby chair, a question forming on her lips when Lana speaks.

"Hmm, well ... it's probably a bit sudden, but I wanted to ask you something," Lana says.

"What is it?" Abby asks, tearing her gaze away from the errant trunks.

"How do you feel ... about doing another movie," Lana asks.

Abby's reaction is much the same as yours, slow to take effect and mortified when it does.

"You ... you saw ..." Abby says, her face flaming.

"Oh yes ... I loved it," Lana says, grinning. "So did Thorp. We both would love to see you in another group flick. People can't get enough of watching you get reamed!"

"R-Remi ..." Abby says doubtfully, her hand tightening on your own.

"Oh, I already asked Remi ... he said to ask you," Lana cuts you off as you go to speak.

For a moment images of the last video run through your mind ... soft moans as another man's cock thrust it's way inside her, the ashamed look of satisfaction her face as hot cum speckled her body ...

You swallow, trying to ignore the thought of how much this perverse thought turns you on. Abby looks at you uneasily, most likely weighing in her mind your prior comments about enjoying seeing her with other men against your new found 'normal' relationship ...

Will you stay silent and see what she wants? Or will you give your opinion on the matter?

> Tell Abby you support her wishes, but ask if you can perform with her.

"I'm alright with whatever you want, cher," you say.

"Well, what do you say, Abby?" Lana asks, leaning forward.

A long moment passes, and you feel that odd sensation of being in two places at once ... but both places are the same place.

I shouldn't ...

"I'm not sure I can do it ... with a couple of guys again," Abby says hesitantly.

"We could easily test it, if you want," Lana says. "You've got heaps of guys staring at you today ... I could scout out a few for a little trial

run if you want. Two, four, six, eight ... just say a number, and I'll get em together. What do you say, Abby?"

You can hear Abby's blood pounding through phantasmal ears ... is there anything you want to say or do?

> Get Abby to say yes to a couple more, but only if Remi gets to take her pussy, and only him.

"We could give it a try, cher," you tell her. "And you don't have to go too far with the other guys. You could just do it with me."

Abby looks at you in surprise.

"Is this ... really how we want our first time?" Abby asks uncertainly.

"Well, I'm okay with it if you are, that's all," you say.

Abby stares into your eyes for a moment.

"Alright, Lana," she says quietly. "But Remi has to be one of them."

"Fantastic!" Lana exclaims. "Remi, I think behind the changing rooms looked nice and secluded ... I'll meet you there."

You take Abby's hand and lead her to the changing room area. She squeezes your hand, and when you get out of sight she turns to you with a nervous look on her face.

"Remi ... I don't know ..." She says.

"It's okay, cher," you tell her, giving her a kiss. "You liked it before, right?"

"Y-yeah ..." she says quietly.

On impulse, you put one hand on her impressive rack, squeezing softly. She moans a little, and you can feel the sharp pressure of her erect nipple pressing into your palm. You slide one hand down the V of her swimsuit, noticing that her suit has dried completely except for a small patch of wetness down below ...

"Wow, let's not get started too early," Lana says from behind you.

You turn and to find Lana rounding the corner. In two she brings a pair of younger guys, one about your age while the other looks maybe a year or two younger and both with shocks of blond hair, a middle aged man wearing glasses and a serious expression, and an older man with wiry gray hair and the beginnings of a pot belly.

"Meet Beck and Lee, my nephews," Lana says, gesturing to the two younger guys. "The dour guy is Mr. Jones, the older guy is Mr. Gleeson. They're both frequent visitors of Thorp's theater. Guys, this is Remi and Abby."

"Nice to meet you, young lady," Gleeson says with a smile before turning to Lana. "So how are we planning to do this?"

"Remi takes her pussy, the rest of you get the rest of her," Lana says. "Take turns ... we're all adults here!"

"That seems a little one-sided, don't you think?" Gleeson replies. "Some of us here are really looking forward to giving her a real test drive."

"I'm her boyfriend," you say, feeling a little annoyed at the attitude you are getting.

"And this is a gangbang, kiddo," Gleeson says with a grin. "I'm okay with you getting the first go, but I'd like at least one myself. Come on, be a sport!"

"Hmm ... Abby should probably get used to multiple guys fucking her. And I'm sure Beck and Lee probably wouldn't mind losing their virginity today ... what do you two think?" Lana asks.

"Remi ...?" Abby says, questioningly.

> See if Euphemia is listening, if she is ask if she can do anything to ensure Abbey is impregnated by your sperm and not his. If she's not present, tell the man he can, if he wears a rubber.

You think hard for a moment, silently calling out to Euphemia ... and the world seems to slow down again.

"What do you desire, my dear Remi," Euphemia asks.

"Can you help me here?" you ask. "I don't want this guy to get Abby pregnant ..."

"I am afraid not," Euphemia says sadly. "You could suggest to the man to pull out, or use your push to force him away, but I have no power over what happens if those fail."

"Alright ... you can do it with Abby," you tell Gleeson. "But only if you use a condom."

Gleeson makes a little clucking noise, shaking his head doubtfully ...

"Alright youngster, I guess I can accept that, if someone here has one," Gleeson says.

"I have one ... in my bag," Abby says hesitantly. You give her a surprised look and she looks away sheepishly.

"I have one," you say, pulling one from your pocket and handing it to Gleeson.

"Alright then, if that's settled ... lay down, Remi," Lana says.

You follow her orders, and she strips off your pants with expert ease and gestures Abby over to you. Your cock stands at half stock already, but a few quick strokes of Lana's hand brings you to full mast. Lana reaches between Abby's legs as your girlfriend straddles you, and you see Abby's face scrunch up and hear the wet noises as Lana checks her for readiness ...

"Both of you are really liking this, aren't you," Lana says softly. "Well then ... let's get this show on the road. In you go, Remi ..."

Your cock meets something soft and wet and hot ... and then Abby yelps as Lana pushes her down on you. Hot wetness surrounds you, and you look up at Abby's reddened face and suddenly realize you are finally inside her.

"Remi ..." Abby says softly, leaning down to kiss you ... and gasping against you as Lana begins doing something else behind her.

"All ready ... Jones, come and get it," Lana says.

A shadow is cast over the two of you for a moment and Abby's fingers clench against your chest as the middle aged man's cock pierces her from behind. Abby looks down at you for a moment, a strange look in her eyes ... and then Lana's hands take her chin and force her to look up at Beck's member. Abby hesitates for a moment, then takes it into her mouth with a sigh ...

Jones begins thrusting into your girlfriend, forcing her hips to rock down toward you, and after a few awkward strokes you begin to meet her thrusts with your own and hear her muffled cries in response to your efforts. Eventually she shifts slightly, putting her hands on the ground for better balance. Her ripe tits hang in your face, shaking in their blue fabric sack with each movement of her body. Your heart begins to pound, an increased urgency building inside you ...

"Fuck!" you hear Beck grunt, and suddenly Abby holds still. You stare up, mesmerized by the sight of her twitching throat as she swallows his wad ...

And then like lightning you feel yourself begin to burst. You grab Abby's ass, holding her in place and hammering up into her. Your sperm gushes up inside her, her unprotected womb ripe for the taking ... and then you sag to the ground, exhausted by your efforts. Abby's breasts still sway above you as Jones continues to pound her, and after a minute he pulls her off of you and quickly begins jerking himself off. Pearly white liquid splatters against the fabric of her swimsuit, and Abby stare blankly at it, lost in this dreamlike situation ...

"Very nice ... but we still have more to come," Lana says cheerfully. "Gleeson, Lee?"

As the two other men approach Abby, Lana kneels down beside you. Her hand strokes your chest, and you feel yourself twitch reflexively.

"Mmm, someone needs a bit of time to recover ..." Lana says. "Don't worry though, I can give you a hand ..."

As Lana's hands wander around you, you suddenly sense something nearby ... and suddenly, you are behind a nearby overgrowth of bushes. Sammy and Frank are there, watching with wide eyes as Abby prepares for her next round. Frank appears to be wearing Sammy's long shirt from earlier, though it doesn't do anything to disguise the bulge forming at his crotch ...

You find yourself wondering where Rod is, and suddenly you find him in the pool, crouching down in the water. You suddenly realize that he must have seen what was happening to Abby as well, and now it's making leaving the pool without causing a scene ... difficult.

You wonder if you should do anything ...

> Keep an eye on things, do not have sex with Lana.

Gleeson pulls on his condom, grimacing at the sensation.

"A little small for me kiddo," he says. "But I'll work with what I've got I guess ..."

"Abby, get back on your knees," Lana instructs. "Gleeson can give it to her from behind while she sucks off Lee."

Abby follows Lana's instructions, her lips forming a silent cry as the old man enters her. Lee, the younger of Lana's nephews, approach nervously. Abby stares up at him, an oddly wistful expression on her face.

"Can I ... see your tits too?" Lee asks nervously.

Abby looks up at him for a moment, then slowly slips the shoulder straps of her swimsuit down. Her ripe peaches spring free, hanging temptingly as she looks up at the younger boy. Lee sits down in front of Abby, reaching around her to palm her tits while her mouth descends to engulf his cock ...

Lana's hands continue to wander over you as Gleeson sets a slow, steady pace. His pot belly slaps gently against her rear with each thrust as he eagerly plows your girlfriend. To your shock, Abby begins moaning audibly, an oddly frantic note catching your ear ...

"How's that, little girl? Experience ain't such a bad thing, is it?" Gleeson pants, sweat beginning to drip from his body onto Abby ...

..."holy shit," Frank says, swallowing. "This is pretty hot."

"Y-yeah," Sammy admits, her thighs rubbing together slightly. "Wait, what ...?"

Sammy turns to find Frank stroking his cock slowly, his eyes fixated on the show before him. Sammy bites her lip, her face turning red. Her hand slowly begins moving toward her bikini bottoms ...

"AH!OooH!"

Abby's cry returns you to the real world. Her body clenches, her face contorting with what appears to be an utterly massive orgasm. She shudders for a moment, before Gleeson clenches his teeth, grunting, and thrusts inside her for the last time. Abby closes her eyes, still trembling, until Gleeson finishes and pulls out. He pulls off the condom and knots it, tossing it over the fence.

"Abby ... can I do it too?" Lee asks. "Inside?"

Abby gives him a nod, and Lee walks over to retrieve a condom from your stash and pulls it on. Abby lies on her back and the younger boy lies on top of her, lining himself up ...

"MMn!" Abby bites her lip as he pushes inside her.

Lee only manages a few strokes before the situation overcomes him and he rams himself inside her. He lies on her, shuddering with his climax, and Abby hesitantly wraps her arms around him, pressing his face into her chest as he finishes ...

..."F-frank, you can't," Sammy says. "Rod will ..."

"Rod's not here right now, is he? And you can't say you don't want to ..."
Frank says.

Frank's other hand has progressed down into Sammy's bottoms, the bulge of his fingers shifting beneath the fabric as he fingers her. Sammy's hand is placed gently on his wrist, but she doesn't really seem to be pushing him away ...

"Come on, jerk me off too," Frank says.

"G-geez, Frank," Sammy says, looking unsure ...

"Rod wishes for me to ask you to stop Frank," Euphemia's voice whispers in your ear.

"If I do though, that leaves him open to mess with Abby," you respond.
"Why should I?"

You sense rather than see Euphemia's shrug, and then feel her presence fade ...

... "Still not quite ready yet, Remi?" Lana asks. "Well, you did give it your all last round ... who wants to keep going?"

"I want to try her pussy this time," Jones says, standing up.

"Same here!" Beck says afterward. "But there's only one condom left ..."

The two men stare at the remaining rubber pensively ...

"I have another in my bag on the table ..." Abby says, surprising you. "If you want ..."

You notice a strange, hungry look in her eyes ...

>Let one of them do her raw, but pull out. Agree to help Rod if he agrees to leave Abby alone.

"It's alright without one as long as he just pulls out, right Abby?" You ask.

"Y-yeah, he can do me without one ..." Abby says ...

..." Frank, I've got a boyfriend now, I can't ..." Sammy says, still looking uncertain of her words.

"Tell Rod I'll stop them if he leaves Abby alone," you tell Euphemia.

A moment passes, and then you feel her presence return.

"He agrees," Euphemia tells you.

"Alright then ... Frank, leave Sammy alone," you suggest.

You watch Frank hesitate for a moment ... then pull Sammy's hand over to touch his cock ...

... as Jones pushes Abby up against the wall and thrusts inside her. She gives that strange moan again, and he lifts her one leg up to give everyone a perfect view of his rubber-clad cock forcing it's way inside her ...

...Returning to Frank and Sammy, you find yourself wondering why your suggestion didn't work, but then remember that it is reliant on the suggestee's desire to do it. In that case ...

"Sammy, don't do anything with Frank," you suggest.

Sammy's hand continues to stroke Frank's cock gently, her breathing growing ragged as his fingers probe her ...

... Jones pulls out, sweat dripping from his forehead. Beck takes his place, lining himself up before pushing his way inside.

"Looks like someone is about ready again," Lana says, smiling. "And I could do with a cock in me right about now ... how about it, Remi?"

Abby seems to be in her own world now, panting as Beck slams her from behind ... your balls ache faintly, sudden desire building up within you ...

You aren't sure if your suggestion to Sammy didn't work because she didn't want to do it, or if using it on Frank wasted it ... either way, what else can you do aside from going to stop him in person? Perhaps it doesn't really matter after all ... and perhaps you should just give in to the moment. Abby seems to be oblivious to you right now, rutting with these other men ...

Still, you have your doubts. What will you do?

> Keep an eye on Abbey to be sure he pulls out, and make Frank lose his balance and fall through the bushes into view. Do not fuck Lana.

"Sorry, I want to go with Abby again," you tell Lana.

She pouts, but doesn't say another word. She turns to watch her nephew and Abby ...

... and you return your attention to the bushes. You watch as Frank shifts his position, moving around behind Sammy.

"Hey Sammy, how about we enjoy ourselves just a little more ... " Frank says, a grin on his face.

You give him a quick push, and Frank stumbles, catching onto Sammy ... and falls forward through the bushes anyway ...

... and into your view. Lana gasps, a look of worry on her face that relaxes slightly when she sees who has arrived.

"F-Frank!? AH!" Abby gasps, tensing as another vicious orgasm rips through her. She bites her lip, whimpering, and Beck quickly pulls out, jerking himself off quickly before gushing all over her tits.

"Oh, god ..." Beck says, looking exhausted. "That was fucking amazing ..."

"I'm next," you say, quickly moving to Abby before anyone else can say anything. As you push her back up against the wall and thrust into her, you catch sight of Lana approaching an embarrassed Frank and Sammy.

"R-Remi ... harder," Abby pants softly as you hammer her from behind.

Your breath comes out in gasps as you respond, driving yourself into her with wild abandon. A strange sensation comes over you, and you find yourself wanting to hear her whimper and moan like she was earlier and suddenly you pass the brink, pushing yourself deep inside her before exploding. You sink to the ground, exhaustion dragging you down, and gasp for air.

"You need to pace yourself a little better kid," Gleeson says with that annoying grin. "Otherwise you blow early like that. Anyway, are we still ...?"

Abby turns around, and the dazed, hungry look in her eyes is still there. Her body glistens and her sweat soaked hair hangs in her face. You turn to follow her gaze and find that Gleeson and Lee still look ready to go ... and, to your horror, Frank steps into view, now without Sammy's shirt.

"Looks like we have another contestant," Lana says. "He wants a go in exchange for his silence. How about you, my dear?"

Sammy looks around nervously as the men turn to eye up her body. She hesitates, seemingly not sure what to do or say ...

You've used your push and suggestion ... and are out for the count for the moment. You wonder if there is anything you can really say or do now ...

> She has two of your loads in her, and they don't look like they can be talked down. Have Abbey lick you clean and let them do what they want with her. There's nothing else you can do to influence if she gets knocked up, and by whom.

"I ... I don't know, I have a boyfriend," Sammy says doubtfully.

"So does Abby," Lana tells her. "And look at her go ..."

Sammy looks at the older girl, but eventually sighs and shakes her head. "I can't."

Lana shrugs.

"Well, more cock for Abby then ... ready boys?" Lana asks.

"But there's no more condoms," Lee points out.

The three turn to look at one another, thinking ...

"It's fine ... I'm on the pill," Abby says her eyes turning to you. "Just ... just do it."

Abby turns to you, eyes liquid with desire, as Gleeson takes his position behind her ...

That crooning moan fills the air again as the old man slowly builds his pace. You move closer to Abby and force her head down, her lips wrapping around your cock and cleaning away the last remnants of your cum. For long minutes you watch as she moans and croons for Gleeson's dick, her body twisting with two orgasms before he finally begins losing himself ...

"I'm cumming!" he grunts.

"I-inside!" Abby croons softly, shocking you. "Please ... do it inside!"

Gleeson buries himself inside her, a faint hissing of effort through his teeth as his pulsing member pours it's care package out inside her.

"Oh ... oh god ..." Abby says softly, her eyes half lidded.

You stare in shock as the procession continues, Lee taking Abby's ass while Frank's dick claims her pussy. Time seems to flow oddly, both fast and slow as you watch them fuck her ... and then, before you know it, the two of them gush inside her, filling her once again ...

... later after the crowd had dispersed, Lana escorted Abby to the showers to clean up, and after only a few minutes of returning to the pool everyone agrees to return to Rod's house. Rod's father dismisses Abby for the evening not long after she returns, and the two of you walk home together in awkward silence.

"Remi," Abby says after a while. "Umm, I guess we finally did it."

"Yeah," you say, unsure of where this is going.

"It was nice ... but I did kind of like what happened after, too," Abby says shyly. "I don't know why, but it was ... different. Do you mind if ... if I take Lana's offer?"

A long silence follows, an uneasy feeling growing in the pit of your stomach.

"I'll have to think about it, alright?" you say.

"Alright ... thank you, Remi," Abby says softly.

The two of you part at her house, and when you get home you throw yourself into bed and immediately pass out

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"That was utterly lovely," Euphemia says proudly.

"Yeah, it was pretty nice," Floria comments. "Unfortunately, you missed a good opportunity with Samantha."

"But, uh, Abby, is she ...?" you ask.

"No ... miraculously," Floria says, sounding a little peeved. "I was really hoping there for a minute."

You sigh, strangely at ease, but also strangely not. How could she not be pregnant after that? You are starting to wonder if Floria may well be wrong ...

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You awaken the next morning feeling a little sore from yesterday's exertions. You manage to crawl into the shower and snag breakfast before running out the door to school. You fail to make it in time to see Abby, and your mood is further soured when Mellenger reminds you of your upcoming due date for that history paper.

You hurry to gym class and get changed, but slow down as you leave the building for the field. You aren't entirely sure what to say to Abby about her request yesterday ... part of you wants to take some more time to think about it, but part of you is worried what might happen if you avoid her ...

You glance around the first and notice Abby is out playing baseball at the moment, while Selene is currently warming the benches. The usual crowd of slackers is hanging out beneath the bleachers, huddled around a phone ... probably another Lana video. You wonder what you should do ...

>Call Rod, negotiate a truce.

You look around the field and notice that no one really seems to be paying attention, so you head back inside and head to one of the pay phones in the hall. You pop a quarter in the phone and dial Rod's house number, realizing too late that he is probably still at school. After a few unsuccessful rings, you sigh and hang up.

You wonder briefly if Abby has a cell number for Rod ... though asking her means you have to talk to her about Lana's movie offer. You sigh, wondering what to do ...

> Try to send the message through Euphemia, but call Rod later and confirm.

"Euphemia, you there?" you ask.

"As always ... what do you need?" she asks.

"Could you relay a message to Rod?" you ask. "Tell him I want a truce ... he stops messing with Abby, and I get him involved in a movie of Lana's. Seems like a good deal, right?"

Silence greets you for a moment, and you wait impatiently.

"Rod has declined," Euphemia says. "As Samantha satisfies him more than enough now. He also wishes to ask you not to disturb him during tests anymore."

"Does that mean he'll leave her alone though?" you ask.

"He did not specify ... if he is anything like me, he enjoys watching Abby's exploits, even if he is not involved." Euphemia says. "Now then, unless you need anything else? Though I warn you, I may consider charging for more messages. I am not a courier, after all."

You think for a moment ...

> Apologize if she thought it was rude, watch Abbey play. See if she'll fuck at lunch.

"Sorry, won't happen again," you say.

No response follows, and after a moment you head back out to the field. You take a seat on the bleachers, losing yourself in watching Abby play. Time passes, and eventually the period ends ...

"Hi Remi," Abby says as she jogs over to you. "I didn't see you today ..."

"Hey, cher. Sorry about that, woke up late," you say as you walk with her. "Umm, maybe we can make up for lost time at lunch?"

"Oh ... umm, but we don't have the same lunch period," Abby says. "Mine is next, yours is after that."

"I can skip it," you say. "I missed you, cher."

Abby thinks for a moment, then nods.

"I'll meet you outside the changing rooms," she says, dashing off.

You rush inside and quickly begin changing before rushing out to the hall. Abby meets you outside the girl's changing room and the two of you head off to the lunchroom. You pull her off to the side, out of the crowd, and manage to sneak in a whisper.

"How about we sneak off together, cher?" you ask. You nod over towards a men's restroom nearby. "Everyone will be in the lunchroom, we could ..."

"R-Remi ..." Abby says, blushing. "What has gotten into you today? I can't ... not at school ..."

"Why not?" you ask.

"W-well ..." Abby says, looking worried.

"Remi!" you hear a shout and suddenly Selene latches onto your arm. "Aren't you heading to class right now?"

"Uh, well, I was just ..." you say, looking over at your girlfriend.

"Oh, never mind, we'll be late," Selene says, a sharp look in her eye.
"Later Abby!"

Selene marches you away, a brittle smile on her lips.

"So, avoiding me already Remi? I guess that means you haven't been working to hard to pay me back, huh?" Selene asks.

"No ... just busy is all," you say, wincing. "And I forgot to bring a camera yesterday, so ..."

Selene raises an eyebrow.

"Oh, what did your slut do?" she asks.

"She ... uh, did it, with a couple guys," you mumble.

Selene stares at you, an annoyed look on her face.

"I don't believe you," she says. "And you still owe me. Tell you what, if you conveniently forgot the camera again, I'm fine with just seeing it in person ... maybe you can make her stumble into another orgy today."

Selene lets go of your arm, then turns around.

"Oh, right, we're not in the same class now ... I'd better head to lunch then," She says, glancing back at you. "Think about it a little, alright Remi?"

You sigh. Now Selene is going to be bothering you about that again ... and she stopped you from sneaking away with Abby. You wonder what you should do...

> To hell with class, find Abbey.

You turn around, unsure about leaving Abby now ... knowing you are most likely going to run afoul of Selene for this, you begin walking back to the lunchroom. You arrive an glance around through the throng of students, searching until your eyes catch sight your girl ... and Selene, sitting next to her. You hesitate, worried about what Selene might do ... but you head over to their table anyway.

"Hey, back again?" Abby asks as Selene turns to glare at you.

You pointedly take the seat next to Abby, putting her between you and Selene.

"Yeah ... sorry, turns out class is canceled," you say.

Abby laughs, shaking her head.

"It was nice of Selene to remind you to go to class ... sorry, Selene, he's a little stubborn sometimes." Abby says to her. Selene gives an exasperated look, and Abby laughs again before turning to face you.

"Umm, so ... did you think about what I asked last night?" Abby asks.

You hesitate ... and as you do you could swear you see Selene pulling her hand away from Abby's lunch.

"Uh, well ..." you say, unsure of what to say.

>Tell Abby that she can accept Lana's offer but you want to be there fucking her. And condoms for anyone fucking her pussy (except you). Ask her if Sammy would be interest in it too? Tell Selene you wont need a camera and she can see it live.

"Uh, I guess that's okay ... but can I be there too?" you ask.

"It's okay? Thank you, Remi!" Abby says, smiling. "Yes, it's fine if you want to come."

"And ... they'll wear condoms?" you say softly.

Abby looks a little surprised, and looks to the side for a moment.

"Actually Remi ... since I'm on the pill, is it okay if I don't?" Abby whispers.

"What?" you say, shocked.

"... it feels really different without them," Abby says. "And it felt amazing at the end ..."

You are at a loss for words as she stares at you.

"Umm, well, it's okay if not I guess," She says. "But think about it until it happens, alright?"

"Uh, sure ..." you say, unable to believe what she just asked. "Um, also, Sammy looked interested. Do you think she might want to come?"

"I could ask, I guess," Abby says. "Umm, I don't have to babysit today ... I could ask her and Lana about after school, maybe."

"Yeah, alright," you say.

Abby picks up her diet soda and takes a swallow, then stands up.

"I'll go call right now, okay?" Abby says. "Thanks, Remi."

You watch as she walks away, and turn to find Selene glaring at you.

"Uh, you free after school?" you ask.

"Why?" Selene asks.

"... so you can watch, like you were saying earlier," you mumble.

Selene's eyes widen, and she seems to think for a moment.

"I think I can manage, if you're serious," she tells you.

"Yeah, just meet us outside school at the end of the day," you tell her.

A minute later Abby returns.

"Both said yes," Abby tells you.

"Alright. I'd better run before they catch me and throw me in detention. See you later, cher," you say, leaving your seat.

You manage to sneak back into class with no real problems, and after several painful hours of waiting the final bell tolls and you flee the building. Outside, you find Lana waiting along with Selene and Abby. The three of you hop in the car and after a quick stop at Sammy's house head on your way to Lana's.

You enter the flat to find James lounging on the couch with six other guys playing on a game console. The men all stand a good head and a half or more taller than you, something that becomes uncomfortably obvious when they stand up to greet the ladies. Sammy steps back, hiding behind Abby and Selene, neither of which look particularly confident as well.

"You didn't tell me you'd be bringing so many pretty friends," James says with a grin. "I'd have called more guys over."

"I don't know if they're participating or not ... I think they just want to watch," Lana says. She turns to Abby. "So, you said you weren't sure exactly what you wanted to do yet? Bareback, or protected?"

Abby turns to give you a sideways glance, hesitating. You feel Selene's elbow dig into your side slightly, reminding you of what she wants ...

>Tell Abby she can do whatever she wants, you just want her first.

"... it's up to you, Abby," you say. "I just want to be your first."

Abby's eyes meet yours for a moment, then she turns to Lana.

"... bareback," she says softly.

Lana smiles, tilting her head slightly.

"Sorry Abby, you really need to learn to speak up for the cameras," Lana says. "Tell the boys what you want."

They all watch her eagerly, grins forming on their faces. Abby's face turns red ...

"Put your cocks ... inside me," she says.

"Tell them to ride you bareback," Lana says, her smile growing. "And fuck your pussy hard!"

Abby looks at you, that strange hungry look sparking in her eyes ...

"Ride me bareback, and fuck my pussy hard," Abby says, somewhat louder.

"Alright then ... let's get started," Lana says, ushering you all inside ...

The world seems to shift and change again as Abby's clothes are peeled away by the eager men, and Lana's hands do the same to yours. Your cock stands at attention without any effort whatsoever, and Lana seats you down on the couch as Abby approaches. She straddles you awkwardly, raising her hips before slamming herself down on you.

"MMmn!" She moans through a bitten lip, and begins rocking against you.

"Here I come to ... get ready, Abby!" James says, and a moment later he appears behind her and pushes forward into her ass. "Oh shit, that feels good!"

Abby closes her eyes as the two of you thrust inside her, her breasts jiggling in your face with every thrust. Again, you feel the odd urge to hear her make that noise from yesterday ... and begin thrusting harder inside her ...

"Oh, Remi!" She tenses as you erupt inside her again.

She wraps her arms around you, and you can feel her body shake as James pounds her from behind ... and gives a groan and pulls out, spraying his load on Abby's ass. She looks down at you for a moment, and then arms reach around her to draw her from you into the group of men waiting to fuck her ...

"Geez, you need to build some stamina," Lana says, taking a seat beside you. "Like Gleeson was saying, you don't take time to enjoy things."

You ignore Lana staring instead at the six remaining men waiting to take your girlfriend ...

You need some time to recover ... what will you do?

> Let them take her, go see what Sammy thinks and if she'd be willing to join in.

You leave Lana's side, and walk over to join Sammy and Selene. They are watching with unabashed interest as Abby begins jerking off a pair of her new admirers ...

"So, uh, what do you think?" you ask Sammy.

"It's ... wow," Sammy says. "I didn't think Abby would actually do that."

You give her a look, trying to figure out how best to frame your question. Eventually, you give up.

"Want to join in?" you ask.

Sammy gives you a startled look.

"Rod wishes for you to stop," Euphemia's voice says.

You ignore her for the moment, watching Sammy's response.

"I can't ... I'm dating Rod," She says, looking back at you.

"But you still want to?" you ask. "And me and Abby are dating ..."

Sammy watches your girlfriend, her face scrunched up with indecision. With just the right push, you might be able to get her involved ...

> Tell Euphemia that Rod had his chance, give Sammy a push to make her more aroused.

Tell Rod he had his chance for a truce earlier, you think at Euphemia.

"It's not like you haven't messed around on Rod a little before ... how is this different?" you ask.

Sammy bites her lip. You watch as Abby finishes her preparations and lays down on her back. One of her new partners, a burly looking heavily built black man with a thick beard grabs hold of her legs, pulling the lower half of her up to meet him. His cock slides back and forth against her pussy lips before fitting it's way between them ...

"It'll be our secret, Sammy," you say, an odd feeling as you hear yourself speaking twice at once ... once in the real world, once in the fantasy. "You don't need to go further than you want ... just try it."

Sammy's eyes go smokey for a moment, and she walks over to Lana and whispers to her for a moment.

"Oh god!" Abby cries out as her partner drives himself inside her.

His hands cup her rounded rear and as he holds her in place, upside down in front of him, as he begins to savagely pound her. Abby's hair hangs down to the floor beneath her and her body arches up, as if struggling to meet his thrusts. Her pale form writhes in his hands as his thick member

mercilessly invades her ... and then she stiffens, a low, almost sobbing sigh escaping her lips as she finishes ...

"Shit!" her partner says. "She's clenching down on me like a damn vise!"

He quickly pulls out, his penis thrusting down toward her and spewing a great gout of sperm down her belly. Rivulets stream down her body and pool in the hollow of her throat as she gasps there on the ground ...

You manage to tear your eyes away for a moment and find Sammy seated on the couch next to James. She shyly has placed her hand on his cock, stroking gently as he begins to return to his former girth ...

"Rod wishes to inform you that if you don't stop his girlfriend, then he will retaliate," Euphemia informs you.

You snort, wondering what he really thinks he can do at this point ...

>ignore Rod.

As you reach your decision, you turn to find one of Abby's new partners, a thickly built man with a bald head, lifting her up and helping her straddle his waist. Her arms slide around his neck and she gives him a concerned look ... which melts away as you watch him maneuver his prick up against her entrance.

"MMNNNN!" Abby groans again as his cock slips inside her, her voice raising to something approximating a scream as the next man appears behind her to slide his cock in her ass. "AH!"

You manage to look away and find Sammy staring at your girlfriend, enrapt, her hand clasping your fully engorged member. Your arm encircles her slender waist and you slide your hand downward, your strong fingers rubbing against the V of her overalls ...

"N-no ... wait ..." Sammy says, giving you a plaintive look.

"Yeah, what was I thinking," you say, after glancing into her smokey eyes.

She gasps as your other hand undoes first one, then the other button on her overalls. You flick the straps over her shoulders, and stand up to begin tugging her shoes off. James watches with interest as you begin pulling the blue denim of her outfit off a little at a time, and after a few moments Sammy sits before you wearing nothing more than a white undershirt and panties. Your fingers press against the cotton of her underwear, finding wetness beneath ... looks like she is more than a little ready ...

You glance back to your girlfriend, her body pinned between two of James' friends ... they are only just getting started, it looks like. You are hard and ready, and it doesn't look like James is quite up for it just yet ... can you wait for Abby's partners to finish, or do you just decide to give in and take Sammy now?

>Wait till Abby is free. In the meantime, kiss Sammy, pull down Sammy's panties and lick her pussy.

You turn away from the sight of your girlfriend being double teamed and return to the freckled blond before you. You reach around her waist and slide down her panties. Sammy closes her legs shyly, but offers little resistance when you spread them back open and put your head between them ...

"AH! W-what are you...!?" Sammy asks, looking shocked as the feeling of your tongue against her sends electricity running through her body.

Her hands clutch at your hair as you lick her, though after a few moments you feel her fingers relax. Her honey flows into your mouth as your tongue burrows it's way into her folds. After a minute or two, you feel a presence behind you.

"Hey, mind if I give her a shot?" James asks, his tool standing at attention.

"Go for it," you tell him, moving out of the way.

Sammy looks nervous as the porn star grasps her sock-clad ankles gently and positions himself at her entrance

Can you make sure Sammy gets pregnant, Floria? you think.

"I can certainly raise the odds of it, so long as he doesn't pull out," Floria's voice informs you. "I can make it roughly a 50/50 chance for your freebie. However, if you want to be certain ..."

What is it? you think.

"Your other little friend there, Selene ... fill her with your seed, and I will ensure that Samantha is impregnated by the next man that cums inside her," Floria tells you.

A sharp cry from behind draws your attention, and you turn to find Abby's legs wrapped around her current partner as he attempts to release her.

"Shit!" he groans, his hips thrusting upward as he passes the edge.

Her lips tremble slightly as his semen jets inside her. Eventually her grip slackens, and her other partner pulls out of her ass as she is lowered to the ground. A stream of white gushes out over her face as he jerks furiously, sighing with relief as he paints her with his cum ...

You turn to find James teasingly rubbing his cock up against Sammy's pussy, readying himself to drive inside her. Your gaze then shift to Selene, who is watching red-faced at the orgy in front of her. a glance back reveals Abby lying on the ground, currently free ... what will you do?

> Accept Floria's deal.

You move around the couch to Selene's side, and she starts when your hands slip around her waist.

"How about it, Selene?" you ask. "This enough for you to forgive me?"

"It's ... yeah, it's more than I expected," Selene says, turning once more as James drives himself into the little blond on the couch.

"Alright, then how about we ..." you begin, your hands straying down to lift up the hem of her dress.

Selene gives you difficult to read look but doesn't stop you as you step behind her and raise her dress over her hips. You push her panties to the side slightly to reveal her already wet slit and line yourself up ...

... and then her tightness surrounds you. You look out at the rest of the room over Selene's shoulder. You watch as Sammy's sock clad feet wave gently in the air as James plies his trade, and glance over to find Abby on her knees moaning into the meat of another man. Selene's voice urges you on as time flows slowly around you, and you feel a searing heat begin to build up inside you ...

You erupt inside Selene without warning, and you see a look of shock on her face amidst the pleasure as your cum pours inside her. As the two of you sag forward, leaning against the back of the couch, you turn to see James drawing away from Sammy, his limit reached ... until with a mental gesture you force him back down, driving his cock to the hilt into the little girl's honeypot. Sammy's cute little freckled face crinkles in ecstasy as James's semen gushes deep down inside her, seeking it's one and only goal ...

"Samantha is pregnant ... congratulations to her!" Floria whispers.
"Selene, however, is not ... no matter though, I think we have one more on the way ..."

Your mind reacts slowly to this, and it takes you a moment to look over to Abby. Her ripe tits bounce as she straddles and humps the stranger beneath her. The look in her eyes is that same, dull eyed heat that you've come to recognize, and her body glistens with sweat and the cum of half a dozen men.

"I'm cumming!" The stranger grunts.

Abby licks her lips and begins thrusting herself down faster, harder ...

"Inside! Cum inside me!" Abby moans.

You can only stare, powerless, as her round rear pounds up and down once ... twice ... and then hammers down a final time, her beautiful body twitching in pleasure as sperm geysers it's way up inside her ...

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"Well then, we did enjoy ourselves, did we not?" Euphemia asks you.

"Abby ... she's pregnant now," you say numbly. "I don't even know who that guy was."

"Hmm ... interesting ... you wanted to be the father?" Euphemia asks.

"Yes! I love Abby!" you reply. "I didn't really want kids yet though ..."

Euphemia eyes you thoughtfully, sighing.

"I am simply not sure what to think, Remi. You seemed obsessed with claiming Abby as your own at first. Then you seemed comfortable with small things happening to her ... then, by the end, you seemed unsure as to whether you preferred her child to be yours or another man's," Euphemia says. "Yet part of you seemed to enjoy the thought of her bearing a child, else you would not have tricked her with those drugs of yours. And then, to make things more confusing, you actually at times seem interested in what she wants."

"...What? What's it matter now?" you ask. "Who cares?"

"I do. You often seemed to wish to simply possess her; her body, her virginity, and so on. Yet occasionally you did actually seem interested in what she wanted too," Euphemia muses again. "I suppose what you really need to do is think about what you would prefer; to own her, or to make her happy. And something makes me think you believe one cannot cause the other."

"Yeah, but ... again, why does it matter? She's pregnant, her family doesn't want me to see her anymore ..." you say.

Euphemia eyes you, a smile on her face.

"Remi, have you not guessed yet? I must say, Abby did long ago," Euphemia tells you. "Indeed, she has been awake for quite a while now while you still lie in bed and dream."

Moments pass while you think ... and suddenly a thought occurs.

"Are you telling me this is one of those shitty endings? It was all ..." you begin.

"...a dream?" Euphemia finishes. "And dreams within dreams, really. What were you expecting? I had explicitly told you my powers were over dreams and fantasies only. How could I grant you power or sight in the real world

then? Indeed, did you ever know a Selene? Did Abby ever tell you she babysat, or is that something you imagined a good girl like her doing?"

"You bitch! Then that means me and Abby are still together and nothing happened!" you shout, remembering. "There's no Rod, no Lana, no James, no Gr--"

You stop suddenly, remembering.

Greg. That's right, Abby dated him once or twice. Then you asked her out once, and she seemed to back off a little ... she said she wasn't sure if she should be dating, but a friend of yours passed along that what she wasn't sure about was WHO to date.

"Abby had feelings for him ... and, perhaps, for you," Euphemia says. "But I offered her a fantasy, as I did for you ... a fantasy with you, or perhaps with others, and she did enjoy it and she did forget about him for a time. But now she is awake, and this world is now nothing but a dream to her. And now, she is preparing to make her decision ..."

"Can you help me?" you ask.

Euphemia gives you a sly look.

"I already have ... I gave you things to think about," Euphemia says. "The only substance a dream truly has is in the memories and thoughts it evokes ... now then, it is time to wake up, and make a decision of your own ..."

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Your eyes snap open. A white ceiling with a dusty fan hanging from it above you. The wallpaper on the walls looks like something vomited straight out of the 70s, but for some reason your family never seems to get around to replacing. You close your eyes and stand up, then open them again. An alarm clock reading 10:37 in the morning on Sunday. A bit of fabric is beneath your foot, and a glance reveals it to be an errant strap from your bookbag that lies on the floor.

You remember these things ... and yet, they weren't in the dream, were they? This is real, right?

"Euphemia?" you say.

After a minute, there is no response. You know because the clock now reads 10:38. If this isn't real, you are pretty sure you'll never know what real is.

You open a creaky door (that's right, you really need to oil that bottom hinge) and head downstairs to the kitchen. A note lies on the table from Mom and Dad. You read it, then open the fridge to find a plastic wrapped plate with scrambled eggs, bacon, and now soggy pancakes waiting for you as the note predicted.

You strip off the plastic, toss the plate in the microwave, and sit down to think. Abby once told you that she spends Sundays studying, and that she sometimes invites friends over for it. She'll probably be home if you want to visit her and talk about things ... though you should probably not mention your odd little dream that you just got up from. Of course, you need to decide what you want to say ... do you really want to try to go out with her after all? She is beautiful, nice and smart ... it's hard not to like her. And you can't really lie, no straight guy wouldn't want to sleep with her ... but is that all you want? And if it is, is it really worth her happiness ...?

What will you do?

>Head over to Abby's and to sway her choice to us.

You spend a long time thinking while you pick at your breakfast. You think hard on the past few weeks, though part of you is aware of the fact that they didn't really happen ... and finally, you come to a decision.

You clean your plate and leave it in the sink to soak, then head off and take a quick shower. You dress, flick a razor across your face to rid it of some rough stubble, then take one last look in the mirror. Then, you leave.

The air still has that faint bite of winter in the air as you walk. You glance at a neighbors fence, counting 7, 8, 9 posts from the corner before coming upon one with an overly large knothole in it. Good, still not dreaming.

Within a few minutes, you find yourself standing at a single story house. Yellow siding, with some kind of brownish red door. Good. You approach the door, take a deep breath, then knock. You hear the sound of footsteps faintly before the knob twists and the door opens ...

Abby stands before you. Her lovely grey eyes are hidden behind the slender frames of her glasses. Your eyes flicker briefly over her, taking in her long legs hidden by the denim of her jeans, and the pattern of diamonds on her sweater as it rises and falls over her chest.

"Oh, hi Remi," Abby says.

"Hey Abby," you say.

You find yourself remembering, for a moment, Abby as you last saw her in your dream ... and quickly brush the thought away.

You open your mouth, suddenly unsure of what to say. Should you ask to come in? You aren't really sure what she would think of that after just a single date ... maybe you should make up an excuse, and say you wanted to study with her? Or perhaps it's best just to come out and say that you want to starting going out with her? Or maybe that's too forward ...

You open your mouth, suddenly deciding to say ...

> Tell her everything, describe her own dreams in detail to prove it, and use that knowledge to help her live her fantasies in a non-pregnancy-causing way.

"Uh, you mind if I come in? I wanted to talk with you about something," you tell her.

"Sure," Abby says, looking surprised. "Come inside."

At her words you have another flash of her in the midst of those other men ... and then it is gone. You nervously step inside, then turn to face her.

"So, uh, did you have a weird dream last night?" you ask.

Abby gives you a strange look.

"Aren't all dreams a little weird?" she asks. "Why do you ask?"

"Well ... " you begin.

You briefly describe the earlier portions of your dream, noticing Abby giving you another odd look when you mention the two of you dating. A brief flash of what seems to be recognition appears on her face when you describe Lana and Rod, though it vanishes quickly when you begin describing some of the scenarios Abby encountered ...

"Umm, that's pretty weird Remi," Abby says. "But why are you telling me?"

"Well, you had the same dream, right?" you ask.

Abby gives you a nervous look ... and then seems relieved when there is a knock on the door. She turns and opens it hastily, and to your displeasure you spy the tall and scrawny form of Greg.

"Oh, hey Abby," Greg says. "What's up Remi? You're joining our study group today?"

"Uh ... yeah, I guess," you tell him, unsure of what else to say.

"Cool. Who else is coming?" Greg asks Abby.

"Um, everyone else cancelled," Abby says. "I guess it's just us then?"

"I guess so ... well, nice to have you over here Remi," Greg says, seemingly oblivious. "Should we get started?"

Abby was going to have Greg over alone? Your blood begins to pound ...

"Umm, let me get some snacks from the kitchen," Abby says. "I have a table set up in my room, if you two want to head in there."

"I can help," you offer, eager to leave Greg alone.

"No, that's fine," Abby says a little too quickly. "I'll be right back."

Abby heads off, leaving the two of you alone.

"Actually, I'm just going to grab some books from my car. Be right back." Greg says, heading back out the door.

You really aren't liking where this is going. Could Abby have arranged a day alone with Greg on purpose? She didn't seem too excited by your shared dream from earlier, you wonder if maybe the reason is because she was intending to ...

You swallow hard, trying to push the thought from your head. You have a minute or two ... you could take a look around, see if maybe you can find any clues as to what Abby intends. Or you could chat with Greg or Abby ...

>Have a quick look around to see what Abby is up to.

You head towards Abby's room, finding a small coffee table set up in the middle of the floor as she had mentioned. You recognize the windows you spied through during the dream, as well as Abby's bed and a small nightstand next to it. Aside from that, there is a small closet with open doors that appears to be full of Abby's clothes on hangers (a quick investigation reveals that very few have anything in common with her dream-self's outfits), a couple pairs of shoes and a sewing box.

You quickly search through the closet, failing to notice anything immediately unusual, then glance at the nightstand. You open the drawer ... and the first thing you notice is a three pack of condoms in clear plastic sitting in plain view. Your blood begins to pound in your ears ...

She really was considering it then? With Greg? Or is she still trying to decide who these are for...?

You stare at the small package for a moment, your mind drifting back to the dream and Selene and her wicked smile ... you shake your head to clear it.

Greg and Abby aren't back yet ... what do you do now?

> Go and find Abby.

You leave the room and make your way to the kitchen where you find Abby sifting through cupboards for snack food. You notice a bowl of pretzels and another with orange colored curls of something. Abby starts when she hears you enter the room, and she quickly turns around to face you.

"Hey Abby, I just wanted to apologize if I made you uncomfortable earlier," you tell her. "Bringing up the dream and all."

"Um, well ..." Abby begins, looking a little uncomfortable. "It's okay, Remi."

"Really?" you ask.

"Yeah, it's fine," Abby tells you. "Let's just forget about it, okay?"

"Sure ... let me help you carry some of that in," you tell her, scooping up the bowls on the counter.

Abby grabs a couple of cans of soda and a bottle of water from the fridge and follows you back to her room where Greg is already set up and waiting.

"Alright, who's ready to study?" Greg says, a hint of amusement in his voice.

The three of you sit down and the study session begins ...

... and within minutes you find yourself struggling to stay awake. Math and science terms fly about the table, miraculously winging their way around your thick head. Greg and Abby seem quite engrossed in what is going on, and hardly seem to notice your lack of interest ... you wonder if maybe you should just call it a loss and cut out for today. Then again, considering what you found in Abby's nightstand, perhaps you should stick around for a little while at least ...

>No harm in sticking around till the end. If you can get alone with Abby, ask if she is interested in going out with you tomorrow, shopping or movie etc.

Minutes pass and turn into hours, and eventually you are saved by the sound of a car pulling up into the driveway.

"Abby, we're home!" you hear a man's voice call. "We're moving out in a couple minutes!"

"Alright!" Abby calls back.

"Oh, right, you're visiting your relatives today aren't you?" Greg says, piling together his books in a tidy stack before sliding them into a book bag.

"Yeah ... sorry we have to finish up so early today," Abby says apologetically. "Same time next week?"

"Sure," Greg says, standing up. "Alright, later Abby, later Remi."

You watch as he leaves and make a pretense of helping Abby move the table out of the center of the room.

"So, uh, are you busy tomorrow after school?" you ask.

Abby gives you something of a wary look.

"Umm, well ... not really," she says.

You hear footsteps approaching the room and rush the words out of your mouth.

"Did you want to head to the mall tomorrow?" you ask quickly. "Maybe hit a movie or something?"

Abby's dad enters the room, a tallish man with a trim build and a pair of glasses that hide a pair of eyes that glitter with faint amusement.

"Hop to, soldier," he says, clapping his hands slightly. "The hour is upon us! Oh, hello Remi."

"Hello sir," you say back.

"I'll be right out Dad, Remi was just helping me clean up," She says. She waits patiently for him to leave the room before turning to respond. "I guess that could be nice ... see you after school then?"

You feel a smile spread across your face and you nod.

"Cool. Later then, Abby," you say, making your way out of the room.

You say your hellos and goodbyes to Abby's parents on your way out and make your way home, counting fence posts and paying close attention to house numbers as you go. Abby didn't seem entirely thrilled with the thought of tomorrow ... but then, she didn't say no either. Whatever else the future holds at least it holds a chance which, you suppose, is better than none at all.

That night you drift off into dreams of what tomorrow might hold, untroubled by dark haired temptresses ...
