

Stacy towered above her sister, her arms crossed tight beneath her impressive bust and face as dark and foreboding as a thundercloud. She looked dominant, beautiful, and, frankly, terrifying.

Wendy couldn't believe the feeling that was welling up inside her. She almost felt... scared of her sister. But that was ludicrous. Wendy was the older sister. The smarter sister. The one who was always in charge. It had been that way back when Stacy had been her brother Stan, and it had remained that way through every iteration of the timeline so far.

But despite Wendy's confusion and inner insistence that she had no reason to be scared of her sister, some deep instinct filled her with anxiety when she stared into her tall blonde sister's clear blue eyes. It was hard to force herself not to cringe on the floor under Stacy's withering gaze.

"What did you do?" asked Stacy in a voice of icy displeasure.

Wendy gulped around a suddenly dry mouth. The truth was, whether or not she was scary, Stacy had a good reason to be upset with Wendy right now. In a fit of annoyance and desperation over how disappointing her life was going in the last iteration, Wendy had decided that Stacy was the issue and attempted to solve the problem by making sure her little sister never got to college.

Clearly, her attempt hadn't worked. In fact, somehow the version of Stacy glaring down at her looked even more beautiful and self-assured than her last iteration. Wendy realized she had been staring wide-eyed and silent up into her younger sister's eyes for too long. She scrambled up to her feet, hoping that putting herself on an equal level to her sister would help to calm the strange feeling of inferiority troubling her.

"I... I don't know what you mean," said Wendy with a scowl, trying hard to summon the perfect self-assurance she had always felt when dealing with her sibling. "I did exactly what I said I was going to do. I encouraged you to join the summer internship. Why are you angry? It seems like it worked out just fine for you."

Stacy narrowed her eyes suspiciously, and Wendy felt her pulse accelerate. Shit. It was a lie that would fall apart in a second if Stacy happened to have one of the bursts of memory that had been happening to them. But Wendy had no other choice: she had to say something. Wendy had entered the worst-case scenario: she had tried to back-stab her sister, and she had failed. If Stacy discovered what she had done... in her strange state of fear, the idea of Stacy getting revenge was nearly painful to Wendy.

"Then explain to me why you were so angry when you returned," said Stacy, raising an eyebrow, her lips drawn into a thin, angry line. "When you saw that I was still a senior researcher, I believe your exact words were, 'It's not fair.' Why isn't it fair, Wendy?"

Wendy felt a bead of sweat slip down her forehead as her mind raced. "Um, because I expected that my changes would make me a senior researcher as well," she said, trying to keep her voice calm and collected. "You have to admit that we both have the skills necessary for the position."

Stacy's cool, intelligent eyes searched hers, and Wendy forced herself to meet that gaze until Stacy sighed and shrugged sharply. "Fine," said the now-gorgeous blonde who had once been her nerdy little brother, "We can come back to that discussion later. Whatever it was you did, it didn't return us back to the original timeline. I told you it wouldn't from the very beginning. So that means that we are back to square one."

Wendy blushed and looked away. Well, there was the downside of claiming that she had tried to change the past by encouraging Stacy to accept an internship at the lab: it made her look even more incompetent than her failure already did. "Well, whatever," she grumbled irritably, feeling a sudden wave of inferiority to her sister. Fuck, how had pressuring Stacy's AP Physics teacher to fail her made her better looking and somehow more intimidating? It made no fucking sense!

"Anyway," said Wendy, changing the subject, "regardless of whether it was a good idea, my plan didn't work. But, hey, luckily it didn't make anything worse, right?" She actually didn't know that. Stacy was still a senior researcher, but Wendy had no idea if there had been any changes to her own life. As usual, although there had been some minor physical changes, neither of them had experienced the memories of this new version of themselves yet.

Stacy sighed and shook her head, turning on her heel to click down the stairs from the platform, taking the seat in front of the time machine's main console as if she owned it. And in this timeline, she probably did. "We need to come up with something better. Something that actually stands a chance of working." The last part was dryly directed toward Wendy as she descended the stairs, trailing after her little sister like a lost puppy.

Even in her uneasy guilt and her strange sense of intimidation toward Stacy, it still stung to be insulted that way. Wendy hadn't lost her pride completely. She frowned at Stacy and said, "Ok then, if you're so smart, you tell me your brilliant plan to get things back to normal."

Stacy rolled her eyes, clearly still suspicious and annoyed toward Wendy, even if she didn't have proof of her sister's wrongdoing. "That's exactly the problem, Wendy. We keep trying plans we come up with on the spur of the moment. This time let's actually try to fucking think about it for once before messing around with the timeline."

Wendy wanted to snap at Stacy. To tell her that her condescending speech was just another way of saying "I don't know"... But as satisfying as that may have been, getting out of here and away from Stacy's suspicions seemed far more important. Wendy seemed to have dodged the question of what she had done in the past for now, but she was under no illusion that she had satisfied her sister's suspicions completely. And, even more concerning, a memory burst could happen at any time, revealing exactly what Wendy had done in the past.

It didn't matter where her new respect for her younger sister had come from, Wendy had no desire to be anywhere close by when Stacy discovered her betrayal. It was far preferable to retreat for now and hope that they could make and execute a plan before Stacy remembered anything... inconvenient.

"Ok," said Wendy lightly. "You want to spend time thinking before we go any further? Fine with me. We can meet back up tomorrow and discuss our ideas." She turned to the stairs up from the basement lab, pausing as she hit the bottom step to look behind her at her seated sister.

Stacy stared back at her, eyes glittering with suspicion. "It would be better if you just told me," Stacy said quietly, her expression dead calm. "You know I'm going to find out anyway."

"Good night, Stacy," replied Wendy, turning to make her way up the stairs, struggling to keep her rapid heartbeat and the twisted feeling of anxiety in her belly from showing up on her face.

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Stacy stalked through the warm darkness of the campus on high heels, the muscle memory of this version of her so confident on them that she didn't even register how tall they were.

She had bigger things to worry about than the shoes she was wearing. Wendy was lying to her. And if someone as arrogant and self-centered as Wendy was bothering to lie to cover up her actions, that meant that they were especially egregious. Stacy was certain that Wendy's stated mission: to go back in time and convince a younger Stacy to join an internship, had been a lie. Which meant that, based on her panicked reaction on her return, her actual intention had been to sabotage Stacy somehow.

But that was the thing... as far as Stacy could tell, nothing had changed for the worse. She still wore a badge proclaiming her a senior researcher, her clothes and hair were immaculate, and nothing in her purse looked different or out of place. Whatever Wendy had done in the past seemed to have little effect. But that didn't mean that Stacy could forgive it. Having a sister just waiting for her chance to stab Stacy in the back was intolerable. Something would need to be done about Wendy...

For a moment, the strange incongruity hit Stacy full force. She felt confident. Aggressive. Powerful. Completely opposite to the weak, uncertain male she had once been. *That pathetic little loser Stan could barely tie his own shoes, let alone keep a bitch like Wendy under his thumb. I'm nothing like Stan was...* Stacy stiffened and froze. That sudden dismissive thought that had welled up filled her with confused anxiety.

She closed her eyes, breathed deeply, and concentrated. She was still Stan. Or she would be. That was what she was planning on getting back to as soon as she could. She was a man. A man named Stan Sparx. Becoming female was only temporary.

Somehow that thought didn't feel as certain as she wanted.

Lost in angry, confused thoughts, Stacy had reached the outer door of the dorm where she shared a room with Christine. She pulled her wallet out of her purse and slapped it against the card reader, still caught up in angry frustration over Wendy and her schemes. Nothing happened. No little beep, no green light. No clunk from the lock on the door. Stacy sighed irritably and flipped open her wallet to pull the card out and hold it on the reader directly.

She frowned. Double checked.

There was no key card in her wallet.

Great. Either this version of her was eye-rollingly forgetful, or there had been a change after all. Stacy moved a short distance away to a bench near the entrance and sat down, rooting through her purse with a scowl on her face. She had better not live in some shitty single-occupancy dorm room like she used to when she was Stan. If Wendy had somehow scuttled her friendship with Christine through her meddling, there would be hell to pay.

Stacy finally found what she was looking for. A physical bronze key on a little silver keychain. The keychain had a heart charm attached to it. That was weird. It didn't feel like her normal style. Well, this made it obvious. This Stacy didn't live in this dorm. She didn't live in any dorm, because as far as Stacy knew, all of the dorms on campus used electronic locks.

The old tried-and-true method of looking up her "home" location saved on a navigation app worked perfectly for finding where she lived now. Stacy raised her eyebrows as she saw the area. This wasn't just run-of-the-mill college housing. If she was picturing the correct area, this was the type of upscale apartments that young professionals lived in.

Well, well, well, if Wendy's intention had been to bring Stacy down her plan had backfired. Stacy gripped the key in her hand with a cold smile. Time to find out exactly what this timeline's Stacy had going on in her life.

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The foyer and elevator of the apartment were impressive. Exactly the sort of place that Stacy had always envisioned living in later when she grew up. Which made sense, she supposed. This version of her probably had similar tastes to hers.

The accomplishments that the various female versions of herself had made were fascinating, and, in a way, humbling. It just went to show how much potential she had always had. Stan would never have even considered pushing for a nice apartment like this while still in college, but maybe he had had the potential for this kind of success inside himself all along.

Stacy approached the door of her new apartment feeling a little less annoyed. Whatever Wendy had done was still concerning, but at least she could brood about it in luxury. It did raise the question of her roommate, Christine. In the previous timeline, she had successfully seduced the cute, dark-haired girl into a sort of friends-with-benefits situation behind her boyfriend's back. But a large part of that had been possible because of the intimacy between roommates. If Christine didn't live in a dorm with her anymore, did that mean they weren't close?

Stacy wasn't sure how to feel about that. It felt a little sleazy and wrong that a version of her had seduced someone with a boyfriend... but on the other hand, the version of her that was still Stan, deep in her heart, pined for his ex-girlfriend and was willing to accept almost anything if it meant being with her.

The key with the heart keychain unlocked the front door, and Stacy strolled inside, admiring the tasteful rug and framed picture in the entryway; a picture of a lighthouse that she had never seen before. Or, at least, that Stan had never seen before. She was so focused on appreciating her own decorating sense that she almost didn't notice who was waiting for her in the living room.

Stacy froze in surprise as Christine looked up from the couch, her feet tucked beneath her and a textbook cracked open on her lap. She closed the book with a smile, rising to hurry across the room to Stacy and throw her arms around her neck. Stacy was still caught speechless when Christine's lips met hers for a brief but warm kiss.

"Welcome home, babe," said Christine with a soft smile, her eyes sparkling as they looked up into Stacy's. "How did the experiment go?"

Stacy was expecting a burst of memories to come and fill her in on what had led to this relationship with Christine... but nothing happened; she just stared down into the eyes of the beautiful woman with her arms thrown over her neck, feeling a sort of stunned excitement.

Somehow, this version of her had done the impossible. Not just convinced Christine to fool around and explore same sex attraction, but actually converted her and convinced her to date in a lesbian relationship. Dating Christine had been what Stan had dreamed about for months, and in this timeline, it was true... with the one wrinkle that Stan had become a woman now. But even that felt like a small price to pay.

Without a hint from a burst of memories, Stacy had no choice but to wing it and muddle her way through a relationship she was unfamiliar with. A stressful task, but somehow Stacy couldn't keep a dopey smile off her face as she said. "Sort of a dud tonight. Didn't really go the way I expected... but maybe the results weren't as bad as I assumed."

Christine gave her an inquisitive look with an eyebrow raised, then said, "Well, that's... good? I guess? Hopefully your sister didn't fuck it up this time again."

Stacy was a little surprised by the dismissive tone that Christine used when discussing Wendy, but she supposed it made sense. Her girlfriend (calling her that even in her head filled Stacy with warm, fuzzy feelings) was probably just cluing off the ways that this Stacy always talked about Wendy. "Well, yeah," said Stacy with a shrug and a wide grin, wrapping her arms around Christine and relishing the feeling of closeness, "She kind of did. As usual." It felt good to hear Christine's chuckle as she slid closer to nuzzle against her taller girlfriend. This felt so right! Not just dating Christine, but having someone who cared. Who understood her. Who was willing to talk shit about Wendy with her.

But, as she felt Christine's tight little body press up against hers, Stacy didn't only feel warm and fuzzy. A spark of heat flickered low in her belly. They were dating now... which meant that they almost certainly had sex on a regular basis. Stacy had still never experienced sex with Christine except through memory bursts. Christine had never let Stan get that far when they were dating. Stacy was hungry for her "first time". And even if it was a little sleazy to push for it when she was sort of just a passenger riding in this Stacy's head, she couldn't resist sliding her hands down Christine's back until they gripped her plump ass.

But, to her disappointment, Christine squirmed out of her grip with a little giggle, shaking a finger with a teasing grin on her face. "Ah ah ah, you bad girl," she said with mock strictness. "I told you that I need to spend all night studying! No breaks! You promised!"

Stacy must have looked crestfallen, because Christine laughed and pulled her into a deeper, more passionate kiss, taking Stacy's breath away as her tongue slid out to flick lightly against hers. She pulled away with a teasing wink and said, "Seriously, honey, I know I turn you on, but you can't even wait one night for me? Tell you what... if you can be good for tonight, I promise to make it up to you in a major way." Christine put her lips right up against Stacy's ear and whispered, "I might even let you try that one thing you keep asking for..."

Stacy's mind reeled at what could possibly be the "thing" that she wanted to try, but Christine patted her cheek with a loving smirk and returned to the couch with a teasing, hip-swaying walk.

Stacy hung out in the well-decorated living room for a while, but it soon became clear that Christine had been dead serious. After her initial greeting, she was totally absorbed in her political science textbook for the next hour. Stacy felt a little frustrated that she had been denied when she was this close to what she was dreaming of, but she could hardly blame Christine. After all, from her perspective, they had probably had sex yesterday. But it wasn't a good addition to her already frazzled state, caused by Wendy's suspicious behavior.

The most Stacy got was a smile and a brief kiss goodnight when she announced she was headed to bed. She needed the rest at this point. From the perspective of the time-hopper she had become, the past week had been one of the craziest of her life. Luckily, her apartment had a deliciously soft king-sized bed covered in crisp, clean sheets, and when she sank down into it in her pajamas, she could tell she was going to be asleep almost instantly.

She had just enough time to wonder how she could afford such an amazing apartment before she slipped into a deep sleep.

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Wendy woke up feeling sore and tired. She stared balefully at the pile of dirty clothes heaped on one side of her bed. She had been shocked and appalled to find that her apartment was filthy when she arrived at it last night, with clutter all over the place. This version of her clearly didn't have the willpower to take care of her living space.

Although, to be fair, Wendy didn't have the energy to clean up last night either. She was exhausted and at her wit's end from what had happened last night, as she just wasn't in the mood to spend an evening picking up after this sloppy version of herself.

She checked her phone, mildly surprised to see that it was already almost ten thirty. She never slept in this late, but somehow her body still felt heavy and groggy in the bright morning sunshine. Well... she had had an awful night last night. Maybe it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world if she just went back to bed and got a couple more minutes of rest...

Her plan was shattered by a loud ring as her phone went off. With a groan, Wendy brought it to her face, expecting to see a call from her sister. Maybe with a fresh idea for a trip to the past, maybe with more suspicions and accusations. Instead, she was surprised to see that it was a call from Vanessa, one of the members of her friend group.

She hesitated through a few more rings. Hanging out with Vanessa and her group of friends in the last iteration had been a somewhat frustrating experience. Once, in the original timeline that she yearned to get back to, she had been the undisputed queen bee that the other girls revolved around. But the latest version of herself had been just one of the girls. For a woman who prided herself on excellence, that was grating.

But on the other hand, hanging out with some of her friends would probably give her the opportunity to learn more about this version of herself. It might even trigger a burst of memories, which could be useful in gaining intel.

Besides, what the fuck else did she have planned, lying in bed and moping? She answered the call on what must have been the last ring.

"Hey babe," said Vanessa in an airy tone, "we're all heading out to Nail Envy to get pedicures at two. Thought I would invite you, since I know you could use it."

Her tone was immediately off-putting, suggesting that the invitation was a favor that Vanessa was extending to Wendy instead of Vanessa actually wanting her there. And Wendy also caught the not-so-subtle insult about her supposed need for a pedicure.

"I don't know..." said Wendy hesitantly. Her first instinct when asked to hang out by her friends was still to play hard to get. It had been their dynamic forever, even though it seemed like her star had fallen further and further with each iteration. "I think I might be busy then." Maybe Wendy was just wishing for a little slice of her former power back. Maybe she was hoping for Vanessa to soften a little and push for her to come.

In any case, the response from the other end of the line wasn't what she wanted. "Ok?" said Vanessa in an irritated voice. "So don't come then." The line cut off, leaving Wendy staring at her phone in horror. How could anyone talk to her this way?

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Stacy found that, just like in the most recent iteration, she had no trouble waking up on time the next day. She felt refreshed and ready to go as soon as she opened her eyes, ready to meet the day.

The only problem was that she wasn't exactly sure what meeting the day entailed for this version of herself. Normally, she would be getting ready and heading out to class. But this version of herself seemed different enough from her baseline reality that she was no longer sure that they would be taking the same classes.

Stacy propped herself up on her pillow and reached for her phone, hoping to gather some clues. She paused for a moment to admire Christine, who must have snuck in during the night without waking her, and now slept like an angel, chest rising and falling softly, breasts softly splaying across her chest, dark hair spread across her pillow in a shiny wave. Stacy couldn't stop a smile spreading across her face. She had the sudden urge to wake her girlfriend up and see if she would be into some morning sex before she got going.

But she restrained herself. Christine had probably had a late night studying, and it had all been for a big test today. Stacy doubted that she would be happy to be woken up early by her horny girlfriend. Girlfriend. No matter how many times Stacy used that word in her mind, it still sounded amazing. Maybe she would have preferred to be Christine's boyfriend instead, but oddly, that didn't feel quite as urgent as it once had. In fact, Stacy had had more fun and felt more fulfilled over the past few iterations as a woman than she had for the past year living as Stan. It was hard to feel nostalgic for her masculinity when it came with the baggage of loneliness and disrespect from everyone in Stan's life.

Back on task, Stacy managed to find this current Stacy's scheduling app, which she apparently used and updated religiously. It showed her that, despite what she expected, she in fact had the same class with Professor Langstrom at the same time she normally did. It looked like, despite

whatever other changes might have taken place in her life, she was still a physics major, which was comforting in its own way.

There were no communal showers in this luxury apartment, just a glass shower, fluffy towels, and a bewildering array of skin treatments and hair products that Stacy had to reluctantly acknowledge she didn't know enough about to apply properly before she had to get to class. Not that it mattered much: even without the products available to her, her skin still looked clear and radiant, her blonde hair thick and glossy as she admired herself in the mirror.

Christine still hadn't woken up by the time Stacy picked out an outfit and headed out of the apartment, so Stacy left quietly, navigating to campus ready to face the day as a beautiful, confident woman. Professor Langstrom's class wasn't her favorite, of course, but she wasn't too concerned about that. The last time she had gone to his class, in her first iteration as a woman, she had realized that the obnoxious older man had a soft spot for his female students. Besides, today she was easily and comfortably on time.

But Stacy saw a reaction as she entered the lecture hall that was the last thing she expected. Professor Langstrom almost looked... nervous as he glanced up at her entry, grimacing and tapping his papers on his desk uncomfortably. The reaction was odd to say the least, and it made Stacy feel a sense of disquiet as she took her seat and pulled out her notebook. She did a double-take as she opened her notes. They were almost empty. A few notes at the beginning and one or two points scratched here and there, but this Stacy's notes was nothing even approaching the amount Stan or the other Stacys had written by this point in the year.

Stacy wasn't sure what to make of it. And she only grew more certain with time that this version of her had some strange tension with Professor Langstrom. He was clearly uncomfortable with her, his eyes skittering across her while he was lecturing rather than meeting her eyes. His regular snide comments and bullying he directed at weaker members of the class were absent today as well, almost as if he was walking on eggshells. What reason would a professor have to be afraid of a student?

Stacy wasn't sure, but the question ate away at her. The past few versions of her had been a bit, well... ruthless in their pursuit of the things that they wanted. The previous version of Stacy dominated the freshman she was tutoring and seduced a woman who was dating someone else. What if this version of her was even more ruthless? Willing to do something that could intimidate even a professor for instance.

When the class finished, Stacy was surprised to see Professor Langstrom furtively approach her seat with a grim expression. "I'd like to speak to you after class, Miss Sparx," he said gruffly under his breath, looking away instead of into her eyes.

"Uhh, yeah," said Stacy, totally mystified by what might be going on here and wishing she would get one of the memory bursts that could clue her in on what exactly was happening. "Sure, professor."

She waited until the rest of the students filed out before she descended the steps to the bottom of the lecture hall, where Professor Langstrom was pacing nervously, wringing his hands behind his back. Stacy was about to ask what he wanted to meet about, but before she could, the door finally clicked shut behind the last student who had left, and Professor Langstrom whirled on her, saying in an almost pleading voice, "Ok, I can tell that you're upset, Stacy, but you've got to cut me some slack on this one. My hands were tied."

Stacy kept her expression carefully neutral as her Professor studied her face, trying to gauge her reaction. She decided to just mirror his statement back to him and hope that he gave her a little more to work with. "So your hands were tied?" she asked calmly, and was shocked when her older, bearded professor actually seemed to flinch back from her.

"Look, I can explain," he said in an oily voice, "None of the other students got above a 74 on this lab. If you aced it, it would look way too suspicious. I know I said straight 'A's', but this 'B' isn't going to sink your average that badly. You'll still easily sail through with an 'A' by the end of the semester."

Stacy stared at him in shock, and suddenly, that feeling that preceded a memory burst was filling her head. The sensation of having a word on the tip of your tongue, but far more intense. Before she could react, the pressure swelled and burst, plunging her into a memory so strong it felt real.

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Stacy was annoyed. Deeply annoyed. For the past two semesters, she had managed to convince her physics professors that, because of her clear mastery of the material based on her work at the advanced physics lab, she should be excused from most coursework of the class. She had been allowed to simply demonstrate her mastery in the cumulative tests and pass the classes as a special case.

Professor Langstrom, however, needed to make things difficult. He had given her a condescending speech about how unfair that would be to all the other hard-working students, with a smarmy look on his face. All while checking out Stacy's tits in a way he probably thought was subtle. The prick deserved everything that was coming to him.

For a professor, Langstrom really wasn't all that smart. All it took to doom him was a camera hidden in Stacy's bag, a low-cut top, and a purring, flirty attitude.

"I wanted to discuss that little... arrangement that I proposed," said Stacy in a smoldering voice, leaning forward over the podium to display her smooth, tempting cleavage to the lecherous professor's wandering eyes. "I was wondering if there was anything that I might be able to do to change your mind..."

Stacy could tell by the way the old leech cleared his throat and held back a grin that she had struck paydirt. This was a man who wasn't just open to the sort of disgusting arrangement she was implying, but eager for it. She wouldn't be surprised at all to learn that this wasn't his first time. But this horny dog wasn't utterly brain-dead. He knew better than to pounce without knowing for sure what exactly Stacy was offering.

"How exactly were you planning to convince me?" he asked cautiously, unable to conceal the horny gleam in his eyes. "Be... explicit."

Stacy made her way around the podium slowly, crossing one long, exquisite leg over the other as she walked. She had worn her tallest, sluttiest heels for this class, and by the way the horny old professor's eyes bulged and his throat bobbed, she could tell that they were having the desired effect.

"Don't play coy, Professor," purred Stacy as she clicked forward toward him, noting the growing bulge in his pants with glee, "I know that you've had... arrangements with desperate young students in the past. I just want the same consideration. You have something I want, and I... I have some things that I think you want quite desperately. Am I wrong?"

Stacy could tell that he was putty in her hands, and she was proven right an instant later when he lunged forward, his hands groping and feeling all over her tight, young body. It couldn't have gone better if Langstrom had been playing along and trying to incriminate himself.

All she had to do at that point was scream, push him away... and point out the camera. After that, arranging a new, more favorable deal with him had been simple.

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Stacy flashed back to the present. Langstrom blinked in surprise and said uncomfortably, "Hey... there's no reason to be this upset about this. Let's all take a breath here, ok?" He clearly believed that whatever stunned, glazed look came over Stacy's face was caused by pure rage rather than the gushing memories that had overtaken her.

"I'll be the one to decide how serious this is," she snapped. The words just seemed to flow naturally out of her without thought. Stacy was a little shocked at her own cold, commanding tone, but Langstrom didn't seem shocked by it at all, although he certainly didn't look pleased.

"Of... of course," he said with a bitter twist of his lips, staring down at the ground between them. "But if I change the grade now, I'm warning you that it will only look more suspicious."

Stacy thought quickly. Fuck... this version of herself was utterly calculating and ruthless. Entrapping a professor and forcing him to fraudulently pad her grades? Using her body as a weapon to manipulate him? It was something that Stacy would never have thought of in a million years when she was Stan, even if it *had* been possible as an ugly, nerdy male. Although

part of her was impressed, a part of her was disturbed as well. She wasn't sure that she wanted to go to the lengths that this Stacy had to ensure her success.

But, even if she was uncomfortable with the methods of this version of herself, all of her instincts were screaming that she couldn't afford to show any weakness. Professor Langstrom might be cornered and controlled right now, but he was an untrustworthy rat that would wriggle and bite at the slightest opportunity. She would have to maintain an act of confident command to be safe from possible retaliation.

Luckily, the surge of memories about her situation with the professor seemed to have supplied Stacy with the attitude and words she would need to effectively deal with him. "I'm not happy with this," she said sharply, crossing her arms over her chest and tapping her foot in a slow, heavy rhythm. "Our agreement wasn't that you would do whatever was best for you. It was that you would do whatever was best for *me*. If there was an issue, you should have contacted me so I could tell you how to proceed."

The normally suave and cocky professor flushed red, obviously furious at being told what to do by a woman half his age... but there was nothing that he could do. He simply nodded, tight-lipped, and said, "Fine. Next time, I will be sure to consult you. But what's done is done. I hope you aren't expecting me to change your grade and put suspicion on both of us."

"I don't appreciate people making choices for me behind my back," said Stacy coldly, realizing in that moment that she meant every word. "Next time it happens, mark my words, Langstrom, you won't like the result."

Then she turned on her heel and stalked out of the lecture hall, feeling a little dirty for her ruthless, underhanded behavior, but powerful and free at the same time.

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Many other parts of Wendy's life had been turned upside down, but the theoretical physics lab was the same as it ever was. A rock in the swirling waters of time. It was honestly comforting. Her badge read "Junior Researcher" now of course, but everything was still neat and scientific.

Wendy checked her face in the small mirror of her locker door with a worried frown. She looked... less healthy. Not a powerful change of course, but her skin was a little paler, with a few scattered blemishes. And her cheeks seemed the slightest bit heavier. She shuddered. She had to get out of this timeline as fast as she could.

She was so wrapped up in her own appearance that she didn't even notice the person creeping up behind her until it was already too late. A palm slipped over the swell of her ass, gripping tight for a moment before falling away. Wendy gasped and whirled, her eyes wide, too shocked at this point to be angry,

Behind her stood Derrick Young, staring at her with an inexplicable expression of leering superiority. He stood just a little taller than Wendy, with Greasy shoulder-length black hair pulled back into an unimpressive ponytail, and a face that made the minor pimples of Wendy's complexion look like finest alabaster. Derrick had always been a thorn in Wendy's side, even back when she was on top of the world in the original timeline. He was the sort of sexist who had a stubborn, infuriating belief that women couldn't possibly succeed in science.

In the original timeline, he had been a minor annoyance that Wendy had no problem dealing with. But in the latest version before this one, Wendy had somehow found it difficult to resist his insulting commands to run errands for him. She had fetched his coffee like she was some sort of... secretary girl or something.

But just openly groping her ass in the lab's locker room? Wendy couldn't even begin to understand why he thought that was ok. She took a deep breath to begin yelling at the slimy little worm, when he suddenly leaned forward, planting an arm on the locker behind Wendy's head and fixing her with a lecherous grin. Wendy felt trapped all of a sudden, with Derrick leaning close, his arm boxing her in. But instead of making her angrier and inspiring her to escape from Derrick's strange, aggressive stance, she felt a wave of weak compliance wash over her. As if there was nothing she could do.

"You didn't stop by my lab last night when you said you would, kitten," said Derrick in a voice that was somehow both condescending and obscene. "I had so many tasks that I needed my assistant to complete."

Wendy felt a stab of horror, her eyes flicking down to Derrick's chest. No. No way. It couldn't be possible. But it was. Derrick's name tag read "Senior researcher" now rather than "Junior Researcher". How could the things they changed have caused this? Derrick was an idiot barely fit for a junior position. But, even worse than that, he had just called Wendy his "assistant"...

Wendy couldn't help it; the idea was just too horrible to bear. She knew that it might blow her cover, but she blurted out, "But I... I'm Stacy's assistant!" before she could stop herself.

Derrick gave her a strange look, then smirked with a raised eyebrow. "I keep telling you you're a bit of an airhead, Wendy," he snickered. "You don't remember? Your sister and I are such good friends that she lends you to me when she doesn't need your help. I can't believe that all the... good times we've had together haven't made that much of an impact on you."

He leaned closer, and Wendy made a pathetic little intimidated squeak as he whispered in her ear, "Well then, I guess we'll just have to make some brand new memories tonight... won't we?"

Wendy sucked in a deep breath, shaking her head silently at herself. Denying the feeling welling up inside her body... Because her first reaction to this odious little man's obscene innuendo wasn't disgust. It was a filthy heat pulsing through her core. Derrick was actually making her horny.

Worse, she felt the sudden swell of pressure in her mind that meant new memories were flooding in. She struggled against the sensation, squeezing her eyes shut and digging her nails into her palms in desperation, willing the new memories away. She didn't want to know why her body instinctively got turned on by this man that she had nothing but disdain for. She didn't want to know why he felt completely comfortable grabbing her ass.

But this time Wendy didn't get what she wanted. This time, the memories crashed over her like a hot, humiliating flood.

...

Wendy smoothed her lab coat over her hips, her heart beating fast as she paused at the door to Dr. Young's research lab. Today Stacy said she simply had no work for her older sister, so she had sent Wendy off to "make herself useful" with Derrick.

Although it only happened about once a week, it was something that Wendy had come to dread... even though, shamefully, these times had started to arouse her as well. Derrick had zero respect for her, ordering her around and forcing her to do demeaning menial tasks like fetching coffee and taking notes that he dictated out loud. Once, he had even slipped and referred to it as "women's work" in her earshot.

But his eyes were the worst part. His gaze crawled all over Wendy as he pushed her to do whatever he commanded, jumping to his whims. Wendy had been developing a powerful fetish for humiliation and submission over the past few years, and, embarrassingly, she thought that Derrick was beginning to notice. His eyes watched her face with a knowing smirk now whenever he ordered her around, and Wendy's blush was getting hotter and harder to hide on a daily basis.

Wendy hoped, against reason, that Derrick wouldn't be there that day, or that for some reason he wouldn't need her. But that was foolishly optimistic. When she finally got up her courage and pushed open the door to his lab, he was sitting there on a stool, waiting for her like a fat, greasy spider at the center of his web. He grinned hungrily as he saw her, and Wendy's heart skipped a beat.

"G-good afternoon, researcher Young," said Wendy nervously, feeling her pulse thrumming against every inch of her skin. "What project are we going to be working on today?"

Strangely, Derrick was silent, just grinning at her with an odd, considering look in his eyes behind the thick glasses. He beckoned her closer, and Wendy felt compelled to obey. Something about his stare was starting to affect her, making an unwelcome heat spark deep in her belly.

“A-are you still working on that solar radiation project?” she speculated out loud, more to fill the silence than anything, as she crossed the room toward the pudgy nerd waiting for her on his stool.

Finally, she stood just a few feet away from him. His smile was as sharp and hungry as a wolf’s. “Not today, Wendy. Today I want to experiment with something much more... interesting. Come closer.”

Wendy gulped, trying to force the wave of submissive arousal pulsing through her. The hateful, disrespectful man’s energy was unmistakable. She knew what would happen if she obeyed and came within his reach. But the idea of giving in had such a dark, compelling heat that she couldn’t resist. She took a step further. Then another. Derrick’s mocking eyes seemed to see the pathetic sexual weakness within her, and he was more than willing to exploit it.

As she came closer, one of Derrick’s hands slipped around her hip, while another pressed greedily between her thighs. “Good girl... now let’s test my first hypothesis...”

Wendy came back to the present with a gasp, her eyes flying open to see Derrick’s piggy eyes staring back at her. Unlike many of the other people she had been around during one of her memory floods, he didn’t seem concerned, just mildly annoyed at her sudden inattentiveness to his aggressive sexual come-on.

“Are you listening to me, Sparx?” he asked in an annoyed tone. “I said that I require your assistance tonight. Report to my lab as soon as possible. Somewhere we don’t have as many... prying eyes.”

Wendy had to try hard not to slap him... or maybe throw up. Being weak enough that she couldn’t even keep her apartment clean was one thing, but being so fucking perverted and submissive that being ordered around by Derrick fucking Young turned her on? That was unforgivable. Obviously, she was much smarter and stronger than this timeline’s version of Wendy. She would never bow to an asshole like Derrick. But she couldn’t blow her cover either. Just as it had been in the past few iterations, she needed to lie low so no one suspected that she wasn’t from this timeline originally.

That meant playing the role of this pathetic, perverted Wendy, but it didn’t mean giving in to Derrick’s obscene demands. Who knew what degradations he had forced this Wendy to endure in the privacy of his lab? The vision hadn’t clarified that exactly, thankfully cutting off before much had happened. Wendy would have to use her superior mind and will to avoid the issue without tipping him off that anything was wrong.

“I... I’m sorry,” said Wendy, dipping her eyes in a way that her instincts told her would please Derrick’s thirst for submission, “Stacy has given me too much work tonight, sir. If I don’t do what she says...”

Wendy winced internally as the word “sir” left her lips. The deferent word felt disturbingly natural, even though she couldn’t think of anyone who deserved her respect less. She tried to get a grip on herself. If she relied on the instincts of this version of herself, who knew what dark places it might lead her.

In any case, she hoped that Derrick would be intimidated by this timeline’s strangely forceful and commanding version of Stacy, and it looked like she had assumed correctly. Derrick looked a little put out, but didn’t question the idea that Stacy had demanded her sister work all evening. “Fine,” he said with a grimace. “I guess if the high and mighty senior researcher Sparx needs you, then I’m outranked. You are her assistant after all.”

Suddenly, alarmingly, his hand reached out, too quickly for Wendy to respond, sliding between her thighs and over Wendy’s jeans with a confidence that showed that this was a completely normal interaction between them. Wendy gasped in alarm as a flood of powerful, dangerously intoxicating submissive lust poured through her from the feeling of Derrick’s pudgy hand rubbing her cloth-covered pussy.

“But soon,” whispered Derrick, leaning forward to whisper directly into her ear. “Whenever your bitch of a sister can spare you... We’re taking things to the next level. I’m not finished with my favorite little lab rat.”

He withdrew, leaving Wendy wide-eyed, shaken, and disgusted with how turned on his touch had made her.

“See you around, Sparx,” he said with a smirk as he withdrew. “Don’t hesitate to come see me if you finish early tonight.”

Wendy stared after him as he turned and left the locker room, her brain struggling to process exactly what had happened. It took her a full two minutes to shake her head and make her way quickly toward the basement laboratory, hoping against hope she and Stacy could find a way out of this hellhole timeline as quickly as possible.

...

Stacy arrived back at her luxurious apartment after a long and enlightening day, her mind working a thousand miles a minute.

The rest of her time spent on campus had shown that this Stacy had a life that Stan would have killed for once upon a time. Everyone seemed to respect her and defer to her. Attractive people seemed to catch her eye and smile. In her classes, it felt like people wanted to talk to her and sit near her whenever possible, and even professors she wasn’t blackmailing seemed to defer to her knowledge and expertise.

It was a charmed life, but Stacy suspected that it was built on a foundation of manipulation and intimidation. It felt like there was an undercurrent of fear in the respect she received from her peers and professors, and the admiration was tinged with a level of jealousy.

It was a mixed bag. Bittersweet and a little concerning. Stacy needed to take her mind off the confusing nature of this timeline. And she had always found that volunteering down at the shelter was a great way to clear her head. She was supposed to meet Wendy at the lab in a few hours time, but it wouldn't take her that long to head to the shelter and get some work done.

She spent the walk there with her head whirling with confusion, and by the time she reached the doors of the shelter and pushed inside, she hadn't reached any conclusions. As she made her way behind the serving counter, Tucker caught sight of her, coming from the back with a bag of off-brand white bread in his hands. He dropped the bag, his mouth falling slack as he saw her. Stacy stopped dead as well, immediately catching the cracking energy that came off the tall, handsome man in waves.

Shit. She had no idea what relationship she had with Tucker in this timeline, but based on his open shock at even seeing her, it couldn't be anything good. Had this version of Tucker been interested in Christine? Had he tried to steal her just like Tucker had in the original timeline?

Stacy opened her mouth, then hesitated. She actually had no idea what to even say. She was in the dark about this whole situation. Unfortunately, Tucker seemed completely dumbstruck as well, giving no clues on how this awkward encounter could be resolved.

Luckily, or unluckily, depending on how you looked at it, Christine emerged from the backroom of the shelter and saw the two of them staring silently at each other. Christine's eyes went wide, and she immediately rushed to Stacy's side.

For a moment, based on the upset look on her girlfriend's face, Stacy expected Christine to be angry. Instead, she quickly said, "Babe, don't be mad. It's not what you think. I can explain!"

Stacy stared at her girlfriend in bewilderment, suddenly realizing that she had read this situation all wrong. Christine and Tucker weren't angry that she was there. They were both, for some reason, terrified. Stacy's mind reeled. She had absolutely no idea what was going on, so it seemed safest to just say, "Ok then... explain it to me," while wearing a poker face.

"I didn't know he would be volunteering tonight!" said Christine in a pleading voice, her eyes wide, holding onto Stacy's arm. "I told Janet to make sure we were never on the same schedule, just like you said. But we were super short-staffed tonight, and Janet was calling whoever she could to come in, and babe, really, she just forgot! I told her that I would have to leave then, but like I said, we were so short-staffed, and she begged me to stay. She promised we would be working on opposite sides of the building."

Christine was babbling now. But Stacy could scarcely pay attention to her pleading tone. She finally felt that pressure building up in her mind that signalled a flood of memories was about to break over her, and this time she welcomed it with open arms. She needed the context. She needed the explanation for what had happened and what her relationship with Christine was really like. As the wash of powerful recollection washed over her, she dived in eagerly.

...

Stacy began volunteering at the shelter in her freshman year at the university. Not because she had any particular desire to help the less fortunate, but because she rated it an excellent place to meet useful people.

Stacy had undergone a massive change in outlook and approach to life in the spring of her junior year of high school. That old fat idiot of a teacher had tried to ruin her life for no reason. Stacy had been faced with two choices: sit back and let her life be destroyed by a worthless nobody, or harden herself and go on the offensive. The choice had been obvious. She had begun a swift, brutal campaign to sully her teacher's good name that had Mr. Nelson out on his ass by the end of the year. Nobody cared if a grown man watched porn in his free time, but Mr. Nelson had no good explanation for why so much of it had turned up on his work computer at school... and to be frank, all of that teacher/student themed material was just unseemly.

In the aftermath, a lot of Mr. Nelson's judgments were questioned, and getting the unfair decision reversed was easy. The whole thing had taught Stacy a valuable lesson: if you want something, you need to reach out and take it, and not let anything get in your way. Least of all morals.

But people who did have morals were useful. They could be manipulated easily, and surrounding yourself with "good people" could be very useful as a way to appear more moral yourself... like a wolf in sheep's clothing, hiding in the herd. So Stacy considered volunteering at the shelter to be an investment.

And it had paid off nearly instantly.

As Stacy walked in the door of the shelter for the first time, her gaze locked onto Christine almost immediately. She was smiling and laughing, chatting with a tall, boring-looking boy who held no interest for Stacy. Christine, however, was anything but boring. She had a cute, lively face, but her body was built for sin, with curves in all the right places, and Stacy had always had a soft spot for brunettes.

She tried to keep her expectations in check. Christine had looks that were a captivating blend of innocence, sexiness, and elegance, but looks weren't everything. Maybe Christine was dumb as a rock. She wouldn't be the only one at the shelter with that particular shortcoming.

But when Stacy approached at the first opportunity she could find, Christine was lively, charming, and intelligent.

“Oh, I am sure that we are going to get along so well, Stacy!” gushed Christine, pulling her into a hug after a few minutes of ice-breaking conversation. “I’m so happy you decided to volunteer. We really need all the help we can get!”

Stacy relished the feeling of Christine’s curvy body pressed innocently against hers. The bubbly brunette’s next words were a disappointment, but only mildly so.

“Oh! And I should introduce you to my boyfriend. Tucker, this is our newest volunteer, Stacy!”

Tucker smiled in a way he probably thought was charming and extended a hand. Stacy took it and said the expected pleasantries, but her smile didn’t reach her eyes. She was already considering Tucker an obstacle, and Stacy Sparx had no mercy for obstacles. Speaking with Christine only cemented the certainty in Stacy’s mind. Christine would be hers. She was cute, could carry a conversation well, had philanthropic instincts, and would look elegant and cultured in the right cocktail dress. Just the sort of woman a famous scientist like Stacy planned to be would need by her side. She looked like she would be a lot of fun to wrap around Stacy’s little finger in bed as well...

True, she was supposedly straight at the moment, and was dating someone, but Stacy didn’t think that would be much of an issue.

“I can already tell that the three of us will be fast friends,” she said, her eyes flicking over to meet Stacy’s. “We should make a plan to meet up outside of the shelter!”

...

Stacy returned to herself, blinking and feeling the reverberating shock of living inside the head of such a cold, calculating bitch. It was just like it had been when she flashed back to manipulating her professor. This version of herself was a powerful apex predator.

But even more importantly, she had received sudden clarity on what exactly had happened to her that had caused this change.

Now she knew exactly what Wendy had changed in the past.

Righteous anger boiled up inside her, acidic and hot. Wendy, that sneaky little *bitch*, had gone to the past and attempted to ruin her entire life by making her fail a pivotal science class. She had been so jealous of the slightest bit of success from her younger sister that she had tried to destroy Stacy completely with no hesitation.

“Babe, please,” said Christine, soft hands on her face, turning Stacy’s gaze toward her warm eyes. “Forgive me. I wasn’t trying to disobey you. I’ll even stop volunteering like you’ve been asking. Just... come home with me. Let me show you how obedient I can be...”

Christine’s voice was smokey now, her eyes soft and submissive. In another time and another mood, Stacy might have been disturbed by how desperate her girlfriend was to calm her anger. But here and now, it felt... right. It felt like she deserved this deference. And, even though a part of her wanted to march straight to wherever Wendy was and teach her a lesson she would never forget right now, Stacy felt like she deserved the placating sexual submission that Christine was offering.

Stacy had been desperate to fuck Christine for ages, and now that the possibility was being dangled in front of her nose, she wasn’t going to pass it up. A part of her insisted guiltily that she was only playing along in this way because she had to keep up appearances and do what was natural for this version of Stacy, but that part of her was getting quieter and quieter as time went on.

She reached down with a confused mix of rage, lust, and smug triumph blazing in her heart and gripped Christine’s ass tight, right in front of the still-speechless Tucker. The man that this version of Stacy had cruelly and efficiently stolen Christine from.

“Let’s go then,” she growled at Christine. “You can show me exactly how sorry you are.”

...

Stacy had talked a big game, but as they entered their shared apartment, Stacy felt more nervous than confident about the dominant sexual performance she was clearly expected to put on. On the walk back, Christine had been draped all over her, her eyes adoring and her cheeks flushed, obviously aroused despite their negative interaction at the shelter. Stacy had tried to talk to her a couple of times, probing carefully about what sort of sex acts they normally did, but Christine seemed to be in some sort of completely submissive mode, answering with short “Yes, Ma’am’s” and “No Ma’am’s” rather than conversation.

Christine wriggled away as they entered the apartment, saying softly, “I’ll be right back, Ma’am,” before ducking into the bedroom and shutting the door behind her, leaving Stacy to stew in her strange mood.

What was Christine going to do about her older sister? Wendy’s attempt to go to the past and ruin her life went beyond her normal bitchiness. Say what you would about this version of Stacy and her manipulative ways, but at least she didn’t go to the past to destroy people’s lives. Stacy knew that once upon a time, Stan would have rolled over and accepted this type of treatment. But Stacy wasn’t that person anymore. Even though she was still Stan on the inside in many ways, the past few iterations had taught her that she could be strong and didn’t need to take this kind of abuse.

But that still left the question of the best way to deal with Wendy... She had just clearly demonstrated that she couldn't be trusted with the time machine. There was potential for her to do things a lot more horrific than just changing a Physics grade. What if next time Wendy got on her high horse and decided she would be better off without a sister at all?

It wasn't a chance that Stacy was willing to take. But before she could come to any sort of decision about her sister, the bedroom door softly clicked open behind Stacy, and she turned to see how Christine had prepared for her.

Stacy's breath caught, and her eyes went wide at the stunningly erotic sight. Christine, normally so bubbly and outgoing, had her eyes cast demurely downward, her cheeks blushing cutely as she stood wearing nothing but a leather collar and wrist cuffs. They made her look utterly conquered and submissive, a look that was only enhanced by the riding crop she carried in her teeth. But even apart from those accessories, Stacy was stunned, but fascinated to see that this version of Christine had pierced nipples.

Based on the way the silver studs piercing Christine's delicate pink nipples sent a surge of desire through Stacy, and the fact that before this iteration where they were dating, Christine had never pierced her nipples, Stacy was willing to bet that the piercings were her idea. The thought that Christine had modified her body that way just to please her girlfriend made a strange sense of power flow through Stacy, hot and strong, rising up from between her legs.

Christine padded slowly toward Stacy, and Stacy's pulse quickened as she noticed the telltale shine on the inside of her girlfriend's thighs. This clearly wasn't just an attempt to placate Stacy, Christine was deeply turned on by what was to come.

Stacy had seen Christine naked a number of times now in her memory bursts, but there was a certain raw immediacy to seeing Christine live in the flesh, naked and trembling beneath her, that made Stacy's belly fill with a riot of butterflies.

It was a little nerve-racking. Clearly, this version of Stacy was some sort of dominant force of nature in the bedroom. Could Stacy step into that role and fill those shoes? Was she as powerful and dominant as this version of her?

There was only one way to find out.

Christine finally reached Stacy and dropped to her knees, eyes still downcast. She gently dropped the riding crop into her hands and held it above her head.

"Please, my love. I've been bad. Punish me."

This time, there was little warning as the memories washed over Stacy, and it was more like a rapid series of flashes than one strong memory. A brilliant kaleidoscope of red hot sexual imagery overloading and nearly frying her brain as she reeled from the stimulus.

...

Christine, drunk and giggling as Stacy pulled her over her knee for the first time, before they were even dating. She stopped laughing when Christine swiftly tugged down her shorts and panties and spanked her ass hard. But, even though she wriggled and whined, it wasn't long before the pain had faded into pleasure, and she started moaning and arching her butt upward into Stacy's hand.

Christine, still guilty and a little weepy about a week after she had broken up with Tucker at Stacy's insistence. Stacy dominantly informed her that she was going to "fuck that nobody right out of your silly little head". That evening, Stacy had tied Christine down, blindfolded her, and used feathers, vibrators, and her skillful tongue to turn her new girlfriend into a puddle of sexual bliss. In the morning, Christine blocked Tucker on all social media, and they spent a day together completely unbothered by how Stacy had stolen Christine for the first time.

Christine, holding Stacy's hand tightly in hers and hiding her eyes with her free hand as the burly, bearded man at the tattoo parlor clamped one of her delicate pink nipples tight and prepared the sterilized needle. "Oh my Godddd Stacy," moaned Christine, "I can't believe I let you talk me into this! I must have told you no a thousand fucking times!"

Stacy smirked and squeezed her girlfriend's hand. "Yeah, luckily for me, you needed to find me a birthday present, and I'm a bitch to shop for."

Christine gave a watery chuckle and uncovered her eyes, meeting Stacy's gaze. She looked nervous and near tears. "I... I don't know if I can do it, Mistress," she said plaintively, slipping into the private bedroom talk even with the piercing technician sitting right there. "It's going to hurt so bad..."

Stacy smoothed Christine's hair back and kissed her girlfriend on the forehead. "Come on now," she said tenderly. "Where's my brave little princess? We both know that pain feels good when you feel it for me. Come on, Chrissie. I want to know that I own you every time I look at those pretty tits. I want you to carry a slutty little secret in your bra that only your mistress knows about. Do it for me. Please."

"Are we doing this or not?" asked the burly man, focusing purely on Christine, the one who had the final say, rather than Stacy.

Christine set her jaw determinedly... and nodded.

...

Stacy sucked in a breath. As usual, the burst of memories had left her body humming with sexual tension. As she looked down at her naked girlfriend kneeling beneath her, she saw Christine in a new light. Domination wasn't just riding roughshod over others; being Christine's mistress was a position of responsibility.

Stacy had shaped Christine to be her perfect submissive woman, and she needed to protect and satisfy her lover and sub. Stacy could feel how right that was, just from the knowledge this burst of memories had given her. But it only made her feel more intimidated by the expectations put on her. Could she be that powerful, controlling Domme that Christine expected and loved? Would Christine instantly be able to tell the difference? She wasn't sure, but she also knew that refusing to even try would hurt Christine almost as much as doing it badly. Stacy reached down slowly and grasped the riding crop.

Time to get dominant.

Stacy let the words flow from her through pure instinct and heard them come out in a clipped, commanding tone dripping with confidence. "Get into position." Although the words felt right, Stacy had no idea what they meant. Christine clearly did, though, because she shifted immediately into a degrading pose.

She rose into a crouching position, spreading her thighs wide and putting her hands behind her head, presenting her naked tits and pussy for her mistress's inspection. Christine's eyes lifted now, focusing on Stacy's, soft with submission and hot with lust. Stacy felt dominant instincts she never knew she had roaring to life inside her, making her nipples crinkle with lust and her pussy heat up between her thighs. It was like she was a cat and Christine was a mouse, but a mouse that was willingly walking toward her waiting jaws.

Well, mother always said I liked playing with my food a little too much.

For a second, Stacy was frozen, unsure of what should happen next. But this was a ritual set up by her to meet her every sexual whim. So really, all she had to do was think about what would be most hot... Stacy slid the leather crop slowly up Christine's inner thigh, taking her time and thrilling at the sight as a little shudder of desire passed through her girlfriend's body, her whole body breaking out in goosebumps. Finally, the crop reached the center of Christine's legs, and her smooth, hairless pussy. Soft, creamy white, and dripping with desire. The Brazilian was new as well, so Stacy could only imagine that it was for her benefit, just like the piercings. It made sense because the thought of Christine making herself look that vulnerable and soft just for her made the wet heat between Stacy's thighs rise to a fever pitch.

Stacy pressed the leather tip of the crop firmly between Christine's legs for a moment, then tapped it upward... Once... twice... three times, with a wet spatting sound each time. Stacy let out a whimper of combined pleasure and pain that sent a crackle of dominant lust racing up

Stacy's spine. Once again, she felt words bubbling up from within, and she let them out without thought or editing, trusting her instincts. "So. You've been a bad girl... haven't you?"

"Yes... yes, I have mistress," whined Christine breathlessly, humping her hips forward slightly into the riding crop pressed firmly against her aching pussy. "I'm so s-sorry..."

Her pulse racing and her body thrumming with strange new lust, Stacy slipped the crop out from between her girlfriend's squatting thighs and raised it to her lips, extending her tongue to lick at the slick juices dripping from the leather tip. "Hmmm," she said with a mocking chuckle, "it certainly doesn't taste like you're sorry. It tastes like you are excited to be a bad girl. Is that true, princess? Does it excite you to disobey me?" Had she taken things too far? Was this really how this version of herself talked to someone she was in a loving relationship with?

But if she was saying something too extreme or out of the ordinary, Christine gave no sign of it. She looked up at her mistress with an almost comically pitiful face, saying, "I'm sorry, mistress, I really wasn't trying to be bad. It's like I told you. I know that I'm not supposed to see Tucker, but when I showed up, he was already there. And I can't help getting turned on for your punishment, Mistress, you know that! You make it so fucking hot that I can't stand it."

Stacy stared down at Christine. She was flushed with submissive arousal, her pussy dripping onto the floor and her pierced nipples desperately stiff. She was staring up expectantly, and Stacy realized with a sneaking feeling of discomfort that it was punishment time. But, even though she had been doing so well so far, now her instincts failed her. She very much wanted to bury her face between Christine's soft thighs and not stop licking and sucking until she had enough new memories of Christine's taste to match the ones she had experienced through her borrowed memories, but she very much doubted that doing so would qualify as a punishment. Making Christine eat her out instead might work, but that felt a little vanilla for this particular situation. After all, Christine and Stacy had eaten each other out in the previous iteration when Christine was just bicurious, so Stacy's gut told her that it would fall a little flat as a punishment.

Unfortunately, her gut didn't offer any alternatives, so Stacy did the next best thing. "Well, whether or not you intended to disobey me, you still decided to spend the evening with that man," she said with an arched eyebrow. She was a little surprised to find that her anger toward Tucker was genuine. He had always seemed like a nice guy, and Stan had never been able to bring himself to hate Tucker, even after Tucker had stolen Christine away. But here and now, in this powerful version of herself, Stacy had no reason to hold back her real feelings, even if they were unjustified. She was glad that she had stolen Christine from Tucker and given him a taste of his own medicine. "What punishment do you think you deserve?" she asked Christine, hoping that her sub would give her a little direction without giving away that she wasn't exactly sure what she was doing.

Christine bit her lip hard, with reluctance and arousal all over her cute features. Finally, she answered hesitantly, "W-well, I think that I shouldn't be allowed to volunteer at the shelter

anymore, mistress, for one.” She said it in a sad but decisive tone. “It’s like you’ve been saying, it’s a distraction.”

Stacy was a little taken aback to hear it. She had heard Christine talking earlier about Stacy not wanting her to volunteer, but she had been distracted enough at the time that it hadn’t really registered. Stacy wasn’t sure why this version of herself would push for Christine to quit so hard. Stan, and the previous versions of Stacy, for that matter, had always found volunteering at the shelter to be calming, and a great way to find meaning in life when they were down. But for some reason, in this iteration, Stacy had not only stopped volunteering, but was pushing her girlfriend to stop as well. It pointed to a fairly serious difference of opinion. But Stacy couldn’t safely go back on something this version of her had been pushing for so long.

“Good girl,” she said in a convincingly approving voice, tapping the riding crop against her free palm thoughtfully. “But that is the only punishment you deserve... is it?” It was clear that Christine’s punishment had some sort of sexual component, and that was what Stacy really needed to discover.

Christine gulped and flushed bright red, her gaze faltering and then dropping to the floor between them. “Mistress... I...” she murmured in a husky voice, “I think you need to use *tough love* to teach me a lesson tonight.”

Stacy worked hard to keep herself from looking panicked. *Shit. That doesn’t help me at all! Why did this fucking version of me have to use euphemisms in dirty talk? What the fuck does “tough love” mean?* She was just about to open her mouth and try to somehow get a bit more clarity when she paused. The way that Christine had said tough love almost made it sound like an object rather than an activity. No, now that Stacy thought about it, she was sure of it. She took a chance on that interpretation, sounding as confident as she could as she said, “Good idea, princess. I like it when you know what you deserve. Fetch it for me.”

Thank God. It looked like she had once again managed to say the right thing. Christine nodded with a look of lustful anxiety on her face and jumped up, her pierced tits bouncing with her haste as she crossed the room and reentered the bedroom. Stacy watched with fascination through the door as Christine knelt by the bed, rooting around underneath it with her ass wiggling in the air, her juicy pussy on full display. It was a mesmerizing display, but Stacy had little time to enjoy it. Christine found what she was looking for within a minute and pulled it out.

She turned and trotted back with it, lust winning its battle with fear in her shining eyes. It was some sort of leather harness, with jingling metal buckles. Stacy wasn’t even sure what she was looking at until Christine knelt again and held it up for her, just like she had the riding crop. That was when she noticed the thick black dildo attached to the harness, and an erotic shock crackled through her.

A strap-on.

Stan had known what a strap-on was, of course, and had seen them in porn before. But he had never seen one in real life. And, as far as she knew, none of the other versions of Stacy ever had either. The wicked, shiny black harness with its jutting rubber phallus represented a breathtaking commitment to dominant sexuality that immediately made a dark, unexpected hunger rise in Stacy's belly.

Christine not only allowed her girlfriend to fuck her with the massive strapon, but she was the one who suggested it in this case.

She wanted her mistress to fuck her...

"Put it on me," said Stacy in a low growl. Maybe the sight of the strap on should have made her hesitate more. Pull back and reevaluate how much she wanted to live in the role of this particular version of herself. But she had just had an infuriating revelation that her sister had stabbed her in the back. She needed to relieve her tension. And her obsession and crush was now kneeling in front of her, staring up at her with submissive lust, practically begging to be fucked hard.

Stacy wasn't made of stone. She needed this right now, and no matter how potentially concerning the dynamics of her relationship with Cristine were, Christine seemed totally eager for what was about to happen.

Stacy lifted her arms and spread her legs slightly as Christine gently tugged her pants off, leaving her standing in just her damp panties. Then, Christine slipped the harness through her legs and strapped it over each hip. When it came right down to it, it was more or less a pair of heavy-duty panties with heavy straps to keep things in place rather than just an elastic waistband. Well.... that and a fake cock.

Finally, it was all in place. Stacy reached down and wrapped her hand around the thick girth of the dildo attached to her waist, giving it a few experimental tugs. It was uncanny. She had lived as Stan for her whole life up until a week or so ago, and the idea of having a cock should be totally familiar to her. But somehow, this felt different. Obviously, there was no sensation like with a real dick. But, strangely, as Christine knelt beneath her, eyes turned upward to stare with laser-like intensity at the stiff rubber phallus between her thighs, the dildo gave Stacy a sense of power and control that her penis had never given her when she was a man.

She wanted to experience what that sexual power felt like.

"Suck my cock," she demanded in a low growl. Stacy didn't even worry about whether or not this was something that this version of her would say anymore. Somehow she knew that it was right. Christine was swift to obey, pressing forward to extend her tongue and lick up the length of the thick black dildo, pausing at the tip to gently kiss the head, staring upward at her Mistress with wide, adoring eyes. Then she swiftly sunk down, engulfing the rubber cock in her sweet mouth in one smooth motion.

Stacy felt a little cheated as she watched Christine bob obediently up and down the dildo. It was fascinatingly erotic to watch Christine's soft, feminine lips stretched by the thick, realistically-molded phallus, but she couldn't help but wish that Christine had been willing to do this for Stan back when he had a cock that could feel the submissive service of her tongue. Instead, back when she had a cock that could have used a blowjob, Christine had shallowly chosen a cute boy over him and left Stan behind.

The thought just made Stacy feel more willing to punish Christine. She pulled the now-dripping dildo from Christine's mouth with a wet pop and slapped its slick, shiny surface against her girlfriend's cheek with a couple of gentle thwaps. "I think we have enough lube, babe. Now I want you to bend over for me and take your punishment like a good girl."

Christine nodded shakily and scrambled up on wobbly legs, her pierced tits swinging and wobbling as she gripped the back of the sofa for support, spreading her thighs and leaning forward, then angling her hips upward, presenting a breathtaking view of her flushed, sopping-wet pussy. Christine's whole body throbbed and ached with lust at the sight. The beautiful, delicate pussy that Stacy had longed for was offered up to her eagerly.

How could she say no?

Stacy strode forward and rubbed the saliva-slicked dildo up and down her girlfriend's juicy slit, thrilling at the breathy gasp that the teasing drew from Christine's throat. The sight of her puffy lower lips parting around the tip of the dildo, revealing her inner pinkness, was enough to make Stacy's own pussy flutter and clench with lust. It was time to give Christine the punishment that Stacy wasn't certain that she deserved, but she was certainly begging for right now.

Stacy pushed forward, pressing the tip of the dildo against Christine's tight, wet opening and encountering slight resistance as she eased it inside. She watched, horny and fascinated, as the thick dildo spread her girlfriend's pink lips wide, stuffing her full as it moved in inch by inch. Christine groaned and panted in a mixture of pain and rapturous ecstasy, holding the edge of the couch in a white-knuckled grip, her legs shaking slightly from the sensations.

Stacy gripped Christine's hips in both hands, relishing the feel of her girlfriend's warm, naked skin in her grip. On the one hand, there was a certain hollowness to penetrating Christine with a strapon. She couldn't feel any sensation of the inside of her girlfriend's pussy. But, on the other hand, that was made up for by the intense feeling of dominance. She was making Christine feel this way. Christine was submitting to her power and control, and noisily getting off from her utter submission. It was an intoxicating feeling.

And it only grew stronger as she began to move, pushing her hips forward and back, slowly at first, then with growing speed. Christine whimpered with slutty need, squeaking out, "Harder! Fuck me, Mistress! Make me sorry! Teach me to be your good girl." She was up on tiptoes now

as she ground her wide hips back against Christine's punishing strokes, her toes flexing against the hardwood, trying to get as much leverage as possible.

Without even thinking about it, Stacy's hand flashed down in a reverberating spank, cracking against Christine's soft ass and leaving a red handprint. Christine let out a sharp, guttural cry of pain and pleasure, but she didn't object. Stacy knew she wouldn't. She understood now, on a deep, primal level. Christine was hers. She owned her cute little sub, and she could play with Christine's body however she wanted. The heated words poured out of her in a growl as her hips snapped forward again and again. "You're mine, Christine. You don't belong to that fucking shelter, and you especially don't belong to that pretty-boy douchebag. You understand? You are going to be my good girl forever and do exactly as I say."

"Yes! Yes!" moaned Christine, her thighs shaking and her knees wobbling as Christine slammed into her from behind. "I'm yours. All yours, Mistress. All yours, my love. I don't care about anyone else."

Christine could hear the sincerity in Christine's words, and they filled her with a swelling sense of power. She might not have been able to feel Christine's pussy gripping her, but she could hear the intense, genuine submission in every word coming from between her panting, glossy lips.

This was the power that Stacy had gone all her life without experiencing as Stan. The intoxicating feeling of control over a submissive. Stacy's hip thrust forward, again and again, faster and faster as Stacy let out wails of pleasure. The sexual pleasure element of pegging Christine was lacking, but the sense of complete dominance more than made up for it. Beneath her, Christine arched her back up dramatically, her legs wobbling and slutty moans pouring out of her as she came completely undone, surrendering to a powerful orgasm.

Instinctively, Stacy spanked her girlfriend as she orgasmed, which only drove Christine into greater spasms of pleasure. Stacy just watched, enjoying the sight of how powerfully she could make her girlfriend cum, until Christine slumped, hanging tight to the edge of the couch. Then Stacy withdrew the rubber cock from her girlfriend's pussy and pulled her up into a gentle kiss.

Besides being fun, the sex had also cleared her head. Not being sure what to do about Wendy stabbing her in the back was Stan behavior. Stacy didn't wring her hands and hesitate. When someone stabbed her in the back, she made sure that they paid for it.

Putting Christine in her place had shown Stacy how this version of her dealt with problems: dominating and crushing them without mercy.

So it was time to head down to the lab and do exactly that.

...

Wendy sat in the lab, doing her best to relax as she waited for Stacy.

But, despite breathing deeply and trying to think calming thoughts, her knee bounced irritably and she kept fiddling with her badge. Stacy was late. Late to the meeting where they would discuss how to get Wendy out of this hellhole. Wendy couldn't shake the suspicion that Stacy was dragging her feet just because of how well things seemed to be going for her in this timeline. If that was the case, Wendy might have no choice but to work behind Stacy's back again.

But Stacy was already suspicious! The complex, high-stakes situation made Wendy's head hurt. She could remember a time when she faced tricky problems with confidence and sharp intelligence, but, whether it was the stress of this awful timeline, or the latent inferiority of this version of herself, Wendy found it difficult to think through her issues right now.

Everything should become clearer when Stacy finally showed up to the meeting. Wendy could just wait for that and figure things out afterward.

Just as she was thinking that, Wendy heard the door to the lab open and footsteps thumping down the stairs. She felt a massive wave of relief. Stacy was late, but at least she still took this meeting seriously enough to show up. It was a good sign. Maybe Wendy could still work with her sister after all.

"It took you long enough," said Wendy with a sigh, turning toward the stairs in her swivel chair. Her blood went cold, and whatever she was about to say flew out of her brain completely as she saw who stood at the bottom of the stairs: Derrick Young, wearing a wide, predatory grin on his pudgy face.

Oh fuck.

"I thought you said your sister had a lot of lab work for you," said Derrick with a chuckle, stalking forward with his hands clasped behind his back. "...and yet I find you here just sitting around. Idle hands are the devil's plaything, Sparx."

Wendy gulped. This was the worst-case scenario. Her earlier burst of memory had made it clear that she had trouble saying 'no' to this creep. She had to find some way to put him off, or things were going to get weird in a hurry.

In her previous timelines, Wendy would simply have firmly told Derrick to fuck off. She had never had a problem putting presumptuous men in their place. But this version of herself somehow struggled. As Derrick stalked closer, looming above Wendy as she sat in her swivel chair, Wendy somehow couldn't summon up the sharp, dismissive words that she knew would drive him away. Instead, her body flushed with a dirty heat, almost like it was warming itself up for whatever Derrick had in mind: already waving the white flag before she even attempted to resist.

Despite her first instinct to just tell Derrick to get the fuck out of her lab, what actually came out was, “Sh-she actually told me to wait for her here. She’s g-gonna be here soon.” She hated how it sounded like a nervous squeak, but it felt like all of her strength had drained away, replaced by an aching throb of reluctant arousal.

Her weak protest did nothing to deter Derrick. His hand reached down to Wendy’s chin, forcing her to look up at his leering eyes. “Well... if you’re just waiting for her, that will give us plenty of time for a little experiment.”

Wendy knew that she should yell, scream, punch... anything that might scare this creep enough to back off. But there was a major problem with that plan. A huge part of Wendy didn’t want to fight. That dark, twisted desire was growing and growing inside her. She was being pulled down into depravity by her own submissive subconscious.

“I...I don’t think that we have time!” she whined, but Derrick was already sliding his hand down to grip her wrist, then pulling her hand over to rest on his bulge. Wendy could feel it throbbing and pulsing under her hand. Smaller than her boyfriend’s but hard as a rock. Feeling the cock of this horrible man she had always hated, even under a few layers of cloth, simultaneously aroused and disturbed her. On the one hand, being treated this way by the likes of Derrick was humiliating. But, on the other hand, Wendy was beginning to find humiliation more and more erotic.

She started pulling her hand away, determined to resist the depravity, but then Derrick’s voice rang out, sharp and confident. “Hold it right there, slut. As my assistant, your job is to do as I say. And I say that you’re going to rub my bulge for me. Got it?”

Wendy paused, fighting against the eager, humiliating submission that swelled up inside her. She looked up into Derrick’s beady eyes, filled with insulting confidence that she would do exactly what he said... and she lost her struggle. With part of her screaming in protest deep inside her, Wendy played the role of the submissive slut that this version of her clearly was. Her hand gripped the shape of Derrick’s erection, tentatively at first, then harder, rubbing along its length as she stared up into his approving eyes.

Doing something like this for a man she despised and looked down on shouldn’t feel good, but somehow it did. Wendy could feel her nipples growing stiff and a moist heat building between her thighs as her fingers traced the outlines of Derrick’s cock through his pants. She tried to tell herself that this wasn’t her fault: that she was just playing a role, that the messed up brain chemistry of this version of herself was fucking with her senses. But all of those excuses were hypothetical, and her shameful, building lust was real and rock-solid, an undeniable burning weight inside her.

“Unzip me. Take it out,” said Derrick in a voice wheezing with excitement. He looked like a kid in a fucking candy store, and Wendy couldn’t help but think that, on the bright side, he would

probably burst very quickly when she touched his cock directly. And she was going to. That knowledge hit her like a ton of bricks. For some reason, she couldn't say no to this asshole, and he was going to do whatever he wanted with her. That thought only made her shameful desire blaze even higher. Her face flamed with a hot blush as she unzipped Derrick, took a deep breath, and began fishing inside his pants.

When her fingers made contact with his hot, hard cock, it sent a sizzle of sexual electricity through Wendy, tracing down her spine to tingle between her legs. It was just a loser's average-sized cock. It shouldn't have this sort of effect on her. But, here and now, being pushed by an arrogant man standing above her to service him, it didn't matter how impressive the cock in question was, only that Wendy had to touch it whether she liked it or not.

Wendy pulled the hard dick out of Derrick's pants, and then there she was, holding the cock of a man she barely considered worth sneering at just a few short weeks ago. Completely defeated, and horny beyond belief because of it. She stared up at Derrick's gloating expression, feeling the sting of her humiliation... and felt a twinge of anxiety. She could tell based on the hunger in Derrick's eyes that a simple hand job wasn't where he planned to stop tonight.

"Suck it," he commanded in a rough whisper.

She stared up at him in shock. He couldn't really expect her to do that, could he? She had a fucking boyfriend! Just touching his cock was bad enough and... and fuck... why was her mouth watering all of a sudden? She had to control herself or she just might...

Her eyes locked onto Derrick's hard cock right in front of her face, and she unconsciously licked her lips. It would be so fucking humiliating to give in and seal her lips around his cock. The thought alone made waves of anxious pleasure pulse over her. She shouldn't... she couldn't... it made no fucking sense. Wendy's lips parted, her breath coming in hot gasps. Derrick's hand reached down to cup the back of her head, pulling her closer, and she did nothing to fight back.

Nothing but a little whimper of shame escaped Wendy's lips as she shut her eyes, unwilling to witness her defeat. With her vision cut off, her sensation of touch was intensified as her lips scraped across the soft skin of Derrick's cock head, and as it pressed insistently against her tongue, it seemed like the salty taste of his dripping precum filled her brain. She hesitated, feeling the overwhelming humiliation of holding his cock in her mouth. She could tell, based on the way he had been talking about it, that this was a step further than this version of her had gone yet with Derrick. So, in a way, she was even sluttier than this pathetic submissive version of herself. With that thought burning in her mind, Wendy swirled her tongue around the swollen cockhead in her mouth, then began slowly bobbing her head.

"That's it," said Derrick above her, breathing so hard through his nose in sheer excitement that he was practically snorting, "Good girl. Suck my fucking cock." His hand was firm on the back of Wendy's head, pulling her in, forcing his cock deeper into her hot, wet mouth. It bumped against the back of her throat, and Wendy expected to gag... only to find out that that apparently wasn't

a problem for this version of her. Derrick's cock was able to slide into her tight throat without issue. It seemed like this iteration of Wendy had practice with deepthroating... hopefully with her boyfriend, although Wendy wouldn't have been willing to put money on that at this point.

Wendy found it hard to breathe, not just because Derrick kept shoving her nose against his pubic hair while his balls pressed against her chin. Her kinky pleasure at being dominated this way was suffocating, clouding her mind and overwhelming her. Her pussy was buzzing with desperate, needy heat between her legs as her neck bobbed, taking Derrick deep into her slutty throat.

Derrick had been much more successful in dominating her than Wendy had ever expected, but that just proved how pathetic she had become: Derrick was still a perverted nerd, and he wasn't going to last long while throat fucking a gorgeous woman like Wendy.

Wendy had lost track of time in her lustful haze, but it felt like less than five minutes passed before Derrick grunted and thrust himself balls deep into her throat, spurting a hot, thick load of cum straight down into her stomach. Wendy closed her eyes again, feeling his cock pulse as it shot its seed into her, reflecting on how far she had fallen as her body thrummed with arousal.

And right then, with Derrick's cock thrust deep down her throat and his hand tangled in her hair, as the last spurts of cum leaked out, Wendy heard the door open again. Wendy panicked, but Derrick didn't release his grip on her head immediately, instead, keeping his spent cock buried in her throat for a moment longer, as if to remind her that she wasn't the one who decided when they were finished. He kept himself thrust balls deep for what felt like an eternity as the sounds of someone descending the stairs echoed in Wendy's ears.

Then, when it seemed too late, he withdrew his cock, wiped it on her face, leaving a trail of saliva and sperm, then tucked it away just in time for Stacy to round the corner, looking regal and cold in her labcoat, tight skirt, and tall high heels. Stacy's cool blue eyes flashed over Derrick zipping himself up, the messy smear on her sister's cheek, and their relative positions. She snorted and shook her head, a look of disgust and pity crossing her face that only deepened Wendy's humiliation.

After a lingering glance at Wendy, Stacy's eyes turned to Derrick, and her lips curled into a sneer. "Researcher Young, I'm not sure I'm comfortable with you coming down here on your own to borrow..." Her eyes flicked to Wendy again with a smirk. "...lab equipment."

In contrast to his swaggering attitude with Wendy, Derrick looked almost sheepish now. Clasp his hands and saying, "Of course, researcher Sparx. How thoughtless of me. I'll be sure to call your assistant up to the lab whenever I need her help."

If Wendy was hoping Stacy would put her foot down and tell Derrick to leave her alone, she was disappointed. "Good," said Stacy with a shrug, seemingly bored with the topic, "Now get out of my lab, Young. I need to have a chat with my assistant."

“Oh course. Right away.” Derrick made for the stairs, casting one more gloating look behind him as he went. In a few seconds, the thuds of his footsteps retreated, and the door licked shut behind him.

Stacy and Wendy stared at each other for a moment. Just from the energy she felt in the room, Wendy knew that this wasn't going to be a calm, constructive conversation about their best options for getting back to the original timeline. Her body still pulsed with arousal, and Stacy glared down at her as if she were a particularly disgusting insect.

Finally, Stacy broke the silence. “Clean yourself up,” she said with an impatient sigh. “You look fucking ridiculous.”

With a furious blush, Wendy swiped at her cheek with a sleeve, cleaning off the smear of cum. Shit. She probably looked like a pathetic slut. Not a good footing to begin their conversation. But Wendy needed to convince Stacy to work on another trip to the past ASAP, no matter how silly she had just looked. “Stacy,” she said carefully, trying to summon up some of that old commanding confidence she had always used to order Stan around, “We need to talk about our plans for...”

“I figured it out, you know,” said Stacy, her bright blue eyes boring straight into Wendy as she loomed over her sister on her heels.

Wendy faltered, a stab of apprehension lancing through her. “Wh-what?” she asked, dumbfounded. “I’m not sure I understand what...”

“I know what you did. On the last trip to the past,” said Stacy, clicking forward until she was standing directly above Wendy, her face oddly serene. “You should have known that I would figure it out, sis. It was only a matter of time until a memory burst filled me in. It would have been smarter to just admit it right away.”

Wendy’s eyes were wide, and her face drained of blood. Shit shit shit. This was bad. It was exactly the scenario she had feared. She had hoped that they could right the timelines quickly enough that Stacy would never discover her treachery. She scooted back on the swivel chair out of sheer discomfort, only to have Stacy step forward again, giving her no space. Oddly, her sister’s domineering glare sent a strange little shiver of arousal through Wendy. It was only because she had just been dominated by Derrick... but it was still bizarre and unwelcome, and made Wendy even more flustered.

“It was a move of desperation,” she tried to explain. “Once we had fixed this tangle of timelines, we could have done another trip to fix your academic career.”

Stacy stared down at Wendy impassively, then shook her head. “Nope. Sorry, sis,” she said wearily. “I’m not some nerdy boy that you can push around anymore. I’m not going to buy a

stupid lie like that just because you're the one saying it. You tried to burn me because you couldn't handle my success."

Wendy shook her head fiercely, trying not to bend to Stacy's powerful energy. "That's... that's bullshit! You stole my invention! That's the only reason you have this success at all!"

"Maybe I did," Stacy fired back, crossing her arms and cocking a hip as she glared down her nose at Wendy. "But I improved it. I mastered it. More than you ever did. And seeing me succeed made you so angry that you decided to ruin my life."

Wendy's gut twisted at the naked pain and anger in her sister's voice. "No... no that's not..." She couldn't even finish the denial. Stacy had her dead to rights.

"But you underestimated me," said Stacy coldly, continuing on as if Wendy hadn't spoken. "Just like you always have. Your little trick only fired me up. Made me grow up fast to become cunning and strong enough to counteract it. In a way, I guess I should be thanking you."

"Stacy, I... I apologise. What I did was wrong," said Wendy desperately. "But we need to focus on what's really important here. We need a new plan to fix this mess and take us back to where we really belong."

"No."

Wendy stared up at her sister in confusion, not even sure what she was saying. "No? What do you mean, 'no'?"

"I mean that your time travel privileges have been revoked," said Stacy with a raised eyebrow. "Until I feel like I can trust you again. Like I said before, we have gone off half-cocked too many times, with subpar results each time. I'm going to take a while, relax, and really think through our next step. In the meantime, you are going to show me how sorry you are for your little stunt."

Wendy felt like her world was crumbling around her. Stacy couldn't be serious! "Stan... Stacy, whoever you are, you have no idea how bad things are for me here!" she said in a rush. "You can't do this to me!"

"Dont... call me... Stan. Someone could be listening," said Stacy in a voice brittle with icy rage as she leaned it to go nose-to-nose with her sister. "And you should have considered the risks before you stabbed me in the back!" Wendy qualified back, for a second feeling that strange thrill of arousal again. Stacy sneered at her lightly, then turned and headed toward the stairs.

"We can revisit this later in the week... or, you know what? Maybe next week is better. It will give me more time to think," she said over her shoulder.

Wendy tried to think of something, anything that would make her suddenly cruel and dominant younger sister change her mind, but she drew a total blank. Then Stacy was gone, up the stairs and out the door, leaving Wendy all alone in the basement lab with the humming computers.

She put her head in her hands and tried to think of some way out of the box she was trapped in. She had the impression that Stacy's life was going very well for her in this timeline. Who was to say that the one week of "thinking time" might not stretch into two? Or a month? Or a year?

Wendy might be stuck in this timeline where she was a disrespected slut for a long time if she couldn't find a way around her younger sister's new prohibition.

As Wendy was feeling sorry for herself, her phone buzzed. Wendy picked it up to read what message had come in, more to distract herself than anything. But what she read didn't make her feel relieved at all. It was a message from Roger, reading:

[Where are you right now? I swear to God, if I find out you've been hanging out with that creep at work again, I'm going to have to punish you, you little slut.]

Wendy had a bad feeling about this, too. Roger had never taken that sort of tone with her... but for some reason it made the submissive lust bubbling inside her grow even hotter.

Wendy sat back in the chair, frozen with indecision.

How to convince Stacy or circumvent her... How to shut down whatever plans Derrick had for her... Even how to respond to Roger. She had no idea.

Maybe the perfect Wendy of previous iterations would have come up with something immediately, but this Wendy just sat there in confused frustration, her pussy throbbing with unfulfilled lust and her belly gurgling with a nerd's cum.