

A Bitch in Time



Rabblelaid

Jack the Monkey

PART 3

Stacy frowned in confusion, looking first at her furious sister, still on her knees on the platform, then toward her crisp white lab coat, which had suddenly appeared during the change... then up to the coffee shop napkin that had suddenly appeared on the wall, framed and behind glass.

The changes in the timeline had definitely been less dramatic this time, but they were just as bewildering. Her badge said "Senior Researcher" and Wendy's said "Junior Researcher".

"What the fuck happened?" she asked in a stunned voice, turning back to Wendy, who seemed to have somehow grasped the situation immediately.

Wendy pointed a finger at the framed napkin behind the glass, covered with dense scribbles of ink, her finger shaking with fury. "That's the napkin that I gave to you three years ago. And I *told* you to pass it along to me."

Stacy frowned, then her eyes widened. "Wait... you think I stole it? You think I used the napkin to invent the time machine before you could?" she asked in an appalled voice. "You know that I would never do something like that! You really think I would just backstab you for my own gain?"

"I don't 'think' anything," snarled Wendy, getting up from her knees and hurrying down off the platform toward the terminal. "They didn't make you a senior researcher for your stunning C- C-level work in your undergraduate classes." Stacy took the insult like a slap in the face, momentarily too stunned to speak. She knew that Wendy was smarter than her. Everybody knew. But she had never realized how much contempt Wendy had for her intellect and abilities until it had spilled out just now under stress. She followed her sister down the stairs slowly, processing the new discovery of exactly how little Wendy thought of her.

Wendy clicked irritably through menus on the computer and let out a frustrated sigh. "You clearly designed the program, too. It's barely usable!" Stacy peered over her sister's shoulder, getting more annoyed by the minute. The interface didn't look "barely usable" to her. In fact, it seemed like things had been laid out more efficiently and intuitively.

Wendy groaned and put her head down on the desk, her fingers in her hair. Her fury and despair were getting on Stacy's nerves a little. Even if it was true that this was some sort of nightmare timeline, which Stacy wasn't prepared to admit, then so what? The whole point of what they were doing was to undo all the changes to the timeline. Wendy hadn't been this devastated when Stacy changed her entire fucking gender, but suddenly a switch in job titles had her coming apart at the seams!

Stacy stood tapping her foot for a moment, waiting for Wendy to pull herself together. Wendy was always the one who knew what to do, but tonight she just seemed defeated. Wendy kept her head down on the desk with her fingers threaded through her hair in frustration. Stacy

pinched her nose. Her older sister was no doubt burnt out and exhausted. She was, too. They had worked around the clock to set up this journey back into the past. And they had both been running on empty even before they discovered that their plan hadn't worked. They weren't going to get anything else useful done tonight.

"Come on," she said, suddenly bone tired, shaking her sister's shoulder. "We need to go home and get some sleep. We're no good for anything right now."

Wendy turned her head to glare up at her. "Oh, I'm sure you would love to just go home and live your life now that things are going well for you," she said acidly. "You're happy about this change, aren't you?"

Stacy's lips drew into a hard line. Maybe it was the fact that she was too tired to deal with Wendy's sudden breakdown right now. Maybe it was the time she had spent yesterday in the life of her female self, who seemed to have less trouble standing up to her sister. Or maybe it was just the fact that she was wearing a lab coat and heels, but Stacy had had enough.

"Don't act like you're the victim here, sis," she said sharply. "In case you hadn't noticed, I had my entire life ripped away and replaced with a new one. So I'm sorry that your precious, shiny job title got stolen. Hopefully we can get it back for you in the process of regrowing my dick."

Wendy stared up at Stacy, the blood draining from her face as her mouth fell open. She looked stunned and appalled, like a dog had suddenly stood up and begun insulting her. "You... you..." she said vaguely, so surprised by her younger sister suddenly snapping at her that she couldn't even get properly angry.

"I'm going home to bed," said Stacy flatly, turning away and heading toward the stairs. "And I suggest you do the same. I'll call you tomorrow, bright and early, and we can see what we can do to fix this."

"Don't forget who's in charge here," Wendy finally managed to say, her voice a little shrill.

Stacy turned back to look at her with her hand on the stair railing. Had Wendy always looked so small and unimpressive, or was that just a change that happened in this timeline? Her skin wasn't as perfect as it had been, with some noticeable blemishes. And her hair seemed duller and drier, if only the tiniest bit. Emboldened by a sudden, strange sense of superiority, Stacy raised an eyebrow.

"Ok. So what do YOU suggest we do?"

Wendy glared at Stacy, their eyes meeting in a brief but fierce contest of wills. Bizarrely, Wendy found that her younger sister refused to give in, her eyes clear and confident despite her fatigue. Wendy blinked, then looked away, blushing lightly. "Ok. Fine. You're right. We need rest. I'll talk to you tomorrow," she muttered.

"A very wise decision, fearless leader," said Stacy dryly, then climbed the stairs up from the basement lab, her body aching for rest.

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Luckily for Stacy, it seemed that she still lived in the same apartment as the last iteration of the timeline, so she didn't need to do any detective work with her exhausted brain. It appeared, probing her memories carefully, that everything was intact. She was still the same person who had started out as a male a few days ago. The only difference now was the foreign memories that occasionally popped into her brain. Well, that and the fact that she had different genitalia now. Thanks to her memories, Stacy found her way back to the dorm room, took a few frantic seconds to strip off her clothes, then collapsed into bed, falling asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow.

It wasn't until she woke up that she noticed the changes in her room since the last iteration. Instead of slouchy hoodies and ripped jeans, her wardrobe was filled with sharp, fashionable clothes. She seemed to own more heels than flats in this timeline, and the amount of jewelry and accessories neatly laid out on her dresser top made her head spin.

And that was the other thing. In the last iteration of the timeline, Stacy had been sort of a slob. It didn't look like that was the case any longer. Everything was neat and orderly on her side of the room, matching Christine's tidy half.

It was sort of a relief to see that Christine was still here, sleeping peacefully and looking like an angel in her bed across the room. At least not everything had changed this time around. She went off to the showers with a caddy filled with shampoo and conditioner, a lot fancier than the day before. On her way, she was surprised to see that the girls she passed in the hall smiled and made way for her, crowding to the side of the hall to let her through.

Communal female showers were still... interesting. Even experiencing them in the previous timeline, Stacy still wasn't sure where to look. She had so many built-up memories of being a man that it felt a little wrong for girls to easily and unselfconsciously undress around her. But, despite the fact that this female version of her was a lesbian, there wasn't the slightest hesitation from the smiling, sudsy girls in the shower room, calling out greetings to Stacy as she entered without a care in the world.

It was strange... Everyone in this version of the timeline almost seemed eager to please her. Was it just because she was a senior researcher at the physics lab? Why would they even care about that?

When she got back to the dorm room, Christine was awake, lying back in bed and staring at her phone. Stacy thought about saying good morning, but held back, feeling a little awkward. During

the last iteration, she had discovered that her past self had been manipulating her roommate, trying to entice Christine into a sexual relationship. It had felt a little underhanded to be honest. She wasn't sure if this version of herself had been doing the same thing, and, honestly, she didn't want to be part of a relationship founded on manipulation and lies like that.

So, instead of engaging with Christine, Stacy returned to her dresser, looking with bewilderment at the assortment of skin treatments that this more appearance-conscious version of herself apparently used. She didn't notice the slight creak as Christine got out of bed, so the first warning of her approach was when her roommate's arms snaked around her, pressing her warm, curvy body against her towel-clad form from behind.

"Morning, Stacy," said Christine's warm and playful voice in her ear. "Are you trying to ignore me?"

There was no warning for the sudden flood of memories this time, just a gushing torrent of red-hot sensation, flooding Stacy's brain.

She was drunk, her entire body buzzing with warm, cozy heat, and Christine had never looked better. As Stacy watched with fascinated eyes, Christine gave her a crooked smile and tugged her t-shirt up and over her head, tossing it to the side. The first serious casualty in their game of strip poker.

Stacy's eyes feasted on Christine's tits, still covered by a casual, conservative bra. It was even less revealing than a typical bikini, but the sight still flooded Stacy's veins with wet, molten lust. It wasn't about what was currently revealed; it was about what could be revealed. The potential of the moment thrummed with sexual tension. Christine knew that Stacy was a lesbian. Stacy didn't keep her sexuality a secret. And yet, she had still shyly agreed to play a game of strip poker, knowing that her lesbian roommate might get to see everything.

It was the end of a months-long game of teasing seduction that had already yielded a few "playful, meaningless" makeout sessions. Well, if Stacy had her way, tonight might be playful, but it wouldn't be meaningless at all. She poured her roommate and soon-to-be lover another glass of wine, and the game played on.

Stacy felt her hunger and lust burning brighter and hotter inside her as more clothes came off. Christine was giggling and blushing, but she never hesitated. Soon, they were both in only underwear, sitting cross-legged across from each other on their dorm room floor.

And Stacy lost another hand.

This felt like a point of no return. Taking off her bra right now would display her erect nipples and show beyond a shadow of a doubt how horny this whole situation was

making her, and change the tone from “silly, slightly risque fun” to something much more explicitly sexual.

But Stacy was ready for that, and, after months of subtle teasing and flirting, she knew that Christine was ready too. When she finally unhooked her bra and pulled it slowly away, Christine couldn't stop a wave of nervous giggles... but she didn't stop the game, and Stacy noticed that her shining eyes couldn't seem to look away from her “platonic friend's” tits. When Christine lost the next hand, Stacy's heart roared with triumph as she saw that the soft pink nipples on Christine's firm D-cups were just as stiff as hers.

Just like she thought, the atmosphere had changed. The only times that their eyes were off each other's practically naked bodies was when they made lingering eye contact. Stacy wanted to get it over with... to toss the cards aside and pounce on the forbidden fruit she had been eyeing for so long... but she resisted. She had to play the game to its conclusion, She didn't want to scare her prey away now that she was so fucking close.

Their play was sloppy now, cards held in shaking hands, voices rough with longing as they announced their plays. Stacy lost again, and when her soaked panties were tossed across the room, she spread her legs brazenly, letting Christine stare at her flushed, dripping pussy with wide eyes. Christine herself was next. As she hooked her thumbs through her cute, pink panties, Stacy couldn't resist a teasing barb.

“Uh-oh,” she said, her eyes glittering as she drank in the sight of Christine's final covering slipping down her pale, shapely thighs. “Showing your pussy off to someone else? What will poor Tucker think?”

She felt a dizzying rush of triumph as Christine didn't even try to pretend they were doing something innocent anymore. She just giggled, looked away, and whispered, “Well... I guess we'll just have to keep it a secret between besties.” Stacy grinned wide, her eyes locked on to her “bestie's” pussy, which was swollen and glistening with the same passion she felt drumming in her veins.

The final hand was close. Two full houses, but Christine held the higher cards.

“But we're both naked now,” said Christine in a smoky voice, leaning forward toward her lesbian roommate with a playful glimmer in her green eyes. “There's nothing left for you to take off...”

“I guess I'll just have to make it up to you some other way,” said Stacy with a smirk, leaning forward as well, feeling the volatile sexual electricity crackling between them.

They were all over each other in an instant, lips locked and tongues tangling, hot, soft skin sliding against each other as they tumbled, hands searching, feeling, discovering

every forbidden inch of the other's body. Stacy felt the wild rush of power and victory as Christine moaned into her mouth, grabbing her hand and guiding it between her trembling thighs, silently begging Stacy to teach her the pleasures of sapphic love.

The memory fragmented into a sweaty blur of eager, frenzied sex. Now, the images bursting into Stacy's mind were just white-hot pornographic flashes.

Christine whimpered and writhed beneath her as she trapped a tender nipple between her teeth.

Christine's wide, doe-like eyes soft and submissive as she took her first taste of pussy, desperate for Stacy's approval.

Christine and Stacy's juicy cunts, rubbing together with slick pressure as Stacy rolled her hips, mashing her pussy into Christine's.

Stacy sucked in a harsh breath, coming back to the present and feeling her roommate's braless tits crush into her back from behind beneath the thin layer of her pajama shirt.

"You were out like a light by the time I got home last night," said Christine in her ear, a playful pout in her voice. "I was hoping we could have some 'girl talk'."

Girl talk. As she was coming down from the intense burst of memory, the innuendo made perfect sense to Stacy. It was what she and Christine called making out. She felt stunned by the overwhelming sexual memory that had just washed over her. This version of her had succeeded where both Stan and the previous Stacy had failed: this Stacy had fucked Christine. She had even managed it while Christine was still dating Tucker, and, as a cherry on top, she had maintained a good relationship with Christine. She even still made out with her semi-frequently!

The deluge of memories made it clear that the night of sexual passion had been a one-time thing... so far at least. But Christine was far more open to bisexual experimentation than Stacy had ever realized... and also fascinatingly willing to keep the whole thing secret from her boyfriend.

"Long night at the lab," said Stacy in a carefully neutral voice. Her skin seemed to tingle where Christine grazed it. She had no idea how to treat Stan's former ex-girlfriend. She was simultaneously elated to finally have experienced sex with the girl of her dreams, and frustrated that she only got that first time through a wash of implanted memories. She was simultaneously in awe of the bravery and social skills of this version of herself... and also disgusted by the fact that she had manipulated a taken woman into her bed.

"It's always a long night at the lab for you, Stace," said Christine fondly, finally releasing her and beginning to gather her own shower supplies. "You need to give that brain a rest sometimes, girl."

"Yeah," said Stacy, slumping down onto her bed, her body feeling warm and weak from the sudden assault of adrenaline and endorphins her memory had caused her. She was suddenly unbelievably horny. Just thinking about the practiced, confident ways that she had played with Christine's body... this version of her knew everything about female pleasure... what spots to stroke... to tease. Stacy was certain that Stan would never have been able to coax those sounds from Christine's throat in a million years.

It made her eager to try them out elsewhere...

Stacy was trying to think of something else she could say to Christine so that she didn't sound like a total moron, when she was saved by the sound of her ringing phone. The caller ID said "Big Sis". Ah. Yes, they did have plenty to discuss, didn't they?

"Sorry," she said, pointing to the phone with an apologetic smile. "It's Wendy. I had better take this. Do you think you could...?"

Christine didn't look offended at all. She scooped up her towel and made her way to the door with a grin and a mock salute. "No worries. When duty calls, the campus wunderkind answers. See you later, Stace... Still want to have some girl talk later."

She winked as she closed the door behind her, leaving Stacy with a squirming ball of hesitant lust in her belly and an upset sister to talk to.

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Wendy's brain felt practically fried with rage and fatigue by the time she made it home from the lab. Her little sister, who she had always been so kind to despite Stacy's many MANY deficiencies, had stabbed her in the back and stolen her proper recognition.

And what made it even worse was that Stacy didn't even recognise the gravity of what she had done. She seemed to think that this monumental betrayal was no big deal: just something that would be water under the bridge when she returned to her male self. But Wendy wouldn't forget. She swore it right then and there. Once she was back to her rightful place as head researcher, and Stacy was back as Stan, she would make sure he was properly sorry for what he had done.

In the meantime, she needed fucking sleep. Her mood didn't improve when she made it back to her apartment. She frowned when she flicked on the lights, glaring around the cluttered living room... There was a laundry basket filled with socks and panties taking up half of the sitting space on the couch, and the sink in the kitchenette had half a dozen dirty dishes sitting in it. It was unacceptable. This simply wasn't how Wendy Sparx lived her life.

Even worse, after she reluctantly decided to leave the mess for one more night and deal with it in the morning, a horrifying sight met her eyes in the bathroom mirror as she brushed her teeth.

She had a pimple on her nose! A big one! A quick search revealed that this version of her had a frankly negligent skincare routine with only a few simple products.

So not only was this Wendy a lowly junior researcher, but she was also a lazy slob. Was that really all that it had taken to steer her off the path of perfection? Losing out on one lousy job title? Well... that and being overshadowed by her younger sister... In this timeline, Stacy had suddenly been handed the secrets to time travel just before Wendy had managed to discover them.

No wonder this Wendy seemed depressed.

Wendy scrubbed her face until it was raw and stinging, then crawled into bed. But, despite her exhaustion, it took her a long time to fall asleep. She was just too upset to easily drift off.

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Wendy woke up feeling more groggy and sore than well-rested, but that didn't matter. She needed to speak with Stacy, and she needed to do it now. Wendy had no intention of staying in this worthless timeline a minute longer than she had to.

It took quite a few rings for Stacy to pick up, but finally her voice was on the other end of the line. "Hello?" she sounded... strained. Was she upset from their argument last night? If so, Wendy had no sympathy for her. It has been completely her fault.

"So," said Wendy bluntly, "how are we going to fix this?"

Stacy snorted. "You tell me," she said coolly. "You told me not to forget that you're in charge, right?"

Wendy gritted her teeth, but managed to maintain control this time. Last night hadn't been a good look for her. Snapping at her younger sister made her look petty and defensive. She knew that she was the bigger person, and she needed to act like it. "Don't be childish," said Wendy, keeping her voice perfectly neutral, "we need to go back to the original timeline, and to do that, we need to work together."

The line was silent for a long time, then Stacy sighed. "Ok, ok. You're right... I do think there is an obvious solution we haven't tried yet."

"Ok..." said Wendy impatiently, "what did you have in mind?"

"Well, if all of our problems were caused by time travel, then making the time travel better and more efficient isn't going to solve the problem. We just need to make sure you never invent time travel in the first place."

“Absolutely not,” said Wendy reflexively, her mouth pulling downward into a frown. There was a good reason that she hadn’t even considered this “obvious” fix. Time travel was one of the greatest scientific discoveries of all time. There was no way in hell that Wendy would be willing to rewrite history in order to tear that achievement away from herself. And it wouldn’t be necessary either. They had an unlimited ability to alter the timestream to their whim. There had to be another way to solve this problem without resorting to a drastic course of action like that.

But if there was another solution, it wasn’t easy to find. Wendy and Stacy talked back and forth for over an hour, tossing ideas around until they were both even more irritable than they had been before the call.

The sixth time that Stacy tried to convince Wendy to use the time machine to prevent its own invention, Wendy simply hung up on her, unwilling to even dignify the argument with a response. She lay in bed, ignoring the rings as Stacy tried to call her back. She needed a mental break... a way to recharge a little and help an idea come to her.

So she decided to go work out.

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“Pick up the pace, Wendy,” said Xander with a wolfish grin, openly staring at her bouncing curves.

Wendy glared back at him murderously, sweat plastering her hair to her face, every muscle screaming in protest. She had discovered that the laziness of this version of her apparently extended to exercise as well.

When she got to the Zumba class, Xander, the instructor, had made a snide comment about her spotty attendance. And then added a comment about her ass while openly staring at it, drawing giggles from the other women in the class!

Even though she remembered the steps and movements perfectly, Wendy’s body just wasn’t able to keep up the way she normally could. She was far from the worst, but she was no longer the best in the class. Not by a long shot.

Finally, the class ended, and Wendy bent over, hands on her knees, panting heavily. Normally, she felt a clean, refreshing burn after a hard workout, but this version of herself was so out of shape that she just felt exhausted and irritable. She was so distracted by catching her breath that she totally forgot why she normally hurried to leave class.

“Saw some real improvement today, Wendy,” said a low, confident voice above her. “I think you’re finally getting the hang of this.” Wendy looked up with a frown to see Xander standing above her, his dark, muscular arms crossed over his broad chest.

"Thanks," she said, straightening up quickly, painfully aware of the fact that her bent-over posture had been inadvertently showing off her cleavage. She tried to step around Xander and leave, but the tall, grinning man subtly shifted, blocking her path.

Wendy felt a sudden... prickle inside herself as Xander's dark, warm eyes stared down at her. A sensation she couldn't put her finger on. Not completely pleasant, but not completely unpleasant either. The sudden spread of that odd, unplaceable feeling through her chest unnerved her. She suddenly wanted to get out of here as quickly as possible.

'Have you thought about that offer I made you?' asked Xander with a raised eyebrow. He had moved even closer, his strongly masculine presence invading Wendy's personal space. She felt her heart speeding up. Her skin felt warm and tingly all over her body, and not just from the recent workout.

"I... what?" asked Wendy numbly, suddenly unable to keep her eyes off Xander's powerful, muscular arms. Her mouth was dry. Her legs felt weak. That feeling of pressure was building in her mind. The same one she had felt before when she had received a flood of memories.

She didn't want to know. She didn't want to experience the memories of this version of herself. She had no desire to remember whatever offer this slimy creep had made to her, or why he felt like he could treat her this way.

Fighting against the pressure in her head, clamping down on it tightly, Wendy pushed past Xander, the contact of their sweaty skin sending a flood of dirty heat racing through her veins. Xander chuckled behind her, calling after her, "Don't fight it, girl. You know that you'll say yes in the end."

Wendy pushed her way out onto the street, breathing heavily and gritting her teeth. Luckily, the pressure of intruding memories inside her head faded as she got further away from Xander, and finally, she was able to release the tension from her body, feeling drained and sore all over.

Her phone buzzed.

Wendy opened the message hastily, some part of her hoping that it was from Stacy. Maybe an apology for being so stubborn and a fresh idea for how they could get themselves out of this mess. She rolled her eyes when she saw it was just another text from Vanessa.

[Hey girl! The girls and I are heading out to Cooper's for dinner and drinks. Can you make it?]

Vanessa, Gwen, and Stacy were her friends; the social circle of acceptably attractive and smart women that she hung out with socially. In some ways, they were more like sycophants than real friends, and Wendy had simply had no time for them during the crazy events of the past week.

Wendy was about to reflexively refuse... then she stopped and reconsidered. For the first time in a while, she didn't actually have any pressing business. There was no reason she couldn't spend some time with the three girls. In fact, it might be a nice little ego boost to hang out with the three women, considering how much they idolized their Queen Bee.

She decided to play a little hard to get. Make the girls beg her to come... after all, if she was after an ego boost, she might as well really milk the situation. She had earned it after a hard couple of days.

[I don't know if I can... I'm a bit busy this evening.] She texted with a faint smile on her lips.

Now she would get a text back, fawning and pleading, saying that it wouldn't be the same without her. Her phone buzzed again.

Wendy stared down at it in incomprehension.

[K. Well, if you turn out to be free, we'll be there at six!]

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Stacy was unprepared for the welcome she got when she arrived at the shelter for her regular volunteer hours.

"Stacy, good to see you!" said Janet, the shelter's director, a smile lighting up her face as soon as Stacy made her way through the door. Even with all the other changes that had been through, Stacy was still taken aback by the director's attitude. She was fairly certain Janet hadn't even known who she was back when she was Stan, let alone being on a first name basis.

"Hey," she said with an answering smile. "Good to be here."

"Do you mind taking the soup line with Tucker tonight?" Janet asked, looking over a clipboard with a thoughtful expression. "I know you did it recently, but Tucker struggled a little bit with it last time, and I want someone experienced to show him the ropes. Besides, the folks always enjoy seeing you in the line."

Stacy couldn't hide her excitement. Soup line was normally reserved for outgoing and, frankly, good-looking volunteers. People who were good at interacting with the homeless guests. Stan had almost never gotten to do it, instead usually being stuck doing laundry, a tough, dirty job.

"No problem," said Stacy with a grin. "Always happy to help." With one last pat on her back, Janet left Stacy to put on a hairnet and take her place on the line next to the bubbling pots of food.

Stacy realized the downside of the position as soon as she saw Tucker slipping behind the line next to her, looking a little nervous. Even though this version of Stacy had a clear sexual relationship with Christine, her roommate was still supposedly dating Tucker. How much did he know about the relationship Stacy had with his girlfriend? How much did he suspect? Stan had never liked Tucker much, and it was highly possible that Tucker would be suspicious and resentful toward Stacy in this timeline.

But her worries were unfounded. "Hey Stacy," said Tucker sheepishly, slipping on the hairnet. "Janet must have told you, huh? I got into an argument with one of the guests last time... So I'm hoping I can learn from the best tonight."

Tucker's tone and eager smile told Stacy all she needed to know. Not only was Tucker not suspicious of her, he even seemed to be a little in awe of his beautiful, experienced co-volunteer. Maybe even... attracted to her. The possibility was strange and made Stacy feel odd. But it was much better than him suspecting the truth.

"Don't worry," said Stacy with a sly smile. "I'll do everything I can to help you out."

This might be the wrong timeline, but Stacy had to admit it felt pretty good to be liked and respected for a change.

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Vanessa leaned across the table, telling a story about a cute guy in her politics class, and the other two girls giggled appreciatively.

Wendy was trying as hard as she could to continue smiling and keep her expression pleasant. It wasn't that her friends were mistreating her. Vanessa glanced toward Wendy just as often as the other two girls. In fact, they made an effort to include her in the conversation, despite her barely concealed annoyance, just like any good friends would do.

"So Wendy," said Gwen with a friendly smile, "enough from Miss always-single over here. How are things with your tall, dark, and handsome boyfriend?"

Vanessa punched Gwen's arm with a look of mock offense on her face, but turned to Wendy as well. "For real though, it's been too long since you told us a spicy story about the stuff you're getting up to with Roger..."

Wendy frowned. What was that supposed to mean? Spicy stories? "It's going fine," she said stiffly. She actually had no idea if that was true or not. She didn't really have any insight into the relationship that this version of herself had with Roger, and hadn't heard from him at all since she had arrived in this timeline.

“What’s gotten into you tonight?” said Vanessa irritably with a confused look. “Pouty isn’t a good look on you, girl. If you’re fighting with Roger, that’s fine; we don’t have to talk about it. But Jesus, lighten up a little.”

Wendy could have slapped the bitchy look right off Vanessa’s face, but instead she just murmured, “It’s fine... I’m just a little tired.” The girls accepted the explanation, although Vanessa gave her one last glance, half-worried and half-annoyed, before turning back to the other girls and launching into a new topic.

Wendy felt the urge to just get up and leave. The girls were friendly, but that was the problem. This version of her was just another one of the girls. No one special, and certainly not the leader of the group, which appeared to be Vanessa in this timeline.

Suddenly, Wendy’s phone buzzed in her pocket. Despite her hopes, it still wasn’t her sister. This time, it was Roger.

[You didn’t text me last night...]

Wendy stared down at the text with an odd feeling of disquiet. This was a very unusual tone for Roger to take with her. People had been treating her differently in this timeline... but surely Roger would be just as supportive as always. It was the entire basis of their relationship.

Well, he was clearly upset with her lack of contact, and Wendy had no desire to aggravate her boyfriend further, especially since she had no idea how long she would be stuck in this god-forsaken timeline. She decided on a neutral, apologetic response.

[Sorry, things ran late at the lab and I passed out right away when I got home.]

His reply was almost immediate.

[Where are you right now? I want to see you.]

This was even stranger, but for some reason, Wendy felt that strange sensation building in her chest again... the same one she felt when Xander was rudely hitting on her at the gym. Maybe she should make some time to discover what her relationship with Roger was like in this timeline... She was kind of tired of this new dynamic with her friends anyway.

She texted Roger that she was at Cooper’s, and he replied that he would be there right away to pick her up.

He didn’t say anything else, and Wendy was left uncertain whether he was upset at her, or if there was some element of their relationship she didn’t quite understand.

But whatever was going on, that new, bizarre feeling was swelling more and more in her chest as she waited for Roger to come get her. Sort of weak and hot and squirmy, spreading from behind her sternum down to her lower belly...

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The library had a different feeling in the evenings. It stayed open until ten during the school year for late-night study sessions, but it didn't seem that many people took advantage.

As a result, the building was usually silent and almost eerie after dinner. Sometimes, the only person in the building was the student employee manning the desk near the entrance.

Stacy had no idea why she had a tutoring session with Jenna this late. As Stan, she had almost always scheduled them in the middle of the afternoon. Meeting a freshman girl alone in one of the private study rooms just felt a little too intimate when the building was this empty.

Which raised the question of why this version of Stacy had no problem with scheduling the one-on-one session this late in the deserted building. It was perfectly possible that there was an innocent explanation... but Stacy had her doubts. She was beginning to suspect that this version of herself had much looser morals, and a much more cutthroat attitude toward taking things she wanted.

And Stan had always found Jenna pretty cute, he had just thought it would be wrong to pursue her.

Stacy vividly recalled the last session she had attended with Jenna, back when she was Stan. It had been in the middle of the afternoon, as usual, and the library had been bustling with students. The study room door had also stayed open. Jenna had stared at him attentively, her big brown eyes eager and wide, her tight little body leaning forward, giving Stan the tiniest peek down the front of her shirt... A view that he forced himself not to take advantage of. She had coyly brought up the intramural volleyball league that she belonged to and said that Stan should come watch her play... an invitation that Stan awkwardly answered with a "maybe" and got right back to physics. Stan may have been socially inept, but he knew when someone was hitting on him. He had just never figured out if Jenna just routinely flirted with every man she came across, was making fun of him somehow, or was genuinely interested. But regardless of the true answer, a tutor shouldn't romantically pursue the student they were working with, so Stan awkwardly fended off all of Jenna's obvious flirtation.

Stacy's suspicions over the late appointment time weren't quieted when she reached the study room they had booked. She paused in the open doorway, looking in at Jenna at the table. The cute little freshman had her silky blonde hair curled up at the edges, and was wearing a tiny skirt with a cut-off top that showed off her lithe, tanned belly.

She had dressed up... for a tutoring session?

This was becoming more and more suspicious by the second. And when Jenna glanced up at Stacy, her eyes getting wide and a sultry smile crossing her lips, all of Stacy's doubt was removed.

There was no way that Jenna had come here today with the intention of studying physics. "Hi there," said Jenna, leaning across the table to put her chin in her hands, fully displaying her cleavage for Stacy's wide eyes. "You left me waiting a long time... I was starting to think maybe you had gotten bored with our study sessions."

Stacy cleared her throat, hesitating at the door. She felt lust welling up between her legs as she stared down at the teasing little freshman's hanging breasts. Back when she saw Stan, she had always ignored Jenna's flirtation... But was it worse than what this version of her had done with Christine? Christine had been dating someone when this Stacy seduced her. At least Jenna was single, and she seemed more than willing to participate in whatever "special sessions" had become routine between them.

Was it really so wrong to accept Jenna's attention when the bubbly blonde freshman so clearly was excited for whatever their "study sessions" looked like?

Stacy licked her lips and closed the door behind her, saying, "Maybe I thought you already knew everything I had to teach you," with just the slightest hint of hesitation in her voice. She slowly approached the sultry minx sitting at the table, unsure of exactly what she was getting herself into.

"Oh come on," said Jenna, playfully rolling her eyes. To Stacy's shock, Jenna's hand flashed up to grab her collar, tugging her tutor downward until they were face to face. "You have soooo much more to teach me. And you know what an eager student I am... Mommy."

Again, there was no warning. No feeling of pressure. The memory burst into Stacy's head fully formed, taking her breath away.

The beginning of this year, her first meeting with Jenna. The little cutie was wide-eyed and excited for college, despite already nearly failing her entry-level physics lecture. Stacy was willing to help, but it wasn't long into their first meeting that Stacy realized that Jenna wanted something considerably more interesting than homework help.

Over the next few sessions, they went from friendly small talk... to discussing boys... to discussing girls. Jenna confided that she was interested in experimenting, but needed to find an experienced woman who could show her the ropes. Her eyes were gleaming as she said it, her warm palm resting on Stacy's thigh. Stacy knew exactly what Jenna was asking, and, hey, what kind of tutor would Stacy be if she didn't teach her cute little student everything she wanted to know?

That session had ended with Stacy up on the table, naked from the waist down, with Jenna's warm brown eyes staring up from between her thighs, the freshman's rough, excited breathing puffing against her sensitive pussy.

"Now..." she remembered saying with a thrill of erotic dominance, "I want you to do something for me whenever I'm teaching you this way, sweetie... I want you to call me Mommy."

Stacy blinked and gasped, feeling the powerful wash of residual arousal as the memory faded, leaving her alone in the company of the cute freshman that she had apparently been consensually dominating for months.

"Hey," said Jenna, a frown breaking through her attitude of slutty teasing, "are you ok? You sort of spaced out there for a second."

Stacy paused, considering what her next move should be. Stan would probably have firmly rejected the life of scheming and sexual pleasure that this female version of himself seemed to thrive in...

But it had been a crazy couple of days, and Stacy's body was thrumming with powerful, unsatisfied sexual energy. Besides, was she even really the same person as that pimply, disrespected little loser named Stan anymore? Maybe she would be again someday... but why not make a few memories in the short time she had as a dominant, attractive badass?

"I'm fine," said Stacy, throwing herself into her new role with a wide, sharp grin. "Now... are you ready for Mommy to teach you another lesson?"

...

When Wendy climbed into the car with her boyfriend, he instantly pulled her into a powerful, deep kiss, taking her breath away and causing a deep, unexpected spike of lust to flare up inside her.

That was unexpected. Her relationship with Roger had always been warm and passionate, but that kind of spontaneous, daring move like kissing her deeply without warning just wasn't the way Roger usually treated her. She wanted to be indignant over the presumption, but it was hard to be mad when the tongue in your mouth was turning you on this badly.

Finally, he pulled away, staring deep into her eyes with a slightly accusatory expression. "I missed you last night," he said, turning his attention to the road as he drove out of the restaurant's parking lot. "You said we were going to meet up... but I never heard back from you." Wendy tried to focus, still reeling from the sudden, forceful kiss that seemed so out of character for her boyfriend. "Sorry," she said breathlessly. "Like I said, it just got super late at the lab, and I fell asleep as soon as I got home."

Roger looked over at her with a wry expression, then reached for her hand while keeping his other hand on the steering wheel. For a second, Wendy thought he intended to thread his fingers through hers in a sweet gesture, but, alarmingly, he instead gripped her wrist and pulled her hand gently, but firmly toward his lap.

"You let me down last night, babe," he said in a smoldering voice. "Look how you left your boyfriend." He pressed Wendy's hand down into his lap, where his thick cock pressed up against his jeans, throbbing just below the surface.

Wendy was too shocked to speak. If it wasn't normal for Roger to give her unexpected deep kisses, then making her feel his cock while driving was completely out of the question. She had no idea what had gotten into him! "I... I'm... sorry," she finally managed to get out. Roger's attitude was so unusual that she was having trouble coming to grips with it. Her first instinct was to snatch her hand away from his crotch and slap him to teach him his place.

So why wasn't she doing that? Why was her hand beginning the rub and grip lightly around the massive bulge in her boyfriend's pants? And why was that strange feeling of warm, pleasant weakness spreading through her once again?

...

Stacy was on her knees in front of Jenna. Above her, Jenna was moaning with anticipation, her hands over her eyes in an adorably bashful pose of submissive arousal.

Stacy's heart thundered in her chest, and she could feel her body practically vibrating with sexual energy. She would think that getting on her knees in front of someone would make her feel weak or subservient. But that wasn't how this felt at all. Some instincts inside her were waking up, whispering to her that she held the power here; that Jenna was hers to command. Hers to play with. It felt... strange. Foreign to the instincts of the lonely, ugly boy that still lived inside her. It was like she was playing a role without quite learning the script yet, hoping that she wouldn't stumble over her lines and give herself away as an impostor.

The only thing she had to go on was instinct. Feelings nudging her to take control and make Jenna hers. Stacy wasn't sure whether these dominant instincts came from this version of herself or if they had always been dormant inside her, but in the moment, she didn't care. Even if this new role was strange and slightly uncomfortable, she wanted to pursue this feeling of power and pleasure... and she wanted to thoroughly enjoy the little sexual toy that had willingly put herself into "mommy's" hands.

Stacy's hands traced up Jenna's slim thighs, up beneath her cute little skirt, making a shiver run through the little freshman, and drawing a little gasp of shocked delight from her lips. "Mmmm," purred Stacy, letting her instincts write the script for her, simply going with the flow, "Someone looks like an eager student tonight. Is my little bookworm hot for teacher?"

"Y-yes," squeaked Jenna, shifting her hips forward toward the edge of the chair. "Please, Mommy... please teach me."

Stacy reached up further, running her hands up over Jenna's hips, slipping her fingers beneath the waistband of Jenna's panties, slowly tugging them down her thighs as the blushing freshman panted and moaned above her. Jenna was just too cute. She acted all brazen and flirty in normal conversation, but it seemed like once she got into a real sexual situation, she became flustered and shy.

It made Stacy want to tease her even more. Stacy felt her discomfort fading. She slipped into the role, embodying the confident, dominant Stacy who lived in this timeline... a least for now.

Finally, the panties slipped down off Jenna's feet. Stacy held them up briefly to the light, exposing a dark, wet spot soaked completely through at the crotch. "Ooh, naughty girl... were you rubbing yourself while you waited for me?" she said with a chuckle.

"I c-couldn't help it, Mommy!" groaned Jenna, biting her lower lip. "You were late, and I was thinking about you, and... and I..."

"Shhhh," said Stacy soothingly, rubbing her hands up and down Jenna's smooth thighs. "Mommy's here now, and you won't have to rely on your naughty little fingers any longer."

Stacy could feel the lust and adrenaline lighting up her entire body. She loved the feeling of power and control that Jenna's submission gave her, but this was a big moment for her as well. She had experienced sexual encounters as a woman from the floods of memory, but this would be her first time experiencing it live and in person. But oddly, although she was excited, she didn't feel nervous. Now that she was getting into the role of a dominant badass, having sex with Jenna felt completely natural. With a thrill of anticipation, Stacy flipped up Jenna's skirt, revealing her glistening pussy, shaved completely bald and looking delicious.

She licked her lips and looked up with fierce, dominant eyes into Jenna's blushing face.

"Ok, honey...."

...

"...spread your legs wider," said Roger in a firm, uncompromising tone, reaching over to press a finger hard between Wendy's legs as she continued to rub and feel the bulge in his jeans.

Wendy didn't know what was happening to her. She was the one who called the shots when she and Roger made love. But now, for some reason, every instinct told her to give in to his confident demands. Her legs spread open, allowing her boyfriend to cup and massage her moistening pussy through her pants. That feeling that had been troubling her all day came back

stronger than ever, blending with the shameful, yet delicious feeling of Roger's firm hand between her thighs. Oh God... was this unfamiliar feeling... the pleasure of submission?

"You know how much I love you, babe," said Roger in a smoldering voice, eyes forward on the road as they rubbed each other. "So it really upsets me when you ignore me. It makes me feel like you don't care."

Wendy squirmed in her seat, not sure if she wanted to get away from the intense feeling of Roger's hand or press herself into it. Her own hand seemed to have a mind of its own, gripping and pulling needily at the iron-hard rod in her boyfriend's pants. "I told you, babe..." she said in a voice now tainted with a hint of a moan, "It was an accident! I wasn't trying to ignore you, I just got distracted!" She should be cutting him down to size, snapping at him for daring to question what she did with her time. Roger had always been sweet and obedient in the original timeline, perfectly willing to accept whatever time Wendy could spare him. But now, Wendy whimpered and writhed, making pitiful excuses and apologizing for not being at her boyfriend's beck and call for sex whenever he wanted...

And just being that submissive was setting her body on fire. Something was seriously wrong with her. It had to be the fault of this body, this version of her. But even if allowing herself to be played with this way was deeply embarrassing to Wendy, she couldn't resist.

Roger's car suddenly screeched to a halt, and Wendy realized she must have lost track of time in the submissive haze that had clouded her mind. They were already in front of Roger's apartment. Another change; Wendy was much more used to meeting Roger at her place, where it was more convenient for her.

Roger sighed and lifted his hand from Wendy's crotch to gently but firmly grab her chin, pulling her toward him into a deep, tongue heavy kiss, so dominant and forceful that Wendy couldn't help but swoon into it, her hand gripping tight to her boyfriend's cock like it was a solid anchor.

"I felt a little annoyed that you just forgot about me like that," said Roger as he pulled away, his eyes reproachful. "But I forgive you. I know you wouldn't hurt me on purpose. Now... I think we should kiss and make up."

Wendy looked up into his eyes, confused. "K-kiss?" She said, hating how meek her voice sounded. "But Roger, we just did."

Roger just chuckled, reached down to his lap, and pulled her hand away. She felt both relieved and disappointed that she was no longer apparently allowed to grasp his bulge... but a second later it became clear she had misread Roger's intentions entirely.

Roger's cock sprung free, bobbing in the pale light of the dashboard. His hand slid upward from her face, to grip the back of her head... and exert a steady downward pressure.

Wendy's eyes went wide, and her mouth went dry. No way. He couldn't possibly expect... Wendy did not give blowjobs. Too disgusting. Too demeaning. Too submissive. And she absolutely didn't give blowjobs while sitting in a car parked on the side of a public street.

But even as a part of her mind rebelled at the very notion, her submissive arousal roared up inside her, her body signalling its intense sexual approval of the mildly degrading demand her boyfriend was making. The idea of being pushed to serve him this way, even when she found it humiliating, made Wendy's body throb with filthy lust. She couldn't resist... not just her boyfriend's dominant command, but her own traitorous desire to be his sexual plaything.

"Come on, Wendy," said Roger with amusement, "I think we both know your favorite way to..."

...

"...kiss me! Oh God! Kiss my fucking pussy Mommy!" whimpered Jenna, her hips humping and thrusting against Stacy's mouth. Stacy thrust her tongue deep, then swirled its tip against the freshman's swollen clit, savoring the feel and taste of Jenna's sweet pussy.

It was the first time Stacy had experienced eating pussy live and in the moment, but the received memories and her body's instincts told her what to do as she slurped and licked, feasting on the same girl she had refused to even flirt with back when she was a man. The feeling of power was intoxicating: she was the one in control of Jenna's pleasure. She was playing the freshman cutie's body like an instrument, making her moan with helpless pleasure as her juices filled Stacy's mouth. This new role, of a dominant sexual force of nature, was unfamiliar to Stacy, but she couldn't deny it was fucking fun.

But, as fun as it was to hear the liquid moans pouring from Jenna's throat, Stacy couldn't ignore the buzzing heat between her own thighs. Eating Jenna out gave her a rush of dominant pleasure, but she needed stimulation as well. And she knew instinctively that, in this relationship, there was no need to finger herself. It was Jenna's job to serve when her Mommy needed to cum.

Stacy rose from between Jenna's thighs, wiping her lips with the back of her hand, then pulled Jenna fiercely toward her, locking lips with the pliant submissive in a hard, tongue-plunging kiss. When she pulled away, Jenna looked up at her through her eyelashes, eyes hazy with smoky heat.

"It's my turn," said Stacy, surprising herself with the hard, firm tone of her voice. But Jenna didn't look surprised at all. She nodded meekly. "Yes, Mommy," she moaned, "I'll take the position." Stacy half expected Jenna to get back down onto her knees, just like she had in the memory of her first submission, but instead she lay back on the sturdy library table, panting, her face turned upward toward the ceiling. Stacy stared at her for a moment, confused, then an eager smile spread across her face. She suddenly realized exactly the kind of sex act implied by "the position", and it was something she was eager to experience for herself.

Stacy swiftly removed her pants and underwear and vaulted nimbly onto the table, surprised by how easy it felt. This version of herself must work out frequently. She got into position as well, planting a knee on either side of Jenna's upturned face. She paused for a moment, staring down with predatory glee at the pretty face of Jenna framed between her thighs and staring up with horny devotion at her "mommy's" dripping pussy.

Then Jenna's eyes flicked up to Stacy's, and she said one of the most erotic things Stacy had ever heard in her entire fucking life.

"Please, Mommy," said Jenna in a raspy whisper, her intense gaze making sparks between them as she stared deep into Stacy's eyes. "Please... may I taste your cunt?"

It had the feeling of a ritual. Of something that this dominant, powerful Stacy had trained her little sex kitten to say. This wasn't the person that Stan had been. He had been kind and sweet and shy. And where had that ever gotten him? Had it ever meant a beautiful girl submitting to him? Begging to serve?

No. And even if the person Stacy wasn't inside didn't match the attitude of the Senior Researcher from this timeline, that didn't mean she wasn't willing to explore what it felt like to be a winner for a change. In fact... would it be so bad if she ended up in this timeline forever? It wouldn't be the end of the world if Stacy had to play this dominant role forever. With that burning thought in her mind, Stacy started to lower her hips onto Jenna's panting face, feeling the thrill of dominance, enjoying the opportunity to take what she wanted for once.

Stacy let out a deep moan as she felt Jenna's squirming tongue part her lower lips, lapping at her sensitive clit. God, it felt good. Her body moved on its own, pressing downward harder, rubbing herself with growing enthusiasm all over Jenna's submissive face. Her hands rose to squeeze and rub her breasts, increasing her pleasure. Jenna, obviously an expert at pleasing her Mommy, licked and sucked and moaned into Stacy's pussy, her sounds of pleasure sending buzzing vibrations through the cunt pressing downward onto her face.

'Yes!' cried Stacy, rubbing her hot, slick pussy all over Jenna's nose and whimpering mouth, already feeling just a hair's breadth from orgasm, "Yes..."

...

"...take it, slut," said Roger's gruff voice above her as his hand pressed down, bringing Wendy's crimson face directly toward his cock. She couldn't believe what she was hearing. She couldn't believe that anybody would speak to her that way and think they could get away with it, let alone her loving, devoted boyfriend. What was worse was how her body responded to the breathtakingly insulting demand. Dirty heat flared even brighter inside her as Roger brought her face down to meet his hard, throbbing dick.

Wendy felt the velvety skin of his throbbing cockhead smear across her soft lips, leaving a salty trail of precum that she unconsciously licked away. Wendy could feel her body throbbing with desire, her pussy hot and wet, soaking through her panties, her nipples pressing tight into her bra. She tried to say something, but only a shaky moan came out.

Roger's grip loosened slightly on the back of her head, and Wendy felt immense relief. "Are you ok?" he asked, clearly a bit impatient, like Wendy was committing a bit of a faux pas with her resistance. "You seem a little out of it. You sure you want to keep going?" Wendy blinked. Of course. This was all some sort of kinky game. Roger was a good person; he was only doing this because apparently this version of her was some sort of perverted submissive who liked this kind of treatment.

Well, that was easy enough to straighten out then. Wendy certainly didn't share the perversions of this timeline's versions of herself. But when Wendy opened her mouth to tell Roger to let go, her eyes focused on the thick, manly cock just in front of her eyes. Powerful. Dominant. Arousing. She could smell it. Not dirty, but with a musky scent of male pheromones that made her feel dizzy. Instead of a protest, all that escaped her mouth was a weak moan. Whatever last barrier of pride remaining inside her crumbled away in the face of her overwhelming desire to submit.

"I... I think it's ok if we keep going," she said in a meek tone, almost unable to believe the words coming out of her mouth. But... why not? She was so fucking horny, and no one would know she had given in to the temptation to submit to cock besides this version of Roger. And he would disappear with the next timeline.

"That's better," said Roger, the smug grin returning to his face. "Then suck my cock, your kinky little slut."

Stinging a little from his words, but unable to deny them, Wendy closed her eyes and swallowed her pride, sinking down and lightly parting her lips, letting them slide down over her boyfriend's cock, swirling her tongue around his tip to lap up more of his salty precum. Why shouldn't she just give in and indulge in this strange, exotic feeling of submission? It wasn't like she planned to do this forever... Soon, she would be back to the correct timeline and would regain complete control of her relationship with Roger. This was just... a detour. An exploration of an alternate side of herself.

Roger's hand stayed on the back of her head, not forcing her head down or pulling her hair, just maintaining a steady pressure. Letting her know who was in charge. Wendy burned with embarrassment as she sank lower, taking even more of Roger's shaft into her mouth, until she felt stuffed, her tongue wriggling and sliding over the veiny skin of his thick cock. She felt horribly exposed doing this in the car. Even though it was dark, Roger lived on a fairly busy street. Someone might pass by at any moment and see Wendy's mouth stuffed with cock. For some reason, that terrifying thought only turned her on more. She had never given Roger a blowjob in her home timeline, and only even tried it once, but somehow the muscle memory of

this version herself kicked in and she began bobbing her head in smooth strokes, worshipping Roger's cock with her lips and tongue.

"That's right you little slut," said Roger in a rough voice above her, his firm hand never leaving the back of her head, "show me exactly how sorry you are for ignoring me. Apologise to my fucking cock with that hot little mouth." Wendy moaned around the thick cock spreading open her lips, surrendering to the sweet, humiliating burn of submission and forcing herself down further onto Roger's cock. Roger, her sweet, supportive, docile boyfriend was treating her like a plaything... like a slut. And she was loving every minute of it.

As her mouth filled the car with obscene, wet smacking and licking sounds, Wendy's hand snuck between her legs, unbuttoning her pants with shaking fingers and diving down the front of her panties to part her slick folds and rub herself, turning the burning lust inside her into a raging inferno. Above her, Roger grunted, shifting in his seat, hips pressing upward into her mouth.

Wendy knew what was coming, but by this point, she had given in to the pleasure of submission so deeply she didn't even try to resist. Besides, Roger's hand never left the back of her head. It was clear that he expected her to swallow.

The flood of semen flowing into Wendy's mouth was so powerful and thick and hot that she had trouble keeping up. One gulp. Two. Still, more powerful spurts kept coming, Roger's cock twitching in her mouth. She had her lips around her boyfriend's cock, in a car, but still in public, swallowing his hot, sticky cum while her fingers rubbed frantically on her clit.

She couldn't even argue it was inaccurate when Roger hissed, "You fucking slut..." above her, stroking her hair as his cock let out a few more spurts of semen.

That hateful word in her boyfriend's orgasm-roughened tone set Wendy off as well. Her thighs squeezed tight around her fingers, her legs shaking and her back arching powerfully as she climaxed from the erotic degradation, the last of her boyfriend's sperm disappearing down her throat in one final hot, salty gulp.

Then, still riding the wave of her orgasm, her body moved on its own, looking up at Roger with soft, submissive eyes, sticking out her tongue to show that she had swallowed it all, just like instinctively she knew he liked.

"Good girl," said Roger, his smile unbearably smug.

...

Later that evening, Wendy sat snuggled up to Roger as they watched a movie. She had been relieved to find out that Roger didn't, in fact, order this version of her around all the time. The dominance and submission was just a bedroom game that they played. Through a little careful

questioning, Wendy even found out that it was she who originally introduced dominance and submission into their sex life.

So Roger, in many ways, was his old charming, pleasant self when they weren't playing sex games, although Wendy did note that he was considerably less willing to let her have her way in small disagreements.

But even if she was able to relax a little bit with the Roger she was more accustomed to, Wendy couldn't forget what had happened in the car. The taste of semen seemed to cling to her tongue, and, now that she had orgasmed, her degrading submission seemed considerably less sexy.

She kept coming back to one thought. Three years. That was the only difference between this version of herself and the version from the previous timeline. Three years ago in this timeline, Stacy had plucked the idea for a time machine out of nowhere, meaning Wendy had never achieved her signature discovery. After that, Stacy had surpassed her, leaping over her to become a senior researcher. The younger sister who had always lived rightfully in her shadow had become the golden child.

And that had been apparently all it took to change Wendy from overachieving genius into... whatever this was. A submissive slob. A pervert who liked to be pushed around in bed by her boyfriend. A nobody who couldn't even outshine the average girls in her friend group.

It was horrifying, but Wendy couldn't blame herself. Who wouldn't have a crisis of confidence when someone as clearly inferior as Stacy somehow turned the tables on them? No, the one to blame was Stacy. She had stabbed her older sister in the back. Stole Wendy's success and life from her. And the current Stacy was just as bad: she didn't even seem to care about the crimes of this traitorous version of herself.

While she stewed in her humiliation and anger, snuggled up to a boyfriend who seemingly had less respect for her, Wendy finally saw it:

The perfect solution. A way to finally end this extended nightmare and get her back to where she belonged. On top.

...

Stacy paged through the notebook, brow furrowed. She could barely believe it. Pages and pages of theories and diagrams and calculations related to time travel. And it was all hers; all in her handwriting.

She had initially assumed that Wendy's assessment was correct. That this version of her had stolen Wendy's idea and used it to coast her way to power and prestige. But the research notebooks she had found tucked away neatly on a shelf in the lab told a different story. They

showed a woman inspired. A woman who had started with Wendy's initial idea as a jumping off point, then used the newfound recognition and respect that Wendy's idea had gotten her to come out of her shell and discover the genius inside her.

The door to the lab burst open, and Wendy rushed down the stairs with an odd blend of fury and embarrassment on her face.

"You're late," said Stacy, arching an eyebrow. It was maybe the first time ever that Wendy was the late one to their meetings. The reason Stacy cracked into the notebooks in the first place was that her older sister had kept her waiting for almost an hour.

"Fucking Derrick!" Wendy fumed, throwing herself into a chair and immediately bouncing a leg, filled with nervous irritation. "Do you know what that misogynistic weasel did when he saw me come in? He told me to *make coffee*! As if I were the fucking hired help."

Stacy stared at her sister, blinking in confusion. "Wait. He told you to make coffee... and you *did*? Why? You're both junior researchers, Wendy."

Wendy went bright red, looking just as confused as Stacy felt, then crossed her arms over her chest and scoffed, looking away. "It seemed like something he does a lot in this timeline," she muttered. "I didn't want to blow my cover by making a big deal about it."

That sat in awkward silence for a moment, then Wendy cleared her throat. "Anyway," she said, "that's beside the point. We need to get to work. I've discovered the perfect way to take things back to the original timeline."

Stacy felt a little ambivalent about that news now. Obviously this timeline wasn't her home. She was a man. A decent, upstanding man who didn't sleep with women who already had boyfriends or dominate freshmen he was tutoring. But, even if this version of herself was more underhanded and ruthless than she was comfortable with, Stacy still felt a little disappointed to return to boring old Stan.

She would just have to take the lessons she had learned back with her. Become the best of both worlds. She leaned forward, ready to hear what brilliant plan her sister had come up with. "Tell me."

"You remember the summer after your Junior year?" asked Wendy, her leg still bouncing frenetically. "The internship program?"

Stacy wouldn't have guessed this is where Wendy would go in a thousand years. She tilted her head and said cautiously, "Yeah... what about it?" It was something that Wendy had tried to encourage her to apply for. An internship at the very university lab where they sat right now. Stacy had considered signing up for a while, but in the end hadn't sent in an application. As

useful as the internship may have been, she needed all the rest and relaxation she could get after an incredibly stressful junior year.

The major incident that happened in the spring of that year had sealed the decision for her: after she had been caught cheating on an AP Physics paper, it was clear she was getting burned out, and the last thing she needed was a high-stress internship.

It had been a major embarrassment and scandal for her in her Junior year of High School. She had put herself under a lot of pressure to get into the same prestigious college Wendy was attending. Part of that meant not only taking upper-level courses, but also getting excellent grades. The pressure had proven too much for her, and Stacy had cheated on an important paper toward the end of the year, copying some sections from a paper she found on the internet.

In the end, things had worked out ok. Her AP Physics teacher, Mr. Yoder, had given her a stern lecture, then allowed her to redo the paper. It was a kind gesture: he would have been well within his rights to simply fail her. Her parents had given her a speech about how they loved her no matter what, and Stacy had managed to calm down and write an excellent paper, which earned her an "A".

After that, she had a long, relaxing summer without the internship her older sister had tried to pressure her to apply to, and returned for senior year feeling refreshed and ready to succeed on her own merits.

Wendy's eyes gleamed. "Think about it," she said firmly, "Why did you feel the need to steal my work in your interview with Dr. Harrison? Because you thought things were going badly. That you might not get hired. But the lab has a longstanding practice of hiring former interns almost automatically. If you did the internship as a Junior, then the interview would have been a freeze. There wouldn't have been any need to steal my work! All I need to do is go back to the past and convince you to apply to the internship, and this whole problem is solved."

Stacy stared at Wendy for a long minute, then sighed and rubbed a hand across her eyes. "That's your brilliant solution? To go back to the past and push me to accept an internship I didn't want?"

"If you want to be reductive, then yes, that's my plan," said Wendy airily. "Trust me. The Internship is what we need."

It was, frankly, a laughable idea. Firstly, Stacy hadn't been convinced by past Wendy to apply for the internship, so why would future Wendy have any better luck? Secondly, Dr. Harrison hadn't been impressed by Stacy in her later interview, so there was no guarantee that she would get the internship even if she did apply.

But most importantly, it was a plan that dealt with symptoms rather than root causes. Maybe Wendy was right, and this change would turn Wendy back into a senior researcher, but Stacy struggled to understand how it would bring them back to the original timeline.

She was about to open her mouth and tell Wendy as much when she paused. This plan might have no effect at all... Would that really be the end of the world? Wendy was clearly miserable here in this version of reality, and she needed something to work toward to keep her occupied. Looking at her now, it was easy to tell that Wendy was slipping a little. This worthless plan proved it. Stacy wasn't sure if Wendy was just tired and desperate, or if she just wasn't quite as bright in this timeline, but it was becoming increasingly clear that Stacy was the one who would have to come up with the solution to their problem.

Stacy didn't think that Wendy's idea would have any effect, but it would keep her sister occupied and hopeful while Stacy had a chance to think of a real solution. And in the meantime, Stacy could spend just a little more time living the life of a respected, well-liked senior researcher...

She smiled at Wendy. "Sounds like a plan, Sis."

Wendy smiled back, and they got to work on crunching the numbers for a plan that Stacy was sure had no chance of succeeding.

...

Wendy handed the steaming cup over, glaring into Derrick's smug face. He chuckled lightly as he saw her expression. "Try smiling more, Sparx! A pretty face like yours could really light up the workplace."

He raised the cup to his mouth and took a sip, smacking his lips thoughtfully. He smiled condescendingly and said, "Better! Run along now, Sparx. Wouldn't want to get you in trouble with your big, bad little sister."

Wendy opened her mouth to say something cutting and acidic, then flushed red and turned on her heel, leaving Derrick chuckling behind her. It wouldn't accomplish anything to snap at him after making him coffee. Why the fuck was it so hard to say 'no' to people now? It did partially have to do with what she told Stacy: infuriatingly, it was obvious that making coffee in the breakroom was the norm for this version of her, and for some stupid reason, she also apparently brought a cup of coffee to Derrick on a daily basis. But it also felt like something had changed inside her ever since she gave that blowjob to Roger in the car. It was like a flaw had been uncovered in her character, and she was powerless against it.

With a determined scowl, Wendy made her way down the stairs to the lab. Her sister's lab currently, although that would be changed soon enough once she managed to set things right.

Stacy was already there, kicked back on the rolling chair with an obnoxious level of comfort and ownership as she flipped through the notebooks that this version of her had written.

“Are you keeping an eye on the calculations?” snapped Wendy, peering down at the shifting screen of numbers. “We wouldn’t want any more errors, now would we?”

Stacy didn’t look up. “They should be ready in a few minutes,” she said distractedly, still clearly reading. “The error rate is much, much lower than in the system you built, so there is barely any need for me to watch it.”

Wendy didn’t really care for her tone. “Obviously the error rate is improved,” she said coldly. “Those are the improvements I sent back to the past. Which were stolen.”

Stacy just shrugged noncommittally, refusing to be drawn into this argument once again. Then she perked up, “Oh! By the way, this version of me fixed the clothing issue. You won’t be naked when you go back this time.”

“What?” said Wendy in shock, “How? I thought it was unavoidable based on how the machine locks onto DNA.”

Stacy flipped back in the notebook and held up a page in front of Wendy’s incredulous eyes. “Apparently I developed a spray that allows clothes to contrast effectively with the air. The sensors can lock onto the outer edge of your clothing once the spray is applied to the entire surface.”

“Well... good, I suppose,” grunted Wendy grudgingly. It sounded better than wandering the halls of their old high school naked, searching for clothes. “So... are we going to sneak in later tonight and get this done?”

Stacy gave her a look, pulling back the notebook and reverently shelving it with the others. “Why don’t we just do it when the numbers finish?” she asked, confused.

“Because Harrison is breathing down our necks, idiot,” said Wendy wearily. “This is why I told you to leave the planning to me. I can’t believe that they passed me over for Senior researcher in favor of you.”

To her surprise, Stacy laughed, even though Wendy had intended it as a stinging barb. “That’s actually not a problem either,” said Stacy with a smug grin. “In this timeline, I already told Harrison we are doing inanimate trials, and convinced him to help cover it up. We can use the machine whenever we want.”

“What?” asked Wendy again, dumbfounded. “That’s... reckless! Harrison is going to take this to the board, and they will take it to the press. I never even considered telling him. It’s foolish!”

Stacy shrugged. "Apparently not. He's been under the impression that we've been doing inanimate trials for a month in this timeline, and he hasn't told the board. He's not breathing down our neck either."

Wendy could see it in her eyes: Stacy thought that she was a better researcher than Wendy. She was so fucking proud over what this heartless, backstabbing version of her had done in the position. She thought she deserved this.

She would find out what she deserved once Wendy went back and fixed all of this...

The computer chimed, and Stacy leaned forward to check it. Her eyes flicked upward to meet Wendy's. "You ready to go, or do you need a minute?" she asked dryly.

"Let's do this now," said Wendy grimly.

She made her way to the platform, as Stacy pressed a few buttons, causing a mechanical arm to descend and spray Wendy front and back with a liquid that smelled a little like burst plastic and left her clothes feeling stiff and crunchy. It might be better than going to the past naked, but this contrast spray wasn't quite the painless convenience that Stacy had sold it as.

Stacy moved back to the shielded control console by the stairs and began priming the machines. She spoke over the loudspeaker, her voice barely audible over the spinning up machines. "Your destination is Franklinville High, May 7th, 2019. Your time limit is the maximum allowed... thirty minutes."

"...5"

"...4"

Wendy gritted her teeth at the smug way Stacy emphasized the words 'thirty minutes'. Somehow this version of Stacy had managed to wring out a little more time and landed on an even number. Wendy was tired of the disrespect. From everyone in her life in this timeline, but especially from Stacy. Even now, it was obvious that Stacy didn't actually believe that this plan of Wendy's would work.

"...3"

"...2"

Which was actually fairly astute of her, because Wendy had lied. She was going back exactly to the time and place she had told Stacy, but she had no intention of following through with the asinine plan she had described to her sister. No, she wouldn't be going to the younger Stacy and begging her to apply for an internship. No... she had something much more effective in mind.

Her last thought as the machines screamed around her and Stacy counted "...1"

Was that her sister deserved everything that was coming to her.

...

This time. When Wendy fell a few inches to the dusty floor of a Janitor's closet in her old high school, she landed on the reassuring rubber of her tennis shoes rather than bare feet.

Apparently, not even Stacy's tinkering could solve the issue of the momentary disorientation, though. Wendy barely managed to grab hold of a shelf before she collapsed on her jelly-like legs, breathing heavily as the dizzy, prickly feeling passed. Then she moved with purpose, swiftly exiting the janitor's closet and closing the door behind her.

Just as she did, the bell rang, dismissing the students from fifth period and filling the halls with chattering high school students. Everything was going according to plan. Walking through the halls alone might raise suspicion, but even at twenty-three, Wendy didn't look old enough to stand out in a crowd of high school students. She slipped down the hall, not toward the lunch room like she had told Stacy, but the opposite direction, toward Mr. Nelson's classroom.

Mr. Nelson had been a perfectly adequate teacher of entry-level college physics in Wendy's opinion. It was high praise coming from her, considering her exacting standards. He was a short, balding man with a big belly and a bushy beard. And he was the key to Wendy's plan.

The crowds of students were thinning by the time Wendy reached Mr. Nelson's room, and she wasted no time in knocking briefly, then slipping inside. Mr. Nelson looked up from the sandwich he was eating, half-annoyed, then his eyes widened. "Wendy Sparx!" he said in a mystified voice, "What are you doing here in the middle of a school day?"

Wendy was a little surprised that he recognized her so easily, but she supposed it did make sense. She had been a notably successful student in his class, and at this point in the timeline, it hadn't been that long since she graduated.

"Good to see you, sir," said Wendy with a tight smile. "I'm actually here to ask you a favor."

Mr. Nelson looked confused, but shut his laptop and set aside his sandwich, giving Wendy his full attention. 'How can I help?' he asked sincerely.

Wendy leaned on a desk in front of her old physics teacher and took a deep breath. Hopefully, this wouldn't be too hard a sell.

"You recently discovered that my younger sister cheated on her Physics paper, correct?" asked Wendy sharply.

Now Mr. Nelson looked even more confused. And a little uncomfortable. “How did you...?”

“It doesn’t matter,” said Wendy impatiently, glancing up at the clock. Thirty minutes always sounded long until you actually had to accomplish something in that time. She stared back into Mr. Nelson’s watery blue eyes.

“I want you to give her a zero.”

If the pudgy teacher was confused before, he was shocked now. “But Wendy...” he said, shaking his head, “I don’t know how you heard about this before I even told Stacy about it, but what you’re suggesting... Well, it’s far too harsh. I understand she made a mistake, but the punishment wouldn’t fit the crime here. A zero on a large grade like this might fail her for the entire semester, and would completely tank the transcript she uses to apply for colleges. It could ruin her life!”

Wendy thought quickly. She had worried that Mr. Nelson might balk. He was a good person, and what he was saying about the dire consequences for Stacy was absolutely true. Wendy was counting on it.

There was one sure-fire way to make certain that Stacy wouldn’t steal Wendy’s position and invention. And that was making sure she would never reach college at all. Did Stacy think Wendy had forgotten about the time she cheated on a high school Physics paper? Wendy could never forget something so embarrassing. It would be a terrible blow to Wendy’s cocky little sister when she wasn’t even able to get into the college Wendy attended, but that was just too bad. It would be a fitting punishment for a thief and impostor that her first instance of cheating was what brought her low.

Now the only thing Wendy needed to do was convince this wishy-washy nobody of a teacher that Stacy deserved it.

“It is harsh,” said Wendy calmly, folding her arms over her chest. “But it’s necessary. How else will she ever learn right from wrong? If you let her off too easily, she will think stealing other people’s work is worth the risk. This won’t be the last time.”

But Mr. Nelson was already shaking his head. “No. I see where you’re coming from, but I disagree. In order to learn a lesson, students need a chance to come back. A zero this late in the year with no chance at a redo would simply ruin her future academic career, with no chance to apply the ‘lesson’ she supposedly learned.”

“Maybe,” said Wendy doggedly, getting up from her lean and pacing. “But what about outside of academics? Not stealing and lying is a valuable life lesson, even if academics do end up closed off for her.”

"Maybe," said Mr. Nelson firmly, "but I'm not going to play God like that and decide her entire life's path with one grade. The answer is 'no'. And, in fact, I asked Stacy to come in and speak with me on this very topic in about five minutes, so if you wouldn't mind..."

Wendy bit a thumbnail. Mr. Nelson was a harder nut to crack than she thought. She had always been under the impression that he had barely decided to give Stacy another chance, but apparently he had never intended to fail Stacy. And he was also correct: Wendy was running out of time. She had picked this specific time because it was directly before Stacy's meeting about the issue with Mr. Nelson. If she didn't act fast, this chance would slip by her.

Wendy's mind whirled, staring at her old high school teacher. She needed to find some way to convince him... but how? He obviously didn't agree with her logically, and she didn't have the time to wear him down either. What could she do to make the older man completely change his mind in the next four minutes?

Maybe it was the sexual submission that she had experienced the past few days, but a solution occurred to Wendy that she never would have thought of just a few weeks earlier. Mr. Nelson was a man. She was an attractive young woman. Logic wasn't going to work... but a chubby old high school teacher might respond very differently to another method of persuasion.

Wendy approached Mr. Nelson with a slinky, hip-swaying walk. She had never done anything like this before, but for some reason, the motions felt utterly natural.

Mr. Nelson's eyes widened as he looked up at the young, pretty woman from his chair. A sultry smile was suddenly painted on Wendy's lips, and her eyes glimmered with a spark of heat.

"You know, Mr. Nelson..." she said in a husky whisper, "I would just be sooo grateful if you were willing to teach my sister a lesson."

"I... Wendy, what are you...?" Spluttered Mr. Nelson, turning bright pink, his eyes darting around, trying to avoid looking at Wendy's tight young body.

Working on instincts she didn't even know she had, Wendy fell to her knees, resting her palms on her former Physics teacher's pudgy thighs. "Come on, teach," she said with a teasing smile, rubbing her hands lightly up and down his legs, eying the bulge rising in his dress pants, "All you have to do is teach a bad little girl a lesson... and then you can have this good girl all to yourself."

"Wendy, I... I can't do that..." protested Mr. Nelson weakly, his hands gripping the arms of his chair white-knuckled as Wendy's teasing hands worked up his thighs. But Wendy could hear the longing and temptation in his voice, and his eyes were no longer able to look away, focusing on the young slut kneeling between his legs. She had him.

Wendy reached up confidently and closed her hand around the bulge in the pudgy teacher's pants, rubbing and gripping. "Tell you what, teach," she whispered, "I'm going to go hide in your supply closet over there and listen in to your meeting. And if I hear what I want to hear... you'll be a very happy man when I come out."

Mr. Nelson just gawped at her as Wendy swiftly got up and slipped into the supply closet, giving him a saucy wink as she closed the door behind her.

As the dusty darkness of the closet settled around her, the enormity of what Wendy had done hit her. She had come onto her old high school teacher! Worse than that, she had decided that solving a problem with her brain was impossible, and used her body instead! She had acted like a filthy slut, and in the moment it had felt completely natural. She had a lot of thinking to do about why that solution had even occurred to her...

But in the meantime, there was a knock on the outer classroom door, and a younger version of Stacy entered with a nervous greeting.

The meeting began.

Wendy held her breath, waiting for the shoe to drop, to see if her self-degrading offer had changed Mr. Nelson's mind. Through the closet doors, the voices of her old teacher and her younger sister were too muffled to make out exactly, but when Stacy started crying, Wendy knew she had won.

She did feel bad for a moment... it was clear that this would be the worst day of Stacy's life. But she deserved what was coming to her for what she had callously stolen from Wendy.

Wendy didn't need to worry about keeping her slutty promise to Mr. Nelson either. The half-hour expired before the meeting concluded, and when Mr. Nelson opened the coolest door twenty minutes later, he was confused to find his supply closet completely empty.

...

Stacy wasn't concerned much during this trip. It didn't actually stand much chance of changing anything, after all. This time, instead of nervously watching the platform, she spent the few minutes that Wendy was away checking her phone.

Like clockwork, Wendy dropped back to the platform a few minutes later, stumbling to her knees and breathing heavily. Stacy got up with no urgency and approached her, offering a bottle of water.

'So,' said Stacy calmly, "How did it go? Did you convince the younger me to apply to the internship?"

Stacy felt a chill of anxiety shiver through her at Wendy's expression of triumph as her older sister looked up and accepted the water bottle.

"No," said Wendy with a strange, manic grin, "But I think you learned a lesson you'll never forget."

"What did you do, Wendy?" asked Stacy in a worried tone, reading something sinister in Wendy's gleeful expression.

"We'll both find out in a few seconds here, won't we?" said Wendy smugly. Just as she finished speaking, the rippling effect of the time changes started in the center of the platform, rushing out rapidly. Stacy felt like running, but she knew it would do no good. No matter how far she ran, the ripples would change everything she was in seconds.

She braced herself for whatever changes were coming. She didn't want to believe that her sister was capable of such a thing, but had Wendy... hurt her past self somehow? Wendy was looking up at her eagerly, clearly anticipating the changes as well.

This time, when the strange buzzing warmth poured through her, the changes were subtle. She felt her body firm and tighten, smooth, toned muscles rippling pleasantly under her skin. Her posture straightened, and her hair grew even longer and more luxurious. Her heels grew as well, and even though she would normally think heels this tall would be difficult to walk in, this body seemed to have the muscle memory for perfect poise even on these tall stilettos.

Wendy changed as well. She still wasn't fat, but she gained a little extra plumpness on her hips, tits and ass. She looked paler and less healthy. She had gone from a dominant, perfect woman to looking decidedly mousy.

Stacy was, frankly, shocked. Whatever Wendy had done seemed to have only increased Stacy's beauty while making her less attractive.

But Stacy wasn't nearly as surprised as Wendy was; she stared up at Stacy in uncomprehending horror, especially at the "senior researcher" badge still clipped to her lab coat.

"It's not possible!" said Wendy in a whining voice. "It's not fair! I did everything perfectly!"

Stacy frowned down at her sister. So Stacy was doing well, and this wasn't what Wendy intended at all. She drew herself up to her impressive height on her tall heels and crossed her arms, asking Wendy in a cold, commanding voice, "Ok, so now that we've changed, I want an answer, sis. What did you do in the past exactly? I'll find out through a memory surge eventually, so you might as well tell me."

For the first time Stacy could remember, Wendy actually looked afraid as she looked up into her sister's furious eyes.