

I Am So Bored

When I was a kid, I remember being bored on a pretty regular basis. “A good problem to have” is what my dad always called it. I suppose for him, it must have seemed that way. After all, a bored kid is the main ingredient in a manual labor pie. My dad had a knack for curing me of that boredom. The man never seemed to run out of ways to fill my idle time. Vacuuming, dusting, dishes, sweeping, mopping, scrubbing, tidying... and that was just the indoors stuff.

The man owned a two acre plot of land. There was a *lot* of outdoors stuff.

Now I don't say that to complain. My childhood was a happy one, and even if those chores never inculcated in me a desire to keep my own home so fastidious as his, they certainly taught me perspective. Not so much the perspective he meant to teach me, I suppose; elbow grease is still not something I produce in any impressive quantity. Same goes for cleanliness, for discipline, or even the simple capacity to shut my yapper when I get to whining about petty troubles. No, what I learned from those days, more than anything else, was this: how to turn drudgery into something halfway entertaining.

Because what else is a kid to do? I was a kid before the era of smartphones or ipods. So when I was set to the task of pulling every last weed on those acres, bent over with my ass in the air in the scorching sun getting eaten alive by mosquitoes ripping up every unauthorized plant I could find... I learned to make a game of it.

What else was there to do, right? Challenge myself to pick the thistles sans gloves – an incentive structure that promoted excellence. Practice the moonwalk while vacuuming. Beating the dust out of the rugs put me in the batter's box at the world series. Cleaning my room became an exhaustive search for the buried treasure that, legend held, was enshrined somewhere in this temple – perhaps beneath the Pit of Laundry. Elaborate gesticulation inserted into the process of washing the dishes was Mr. Miyagi's way of turning me into the ultimate karate fighter.

(It did, once or twice, result in a broken dish, but I insisted to my parents that all life was about balance.)

Fast forward to today. Boredom is an omnipresent threat lurking on the borders of my consciousness. I don't have much, if any, chores to attend to, but even the most fulfilling routine, with sufficient repetition, becomes precisely that – routine. Now I'm in my forties, more than comfortable financially, gainfully employed when I feel like being gainfully employed, and by any standard, living the dream.

Literally, in fact. And not figuratively literally, but literally literally. See, twenty-some years back, I had this dream where I could probe the thoughts and feelings of others. Only when I woke up... it was still there. I could sense my then girlfriend's grumpiness; my boss's smug satisfaction as he chewed out one of my coworkers for a

petty infraction; the impotent rage of a nearby driver as his lane slowed to a stand-still. I'm not proud to say I went ahead and pilfered a gold star idea from a colleague competing for a promotion and proposed it up the chain right before he could. Promotion achieved, pay raise secured, girlfriend pampered and indulgence reciprocated.

Sure enough, with a little concentration, I learned to alter those thought patterns. Like anything, it got easier with practice, and as months became years, it became rather *too* easy. I quit my job, but left the firm with a golden parachute of massive proportions. Rent payments for my deluxe skyrise pad in the city were no longer required upon the realization of my new landlord that I had saved his life. (Or saved his family's lives? I don't even remember any more.) My girlfriend was a nice girl, and pretty-ish, but I didn't kid myself about my capacity to stay faithful with these new tricks up my sleeve. I cut her loose before I could be unfaithful, cossetting my ego by gifting her a handsome, well-to-do young stud to replace me. Then to reward myself for my generosity, I brought home a nice tasty professional cheerleader.

For a long while, I forgot all about that "good problem" of my upbringing. I mean, how big of an asshole would someone have to be to get a gift like mine and have the audacity to complain about it? About anything, really. It could solve nearly any problem, and even when my own biology was on the fritz, it meant the best treatment from the best doctors as their top priority. I got to go anywhere, meet anyone, have anything, screw anyone.

That's not to say there were no drawbacks. After all, the more a person has, the more paranoid they're apt to be about protecting it. It's lonely, sometimes, not being able to tell anyone about this power of mine, to have even my closest friends and family in the dark about what all I can do. An unfortunate necessity, though. Nobody wants to go through their day worried about what insane methods a concerned citizen might use to eliminate someone like me for the supposed greater good. Even so, living this particular secret has been a net amazing experience.

Only...

OK, just try to hear me out. We all have those dreams of winning the lottery, right? Likewise, we've all probably had some sanctimonious douche canoe remind us as we rattled off our lottery dreams that most lottery winners actually wind up miserable, that money only buys happiness up to a certain extent. Well, today, I am my own sanctimonious douche canoe it looks like, because... I hate to say it, but there's some truth to it. Having everything and earning nothing actually does get tiresome after a while. Like, imagine your favorite food at your favorite restaurant. Great, huh? Mouth-water, tasty, perfectly prepared. Now imagine that you got to eat that whenever you wanted. So you start to eat it every other meal. For weeks. Months. *Years*. At what

point does a treat cease to become a treat? It's like what Halloween would be like if your parents owned a costume shop and a candy store.

So yeah, here I am, two decades and change into this perfect life, and... so help me, I'm beginning to have those good problems again. But lucky for me, my dear old dad helped me figure out just how to cope.

Nikki was, for the most part, not substantively distinct from the countless other women I'd set my eyes on over the years. She was a fitness buff and a dance team instructor at a high school in the suburbs, so while she was maybe a little more lean and cut than I usually went for, variety is the spice of life as they say. I'm serious. You ever wake up with mind control powers, don't restrict yourself to an endless buffet of bikini model types. Play the field. Snag a girl who's a head taller than you. One with more piercings than you'd have thought a person had places to pierce. A black chick with an ass so big it frightens you. And so on – you get the idea.

Nikki, I guess, wasn't so far outside the conventional. Gorgeous face, body so trim her big tits look almost too perky to be real, blonde hair – but platinum blonde, like she was left on a beach for a decade and it never got around to darkening. She even wore smart girl glasses once in a while. When she wanted to look smart, I guess. We had a bit of an age gap between us, with her only in her late 20's or so, but sue me if my appetites haven't aged as quickly as my bones. (Besides, in her social media profile, she'd described herself as an "old soul," so there.) She was hot, for sure, but just quirky enough to be intriguing.

Now yes, the point of all this was to make a game of it, but I had to cheat at least a little bit at the onset to do some of the groundwork. After all, I didn't want to go to all this trouble only to find out I'd picked a dud. A few years back I'd had a date with this chick, and... I tell ya. Everything seemed normal right up to the moment I got my pants off, and then the poor thing couldn't stop crying. I didn't even want to know what had happened to bring her to that point. Even though I could (and did) reach in and squelch all that ugliness inside her, it definitely killed my mood. Hopefully her next date went better, for her and the lucky guy.

So I poked around inside her head to make sure she was a candidate, and was pleased to find everything healthy and hetero. Nikki liked dudes, was sex-positive, and wasn't in a committed relationship. Yes, yes, I could simply make her straight and single, but that always seemed sorta mean-spirited, for one, and for two, the whole point was to give myself a challenge. I'd be breaking the rules of my own game if I started out by making her into someone she wasn't.

With the target in my scopes, I got to work. This wasn't going to be easy, and might not work regardless. Still, for the first time in a long time, maybe I wouldn't look out at all the acres of mindscape out there and feel that same old problem.

Nikki blew her whistle and waved the squad over. It was heady, sometimes, how much respect these girls gave her, even now watching her with breathless anticipation for her feedback on their new routine. She'd studied dance since first grade, after all, and had even participated in some professional shows. These girls were right to value her input, as she had helped shape them into one of the top high school dance squads in the state.

"Great work on that, ladies," she opened, but she didn't let their relief stand long. "Tricia, your timing was about a half beat behind on the kicks. Make sure you're leading the music, not letting it lead you. Morgan, great form, but don't forget to smile. Lindsay, dynamite work out there! How many hours of practice did it take you to nail it like that?"

"I dunno. A lot," said Lindsay guardedly.

"Well it paid off, girl. I want you to take the new girls and work with them in a group, show them how it's done. Can you do that for me?"

"You got it, Miss Campbell," she answered, a flattered grin threatening to overwhelm her usually dour face.

Nikki couldn't have said what had happened to Lindsay these past few months. She'd only transferred here at the start of the semester, and while her natural athleticism and raw beauty seemed to make her a shoe-in for the squad, her attitude had been simply terrible. Petty bickering, ignoring directions, skipping workouts... she had been kind of a chore. Not Lady Viking material at all.

Then one day, Nikki had caught her crying alone in the locker room after a particularly disruptive practice. The coach had actually been waiting around to catch the girl on her way out of school to let her know she was being cut, but the sobbing girl had moved her to pity, so instead she sat down to ask her what was wrong. Lindsay had opened up to her about all sorts of things – how hard it had been moving schools her senior year, about how awful it had felt when her mom had walked out in her and her dad, about how dance had been the only thing that used to make her happy but now she felt like she was losing even that. Nikki held her, talked her through it, and promised not to give up on her so long as Lindsay didn't give up on herself. Since then, she'd gotten to be a better and better team player by the day until now, she was the strongest asset on the squad. Her coach could only guess how she'd come so far so fast.

Hey there, me again. So yeah, I could definitely tell you how Lindsay came so far so fast. It's because she was a recent Juilliard graduate, and frankly, one hell of a hard worker and had all too much experience with the school of hard knocks growing up. I'd been fucking her on and off during her years at Juilliard. After she finished up there, she was struggling to find work so I figured I could help her out, put a roof over her head while she spent the semester as my In with Nikki. My gift made short work of

the enrollment process, and from there, it was a simple matter of planting that bratty, petulant seed in little Lindsay and letting her coach do some weeding, as it were.

Tangentially, fucking ballet dancers is exactly as amazing as you would think it is.

The practice resumed, with Nikki moving around giving pointers, modeling techniques, adjusting routines, making sure nobody was slacking in the gym. They didn't need much such supervision; these girls wanted to win state as badly as she wanted to see them win. Finally it was time to call it a day. She wished them well, then bided her time until she could close and lock their locker room for the evening. In the fall they shared it with the soccer team, and winter the basketball, but this time of year they had it all to themselves as the softball girls had another locker room out by the field.

While she waited for the girls to shower up and change back into normal clothes, she made the round with the parents. Nikki wasn't a teacher, not officially, but she still considered what she did a part of the girls' education, and parent outreach was an important step in reaching these girls. Besides, there was never a shortage of needs that the parents could help with, from chaperonage to transportation to simple monetary support. Plus, more than once she'd gotten a head's up about what was going on in a girl's life, and that helped her be a better coach and a better support in their life.

It was mostly moms, as usual. Nikki passed on good feedback on Allison's progress, told Danae's mom about her strained hammy, listened to yet another high-pressure sales pitch from Mrs. Nakashima about why Kristin needed to spend more time in the spotlight. There was one potential dad, there, though she didn't recognize him. In fact, she'd briefly worried it was another random perv off the street swinging by the ogle teenage girls in their workout clothes. (Not that that had happened often, but still, once was enough.)

"Good evening," she said, trying to sound warm, but not too warm (just in case). "I'm not sure we've met before. I'm Coach Nikki, and you're..."

"Grant Fleming," he said, accepting my offer of a handshake. "Lindsay's dad."

That's me, just to be clear. It was a little weird, standing there not reading someone's mind during a conversation, but the silence was sort of refreshing.

The coach's eyes widened in surprise and elation. "Lindsay's... Oh! Mr. Fleming, it's so good to meet you! I've been looking forward to meeting you all semester! Lindsay's told me all about you."

"Not *all* about me, I hope," he joked. "And please, it's Grant."

"Grant then, great," she said, and finally realized she was still holding his hand, releasing it with a small flush. As she and Lindsay had gotten closer, she really had learned a great deal about this man, and she knew her newest Lady Viking thought the

world of him. At least as much as any teenage daughter could. “So you’re here to pick her up?”

“Guilty as charged. Yeah, usually Linds rides home with Erika, but...” He didn’t finish, but she nodded anyway, aware Erika was out sick for the day.

Yes, I’ve fucked Erika, too. High school girls usually fall outside my range, but you should see this girl. Lips like that, you can’t help but want to wrap them around your cock while your pretend daughter fingers her clit to orgasm.

“Well it’s nice to meet you.”

“The same, totally,” the man answered, pausing to let her say a farewell to another dancer as she departed. “Seriously, I can’t begin to thank you for all you’ve done for Lindsay this year. She was... Well, she was having so much trouble adjusting here, but she’s told me all about how you stepped in and took her under your wing. I’m so grateful, seriously. If there’s anything I can ever do for you – for the team, I mean! – I’m happy to do it.”

He winced at himself for having nearly sounded like he was flirting, though in truth Nikki probably wouldn’t have considered it if he hadn’t reacted as he did. “Well thank you, Grant. You know, someday I just may take you up on that.”

Then Lindsay was exiting the locker room, and that was that. Nikki walked away smiling to herself as she listened to Lindsay chatter on about how she’d gotten to teach the girls some of her moves today. Moments like these, she told herself, that was why she was in this business. Frankly, the girls’ technique was incredible, advanced way beyond anyone else on the team. She had every right to feel proud of herself.

Half an hour later, Nikki was no longer smiling. Quite the opposite, in fact, as she glared at the engine of her car. “Why won’t you start, damnit!” she yelled, pacing back and forth, kicking the front tire and then grunting in pain. It was a used car, going on a hundred and fifty thousand miles, but it had always been so reliable! It ought to be. Her uncle was a mechanic, and she made sure to follow his every directive on maintenance and care. Only now, as she turned the key in the ignition once more, it didn’t bother even making a sound. It had been just fine when she drove it here! Ugh!

“Car troubles, Coach?” came a voice from behind her. She turned and there was Lindsay, of all people.

“Lindsay? What are you still doing here? I thought you left a long time ago.”

“Yeah, but I forgot my laptop, and my dad said I needed it so I could access the notes for a test tomorrow in Mrs. Burley’s class,” she grumbled. Nikki understood the frustration with meddlesome fathers, but still, she counted it as another point in Grant Fleming’s column. “So what’s going on?”

Nikki glowered again at her car. “Oh, just some engine trouble. It may finally be the big one this time. Guess I’ll have to get used to taking the bus for a while.” Ugh!

“Hang on,” said Lindsay, then suddenly turned and yelled at her father, who was parked nearby. “Dad! C’mere!”

“Does your dad actually know anything about cars?” she asked hesitantly. She’d been pretty enough long enough that there was no more charm in watching some would-be white knight fumble away at trying to solve her problems just to impress her. She didn’t want to think such dim thoughts of what seemed to be a nice man, but then again, she didn’t want to stand here in the parking lot watching him learn to be an auto mechanic, either.

Little did she realize, I’d already learned to be an auto mechanic – at least, I’d had a reputable mechanic from Queens teach me what I needed to know. Turns out it wasn’t all that hard to force the hood open and disconnect the right wire in the right way as to keep things subtle to the untrained eye. Doing it in the middle of a school parking lot would be have been tricky if not for the handy ability to make people ignore what they were seeing. I’d even been prepared to fudge my rule and use it on Nikki if she caught me in the act, but luckily for me, I was still playing a spotless game. All I had to do was put her in the driver’s seat, call out “try it now” a few times, then reconnect it.

Could I have just chatted her up, used my Dad of the Year cred with Lindsay to work my way up to an ask? Maybe, but personalities don’t always mesh at first, so that was a risk. Making her a damsel in distress was way better as an opening salvo. I even thought about a more heavy-handed solution. After all, not like I couldn’t just give her a new car or something, but I’d learned long since that making someone feel grateful was not at all the same as making them feel indebted.

Aside: my GOD but she looked hot as hell bent over her hood like that. Megan Fox could learn a thing or two from this babe. I couldn’t wait to get her out of those clothes.

“Try it now!” Lindsay’s dad called once again.

Her sense of hope had diminished with each attempt, so when this time her car engine grunted and coughed its way back into life, she shrieked in delight. “We did it!” she exclaimed as she leapt to her feet. “I mean, *you* did it, but hey – I’ll take it!”

Her brief, spontaneous hug was reciprocated, and he responded demurely. She wasn’t having it, though. “I mean it! You really saved my bacon. I’m meeting a friend for dinner in twenty minutes, and I’ve already stood her up twice in the past few months.”

“Glad I could be of service. I’m heading out for a me-date myself this evening. Once I drop Lindsay off and let her get to that studying, that is.”

“Sounds romantic,” Nikki joked.

“Oh, believe me, I’m excellent company,” said the man, playing along. “Anyway, sounds like you have somewhere to be, so don’t let me keep you, Mrs. Campbell.”

“Miss,” she said, then quickly amended, “Nikki, actually. To parents. Well, to some parents. The one who seriously saved my day, at least.”

“Oho! If I’d known it would have meant membership in such an elite club, I would have fixed it faster.”

She smiled. What a nice man – no wonder Lindsay was bouncing back so well. After a moment, she caught herself smiling too long and reminded herself of the time. “I guess I should be going,” she said.

“Good evening, Nikki.”

“Good evening, Grant.”

She slid back into her car, gave him one last wave, and pulled away.

So right about here is where I sent a hasty text to Nikki’s friend Bethany, who would then call Nikki to cancel said dinner plans. You may be thinking, hey Grant, looks like you already lost your own game – using your powers to read her mind to get her friend’s name is cheating! And you’re right – that would be cheating. Which is why I had my cop friend... OK, not “friend” so much as another woman who caught my eye while she was leading a funeral procession. Have you ever fucked in the back of a hearse? Kind of fucked up, but unexpectedly life-affirming.

Anyway, Sergeant Brimble (A.K.A. Officer Bendly) scoped out Nikki’s place for me for a few weeks, kept an eye on comings and goings, and reported back to me. It didn’t take much digging to discern Bethany’s status as a close friend, and from there, all I had to do was “persuade” her to set up dinner plans for tonight, and cancel them when she got word from me.

Why the text, you ask? Because my powers don’t have a thirty-block range, that’s why. Not that I should be explaining anything more about my limitations. I’ve probably already said too much, damnit.

And no, I didn’t fuck Bethany. Not yet, anyway.

Nikki didn’t even notice Lindsay’s dad’s car pulling up alongside hers where she’d parked near the exit to the school lot. She’d just hung up with Bethany, who’d canceled their plans not fifteen minutes before they were supposed to meet. Karma for her own flakiness, Nikki supposed. Still, disappointing.

When she realized someone was looking at her, she gasped in alarm before realizing who it was. “Grant,” she said warmly after rolling down her window.

“Everything OK?”

“I was about to ask you the same. Is your car giving you more trouble?”

“What? Oh, no! Not at all. I got a phone call – looks like my plans fell through for the evening.”

“Oh, that’s too bad. See, that’s why I like dating myself so much – I never stand myself up.”

She smiled. “Maybe I’ll do the same. Oh, who am I kidding – it’s going to be another night of takeout on the couch, looks like.”

Lindsay leaned around her dad. “No way! You two should totally just grab dinner together!”

“Lindsay,” he said reprovably. “That’s not very appropriate. I’m sure Nikki’s boyfriend wouldn’t appreciate it, either.”

“Actually, I’m single,” she said, wondering to herself why she shared as much.

No, that wasn’t my doing. Come on, you think I’d cheat to get her to say something I already knew?

“Really?” He looked stunned, and she couldn’t help but feel flattered. “I’m sorry, was that rude? It’s just, you’re so... Sorry, I’m talking nonsense.”

“No, it’s all right.”

Lindsay made a second appeal. “Come on, dad. It’s just dinner. It’s not, like, a *date* date. Plus, you totally missed parent teacher conferences. Don’t you even care about hearing how I’m doing?”

“Of course I... That’s not... Lindsay...!” He sputtered, Nikki smiling at the back of his head all the while. She hadn’t gotten a man this flustered in quite some time. Her ex, Mario, had been cocky from the very beginning, and before that... yeesh, it had been a long time.

“I’m sorry about that Nikki. I’m sure my daughter meant well.”

“It’s quite all right,” she assured him.

He continued after a grudging look at the girl in the passenger seat. “And she’s right about one thing. I’m really interested in hearing how she’s doing. So maybe sometime, you and I could—”

“How about tonight?” she interrupted. “Neither of us have plans, right? Seems like a good opportunity.”

I definitely hadn’t expected it to be that easy. Not that going on a date with me ought to be some repulsive prospect or anything. After all, when your life is as awesome as mine you want to live as long as possible, so you make sure you keep in good shape. My dietician Leah makes sure I get plenty of exercise, if you catch my meaning.

Still, I was almost disappointed. Lindsay and I had practiced this whole routine, where she’d channel some of that feisty energy she’d shown her coach earlier in the year and we’d talk her down together, show how empathetic and involved I was firsthand. Almost, anyway. If Nikki had seen me eating Lindsay out before school this morning, then she’d know just how involved we were.

Almost an hour later, Nikki settled into the front seat of Grant’s car, where Lindsay had been riding earlier. She almost wished she could have had more time to prepare, but she had to admit she was rather hungry. Plus, she and Grant had agreed

this wasn't to be anything fancy, so no need to get too dressed up or anything. She'd probably outdone herself with a pair of hip-hugging designer pants, a snug black vest that laced down the front that showed enough skin to make sure her necklace was well-displayed. A lace overshirt kept it from being too daring, though the four-inch heels made sure she was looking date-worthy.

Not that this was, as Lindsay had called it, "a *date* date." He was a nice man who'd helped her with some car troubles, and the father of one of her most promising dancers. Nikki had immediately – almost immediately – decided against a dress. A dress was too feminine, too flirtatious. Still, what she'd chosen was still a good look on her, just in case things went... No. No, she couldn't.

But just in case.

"Hello again," he said as she fastened the seatbelt. "Wow, you look great. Sorry, just I thought we'd agreed not to dress up."

Nikki recognized false modesty and bapped the back of his wrist as he put the car into drive. His own outfit might seem casual at a glance, a heather charcoal gray tshirt tight enough to make his definition impossible to miss, faded jeans she knew full well were designer, an open-breasted sport jacket that probably cost half as much as her rent. It was an impressive assembly of casual men's fashion.

Damn right it was. Me, I wear what's comfortable, plain and simple. It didn't take more than thirty seconds on Nikki's instagram, though, to see that all the money she was saving with that shitbox car of hers she was burning on clothes. Fashion was important to her, and I suppose it did feel a little nice to get some authentic admiration for my presentation for once.

I will say that for her part, she was looking absolutely dynamite. After years of not holding myself back, I had to consciously remind myself not to have her take her top off then and there.

Traffic was heavy that night, so he invited her to take over the radio while he drove to the restaurant. She was pleased he seemed to share her taste in music. In fact, just to make sure he wasn't having her on, she challenged him to sing along with her. Swearing she'd regret hearing him sing, he indulged her, and the two jointly belted out a tone deaf rendition of Ed Sheeran's *Beautiful People* up until he nearly rear-ended the taxi in front of him. Laughing in spite of herself, she let him off the hook and carried the rest herself.

Note: I do not like Ed Sheeran, and I had never heard that song. But I didn't cheat! I had to split my attention pretty hard to find somebody nearby who knew it, and did my best to get out the words in their head. The near accident was, in fact, an accident.

Nikki recognized the restaurant they were going to, The Willow. She loved this place. Basically a Greek diner with some flair, enough class to regularly rotate new

recipes in and out. She'd come here often with Mario, actually, enough so that she was on a first-name basis with a lot of the staff. As such, she tried not to look too incredulous when Consuela gave Grant a hug at the coat check, expressing how glad she was to see him back. She even waved over two of the waitresses, and the four were immediately embroiled in conversation. He quickly introduced Nikki, and then it was his turn to be surprised.

Not surprising at all. I planned the location, thanks to... well, you'll see. But faking being a regular? That shit's way too easy.

"How have I never seen you in here?" she asked once they'd been seated. "I used to come in here all the time."

"Oh, I'm sure I'm just another wallflower. Not all of us stand out in a crowd as much as you do."

The compliment landed. "I'd have noticed. We must be living different schedules or something."

The date commenced. As they placed their order and waited for their food to be brought out, the conversation opened with the planned topic, Lindsay and her development. He listened to her go on about how much she'd grown, how impressed she was with her talent, how she felt like she was finally beginning to get through to her. He listened, rapt, and then expanded on some of the topics. Her life-long passion for dance, her dream of attending Juilliard, how crushed she had been by her mother's sudden departure.

"Grant, is it too personal for me to ask..."

"Why Shannon left?" he finished. She nodded. "Nothing so mysterious, I suppose, or so uncommon. I found out she'd been cheating on me with her boss. I confronted her, we had a fight, agreed to get counseling. Not two weeks later... oldest cliché in the book, I tell ya. Came home from work early, caught them in the act."

"Oh my gosh, that must have been awful! I'm so sorry."

"Thanks. It wasn't great, that's for sure, but it was so much harder for Lindsay. Shannon's boss let her go, in every sense, after that. I wasn't about to stick around for her to do it again with someone else. Seeing as Shannon was now unemployed and, you know, a liar, I knew taking care of our daughter had to fall to me. I told Shannon I'd let her tell Lindsay in her own way if she agreed not to fight me for custody. I never expected she'd just quit on us like that. Lindsay and I were visiting my parents for the holidays, and when we came back, Shannon was just... gone."

"No! Lindsay must have been devastated!"

"That's about the right word for it. Worse, Shannon to this day hasn't had the guts to reach out and tell her. I think Lindsay knows, or at least suspects, what went down. It's why she's been slowly able to forgive me for having to uproot her when I did. She's got such a good heart."

Yeesh, what a pity party. She was eating it up, though. Even opened up about her own break-up with Mario. All old news to me, too, which made it all the harder to pay attention. As did the tits fighting to break free of her neckline. Damn. Do you have any idea how hard it is not to ogle when you've been able to do so at your leisure for decades? Old habits, I tell ya.

Thankfully, my phone eventually buzzed to remind me of the timing of my next move.

Grant euphemistically excused himself to the bathroom, leaving Nikki on her own for a moment. She chided herself quietly for breaking a basic date rule and going on that long-winded rant about her ex, but she had to hand it to him, he'd taken it like a champ. Sure, she'd caught him glancing at her cleavage a few times, but she hadn't picked a blouse like this to not get him to notice.

Not that she was going to do anything about it. But if things went well, it never hurt to lay some groundwork.

Vanessa, one of the waitresses she considered a friend, stopped by to check on the table and was assured everything was fine. Instead of bustling on to the next table, however, the woman lingered. "So, you and Grant, huh?"

Nikki hadn't expected to be interrogated, but it wasn't especially surprising. The girl was a notorious flirt and even more notorious gossip – but by the same token, was a great source of juicy news. "Oh. Um, yeah. Sort of, I guess. I coach a dance team, and his daughter's one of my girls."

"Oh, so it's not a date?"

"No, it is. I mean, I think it is. We'll call it a first date if there's a second," she said with a laugh. "It's all kind of happening so fast."

Vanessa put a hand on her shoulder, bending down conspiratorially. "Well you hold onto your saddle and don't let him slip away, girl. I'm serious."

Nikki leaned in. "Oh yeah?"

Vanessa nodded. "Believe me. That man... he's a keeper. Let's just say there was practically a stampede to his doorstep when folks heard about the ex in his ex-wife."

"Yeesh." She craned her neck to make sure the sound of approaching footsteps weren't his. "Why, what's the big deal? I mean, he seems like a nice guy and all, but..."

I don't even know what all that waitress was telling her out there. Her instructions were to make up whatever flattering and believable-sounding lies she could think of, without over-doing it. My read of her was that Nikki trusted her judgment on guys pretty well – or at least Vanessa thought she did, since, as I must stress, I wasn't cheating – so I figured it'd be at least a good nudge. I'd make sure to scan her mind for whatever she'd fabricated when I got back to the table in case any of it came up later.

Also, I made a note to myself to come back here sometime. The food was really good, and Vanessa was certainly worth getting a blowjob from, at the very least. Doe eyes, thick lips. And I could supply the requisite enthusiasm.

“Hey, honey,” the waitress said sweetly as he made his way back to the table. She’d cut off her description of how he’d made the first girl he’d dated after his divorce come so hard she hadn’t been able to get off with any other man since. “You need a refill?”

“No thanks, Vanessa,” he answered, settling back in, giving her a brief pat of appreciation on the shoulder. Nikki looked close. Did the woman just *shiver* from such a slight touch? She’d half-assumed the stories she’d been telling about Grant were pure nonsense, but... maybe there was something to it.

Who exactly had she let take her out to dinner tonight? she wondered.

They resumed conversation, this time turning to more conventional get-to-know-you topics. It seemed to be going well. He made her laugh, she made him smile. Nikki was now for sure thinking of this as a first date.

In time, both of them were increasingly aware that they couldn’t sit here at The Willow forever, and it was soon going to be time to decide what, if anything, happened next. Much as she was curious to see what if any truth there was to Vanessa claims about him, she was hesitant to rush into anything.

Only suddenly, she was eager to rush out of something – namely the restaurant. The smile drained from her face as she saw an all-too-familiar face walking in the door. Mario.

He was looking good, she had to admit, as was the girl walking in beside him. She hadn’t heard he’d found someone new. She might have allowed herself to hope it was simply a friend or a coworker, but as they waited for Consuela to seat them, his hand slid down to her annoyingly shapely bottom.

“Um, is it OK if we get going?” said Grant – only a split second before she’d been about to say the same. “I don’t want things to get awkward.”

Nikki looked away from Mario and frowned as she wondered at his comment. “Huh? I mean, yeah. Just... how did you know that was my ex-boyfriend?”

“That’s... who? The guy by the door?”

“Yeah,” she said, as perplexed as he seemed to be. “Why, what did you mean?”

But the time for discussing it had past, as Consuela was now leading Mario and the woman close enough past their table that they couldn’t pretend they hadn’t noticed one another. Mario murmured something to Consuela, then the two of them were striding over to Nikki and Grant’s table.

“Grant?” said the woman. Lord, she was even more attractive up close! How did she know Grant?

“Hi, Megan,” he answered evenly. “Nice to see you.”

Mario looked like he wanted to be initiating a similar greeting, except now both were looking at their date agog. What in the hell was happening?

“You didn’t return my calls,” she said frostily.

“I... I’m sorry,” he said awkwardly. “I’ve been... busy.”

Nikki could empathize. She’d had this same accusation made of her before, too, by guys she’d not felt any chemistry with. Still, it was pretty mind-blowing that a guy wouldn’t feign some chemistry for a shot with this goddess with her D-cups out to here!

DD cups. And they’re fake – and not a good fake.

The woman, Megan, shot a not-at-all subtle glare Nikki’s way. “Looks like you weren’t busy tonight.”

“Megan, please. I’m with someone. We can talk some other time.”

The woman’s face immediately brightened. “So you’re saying you’ll call?”

He glanced to Nikki, and she could read that he was looking for sympathy. She tried to project some back. Mostly, though, she was awash in disbelief not only at the coincidence of it all, but at the scene this woman was making. She tried not to be a judgmental person, but this... this was just pathetic.

What could Grant have done to render this gorgeous woman so infatuated?

Mario suddenly spoke into the looming silence. “Hey, Nikki. Thought you said you weren’t gonna come around here any more.”

“I wasn’t,” she said. “My friend picked the place.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet. Look, why don’t we–”

Megan suddenly interjected forcefully. “You said you would call!” she exclaimed. It was loud enough and emotional enough that other diners started looking. “What did I do wrong? Whatever it was, I can do better, I swear.”

Believe it or not, Megan’s not even acting her. I used my powers on her when we first fucked is all. Sometimes I use a heavier touch – even insincere flattery can be flattering – and I think I rewired her pleasure centers to fixate on me pretty hard. It happens. I used to feel a little bad about that kind of thing, but once I saw how hard they could come just from masturbating to the memory of me, my conscience was good and assuaged.

“Look, first of all I never said I...” He stopped and shook his head. “Look, it didn’t work out, all right? Why don’t you and Mario have a nice evening, and Nikki and I will do the same.”

“Fuck Mario!” she said, stamping her foot. Consuela was coming over now; this was beginning to exceed The Willow’s drama threshold. “Come on, just give me another chance, OK? Please!”

But Grant’s response was to Nikki. “I think we should go,” he said softly, and she hastily agreed. This was mortifying, and mostly on behalf of this woman. As Consuela

helpfully stalled Mario and Megan with a mild admonishment against causing a scene, Grant apologized profusely as he ushered Nikki toward the door.

As he helped her on with her jacket, Vanessa caught her eye, and she didn't miss her mouthing, "that's her!"

That?! That woman was the one Grant had... oh, wow! To think she'd doubted her.

And... what had he *done* that had driven her so crazy for him?

As a matter of fact, the lie Vanessa had told and then reinforced was more or less true. I'm not a total asshole, after all, and even if I didn't care at all for my partner's (or partners') pleasure, it's fun on my end to watch them have what I affectionately call "comequakes." Some of the easiest mind control there is, really – no nuance to it, just reach on in to the pleasure center and squeeze. Megan had actually been a great fuck, as a matter of fact, and I was absolutely going to call her again later.

Probably.

Unless I forgot about her. That happens oftentimes. It's a big city.

After they hustled through a light rain back to Grant's car, there was no longer any time to discuss the issue of what next, but Nikki was quite grateful when he suggested they go back to his place. She agreed immediately.

Not that she was agreeing to anything else. He had a daughter, for crying out loud. But still, at this point, she found her eyes frequently straying to the crotch of his pants and wondering what lay within that had so addled Mario's date.

Make that ex-date, she amended as they drove back past the Willow, where it looked like Mario was yelling after her as she stormed away. That alone was one of the sexiest things a man had ever done for her.

I mean, obviously. Upstaging her ex-boyfriend and ruining his night with a choice piece of ass was a total no-brainer. I almost wished I could fudge the rules, just to experience how good it must feel on her end.

Nikki was curious enough to break the rule about discussing exes once more regarding that woman, Megan, but Grant bashfully deflected it, simply replying that they'd gone on a handful of dates most of a year ago and she'd misread things. She couldn't help but feel like, from the way he said it, this was something he was getting used to.

"So, do you, ah, date a lot of younger women?" she asked. She knew full well that her question was ripe with implications, but after seeing Megan, and the conspicuous difference in their own ages... she wondered. Besides, she was getting more comfortable around him. It was a good way to test how he'd react to getting personal.

“Maybe this sounds cliché, but I guess I don’t think about it in terms of age. I mean, within reason,” he said with a chuckle. “This one friend of Lindsay’s, she was in college, and... yeah, let’s just say it made for an awkward sleepover and leave it at that.

“What?” She laughed in spite of herself. “Come on, you can’t leave it at that! Some college girl Lolita throws herself at you and you want to brush it off?”

As they drove back to his house, Grant regaled her with the story. Lindsay had her friend Missy over for a sleepover. He’d noticed her flirtatious demeanor towards him for a while, but hadn’t thought much of it from a pretty twenty-year-old girl. Maybe she was simply a flirt? But then she’d snuck into his room in the middle of the night and started kissing him; he’d come to thinking it was his wife, and his brain only kicked in several minutes into things to realize the former Mrs. Fleming was long gone. It had seemed so much like her, he said. The way she kissed, the way she tasted, the way she felt in his hands.

Never underestimate the power of imagery.

The story, by the way, is partly true. I stayed over in Lindsay’s dorm room one night, as I occasionally did. (There aren’t many places that compete with the dormitories at Juilliard for hotties per square foot.) Her friend Missy stopped by to borrow some makeup, she caught my eye, I fucked her. After that, the bit about her waking me up in the middle of the night, letting her down easy – I’d been crazy tired – was pretty spot on.

She was beautiful and more than willing, but still, between her being friends with his daughter and being young enough to be his daughter herself, he’d done his best to let her down easy. Harder still had been the next time Lindsay invited her to stay over, coming up with a circumspect way to tell her why that couldn’t happen.

“So how about you?” he asked as their laughter died down. “Do you date a lot of men my age?”

“Oh, I didn’t mean to make a big deal out of it or anything. Honestly, the last time someone asked me out was my friend Serena, which was this whole big awkward thing. Sweet girl, but... let’s just say you’re much more my type.” She hesitated, but decided to go bold and be direct with him about how she was feeling. “And no, I guess I don’t often date older men, but... really, I don’t even look at you and see your age. Only a person. One I like.”

He gave her a long look and a warm smile. “I see the same thing.”

God her tits looked amazing in that light. I couldn’t wait to hear her offer to shed that top. (Is that what free-willed girls did? Or would she take it off without saying anything? The not knowing was exhilarating.)

By the time he pulled into his reserved parking spot by his apartment building – a nice-looking high-rise not too far from the park, no less – Nikki was definitely entertaining some quiet fantasies of what she might try tonight. After what Vanessa had

told her, and seeing Megan's reaction, and hearing that story about Lindsay's friend... I mean, she wasn't going to actually do anything. Probably. His daughter was home after all, darn her. Not that she would do too much even if she weren't. Maybe just a little kissing. She could probably get him to kiss her goodbye, right?

Was she going to turn into the next Megan? As she shut the passenger door behind her, she giggled at the thought, as if she was going to become some besotted miserable girl pining for Grant.

He couldn't be *that* amazing... could he?

Getting down to the wire, I put on a few finishing touches on the ambiance. The hot couple I'd left waiting on the doorstep commenced their feverish makeout, forcing us to squeeze around them to get inside. My hot neighbor Tara chatted me up as she left the elevator on the way down, and I made her make it clear she was less interested in the mailman having put my mail in her mailbox as she was having me put something else in her other box.

Nikki kissed him in the elevator.

Grant kept it brief, pulling back right before she'd meant to, but they both smiled at one another, pleased with their brief samples.

"Almost too bad Lindsay's home," she joked.

"Hmm? What, no, like I said at..." He stopped. "Oh – oh gosh! Lindsay texted me at the restaurant to ask if she could stay at a friend's house after she finished studying. I meant to tell you, but I guess with the ex brigade making their appearance I forgot to say it."

Her cheeks flushed. That certainly changed things a bit, the absence of chaperonage.

"I'm so sorry," he went on. "I understand if you'd rather not come up, Nikki. I didn't mean to mislead you. Here, why don't we just—"

"It's OK," she said, stopping his hand as it reached for the lobby button. "I'm a big girl."

His hand closed around hers. Neither said a word as they exited the elevator and made their way down the hall to his apartment. Once inside, he helped her with her jacket and gave her a tour that was mostly gestures and murmured labels. Nikki excused herself to the bathroom, not only for the usual reason, but also to give herself a moment to try to clear her head.

Also, to take a moment to freshen herself up. Just in case.

Luckily she didn't open the drawer and find the vibrator I keep in there. I might have been able to awkwardly pass it off as a surprise from Lindsay if not for the words GUEST USE written in red Sharpie on the side. Sometimes I get my girls too worked up and don't have the energy or appetite to tackle it myself. Spent all this time working on the minutiae of the date and forgot basics like that – shame on me.

Grant was pouring drinks for them in the kitchen when she returned. He gestured to the four glasses, explaining, “These two are rum and cokes, these two are cokes. I didn’t want to presume.”

Nikki hefted one of the former, drinking it quickly. “Presume away. I love rum and coke.”

No joke. If she didn’t, she’d be the first working class recent college grad girl I’d ever met who didn’t. Now I know, getting her drunk is almost as bad as the way I’d defined cheating for my little game, but I’d mixed them really weak, and aimed to be stingy with the refills.

The couple staked out places on either end of the sofa, moving Lindsay’s laptop aside. Although he snatched it away, Nikki didn’t miss the hand-scribbled note she’d left on top of it. *At Becky’s 4 the nite! Got my phone w/me. Can’t believe you took one of my heroes out 2 dinner! Hope things went awesome – but not TOO awesome lol*

Hero? Wow. That was... wow. Heady.

Grant could perceive she had gotten a look, then apologized, albeit unnecessarily. “She looks up to you a lot, you know. I can see why. I don’t meet many women who make such strong role models for Lindsay.”

She didn’t know what to say to that, so Nikki simply took his hands in hers and gave them a reassuring squeeze.

“I don’t meet many who kiss like you, either,” he added.

A giddy laugh spilled forth. “What, that? That was nothing,” she said. She’d meant it, too. That had been hardly more than a peck, really. Nothing compared to what that wicked voice was urging in her one ear. The occupant of the other shoulder was conspicuously silent.

“It sure felt like something,” he said.

“You’re sure? Maybe you should double check,” piped an eager Nikki. The kiss had indeed been nice. She didn’t know how far she wanted to take things tonight – probably not much further than that – but a little more kissing wouldn’t be bad.

So they kissed. He *was* a good kisser, that much was for sure. She hadn’t had a good makeout in far too long. Before long, she was on top of him, straddling not his whole lap but rather one of his legs – don’t want to give the wrong impression – and like a gentleman, he kept his hands to her waist, her hips, the back of her neck. Very good. Nikki wasn’t given to vanity, but she knew she took damn good care of her body, and over the years she’d encountered more than enough aggressive groping guys. Grant was one of the good ones, actually letting a woman go at her own pace.

Yeah, this gentleman’s nuts were about to fucking explode. This whole consent and romance thing was a fucking hot diversion, I gotta say. Hell, this was the first time I honest-to-god seduced a girl in... well, ever. Even before my powers, I was no

Don Juan. Not that I was now, but so help me, it was looking like I might actually win this thing after all. Sometimes I even impress myself.

“Whew, yeah, we should probably stop, before we get carried away, yeah? Let’s just... hang out, OK? Is that cool?”

And sometimes I’m impressed way too easily, I guess. Well, time for one last trick...

Before Grant could respond, there was a sudden thud from the ceiling, followed by another, and another, in what fast became a rhythm punctuated by the not-so-rhythmic moans and cries of his upstairs neighbors. Her date rolled his eyes, stood up and banged on the ceiling. From the number of blurred spots in the eggshell paint, this wasn’t the first time.

Not a bad touch, eh? They were actually Lindsay’s handprints, but my idea. My upstairs neighbor – at this address – actually lives alone, so I had to send one of my girls up there to keep him company. I forget her name – that skinny black paralegal with the eyes that just suck you in and hold you there. Same with her mouth, to be honest. One hell of a cocksucker, ol’ Whatshername. I would’ve just used Lindsay, but I didn’t want to risk having Nikki recognize her voice screaming up there. So instead I have her simply pitching in as a number two up there, the usual lapping at his nut sack while my paralegal takes care of business.

Son of a bitch better be ready to lend me a cup of sugar next time I need one, boy howdy.

When his banging failed to produce results, aside from even louder moaning and the intermittent addition of the woman’s voice wailing *oh God, oh God*, he slumped back on the sofa beside Nikki. “I’m so sorry about that. This happens more often than I’d like.”

She listened to the woman for a moment. “That must be, you know, awkward. With Lindsay around.”

You should hear the noises my little ballerina babe makes.

“Yeah. Why the good lord invented headphones, I guess.” The woman made a sound that left no doubt she’d had a truly mind-blowing orgasm. It was so loud Nikki almost wondered if they were hearing the renditions of a working girl, but she had a hard time imagining a girl being paid well enough to produce *that*.

The two sat there, listening to the upstairs rutting, for a brief spell before he tried to break up the awkwardness. “So... you said you wanted to hang out. What shall we—”

“OH YES! FUCK YES! RIGHT THERE, BABY, RIGHT THERE, RIGHT THE FUCK THERE! DON’T YOU FUCKING DARE STOP! NEVER EVER STOP!”

“—talk about...?” He sighed. “I really am sorry about this.”

She shook her head. “It’s OK. Actually, it’s, um, kind of... I dunno. Hot, right? They’re having better sex than I’ve ever had from the sound of things.”

Yes. Yes they are. And you could be too if you'd just...! Come on, damnit!

“Well, we could always give them a run for their money...” Grant said.

Nikki gasped, but her shock was feigned. Still, it was the most aggressive he'd been trying to get something out of her all night. “Mr. Fleming!” she said with a small grin. “What kind of woman do you think I am?”

“A very, very sexy one,” he replied.

She sucked in her lower lip.

Did she practice that? Fuck that looked hot.

“Maybe...” she began coyly, repositioning herself atop his thigh.

That's it, Nikki. You can do it.

After a searing kiss, her hand snaked down his belly and worked at undoing his belt. “Just for tonight...”

Hell yes. Fucking hell yes. I got her. I fucking got her.

“I could be...” Her chest pressed against his as she fished for his cock inside his underwear.

I swear, her hands were like silk. Or maybe it was only that I was hornier than I'd ever been. This whole not knowing what she was going to do shit... labor-intensive, but fuck fuck FUCK was it about to pay off!

“A different kind...” Grant helped her with getting off his pants and underwear. For now, she left them around his ankles, but he supposed they didn't need to go farther than that to give her the access he so desperately wanted her to have.

No. Don't cheat. Her clothes are following in just a second. Patience. Wait. Don't cheat. You're winning. You're fucking winning!

“Of woman.”

She gave her palm a slow, sensuous lick, then returned it to his shaft. With a gentle but implacable grip, she began to stroke it. Her eyes locked on his, complementing a mischievous grin. Her powerful dancer's hips rocked in little circles, not quite humping his leg, but close.

“Um, I think I'm ready,” Grant said after a few minutes.

“Already? Your neighbor's must've gotten you excited.”

It took him a moment to understand. “Oh, no, not ready to come, ready. I mean *ready* ready. Ready for *you*.”

She gave him another kiss. “I'll bet you are. But I definitely don't go further than this on a first date, tiger. So just sit back, relax, enjoy yourself.”

Son of a fucking bitch. Four months lead-in, weeks of research, days of set-up, hours of smiling and nodding at insipid small-talk... for a mother fucking handjob.

Ah, well. It wouldn't be a game if I was guaranteed to win, would it. Sometimes I broke a dish, and learned a lesson about balance.

“Yeah, thanks, but no thanks,” Grant said, taking her wrist and removing it from his still-twitching cock, then removing her body from his lap as she looked on in startled confusion.

“What? Did I do something wrong? Was it my thumb ring? I didn’t think it’d get in the way,” she sputtered.

“It’s not your thumb ring,” he said, standing and kicking off his pants the rest of the way.

“Um, Grant? What are you...?”

“Calm down, Nikki. Nothing to be afraid of.”

And like that, she wasn’t. “Sure. Um, do you want me to leave?”

“No, just sit tight. Lindsay’s on her way down.”

“Lindsay...?!” She looked at him pointedly. “Don’t you want to maybe put some pants on?”

“No. And you should take yours off, too.”

She nodded, and quickly began shimmying out of them. Were they ever tight! Hard to imagine now what she was thinking, putting on pants she’d have this hard of a time removing them for her date. *Rookie mistake, Nikki*, she told herself. As she kicked off her shoes so she could remove them all the way, it occurred to her that was a stupid place to stop, so she went right on and removed her top, too.

Lindsay came into the apartment as she was folding her blouse over the armchair. Despite having entered from from the public hallway, the girl was wearing nothing more than a thong. As Nikki removed her own bra and set it next to her top, she saw the girl was sweaty, had numerous red lip prints across her petite breasts, and that the front of her thong was absolutely soaked. Almost as much so as Nikki’s own panties, which were a veritable swamp.

“Oh, sorry to see things didn’t go well, Daddy,” the girl said, crossing the room to give her father a sympathetic hug.

“Ugh, please stop calling me ‘Daddy,’ OK Linds? I know some guys like that, but I got my vasectomy when I was twenty so cut the crap.”

She smiled. “Sure, Grant. So where’d we lose her?”

“Selfish little brat was trying to placate me with a tuggie.”

“Selfish?” Nikki said indignantly as she shed her soggy panties. “I was giving you—”

“Blue balls,” interjected Grant, and Lindsay giggled. “But damn is she hot, right? She’s a dancer, same as you – how come you don’t have titties like those?”

Lindsay put a hand to her modest bust, looking only moderately offended. “First off, she’s hardly Juilliard calibre. I mean, she’s a high school dance team coach, for crying out loud. Not exactly the Salle de Peletier.”

“Whatever that is,” he said, rolling his eyes. Nikki decided she should turn around for them, show them her backside. “That ass, too. You got the legs, Linds, but that ass!” He helped himself to a couple handfuls, jiggling it appreciatively as she posed for them.

“Yeah, it’s all about how you exercise it. A lot of girls make the mistake of maximizing their glutes like that. Looks hot, kind of a porno kind of ass, but it cuts into your flexibility.”

“Is that right,” he said dryly, fingering Nikki’s pussy. She was so wet. She couldn’t remember ever being this turned on before, like someone had reached inside her and twisted the arousal dial up to the max.

“Hell yeah, that’s right,” Lindsay insisted. “Here, look.”

While Nikki was having a majorly hard time following their conversation, she had to hand it to the girl; she definitely could *not* have done that. Lindsay hastily discarded her thong, then effortlessly assumed a handstand right in the middle of the living room. Her balance was impeccable, and was all the more impressive as she barely moved while her legs, first pointed at the ceiling, glided down and apart in tandem until Lindsay was doing the split, her ankles on a level with her elbows.

“I bet you could fuck me like this,” said Grant’s daughter – or was she? Nikki wasn’t sure any more. “I’ve got balance for days.”

But Grant merely snapped his fingers, and, like a border collie, Lindsay returned to her feet and then knelt at his side. “Quit showing off, pumpkin. You can prove your credentials to your former coach any time.”

Former? Was she quitting her job? Or was Lindsay quitting the team? Nikki didn’t seem to be steering the vehicle of her body any more, so she supposed she’d have to wait to find out. Presently, she felt a sudden urge to turn back around and face her date.

“All right, so can I at least know if I won the bet?” grumbled Lindsay

“Bet?” both Nikki and Grant asked in unison, though it was Grant who quickly recalled the girl’s reference. “Oh, yeah – that’s right. So Nikki, my fake daughter and I were wondering... are those suckers real?”

“Are what real?” she asked, her mind struggling to keep up. She saw where they were looking, and here eyes widened. “You mean my breasts? Oh. Yeah, they’re real. I get that all the time, actually. I just do a lot of upper body stuff, so they don’t really droop.”

“Told you!” exclaimed Lindsay. “I totally told you!”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, you told me.”

“I told you. I knew girls at Juilliard who totally had tits like that, chicks who probably would have been huge if they didn’t get chiseled for dance. I totally told you!” She halted her gloating, looking up at him entreatingly. “Are you gonna let me win, or just blank my memory again?”

“We made that bed like four months ago. What did we even wager?”

“That if they were real, you’d let me come. Like you did that one time.”

“Are you sure? I just did that to shut you up. I’m not even a hundred percent sure it’s safe.”

“Come on, you promised!” she whined. “Pleeeeeease? Pretty pretty please? I promise if you do I won’t ever ask you to—”

Her scream was so loud Nikki would have covered her ears if she could remove her hands from propping up her breasts. The girl lost her balance in an instant, flopping down to the floor and thrashing like she was being electrocuted. Only she wasn’t. To the extent that her erstwhile student could do more with her lips than open them to keep screeching, there was an unmistakable smile around the edges. Lindsay’s slender thighs clenched together like they were trying to hold the pleasure in, and from how long it went on, Nikki imagined she was succeeding.

Soon, she was lying face down, giggling insensibly at nothing. Her hips were still twitching, and the space between her legs was oozing like her brain had liquefied and was dribbling out her pussy.

“Is she going to be OK?” Nikki asked, concerned.

“Eh, probably. If not, she’ll be the happiest little vegetable in the garden,” Grant said, stepping over her and laying his hands on Nikki’s hips. Why did that feel so good? This simple touch felt better than insertion ever had with Mario. “That’s a joke. I’m leaving her on a low burn for a while since she can’t seem to keep her mouth shut.”

Nikki frowned. “Couldn’t you make her shut it? I mean, this is you inside our heads... right?”

“Look at you, putting two and two together.” Grant’s hands left her skin, and she found herself immediately wishing he’d come back. He didn’t though, instead making his way back to the couch where he’d been sitting while they’d been making out. Still hard, though. *If his hands had felt that good, what would that feel like?* she wondered. She imagined herself coming as hard as Lindsay had.

He resumed speaking once he was seated and comfortable. “But to your question, of course I could. But she makes for a better ornament like that. Don’t you think?”

“I think it’s kind of perverse,” Nikki answered, balling her hands into fists to keep her fingers from sneaking down into her desperately needy privates.

“Well, you got me there,” said Grant, who then crooked his neck to bid her to approach. Without quite knowing why, Nikki skipped – skipped! – over to the couch, then sunk down onto his lap. Whereas before she had straddled one leg, to keep from suggesting anything too forward, now she was spread across both, her achingly empty pussy positioned right in front of its coveted target.

“Are you going to have sex with me?” she asked. Suddenly, a shiver of self-revulsion coursed through her. “Sorry, I mean, are you gonna fuck my slutty little

snatch? I'm so fucking horny for you, I'd do anything to get my pussy fucked." There, that sounded right. For some reason.

"Yeah, I guess so," he said, folding his hands behind his head.

Her hungry empty cunt surged at his admission, and Nikki marveled at its wetness. She hadn't known a cunt could get this wet. Still, the guy hardly looked enthused. "Did I do something wrong? Do you want me to go get big fake titties? I'm sorry I made you lose your bet. I'll punish her tomorrow at practice tomorrow. Are you not attracted to me, Grant?"

"Not as much as I was ten minutes ago," he grumbled. "Not your fault. I tried to play a game and lost."

Nikki couldn't help herself; she rubbed her slit against his still-throbbing shaft as her hands guided his to her boobies. (Why had she called them "breasts" earlier? Ew. Her mother had raised her better than that.) "Maybe I could help you win still. What was the game?"

"Too late for that, my little strumpet. I'm in your head now, so the game is over."

Nikki didn't need to ask what he meant by that. Even if she was still making sense of a lot of the details, the basic nature of his powers was pretty clear. "Oh. I'm sorry I was such a stupid, stupid bitch, Grant. If I'd known what a sex god you were, I would have spread my legs for you right there in the gym the moment I laid eyes on you."

"Like I said, not your fault. I was pretty borderline on the technicalities of it anyway." He sighed. "All right, I guess we can get on with it."

Nikki didn't hesitate for a microsecond. Permission granted, she was impaled on that unbelievable cock of his in a heartbeat – and her heart was beating like a jackhammer. A low-grade orgasm began the moment he was inside her, reverberating between her clit, her nipples, her pussy, her sphincter, and even her lips, weirdly, all of them thrumming with pleasure.

Yeah, that was laziness on my part. Mental muscle memory kicked in and I just switched it on in any of the usual spots that might wind up on my cock. I'd checked out pretty thoroughly at this point. She was doing a solid job of it, though. You can't go wrong giving a dance team coach and former gymnast free reign to get as enthusiastic as safely possible about your dick.

As the delicious minutes blurred into delirious hours, Nikki's mind was split, and not by Grant this time. On the one hand, she was having the best sex of her life. It was so good, she could hardly call it sex. She'd had sex with other men before, and comparing tonight to those other times was like comparing her kitchen sink to Niagara Falls. The distinction was so vast that they were fundamentally separate activities. It didn't matter what position Grant put her in. When he had her adopt that pose Lindsay had assumed earlier; when she rubbed her big round real titties around his dick; when he fucked her ass while she did the splits on the floor with her titties draped over his pretend

daughter's still-slack-jawed face as she drooled insensibly out of the corner of her mouth – the result was always the same. Such intense pleasure she could only control her limbs through the soothing intervention of Grant inside her head, telling her body how to satisfy him.

On the other hand...

“You hardly seem like you’re enjoying yourself,” she observed while he half-heartedly spanked her during a doggy style interlude.

“You know how it is,” he said, smacking her so hard it was surely going to leave a handprint. “You get your heart set on some pie-in-the-sky dream, so anything less feels like a let-down.”

Nikki nodded as she considered tattooing that handprint on her butt so she’d never forget the soul-scorching second-long orgasm she’d experienced that she had no doubt would leave her a lifelong spanking fetishist. “I’m a coach, you know. I do have some experience helping people reach their goals.”

“I told you, it’s too late. I made the rules, and I already blew it.”

She frowned, then gasped as he touched something inside her that she’d never known existed and would spend countless hours searching for in the days and years to come. “Well what were the rules? At least I can help you try to win next time you play.”

Grant seemed to consider that for a moment as he thrust inside her, heedless of the havoc he was wreaking on her nerve endings. “Pretty cut and dry, really. The game is to get a girl to fuck me, on a first date, without using my powers on her.”

“Oh. Well you were doing a really good job!” she insisted, arching her back to provide a better fuck tunnel for him. “I was really into you. I never sleep with a guy on the first date, but you came way closer than most. I was totally going to give you a handjob, and normally I wouldn’t even think about touching a guy’s cock until at least the third.”

“I gathered that.”

“Not any more,” she insisted. “I’m pretty sure I’m going to be a gigantic slut now. It’s hard to think of anything but fucking.”

Don't worry about dear little Nikki. I hardly ever leave them like that – not unless I'm in a rush or their sluthood portends a significant boon to mankind on the whole. Pretty rare to find a woman with a genuine calling to the slut vocation.

Grant resumed fucking her, content if not happy with having a gorgeous woman wholeheartedly devoted to his pleasure, and head over heels infatuated with the pleasure he was giving her. It wasn't the worst way to spend an evening, after all. Just boring after the ten thousand other times.

“I think I got it!” she suddenly shrieked, snapping upright so fast he had to act quickly to not get his cock bent in half.

“What?” he demanded. “What in the hell do you got?”

She whirled to face him. “Let me make sure I get your game. So you have to have sex with a girl.”

“Uh, yeah.”

“While you’re on a first date.”

“Yes.”

“Without using your powers on her.”

“That’s about it, yeah.”

“And you’re allowed technicalities, right?” she pursued, pressing her sweaty body against his. “Like, you used yours on our waitress, and my ex-boyfriend, and that girl he was with, and on Lindsay and all. But not on me, until you thought you’d lost.”

“I *did* lose, and yes. I can use my powers on anyone but the girl I’m fucking. She has to give it up totally free-willed.”

“I got it!” she cried again. Before he knew what was happening, she was dashing back to the family room, nearly tripping over Lindsay’s supine body. By reflex, Grant started reaching for her mind to see what she was about, but he cut himself short. By now, she was so completely devoted to him that there was no way she was doing anything but what she thought would make him happy. In fact, he’d so enjoyed an evening of not knowing what was in this girl’s head that he even plugged his ears and turned away from the door so that none of his sense’s could betray her surprise.

God, how he missed being surprised by a woman. These brainless bimbo beauties were so goddamn *boring*.

“I did it!” she exclaimed triumphantly as she bounced back into the room, her left hand clutching her cell phone.

“Did what? Nikki, I told you, it’s too late. Nothing you say now can undo the fact that you weren’t going to fuck me until I pushed you.”

She giggled hysterically, clearly still quite pleased with herself. “Remember I told you about my friend Serena, right?”

He had to think for a moment before responding. “Yeah, I think so. Why?”

“She’s on her way over,” Nikki said. “I need your address so I can text it to her.”

“If I’d wanted a threesome, I’d have pulled the plug on that tub of orgasm that Lindsay’s out there drowning in,” he said tersely.

“It’s not about a threesome,” she said quickly, seeing his look of displeasure. “I mean, it will be, I guess – but you’ll win your game! See?”

“Um, what? Am I starting a fresh date from scratch here?”

“No! Remember, I told you Serena has this huge crush on me? Well I told her I’d give it a try, once, if we could bring my boyfriend in on it.”

“I’m not sure you’re following the rules of the game. It had to be on a first date.”

“You *are* on a first date!” she said, giggling delightedly. “And now you can fuck a girl you’ve never used your powers on!”

He looked at her askance. “But... That’s not... I can’t...”

She watched him work through it with satisfaction that grew as her lips widened.

“See?” she said at last.

“Show me a picture.”

“Sure!” She hastily scanned for a suitable representation, then thrust her phone into his hands. It was from a club they’d gone to last summer, and it really showed off Serena’s ridiculously huge tits. She was really pretty, but it was the tits that stuck in people’s memory.

His smile didn’t fade. “How soon can she be here?”

Yeah, so I won my game after all. Was it on a big technicality? Sure it was. Was the sex better just because she was doing it of her own volition? No way. Hot as she was, she was heavily leaning toward the gay end of the spectrum and was clearly only there to get a shot at Nikki. Plenty of guys get into watching hot lesbians, but for my money, I gotta be sandwiched in between them or it's nothing more than softcore porn.

The next morning, I blanked both of their memories of the threesome and sent Serena packing. Nikki I'd enjoyed enough to consider giving her a second go sometime and made sure I had her number and a few very candid pics to help me remember her. We had lunch, I let her blow me for a while to get me ready, then had her drive me and Lindsay to dance practice where we dismissed the underclassmen and had a sprawling orgy in the gym. I even let a couple girls' moms join in when they showed up to pick up their little brats.

Sure, it was nothing I hadn't done a dozen times before, more or less, but for the first time in a long time, it was invigorating, fucking those young gymnasts. With Nikki on hand to call out orders and Lindsay at her right hand to drum up the proper attitude, I couldn't help but enjoy myself as I went down the line of mostly-virgin pussies. I'd been reminded of the novelty of having two dozen nubile high school girls beg for dibs on who would get to feel my cum splash across their face. Even tired old routines like that suddenly seemed marvelously novel.

It was a whole new day, and I could hardly wait to come up with my next game.

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