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This is how Chet killed dad, I thought to myself, trapped under the weight of my former bully's ass. Despite everything that had happened, some part of me still feared his lack of concern over me breathing. After all he had smothered dad, why not do me the same and be done with it?

Of course that was just my initial panic, because I knew better. At this point I probably knew Chet better than mom and Sandy, and I was confident he'd let me live. Another angle I had going for me was that I knew what Chet liked, and unlike dad, I was more than happy to submit to him. My erection probably gave that away, but while stuffed under his musky ass, I made sure to purse my lips before giving his asshole all the kisses I could. Chet stroked my thigh in response, a likely hidden gesture the girls didn't see, and a sign that he and I were on the same page.

"So are you gonna suffocate him?" I heard my own mother ask, her voice muffled by Chet's cheeks.

"Why would I do that?" Chet asked back, "I just finished training him, why would I waste all that effort?"

"Because ... he's a loser, like ... my husband?"

"Oh no doubt," Chet laughed, wiggling his ass harder into my face, "but he's a loyal loser. He knows who's in charge, and he's happy about it."

I wiggled my tongue into his asshole, and it felt it flex in response. More strokes and pets to my thigh, and finally he leaned forward to let me breathe. Of course the big snort of air I took was right against his asshole, leaving me more light-headed as the musk and smell flooded my senses.

Pressing down onto my face again, and the "torment" continued for another minute or two. While I laid below, I could hear more of mom's excuses for why he should keep me from breathing, but of course Chet would have none of it. Sandy had since let go of my balls, and now my dick was free to bounce and drool while Chet and I had a moment together.

"This isn't fair," came mom's voice again, this time much quieter, "let me shit on his face again."

Chet was silent, but now I felt the tip of his finger pushing my erection around like a cat with a toy. I quickly gave his asshole more kisses, and he rubbed my stomach like one might a dog.

"Hang on," he said softly, "I'm still showing you how to properly smother him."

"You're just enjoying yourself," my sister whined, "we're suppose to be the ones to do it."

More silence from my mother and sister, meaning they weren't exactly happy. My erection kept being poked at as well, surprising me with just how much more open Chet was becoming. Back when it all started there's no way he'd have shown male affection with mom or Sandy around, now it felt like he might jerk me off right in front of them.

"Relax, we've got nothing but time."

"Alright fine," said mom, sounding annoyed, "I'll just work on that CBT he likes."

Mom's foot pressed against my balls, and with one quick motion she stomped them incredibly hard. Pain shot through me at once, my ears ringing as my erection began firing wildly. With only one direction my cum could go, I felt each and every strong pulse as my cock pumped out all the cum it could, directly at Chet.

"Fuck!" he shouted in surprise, both from what my mother had done, and being pelted by my jizz.

I felt his asshole clench around my nose and lips, and the room fell silent once more. Unable to see, I could only imagine that mom and Sandy were terrified of whatever Chet's retaliation might be. If not for the overwhelming pain, I'd have been smiling in the hopes of seeing their justified fear.

"I already warned you once," Chet sighed before I felt his hand suddenly massage my balls, "no more fighting-"

"But we're not fighting," they both assured him, "that's just what he's into."

I could feel Chet starting to lean forward, preparing to stand up. Mom and Sandy were already backing up, and the moment I could reach my own groin I groped and held my balls to display my pain, even acting it up more than I needed too.

When Chet finally stood my eyes were blinded by the light, my vision having adjusted to the darkness below his ass. I wondered if I should try to interfere with him, keep playing the weak helpless queer, but I didn't need too, Chet was already deep in my corner.

"Oh come on! He's literally smiling behind your back!"

I was too. The moment I could see their faces I gave the best grin I could, but by the time Chet turned around, that smile had easily been twisted in a painful grimace, one easy to mistake for a smile. This of course made mom look more like a liar, and I shuffled myself from the floor to the bottom of the couch, leaning against it.

"Stop making excuses," said Chet, sounding reasonably calm, "It's painfully obvious you're both jealous ... but we're trying to work past that. We won't get anywhere if you two keep doing this."

"Please don't be mad at us, Daddy," said my sister, trying her best to sound innocent, "you beat him up all the time in high-school ... why is it wrong if we do it sometimes?"

Surprised by her logic, I now worried that Chet might actually agree. Looking back at me, he stared for a moment before taking a deep breath and tugging on his cock. I could see the wheels of sadism turning in his head, and he cracked a slight smile before nodding.

"Okay listen," he said, looking hornier than before, "you're both jealous when fuck-boy and I are together ... right?"

They both agreed, and I felt unsettled.

"And I want us all to get along ... right?"

More nods.

"Would it make you girls feel better, and help your attitudes ... if I let you both kick his ass until you stopped feeling jealous?" Their smiles were huge.

"Absolutely!" Cheered my sister.

"Oh god please yes," mom moaned, "not only will it make us feel better, it'll also get us so fucking wet."

I felt a tension build in my stomach, but of course my cock began wiggling back to life. Chet now stepped over and helped me off the floor, even though I was giving him a look of pity and fear.

"Hey," he said to me, sounding like his old high-school self, "I can't fault the idea. What they said is true, I used to abuse you constantly in school ... and hell it turned me on too. So if this is what it takes to finally calm them down ... well, I'll just make sure they don't go too far."

Moving me around, he pushed himself against me from behind, grinding his cock in-between my cheeks. It wouldn't be the first time he fucked me, nor would it be my first beating. However, it would be the first time Chet allowed mom and Sandy to abuse me as much as they wanted.

A quick thrust and his cock entered me from behind, while at the same time he put me into choke hold. Thoughts of dad's funeral flashed through my mind, and I remembered how my own friends had beat me in the same way. The difference was Chet fucking me, and now mom and Sandy were the ones cracking their knuckles.

"Mmm, get it all out girls ... beat his ass ... no more jealousy after this, agreed?"

"We promise," they both said, grinning as they stepped up to me.

"Alright ... Nnhh ... pound his ass while I pound his ass."

Though their initial plan hadn't quite worked, they still managed to get some satisfying revenge, and with a punch stronger than I expected, my own mother knocked the wind from me. My cock spasmed and bounced, Chet's thrust hitting my prostate at nearly the same time.

Overcome with more pleasure and pain than I could handle, my eyes quickly crossed while my mouth hung open stupidly. Another punch followed another while my erection returned and oozed pre-cum, slinging slime across their thighs and my own.

"Mmm," mom moaned as she hit me again, her tits bouncing wildly while my legs wobbled.

"Fuck yes," Sandy urged, "fuck, him, up."

Whatever I might've wanted to say only came out as groans and grunts, drooling from my mouth as mom got more and more into hitting me. My stomach was the start, but before long she had popped me on the cheek, clearly waiting to see how Chet would react. It wasn't good for me.

"Mm, fuck ... I probably shouldn't be this turned on while they beat you," he said, still thrusting into me.

"So ... can I keep going?" mom asked, putting her fist up to my face again.

"Damn it ... sorry, fuck-boy, I'm getting too hot to care about your safety."

"Good," mom moaned, "because I don't care if I give him brain damage."

Chet's cock throbbed inside me, and his choke hold tightened to hold me up. He was clearly getting turned on by how violent they were being, and I had to wonder if things would be different if he hadn't sat on my face.

"Better do it before I cum then," he grunted.

Mom looked like she might cum after punching me in the face, and my sister literally jumped with excitement. They had always enjoyed watching Chet abuse me, but now that they were doing it, their pleasure was taken to new levels.

"Fuck you, Francis," mom spat, punching me in the head again.

Her punches were far weaker than Chet's, but it was more than enough to leave me dizzy with a ringing headache. Mom also had no real idea how to throw a punch, but a balled fist hitting my face still hurt, and after several good swings she had to stop just to rub her pussy.

Sandy stepped up to get in some swings, and I could see she clearly wanted payback for the time I backhanded her. Chet's thrusts continued, and I remained at the mercy of these crazy people. My high school bully was fucking me, and my own family was getting off from beating me. I almost laughed at the absurdity of it, knowing all that was missing was my friends to join in.

With my own pleasure helping to overwrite some of the pain, Sandy's punches left me dull and fuzzy, my eyes no doubt would be blacked, my cheeks were bright red from the constant hits, and in the next minute, my mother and sister would high five and whoop with excitement as Sandy's following punch managed to break my nose.

The snap was loud, shocking all of us, but joy was the only other emotion they would express for it. After a big double high five between them, they actually got Chet to high five them as well, making him laugh as they flipped me off and spit on me.

"Get fucked you loser," Sandy squealed gleefully.

"He is getting fucked," mom added, causing everyone to laugh more.

"Mmm, I'm getting close too," Chet warned, "last chance to hurt him before I empty my balls and come to my senses."

Mom took that seriously, and so she gave her pussy a few more flicks before looking around the room. Leaving and returning with a statue, she held the solid metal piece up like a bat, aiming at my face. Whimpering for multiple reasons, I hoped Chet might draw the line at using blunt objects.

"Fuck, gonna cum," he moaned, speeding up his thrusts.

Mom's smirk was beyond devious, and with Chet saying she still had free reign over hurting me, I watched her rear back with the statue and look me dead in the eyes.

"Mom?" I whimpered, hoping to touch any sense of motherhood she might have left in her black heart.

It didn't work, and the last thing I remember was the statue quickly approaching my face while Chet's cum flooded my insides.

I awoke nearly an hour later with almost no idea what had happened. My head was less in pain, but everything seemed in a fog, slowed down, like my brain was having trouble working correctly. That was the concussion I'd later learn, and aside from a ringing in my ear that refused to go away, it took me a moment to realize where I was and what was happening.

"Easy now," came Chet's voice, "they fucked you up pretty good."

Through my half lucid state, I somehow managed to keep my attitude in order. No back talking, no outbursts, no slips of getting revenge on them all. I suppose it was because I went out horny, and my brain got locked in that state for a while.

The only question I asked after waking up was: "Did it make you guys cum?"

Chet kissed me in response, and whispered guiltily about how it made all of them cum several times, even after I was unconscious. Apparently with me being out cold, Chet let them keep beating me to get out all their frustration. That of course lead him to getting horny again, and letting them go too far again. Turns out that statue to the head wasn't the only swing, since it wouldn't be fair if Sandy didn't get a swing too.

"You should be proud," he whispered, keeping his voice soft in my ear, "I think you made the girls cum harder than I ever have."

"Thast good," I slurred back, only now realizing I was in a bed with Chet spooning me.

"They worked out all their anger on you ... so they wont be bothering us anymore now, I guarantee it."

I passed out after that, and awoke again sometime much later and alone. I could here voices somewhere in the house, but because of the ringing I couldn't quite make them out. I knew I needed to piss though, and so I struggled to even sit up. My head felt like a million pounds, and once I made it to the bathroom I'd see some of the damage.

Scratched, cut, swollen, I was reminded of Rocky at the end of the movie. Of course I'd look even work in the coming days as things began to heal, but after pissing mostly on the floor, Chet found me and helped me back to bed. He instructed me that he'd take me to a doctor tomorrow, one out of town and away from anyone who might know me.

"We've even thought up a fun cover story for your injuries," he bragged, groping me a little as he cleaned me up. "I'll come check on you again soon, just get some rest." With that he kissed me again and left.

Come the next morning I awoke feeling much more lucid, but also feeling a lot more pain. The concussion had improved, but I was clearly still having some trouble. Mom and Sandy were all

smiles when they saw me, unable to hide how happy they were at the injuries they had inflicted. Chet didn't make it much better.

"Alright you two, I'm gonna take him to the doc ... but first, Francis ... thank them hitting-"

"Bashing," my mom corrected, clearly having this planned out to the word.

"Right ... thank your mom and sister for bashing your head in."

I could see just how horny they were, and being in no position to argue or fight back, I went full submissive and did as I was told.

"Thank you," I said softly, "for bashing my head in ... I deserved it for being such a loser."

Mom and Sandy couldn't stop from touching themselves, gleeful to see me so weak and damaged. Chet had a smile on too, although he looked like he was trying to hide it. Still he helped me to his car, and off we went to the doctor some hour drive away.

Turns out Chet knew the guy, so he didn't have to worry about getting in trouble or being reported to the police for some suspicious visit. Helping me inside, and then helping me into the small doctor's room in the back, Chet gave a sigh of relief as he sat beside me, looking my face over and touching me softly.

"Feeling okay?" he asked, looking more concerned than I had ever seen him.

My brain could only think of one response.

"Kinda horny," I said, forcing a smile.

Chet gave me a big smile, glanced at the door, then turned and kissed me. Pulling back before anyone might catch us, he smirked and adjusted his crotch, giving my shoulder a quick squeeze.

"We'll have plenty of time for that soon," he promised, "first I gotta humiliate you in front of the doctor."

It took a few minutes before the doc arrived, but when he did there was a look of shock at the level of my injuries. Giving me a good look over, checking my ears for blood and checking my pupils for dilation, he wondered how in the world I had come to such wounds. This was where Chet's made up story came in.

"He's a good friend of mine," Chet began with a smirk, "but he had one hell of a time last night."

"Okay, so what happened?"

"You're cool with me telling him right?"

I nodded shamefully, although I had no clue what Chet was about to tell him.

"Alright so ... my pal and me were at a party last night. Things got crazy, as they do, and some guy started hitting on his girlfriend in front of everyone. Of course we were all a little drunk, but Francis here didn't like that ya know?"

"Ahh, and I assume he got into a scuffle."

"Exactly."

The doctor seemed more relaxed and casual than I would have expected. Being Chet's friend, he seemed a tad on the cocky side, almost like he was a former dude bro.

"So uh, what happened next?"

"Francis and this dude got into it, and boy did it get out of hand fast. I told him to let it go since the other guy was bigger, but nah, punches started flyin' and before I knew it my boy here was on his back."

"It's an awful lot of damage just for a few punches," said the doctor, looking me over again.

"Oh it was more than a few punches. After Francis went down, we couldn't stop the dude before he stomped his face a few times."

"Ah okay, well that makes much more sense."

"Yeah it was crazy ... but the drama didn't end there."

"Oh yeah?"

"Well ... what happened next was just emotionally damaging. You sure I can tell him, man?"

I nodded, feeling like I should say something. "Yeah it's fine ... It's all over anyway."

Chet gave a big grin, smirking at the doctor as his tone and voice changed. Even adjusting the way he sat, his doctor friend noticed the shift, and leaned in as Chet lowered his voice a little.

"The dude who stomped him ended up fucking his girlfriend in the middle of the party, right over top of him."

The doctor's eyes went wide, and he struggled to suppress a smirk of his own. Obviously it was all a lie, and as the doctor looked over I lowered my head, faking my shame. Chet had said would humiliate me, and with the smug look the doctor had I'd say he succeeded.

"Jeez ... right in front of everyone huh?"

"Dude he was *crushing* her pussy, the party fuckin' loved it."

The doctor no longer hid his smile, grinning at me as Chet nodded and smirked back. Obviously getting a certain vibe from Chet, the doc now adjusted his crotch and gave it a squeeze, clearly thinking of what he might ask next.

"So the chad wrecked him and his girl," the doc chuckled, making me wonder if Chet had had similar interactions before.

"Had her screamin' and moanin' the whole time Francis laid on the floor cryin'."

"Mm, damn ... sounds like a good party."

"Oh yeah it was great, we all ended up pissing on Francis too ... I mean, he kinda deserved it, ya know?"

"Totally, some guys just need to learn their place."

My own cock was getting hard now, which made the entire situation worse when it started to tent. I failed to cover it as well, and so the situation became a lot more awkward for me. Chet and the doc were both smirking at me now, and all I could do was stay quiet and hide my erection.

"But uh ... yeah besides that, how's he looking? Wouldn't want the little cuck to have any serious damage."

"Damn, man ... just gonna say it?"

"He knows he's a cuck ... he took his girlfriend back while she had a load of cum on her face."

"Fuck ... well uh, yeah he should be fine. Looks like a mild concussion, broken nose obviously, I'll straighten that out ... and uhh, yeah just rest up and ... maybe thank the guy who banged your girl."

"Thank him?" I asked, wondering if I should draw out this fantasy for them.

"He kicked your ass and fucked your girl ... the least you can do is thank him, maybe kiss his ass a little."

"Yes sir," came out naturally from me, and they both nodded and fist bumped.

With Chet's little story finished the doctor finally got around to fixing my broken nose, while providing no actual pain medicine. Hurt like hell, and most of the time he and Chet continued chatting over the party that never happened.

It would take a while for my nose to heal, but with everything said and done we left the doctors office and readied for the hour ride home. Once back in the car Chet promised that things at home would be much better now, reminding me that the girls had got out all their frustration. I really doubted that, but obviously didn't say as much.

"It's too bad I don't actually have a girlfriend," I said as we rode along.

"Oh yeah? How come?"

"Because ... you could cuck me for real."

Chet smirked, reaching over to squeeze my thigh. "That would be fun ... but I think I've got enough pussy on my plate already. Besides ... I want you more than any chick you date."

I gave Chet a big smile and wiggled in my seat. "I'd kiss you if you weren't driving ... blowjob instead?"

"Go for it, baby," he chuckled, unzipping his pants and freeing his cock. I was beyond worrying about my sexuality now, this wasn't even to fool him, I was doing this because I wanted to. It hadn't occurred to me just how much I had changed, but looking back now it was obvious Chet was changing me. As much as I manipulated him, he had twisted me just as much.

I sucked his dick the whole ride home, growing excited whenever we stopped at a traffic light or had other cars nearby. I doubt any of them saw me, but I felt a rush knowing someone might catch me blowing my bully.

Once home I had edged Chet quite a bit, now excited about the reward I had earned myself. Of course I wasn't sure what to expect from mom and Sandy, but Chet and I headed inside all the same. Finding them both waiting on the couch, their smiles grew as they saw the nose splint on my face, as well as a few Band-Aids.

"Hey, sweetie," said mom in a fake excitement, "what did the doctor say?"

For a second I wondered how to handle the situation. I could cling to Chet, I could show deviance and stand up to them or just say nothing and slink away. However, I felt like this was an opportunity to reset what mom and Sandy thought of me. As far as they knew I might have brain damage, surely that could reset my attitude around them.

"You two gave him a concussion," Chet answered, looking less than excited.

Choosing to fake my submission, I crossed the room quietly and watched the concern in their eyes grow. Not sure what I might do, I made sure to act as awkward and nervous as possible before I knelt down and got on all fours. I couldn't see their faces with my head down, but I lowered myself entirely before I kissed at their feet like a whipped dog.

"Oh gosh ... you're not mad at us for what we did?" I heard mom ask above me, her tone very sarcastic and uncaring.

"He's not," Chet answered for me, crossing his arms and watching them carefully.

Chet was already helping me out whether he knew it or not. The girls might not believe me, but once Chet said it suddenly they were more convinced. This would be perfect, as all I'd need to do is keep them convinced that I wouldn't fight anymore, and the next phase of revenge could begin.

"Mm, did you enjoy blowing your bully?"

"Yes Ma'am," I answered, sitting back on my heels and keeping myself below them.

Mom was looking hornier now, opening her legs as she cocked her head and stared at me. I was still being scrutinized, but I had to keep my cool, I had to get them off my back and fool them into no longer seeing me as a threat.

"So does that mean you enjoyed that little beat down we gave you?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Good ... because we'd be happy to do it even harder next time."

Chet was beside me suddenly, pulling me up by the arm. "Yeah not today," he asserted, "sissy boy needs some relaxation time ... so I've got something planned for us."

This was news to us all, but I had no time to ask before he pulled me away from the living room and back to my bedroom. Grabbing my high school backpack, he ordered me to get a few changes of underwear and clothes before he did the same. It looked like we were preparing for a trip, but I didn't question him while getting things together.

Mom and Sandy did though, following us back to the room and watching as we packed. Their attitude from earlier was gone, now replaced with a fear, a fear that Chet was running away with me and not coming back.

"Wh-Where are you going?"

Chet didn't even look at her. "Away ... I want- Francis needs some time to recover, and since you two are keen on abusing him, I figured we'd just take a day or two."

"But he said he was okay with it, he even said he's fine with us doing it again."

"Yeah he's totally not just afraid of you two."

Having my things packed, I looked worried as Chet became more frantic about us leaving. His concern over me had developed even more, and with the girls not sure what was happening, I merely went with the flow of things.

"Come on, we'll be nice, we promise."

Chet huffed, and I caught him squeezing his dick. "Nope, can't do it. Come on, Francis, take your stuff and wait in the car."

I nodded and left my room, lowering my head as I passed mom and Sandy. Heading out into the car, I knew they might be able to see me from the window, so I never dropped my worried or sissy act. I heard yelling from inside the house a moment later, and then Chet finally left the house before joining me in his car.

"Alright, time to scoot."

"Is everything okay?"

Chet nodded and cranked the car, but I could tell something was bothering him. Mom and Sandy appeared at the front door, watching as we pulled out of the driveway. I pretended not to see them, keeping my act solid.

For a time Chet and I rode in silence, with me being a little worried that I might set him off if I spoke. It was clear that he wasn't mad at me though, something else had upset him. Occasionally he'd grab his dick, or grumble and shake his head, and so I eventually spoke up and broke the silence.

"Blowjob?" I asked in a joking manner.

He glanced at me, his eyes giving a glint of worry before it faded and his demeanor relaxed. Saying nothing he unzipped his pants and tugged his cock out for me, giving me another smile.

"Is everything okay?" I asked, lowering myself over his lap.

His sigh said no, but he tried to play it off. A few minutes of getting his dick sucked however had helped him open up, and while doing my best to save his orgasm, I sat back up while he began to spill the beans.

"We're headed to a place I rented ... a cabin, secluded."

My head was flooded with thoughts, but I didn't feel worried about my safety. This seemed less like a plan to murder me in the woods and more like ... a romantic get away. Still I avoided the awkward gay topic, knowing Chet had issues expressing himself.

"Gonna snuff me in the woods?" I teased, grinning and putting a sexual tone to my voice.

He grinned back. "Careful with the temptations now ... I'm already pretty horny."

We bantered back and forth for a time, eventually relaxing more as the drive lead us into the mountains and to the cabin rentals location. Using his phone to verify our stay with the gate guard, we headed further into the grounds before finding our cabin as the last one in the back.

Secluded from all the others, we stepped out into the cool air and stretched, taking a look around the place before eventually heading inside. Finding it fully stocked with food, electricity, one big bed and a hot tub on the back porch, I definitely found things aimed towards the romantic.

"This is so cool," I gushed, leaning on the railing that overlooked the mountain forest.

Turning back, I was immediately met with a passionate kiss from Chet, and I sunk into his embrace. This had never been a part of my revenge, I had no intention of developing a gay relationship with the jerk who killed my dad ... and yet, it seemed unavoidable now. Things had gone so far off the rails from the start, that now I had no idea what might happen next.

"I guess ... it's just us for a while," I said quietly, our lips barely touching.

"What do you want to do first?"

I kissed him again, reaching down to unbutton his pants. Undressing us both, we fumbled and kissed our way around the house, both still a little nervous about spending so much time alone together. However it was obvious we wouldn't need clothes, and after enough kissing I worked my way to jerking him off, starting to dirty talk him while he snapped photos of me with his phone.

"Gonna send them to mom?" I asked, dragging my tongue from the base of his balls to the tip of his dick.

"Maybe ... but it's mostly just for me."

"Wanna abuse me some? Bully me like the loser I am?"

I felt his cock twitch, and while he was concerned about me there was no denying how much the idea turned him on. Regardless of my health I felt a need to actually please him, and since I knew how much he enjoyed being cruel, I planned on letting him go wild.

"Fuck," he said softly, running his fingers through my hair, "I'd love that."

Some light slapping became hair pulling, which soon turned into choking and rough housing. I didn't fight back at any point, even when he threatened to punch me in the face. Thankfully he just liked watching me flinch, and after several fake punches he kissed me again, rubbing our cocks together during it.

After teasing and building his pleasure, things eventually reached the bedroom, and for almost an entire day we spent it being gay lovers. Whatever hesitations he might have had in the past, Chet ignored it all and went full out with me. By the end we were snuggled together in each other's arms, my asshole sore and my body exhausted.

I eventually got him to open up about why he was upset when we left, and he explained how mad he had gotten at himself for letting me get hurt. Unable to resist his own dick, he allowed the girls to hurt me just because it turned him on, afterwards feeling terrible about it. Now he meant to make up for it, promising he'd take better care of me, protect me and keep me happy.

For the next two days things were pretty similar, with me taking time to heal before Chet's cock needed attention. By the final day of our get-away his balls had to be aching from the amount of times I drained them, but still he always seemed to have more.

Spending our last free moments together in the hot tub, I felt the time was right to continue my schemes of revenge. Sitting opposite of him in the hot tub while using my feet to play with his dick under the water, I sighed and gave a look of disappointment.

"I guess we need to get back soon."

"Yeah," he agreed, also looking less than happy.

"... Kinda wish we didn't have too ... I like when it's just us."

"Me too," he agreed, now looking deep in thought.

That was enough to plant seeds of doubt in his mind, now having him wonder if there was some way to keep it just us. I didn't bring the topic up anymore, and I continued to cling to him the entire ride home before we pulled in the driveway.

Knowing mom and Sandy would be all over him, I reluctantly let Chet go, explaining that I'd let the girls have their time with him too. One last kiss, and I explained that I'd be in my room, then gathered my things and lead the way inside.

Mom and Sandy never heard us pull up, so when we walked into the house unannounced there was quite a commotion. I knew to step aside rather quickly as we entered the house, as mom and Sandy would've knocked me aside without a thought. With their only concern being Chet, I watched as they both swarmed him in hysterics, kissing and almost crying over how worried they were.

I could see on his face that he was forcing a smile, but he wasn't really happy. I slipped to the edge of the hallway in the meantime, and stood waiting for him to glance in my direction. Once he did, I blew him a silent kiss and slipped back to my room.

I knew things were about to change, I could see it in his eyes. My mother and sister were about to become very unhappy, and the final steps of my revenge would begin.

TEN