

Time Snare

Time Snare - Chapter 4

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"That's an interesting point of contention, Caroline." Ms. Anderson spoke to the class. "As for my opinion... I believe history should be freely accessible to all, especially if it closely pertains to our present. But as we see with some major corporations with large incomes, others disagree and only see a chance at obtaining monetary value." After a brief pause, the professor scanned her eyes across her students and let out a sigh. "But alas, there is only so much we can do... To further that notion. I think now is a good time to inform you all that our most recent discovery has been uprooted from our hands by one of those very corporations I had just mentioned."

Ms. Anderson took a step back and leaned against her desk as she watched the class jump into a series of murmurs and rightly aggravated discussion. The chattering grew as nearly all of the students were expecting to see an update on the crystal. No doubt, the weekend served to stimulate the growing anticipation.

"What?" Priscilla said.

Derrick pressed a fist into his desk. "Seriously?"

"Who?" Asked Abigale.

"What the hell? Someone can't just do that." Adalee was quick to roll her eyes.

After a few minutes passed. Ms. Anderson returned the room to a mild silence by audibly clearing her throat. She licked her lips before speaking. "They used some loop-hole I've never heard of myself. But after looking into it, I have to say that it was in their every right to confiscate our finding. In fact, legally, they could come by and take every single thing we have discovered as a class."

"That's bullshit."

Ms. Anderson's eyes flicked toward Derrick. "I typically don't love that use of language in my classroom, but I do agree. Regardless, I do not plan to stand idly by and let them

get away with this. So know that I'll be pushing for an explanation behind how and why this was allowed."

"That's just freaking rude." Abigale crossed her arms under her sizable chest. Her breasts were inadvertently squeezed together.

"Don't let this ruin the mood. You all have a light week ahead of you. There are only basic level readings planned; it will take no more than thirty minutes, so it's basically nothing. Afterwards, you are all free to converse and do as you please."

That seemed to lighten their spirits, albeit slightly; even the thought of an easy week pales in comparison to losing out on something that had the potential to be so very interesting.

Karter spent his time in class doing what he always does. Avoiding the attention of his "peers" and waiting for Ms. Anderson to deliver the words. *"You are dismissed."*

The three words he has grown to become the most receptive towards. Not that he has anything against Ms. Anderson or her class. It's just the aura that resonates when he is sitting around people who completely overshadow him; it doesn't give off a pleasant feeling, that's for sure.

But being quiet did help him pick up on a few things.

Just something small that he found interesting.

Ms. Anderson was sharing...

Sharing a lot.

Priscilla had raised her hand to ask if she could borrow Ms. Anderson's phone to call her parents because hers was out of power. And Ms. Anderson said yes! There wasn't even a brief spell of hesitation; nope, the professor just blinked causally and allowed her student to use her phone.

And that wasn't the only offense or Ms. Anderson being surprisingly open to sharing. Derrick asked for some gum, but that wasn't all; he phrased it in a way that inquired if he could fish it out of her purse. And Ms. Anderson agreed.

There was not a single second of hesitation. She lent her jacket. A few crackers she had in her purse and even gave away a sandwich she had planned to eat for lunch. It was ridiculous, yet no one, not a single person, cared. They were all focused on the missing crystal and not the fact that Ms. Anderson might give away her social security number if someone had the nerve to ask for it.

S-G Plus.

That damn editing software...

It was fucking amazing.

The video he edited of Ms. Anderson saying, "What is mine is also my students." Was much more than just a fucking video.

The editor didn't just make Ms. Anderson say that; it changed the past and made her mean it. Saying something is one thing, but watching Ms. Anderson actually go through with it and be completely fine with sharing, because in her mind, any of her belongings also belong to her students, is fucking amazing.

See the result of that random video he put together only made him want to use that editor even more.

"For those who came early to turn in their assignments, I've gone through the library of grading them before class. And you all did amazing. Priscilla, in particular, scored perfectly." Ms. Anderson gave the teen a nod of approval, which prompted Priscilla to blush ever so slightly. "And for the rest of you... You can hand in your papers before you head out because you are dismissed!"

She did a damn good job at keeping up spirits, that's for sure. Despite still being upset over the loss of the crystal, everyone began to shuffle about after class ended with a less disgruntled air to them.

Karter didn't hesitate. He

While everyone was busy conversing with each other, Karter bounded down towards Ms. Anderson's desk. No one cared enough to look his way for any more than a passing second. Though, he didn't notice Abigale lingering her cute eyes on him for a bit; she looked like she wanted to grab his attention, but she didn't say or do anything. Darrick

then approached her, he took her focus, and the two began to chat. He has no idea what's up with her, but he really doesn't care.

Currently, Ms. Anderson's computer was his main priority. The teacher was in a conversation with Adalee. She sat on her leaned forward, with her hands resting on her knees, subtle action had her arms draped in front of her, which squeezed her breasts together in an unintended manner. The buttoned-up blouse she wore did properly restrict any stray looks towards her cleavage with its high neckline, but the way she leaned forward mixed with her arms propping both of her breasts to press against each other, had a smallish hint of her ample cleavage peek its curved head over the upper hem of her top, as she had one button undone.

The sight would be distracting (and certainly one he'd enjoy soaking up with his eyes since she was preoccupied with a student.), but he needed to get his hands on that laptop.

"Excuse me, Ms. Anderson?"

The teacher's attention diverted from Adalee. "Hmm? Yes, Karter?"

"Sorry for interrupting." He glanced towards Adalee for a second before returning his gaze back to his teacher. "I just wanted to know if I could use your computer to do something..."

Ms. Anderson proceeded to stare at him. Her emerald green eyes shifted slightly as a single second appeared to drone on for what felt like an entire minute. The lack of an immediate response made Karter want to back down, but fortunately for his weak will, she spoke up before he could properly chicken out.

"Sure." She shrugged. "But use the guest login."

"Thanks!" Karter said and darted off behind her desk before she could pose a question towards his eagerness.

It was odd that she said something about using the guest account. If his video edit truly worked, shouldn't she be completely fine with him, someone who is technically still her student, using something that belongs to her, that being her sign in?

Whatever. He didn't have time for questions. He opened up her laptop and hoped beyond hope that she was still signed in. Everything was betting on that. S-G Plus wasn't installed on the guest account. That served literally as a temporary use for guests, nothing more, nothing less.

The laptop screen flicked on. And he was relieved to see Ms. Anderson's homepage.

Great. Now he just has to make sure not to come off as suspicious as he plays around with a time-altering device right under the nose of his entire class.

Easy.

Karter took a seat in Ms. Anderson's rather plush office chair. He assumed she wouldn't mind. S-G Plus opened with a click, and he was quickly met with the editor screen.

A smile that could be distributed as genuinely mischievous passed across his face. The mouse moved over the tab in the upper left-hand corner of the screen, he intended to hover over the "Time-Log" tab, but he stopped himself after he accidentally placed the mouse on "General Settings" the tab located directly to the left of the one he intended to go for.

The tab wasn't glowing with the exact same green light that "Time-Log" was yesterday when he first used it. But hidden under "General Settings." there were two options that were surrounded by a green notification hue.

"Pause," and "Resume."

Now those blanket options would firstly be assumed to affect the video editor itself when it was playing a video or movie. But, the knowledge that this was no normal editing software and the fact that it was glowing green with a notification as if it were a new function added in an update of some kind; made Karter believe that these two options did more than they first let on.

So what did he do?

Well, he tapped the option labeled ***"Pause,"*** and everything immediately went silent.

Karter blinked.

His throat went dry.

With one silent look spanning across the room's entire, his unasked question was immediately answered.

He had just stopped time. Or, to be more specific, he had paused time. A digital timer suspended itself over Karter's head. It was counting down from sixty seconds.

That must definitely be how much time he had before time resumed itself. Or he can just press the **"Resume"** option that appeared under **"Pause."**

Ten seconds passed, and Karter rose to his feet; he feels as though he needs to rush since, well... He does need to rush. Sixty seconds doesn't give him enough time to lollygag and get immersed in this new silent world he found himself in.

"Hello?" Karter approached Ms. Anderson from the side and spoke directly to her. She's in the same position as before, sitting that thick ass of hers on the table, it's flesh yielded to the weight of her body.

Sixty seconds isn't enough. Shit, now he has forty left.

With a quick hop onto the table beside her, Karter shuffled over to lean his head against Ms. Anderson's shoulder. He sighed. Even in a frozen world, Ms. Anderson's presence was as comfortable as ever. She still had herself leaned somewhat forward, her set of two large breasts laid perfectly between her arms, and from Karter's point of view, he could see a nice view directly down her top.

Damn, he was getting hard. Is this what she sees every time she looks down?

After spending just a few seconds leaning in to sniff at her neck and her surprisingly soft shoulder (And a few seconds was already pushing things.), he shook away the thought of how pleasing her natural aroma is and hopped off to stand in front of her.

He stared at her tits, and there was no hesitation. He reached forward and copped a feel. Her fat breasts, criminally hidden under her top, melded with his fingers. He spread his fingers apart and appreciated the way her milky mounds bulged between them. If only she was wearing the same top as she did Saturday; that one showed her upper half's exact shape and did a great job at displaying just how large her breasts were with how tight it was.

What she wore now is much tamer in comparison. But, to be fair, the weekends are her days off; she doesn't need to dress too modestly with the intent of standing in front of a class.

Whatever. Karter was quick too since his groping, which was hard to do as they were the first tits he had ever kneaded, and undid the second button on her blouse. He took a step back and pondered. She showed much more cleavage with two buttons undone, not just a small hint as she had inadvertently displayed before. But still, while she currently revealed a nice amount of tit touching tit, that was mainly because of her current position. Once she leans back up, the amount of cleavage on show wouldn't be as substantial.

So Karter undid another button. He made sure to sink the back of his fingers in between her generous cleavage and lightly jiggle them as he did so.

He shouldn't do this to his dear teacher. But the mix of a limited amount of time, and the fact that she was too hot to be a teacher, made it hard for him to honestly care.

After one step back to appreciate the sheer amount of boob now on display from her current position, Karter spared a glance up and did a double-take when he noticed how much time was left.

Twenty seconds, he could work with that.

Nineteen seconds, he could work with that.

Eighteen seconds, he could work with that.

Okay, he should start moving.

Adalee took center stage of his focus. She was frozen mid-speech with her plush red lips parted open; who knew what she was on about? But with how he knows she's a very active feminist, despite him barely even knowing her. She's Jewish, or at least he thinks, that's up in the air, but she was definitely a feminist. The chick is somewhat pale skin and has brunette hair that ends around her shoulder; she was probably on some long tirade, speaking to the only woman that would humor her.

She wore a knotted tee and a black skirt. Karter didn't have to do anything to make her modestly sized rack anymore noticeable. The shirt has a reasonably low neckline, but with the knot at her hip, the fabric and neckline are pulled downwards, meaning she'd give off a teasing amount of cleavage without her having to do anything, but with her arms crossed below her bust, there was a nice overflow of tit for him to gawk at.

As fun as it would be to gawk at her, especially since he knows she's only showing off just to catch a guy checking her out. But he only has 15 seconds left, and he wants to do something else.

The skirt she wore was soon in his face as he bobbed to his knees right behind her. He lifted the skirt up to reveal two full globes of fat ass cheeks. Between them was a frilly white panty. Something about smelling women was a real turn on for him; he leaned forward enough to press his nose onto her underwear, right against the unmistakable bulge of her sex.

He lightly sniffed. And the smell she gazed off was intoxicating. So much so he might have forgotten about the timer. Fortunately, he didn't. He took in her musky scent one last time and retracted his face. Then his finger was quick to jump into the action. He inched his digit behind her panty; the tight spot between her underwear and ass was warm and slightly sweaty.

A moist and juicy wet sensation graced his fingers when he shuffled between her folds and wiggled his fingers into her insides. She was frozen, yet it was as if her body was reacting to him. He felt her vagina respond to his stimulation and grace his finger with her inner fluids.

Karter leaned into her thigh as he continued to give her an inner massage, her skirt draped across his head.

He glanced up.

Seven seconds.

Shit.

He practically yanked his hand outwards and flicked some of her arousal onto her leg. He sprang up to his feet.

Five seconds.

Adalee's open mouth took in his fingers. He used his other hand to close her jaw as if she were sucking down on his digit.

Three seconds.

Karter made sure to fully feed Adalee's own lust back into her mouth. It would be an excellent way to keep the cycle going, ya'know?

Two seconds.

Now with a finger, a slick mess of moist saliva and smelling of breathy sex. He shot his hand directly down her top and rubbed away as much of her spittle against the tight underside of her tits, bra, and upper chest.

One second.

Okay, that's enough.

Karter yanked his hand out, casting her tits to jiggle wildly as his hand sprang from between her cleavage. He dashed back around Ms. Anderson's desk and sat in her chair, a second after time hit zero.

Anyone paying attention would notice how he seemed to teleport from sitting on the chair to frankly jumping onto the seat. But everyone was too preoccupied to notice such fine detail.

"She was..." Adalee paused mid-speech, or rant, or whatever. She frowned; she parted her large plush lips and closed them again.

"Are you alright?" Ms. Anderson questioned.

"Y.. Yeah..." The teen clapped her lips together and quickly swallowed. Oh fuck, that was hot. Seeing her gulp down her own fluids was more of a turn-on than he had expected. "Yeah I'm fine." Her hand rose up to absently rub the side of her right breast. "Anyway... Um, what was I?"

"You're friend?" Ms. Anderson said with a raised brow.

"Oh yeah. So..."

And that's when Karter proceeded to tune them out.

The **"Pause."** option has a recharge time. Karter realized this when he attempted to stop time again. The button flashes red when he attempts to click it, and the green hue was nowhere to be seen.

But that's fine. He had no intention of stopping time anyway. That was just a bonus he recently discovered.

His real goal fell under the "Time-Log" tab. He opened it and clicked **"Enter Past."** Then after typing in, "01:30:00" and pushing enter, a flash was created from the computer.

The light blinded Karter for a few moments, but when it subsided, he was greeted by the sight of Ms. Anderson greeting the class. Just what he wanted to see.

"Good morning, everyone." She said. "I hope you all enjoyed your weekend."

It was strange sitting behind Ms. Anderson's desk in front of the entire class. He could even see himself seated at the far back. No one batted an eye at the guy who suddenly teleported behind their professor.

Karter stood up. His hesitance soon vanished as not a single person cared to give him a sparing glance. Now, he knew once he messed with someone or something that would change time, everyone will then see him, and then he'd be booted back to the present. But what he intended to do wouldn't and shouldn't be anything substantial enough to affect the timeline. There was a small stack of papers seated on the side of her desk. Karter proceeded to shuffle through them; he was careful not to knock any over or cause something worthy of being kicked out of this timeline.

He found it.

Priscilla's paper.

Ms. Anderson said Priscilla scored perfectly. Now there's no way Karter could mimic her paper, but it wasn't the paper he needed help on. June actually gave him some pointers,

and he's confident the essay he has written up will suffice. But it's the quiz that he needs help on. He isn't sure of himself enough to turn that in.

But one look at Pricilla's paper should be enough to fix his grade.

B, A, A, A, C, B, D, A, C, C.

Alright, he can remember that... Maybe? No, he can definitely remember it if he writes it down soon after going back to the present.

Speaking of going back to the present... Well, there were many ways he could go about that. And literally none of them could possibly end with him getting the short end of the stick. He looked towards Ms. Anderson from the side as she continued to speak to the class. The complete lack of awareness of his presence wasn't something he could get tired of anytime soon. And seeing her just standing there, idly swaying her weight from one heel to the other, was filling his head with less than pleasant thoughts.

Sure, he could go back by doing something basic such as opening and closing the door loud enough to grab someone's attention; or knocking Ms. Anderson's coffee mug onto the floor. Really, doing any activity that could cause a slight change to history would suffice.

But, he could also... Hypothetically, do something less basic and much more... Sexual... And reap the same reward. If only he didn't have to deal with his goddamn guilt. Before when time was stopped, there was a ticking time that had him rush forward with his darker designers without giving him the chance to actually think through his actions... But things are different here; he has a choice on what he could do to get back.

Option A.

Karter can wait an hour and a half for him to naturally be jolted back into his time.

Option B.

Karter can do something minor and be booted back to the present.

Or Option C.

He can use this opportunity to do something he'd usually be unable to get away with.

Option C sounded the most appealing, especially when looking at Ms. Anderson and her toned figure; the business skirt she wore that hugged her thighs and upper legs weren't doing the woman any favors.

Fuck. She didn't deserve to be fucked with... But even if he did do anything, it's not like she'd remember it. Hell, it technically would have never happened once the timeline booted him back into the present. So... So, if time reset the moment he did something notable, could it be argued that he ever committed an act in the first place?

Besides. He already fucked around with her a bit when time was frozen, and that wasn't reverted once his timer ran out. Her three buttons were still undone, so really, he already fucked with her; what's the point in giving in to his guilt now... Right?

"We have a long lecture ahead of us today, so we might as well cut to the chase. But afterward, everything will be smooth sailing; I can promise you that mu- WHAT THE HELL!?! KARTER!!?" Ms. Anderson's relaxed mood vanished in a near second as her blouse was ripped downward, causing her massive, slightly tanned bosom to spring out within her bra.

Karter was careful in playing with the buttons on her top as she talked and went entirely unnoticed by her for a few seconds, apparently fumbling with her blouse in such a minute way wasn't enough to warrant any attention. He got them all to nearly pop out so that with both hands hooked on her shirt, he could pull down and rip the whole thing apart.

From her point of view, Karter randomly appeared in front of her, a perverted look on his face with his eyes glued to the older woman's chest. So it's no question why she came off as so genuinely shocked and rightly angered. She rose a hand, no doubt to rightly slap him, but unfortunately, her hesitance gave the five-second timer that appeared the moment her boobs sprang free to countdown, and when it hit zero, a red light flashed across the entire room, and he suddenly materialized back behind Ms. Anderson's desk.

He blinked. And looked around.

"Why don't you explain to her how you feel towards what she did, and if she's your friend, she'll be respectful towards your concern." Ms. Anderson spoke casually to Adalee.

Wow. It's odd to see Ms. Anderson coming off so casually and being completely unperturbed with him using her computer after he had just sexually assaulted her in an alternate timeline. Oh, how her bra-clad titties looked as they jiggled right before him. They were basically begging him to suck on them; how would they taste? How would her nipple feel fit snugly between his lips?

Karter gulped.

He shook his head and tried not to think about how easy it would be to jump back in time and suck on her tits for five seconds before he gets booted back to the present. Ms. Anderson wouldn't remember it, since.. It would have technically never happened, at least not in her timeline.

Whatever. He needed to write down the answers before he forgot them.

Karter pulled out the quiz from his backpack and began writing them down. He made sure to get two wrong, so it didn't come off as too suspicious that he got a perfect score. When he finished, he placed it back in his bag and was going to stand up. But everyone was still distracted conversing with each other; not one really paid him any mind or gave off the sign that they would be curious as to what he was doing on the professor's laptop.

He could probably play around with this editor some more...

Why not?

"View Past"

"ENTER TIME"

"00:00:00"

Alright. What's the plan here? Karter tried to think back to any past conversations he had in which there were words just waiting to be misconstrued into false truths. But for the life of him, no specific thing came to memory. Sunday was an interaction-free day, spent entirely in his dorm room, working on his essay, and watching anime. Technically he can edit anything; he doesn't have to find a situation in which he was present. But the **"View Past"** option places the camera where he was at the given time entered,

meaning he'd then have to actively search for things to edit, and who knew how long that would take?

Karter sighed to himself and entered in a number.

"48:00:00"

Forty-eight hours ago is exactly two days ago. And last Saturday at 11 am, he was in Ms. Anderson's classroom. While he couldn't think of any words she said that day that have the potential of being distorted into an altered past, he couldn't really think of anything else, so it's all he was going with.

He hit enter, and a video popup box appeared on the screen.

"Good." Ms. Anderson flashed a smile. Her voice coming from the computer startled him, and he was immediately grateful she left her headphones plugged in, or that would have been a cause for a few questions.

"I hope we can turn your grades around, but if not... We'll cross that bridge when we get there." Her attention shifted over to her laptop, and... Woah, that was surreal. Karter paused the video, angled the camera behind her shoulder, and saw that she had S-G plus opened; he was watching a video on S-G Plus of her on the same computer in the same editing software.

Also, it was really distracting looking over her shoulder like this. The dark void between her tits that was shown from the more casual blouse she had on that day had his mouth watering. Well, not literally but... Okay whatever.

Also also... She was in S-G Plus!

The concern she had over her finding out about the software was now much more justified. And it would explain why she had instructed him to use the Guest account. Her natural concern towards not allowing a student to use a time-altering editing software must have clashed with the new edited outlook he made, which prompted her to share her belongings with her students.

That relation that she might be aware of the power this software held prompted him to look up from the screen towards his professor. She was now conversing with another student, a young man who was showing her something on his phone. He no doubt was

enjoying how many buttons she had undone; hopefully, he wouldn't say anything to her about it.

Karter gulped on reflex and focused back on the video.

"Remember." Ms. Anderson spoke with her attention, fixated on the computer. "When you head home, rewatch the lecture, and just copy down what I said with different wording."

"Yeah, I got it." Karter watched himself say. "Alright... I'll see you Monday, Ms. Anderson." With one last glance towards her toned thighs, he turned to leave.

"Karter."

Karter stopped and glanced back.

"If you want, and if you do end up leaving my class." She looked towards him keenly. "You can call me Valery." She said with a wink. Before adding. "Only if you leave. While you're a student here, I expect you to address me the way you always do."

That prompted him to flash a genuine smile.

And present Karter smiled too. Damn, his teacher was such a genuinely nice person... It made him feel bad for wanting to pull the wool over her eyes but, he knew that the consequences he'd face if he were caught red handed wouldn't be worth giving in to his guilt.

Actually, what she had just said gave him an idea.

Karter clicked edit. And after a brief cracking of his fingers, he was off to work.

"If you want, and if you do end up leaving my class. You can call me Valery."

"If you do end up leaving my class. You can call me Valery."

No.

"If you leave my class, call me." Ms. Anderson winked.

No..

Ms. Anderson winked. "If you call me, leave my class."

Nuh-Uh

Ms. Anderson looked towards him. "If you want, leave my class."

Hm...

"You can call me Valrey. If you want." Ms. Anderson winked.

Nice. That's perfect. Literally! The editor smoothed out any choppy bits that would naturally appear from splicing up someone's words, and it made the video appear entirely authentic.

Karter hit save. And blinked. He watched the computer in anticipation, but nothing really happened...

Just like before.

He looked over to Ms. Anderson, who had just finished speaking with the teen from before and was now texting something on her phone.

Well, if it worked. Last Saturday, not only did Ms. Anderson say that he can call her by her first name, whenever he wants, but she meant it too.

That could be tested later. For now, he should continue editing; who knew how much time he'd have?

Karter clicked back into the video and continued watching.

"Thanks Ms. Anderson... I hope I won't be calling you by your first name anytime soon." He said.

Heh, well, that line didn't hold up much. Or... Even make sense after the edit he just made, now that he thinks about it.

Luckily Ms. Anderson paid no mind to him saying something that didn't relate to her most recent sentence. "Same here, but that all depends on if you score well. I'll see how many bones I can through your way."

"Haha..." Karter leaned his back against the door to the classroom. "When are you heading home?"

"Well, not now. I'm not done with my tests here just yet... But about..." She glanced at the clock that stood above the door. "Another thirty minutes, maybe... I'll leave when I'm ready. Why?"

Karter met her tilted head with a shrug. "I dunno I was just trying to make small talk... And..."

He hit the pause button with widened eyes. An idea just jumped into his head.

What she said...

"Well, not now. I'm not done with my tests here just yet... But about... Another thirty minutes, maybe... I'll leave when I'm ready. Why?"

He could use that, especially if it resulted in what he hoped would happen.

It took him a bit longer than the first edit he did. But in a couple of minutes, he was nearly finished.

"When are you heading home?"

"Well, I'm about done with my tests. I'll leave now."

Karter leaned back and watched his work. He felt a bit proud of himself; he had to admit. If this worked, the past would change so that she said that. So Ms. Anderson logically should leave the classroom after saying that, and thus not browse around on her laptop long enough to figure out what it could truly do.

The computer always stays in the classroom as it's school property, so she wouldn't take it home, and it would also be very unlikely for her to return to the class on Sunday to continue studying it.

All he has to do is hit save and...

"What are you up to, Karter?" Ms. Anderson's sudden voice made his heart nearly stop.

He glanced up at the approaching woman just in time to see her look at the computer screen.

"Is that..." She began to say before a flash of surprise followed by genuine alarm crossed over her face. She quickly hid the alarm with a stern, authoritative look. Her arms crossed over her chest, specifically under her two weighty breasts. It was extra nice since her unbuttoned blouse had a nice amount of cleavage bulging out of her top directly at his eye level. She has yet to realize her state of dress. "No, no, get off that. I told you to use the guest account. How did you-"

Karter was quick to defend himself. "It was left open, so I just hopped on... Can I not use your account?"

Ms. Anderson furrowed her brow. It was clear her gut reaction was to say yes, but the more logical side of her mind was strictly against the notion.

"I'm fully willing to share most things, yes. But that is off-limits, Karter." She gestured to the editor.

"S-G Plus? Why?"

"Because it's in need of testing... Because I said so!"

Wow, it was rare for Ms. Anderson to assert her authority like this. Karter isn't too used to this side of her. And by her reaction, there's no doubt in his mind she knows there is something up with S-G Plus. She definitely did some exploring in his absence that Saturday.

"I should have checked." She shook her head. "Get off. I'm taking my computer back. Now." The woman's strict gaze never left Kater as she commanded him to get up. "And.. What is that video? Is that.. Me? What were you doing with-"

Karter decided now was a good time to hit save. And the resulting effect was instant. Ms. Anderson stopped mid-sentence and blinked to herself.

She frowned.

In her dazed state, Karter minimized S-G Plus and gave his teacher a look of concern. "Are you okay, Valery?" Calling Ms. Anderson by her first name was a foreign yet charming feeling.

"Hmm? Oh, yeah I am alright. I'm so what are you working on? I saw you had S-G Plus open." She pondered with a smile, any trace of her being aware of the power S-G Plus held was gone without a trace.

Karter was right on the money. The only reason Ms. Anderson knew what it could do was because she stayed behind Saturday to run her own tests on the app. But by changing the past so that she left right after him, she never ran tests and thus never found out the power she had unleashed from the crystal.

He smiled. "It's a surprise."

"Oh really? I guess I'll have to wait on that, huh?" Her eyes twinkled ever so mischievously.

"Mhm. You're right on the money, Valery."

"Alright. Well, in return for letting you use my S-G Plus membership, I say you should give me your essay and quiz to grade." She held a smile along with an outstretched hand.

"Yes!" Karter chipped. He pulled out the papers from his bag and handed them over.

It was unfortunate then that Ms. Anderson had decided to lean slightly forward. Her cleavage drooped forward even more so, and his line of sight naturally strayed to the downblouse she gave him.

"Hey now, watch where you are staring..." Ms. Anderson noticed his line of sight, and as she followed his gaze, she instantly picked up on her state of dress. "What the... I never..." She mumbled. "How... Oh wow, I was about to admonish you for gawking but... Okay... I apologize."

Her hands quickly rose to fix her top. Karter appreciated the way her chest jiggled as her hands fiddled with the buttons until all three were fixed.

"I can't reasonably scold you for staring when I'm putting it out there." She sighed. Making her chest rise and fall, now fully restricting any skin from showing due to the fabric. "Was my top always like that? I- I'm always aware of my state of dress. It doesn't make sense. Unless I'm oblivious, I didn't notice anyone ogling and... And I don't remember undoing that many buttons.."

"No, Valery, it was like that all day." Karter lied. "I'm sorry I didn't say anything but..."

A blush formed on his young-looking teacher's face. "I- No, Karter, don't apologize. No one should need to point that out to me unless I am just not in a right headspace. I'm sorry I put you in that situation. I understand how it is for a young man." She awkwardly coughed away the awkwardness. Yeah, I know, awkward sentence. "I'll leave you to your project." She patted his shoulder and began to walk away.

As she did so, Karter watched her hips naturally sway. His mind was pondering on her words. She set herself for another edit.

"View Past"

"00:02:00"

"Edit"

Oh, he was getting good at this.

He rewatched the event that had just transpired and thought to himself.

Alright, how can he change this...

The class around him began to die down as some left, and others were quickly scrambling in silence to look over their essays before handing them in.

Karter was becoming so proficient at this; he started to consider himself a pro, though he knew full well this magic editor made what should be a complicated task doable by even the dumbest of dumb.

"I'm oblivious to anyone ogling and never aware of my state of dress unless it is pointed out to me."

He hit save, and with a smile, beckoned his teacher over. "Valery!" He called out and waved. "Can you check this out, please?" It was interesting to see the lack of care or surprise in anyone's face when he called their teacher by her first name. As if everyone knew she was fine with him, and only him, addressing her in such a way.

He grabbed her attention and watched as she approached, having just said goodbye to another student. "Yes Karter?" She questioned. "Are you done already?"

"Well, no." He admitted. And clicked the **"Pause"** button. Suddenly everything froze again. A timer appeared over his head again, but instead of a minute, it was set for twenty seconds.

Apparently, it still needed more time to charge. Oh well, twenty seconds is enough.

Ms. Anderson was bent forward again; she leaned over to look at the laptop and put herself in the perfect position to have her clothing messed with, which is exactly what he did. His hands reached forward to greedily squeeze her chest before he began to unbutton her top. The buttons came loose one by one, revealing more and more of her lightly tanned skin. He braced chest sprang and wobbled around his hands, and he quickly had five buttons undone; the blouse's neckline now dipped low enough to reveal over half of her bra, with a deep dark cleavage that sucked in light. His perversion had full control of the wheel as he leaned his head in and gently dabbed his tongue against her right tit. A warm exhaled puff of air hit her breath when he breathed out, and with a few seconds left on the clock, he moved behind her to pull down the tiny zipper on her skirt far enough to reveal the upper edge on her underwear.

Only a few seconds were left, so he absently pulled on the stretchy fabric of her panty and let it slap back against her meaty thigh before he shifted back to his seat. And three seconds later, time resumed itself.

"Well then, what is it?" Ms. Anderson pondered with her hands resting on her hips. She slightly cocked her thigh to the side; whether the pose was meant to come off as sexual or if his perverted changes to her clothing were what was making her stance be perceived as provocative could be anyone's guess.

"I thought the computer froze up." Karter stared directly at her overexposed bra-clad tits as he spoke. He didn't even care to come off as subtly. His eyes were glued to her chest. "But, It's working now. I'm sorry."

"Sure." Ms. Anderson rolled her eyes. "It's no problem."

She blinked suddenly as Karter stood up. He took a step towards her and made an obvious and blatant look down at her chest. He angled his face to look down at her blouse and then shifted around her to ogle her chest from multiple angles.

"Is there..." She observed him suspiciously. "Something wrong with my clothing?"

Karter had to hold back a laugh. She looked down at herself and even twisted her well-built body to glance at her sides. She clearly saw her own bra and fully sized breasts sitting nearly out of her top, yet still claimed she had no idea what he was looking at.

It was amazing. Karter was squatted down behind her, with his face just a few feet away from her ass, and ass that had both cheeks poking out of the top of her skirt after he pulled it downwards when time was frozen.

"I just wanted to make sure you were dressed up to code."

"Haha, sure thing Karter." His words prompted Ms. Anderson to chuckle. "Well, you can keep looking; I promise you I am going to be keeping a better eye out; you won't be seeing anyone more dress malfunctions from me, mister."

She playfully winked at him and turned on her heels to step back towards the door where a few remaining students were cluttered together. Karter watched as her breasts jiggled and sprang within the cups of her bra like milky bags of jello. Just like she said, she's oblivious, and she won't realize anything wrongs unless someone points it out, and he sure as hell won't be doing that anytime soon.

He followed her for a few more lingering moments before his focus returned back to the computer.

What else could he edit?

He felt much more relaxed now, Ms. Anderson had completely lost any memory of this laptop's true potential, and she had been the only one other than herself aware of the crystals' effect on S-G Plus.

He did feel somewhat bad for taking advantage. But upon seeing the result, and now being able to stare at her body unabashedly anytime he wants. He can easily tell that guilt to fuck off.

Besides, she should have been more careful and logged off of the account that had the ability to affect time. And she's the one who siphoned power from the crystal, to begin with. Really, he's not the one in the wrong here, she provided him with all the pieces, and he's just the one using them.

So what to edit? He can probably do much more than changing around words. Or he could see what can be misconstrued. Maybe something can be done with June during the conversation they had the other day.

She had said something about him being her, "*bro*." There's a chance that expression of him might not have been the best word she could have used in that situation...