

I stand up from class and sling my backpack over my shoulder. I yawn and walk confidently out of the classroom by squeezing between two of my classmates. It's Valentine's Day but I'm single so I don't especially care. I briefly wonder what my brother is up to before shrugging my shoulders. The answer to that question means nothing especially important to me so it isn't worth pursuing. I walk down the hall to my locker and switch books and things between it and my backpack. I briefly wonder what mom plans to do about dinner tonight. When I finish up finegging all of my school stuff, I stand up and close the locker. One good spin of the lock's dial...

"Hello miss Silkist. Do you have a moment?"

The unexpected voice's disarming sweetness only barely stops me from having a heart attack. I whip around and see Ms. Hirfield standing there with an easy smile. She's younger than most of the school's staff, and prettier to boot. Her thick soft fluffy hair falls in an elegant cascade of light easy brown that furls around and down her shoulders like water or a resting cat. Her eyes, also an easy and beckoning hazel sort of color, look at me softly with invitation and great care. I try not to look at her breasts- she likes to wear well fitted blouses that show off her bust. It's smaller than mine but still enough for the boys to love it, so I'm sure they give her enough of *that* behavior.

"I...yes?" I reply cautiously. I know that she's Merry's councilor because I've heard

him talk about her, but I don't think I've ever met her personally. Fear knocks at the back of my mind for whatever I'm about to hear about.

"Don't worry sweetheart, nobody's in any trouble," she reassures me with a comforting smile gracing her thick, brightly lipsticked mouth. I wonder why more boys don't talk about Hirfield's voice. It's very pretty and it has a nice reassuring sort of authority, like a rescue worker might have. I figure they'd be at least a little horny for that if they're already lusting over her figure, right? Not that *I'm* into her, of course. I prefer people my own age. And boys. I think.

"Ah, okay," I say with uncertainty no doubt all over my face. I brush some hair from

my eyes and watch as she starts to move, turned sort of halfway. She beckons with a single finger for me to follow her. The gesture strikes me briefly as being oddly sensual- it's almost seductive, even- but I nevertheless follow her as she walks in the direction of her office. We have to kinda squeeze past classmates of mine but we reach the door without too much effort. She does another welcoming gesture towards me as she opens it, a much more normal one, and I slip into the room before watching awkwardly as she closes the door.

"Welcome, welcome!" She practically chirps as she walks towards her desk. I sort of waddle after her nervously and drop my backpack next to the chair in front of said desk. I hesitate for a moment. That gesture earlier- curling one outstretched

finger towards herself- replays in my head. Should I feel wary about that? The emotion in my blushing face must tip her off because she seems to notice. "I insist dear, everything is quite alright. Take a seat." She smiles the most angelic little smile I've ever seen and I feel almost compelled to comply, so I do. I take a seat.

"Sorry, ma'am," I apologize as I watch her take a seat herself. Her own chair is bigger than mine, and a bit nicer too. She rests her head on one hand, her eyes pondering me gently. I don't think I've ever been looked at in the specific way she's looking at me, before.

"Please, call me Miss. Ma'am makes me feel so terribly old," she says with a mischevious little grin. I nod along politely and make a mental note to try and not call

her ma'am again. "Miss is much nicer. It makes me feel all young and..." then she wiggles her neck and shoulders a moment. She reaches up to adjust her hair and I realize with what should be horror that the specific top she's wearing today seems to start slipping off if she does that. It slides slowly, almost teasingly, down her body. I see as inch by inch her outfit attains a slightly lower neckline. Her shoulders and neck look so beautiful, so soft, so...exposed.

"Yes...miss," I say as I work up the courage to point out her dress. It's much more fancy and formal than she usually wears, which begs the question of why. Maybe she's going on a date after hours and wanted to be ready as soon as physically possible? It would explain the slipping- if she usually doesn't wear dresses she

might be inexperienced at it or not know whether they fit properly. I open mouth to voice my observation...

"Oh!" She chitters, embarrassed. "My apologies, Ms. Silkist. I seem to have fastened it improperly." She stands up to fix it and her breasts jiggle with inertia slightly when she does. I try not to say anything as she fixes her outfit. I succeed, but it takes some doing. She sits back down, sporting a mischevious grin that almost evokes a cat. It makes her look even younger and less professional. Honestly? That helps. I feel less like I'm in trouble and more like a co-conspirator.

"That's alright, miss. I didn't see anything I shouldn't have," I say to her. I really didn't, just neck and shoulders.

"I'm glad to hear that," she giggles at me. "Relax! There's no need to feel nervous with little ol me, is there?" Her voice took its angelic caretaker vibes and cranked them up higher than I thought they could go. Her soft eyes practically smouldered with concern over me. I blushed even harder.

"N-no, ma'am."

"No, *miss*." Her voice and face both went just a bit sharp, startling me.

"Yes, miss! I mean no, miss!" I squeak, bolting upright with a flustered smile playing across my lips. Already her face has returned to normal. She giggles softly and flutters her eyes at me. As she does she sways her weight slightly. Her head weaves gently side to side but her eyes



stay pleasantly fixed on me. It's pretty even if I don't know why she's doing it.

"Good, good. I'm glad," she purrs soothingly for me. I like that. It feels much nicer when she keeps up the sweet buttery motherly voice than it did when she got all upset. "Any plans for valentine's day, miss?"

"I um...no," I answer, unsure how to feel. "I'm single, miss."

"Awww," she coos. Something tells me I should be worried but like...I kind of enjoy how she's fawning over me. I feel like a little kitten or something. "You're a pretty little thing. Any boys give you cards or chocolate? They must have."

"I assume," I answer automatically. "I-I

mean, yes miss," I correct myself.

"Good, good. Does it feel nice to say those words? I've always thought so. I certainly like hearing them. Yes miss~"

"Yes miss~" I chirp with her, relaxing again. She's completely right. The words feel almost as nice on their way out of my mouth as her voice does coming in through my ears. "Yes, miss. They do."

"That's right, they do~ good job, miss!" I feel tempted to remind her that I'm like...nineteen, but I refrain. It's embarrassing but her soft words and flowery tone make me feel good. Relaxed, safe...all that jazz. I like her. If she treats the boys this way I can understand what makes her so popular with them. "So you got chocolates, yes?"

"Yes miss," I answer. It comes bubbling up out of me automatically again. I almost don't bother with checking my memory afterwards to see if I did or not. I...think I got a card or two, maybe?

"That's lovely. I actually got this for valentines' day once, it's a beauty." Ms. Hirfield reached down a drawer behind her desk and retrieved a sparkly silver chain. She held it aloft so it dangled and came to a stop where staring at the attached pocket watch framed it right between her big breasts. I tried to look respectfully but every time my eyes started to move back towards her eyes the watch would dance or jingle and pull them back, and it just seemed so pretty sparkling and wiggling where it hung. "Isn't it, little miss Silkist?"

"It is, miss. Yes miss," I answer in a droning kind of voice as I smile and appreciate the chance to be trusted so close to something so expensive. A fancy gold color swirls and patterns the watch's shell and it catches light in a way my eyes find rather pleasing. My gaze feels almost magnetized by the pretty object as it swishes and sways back and forth. I try to follow with just my eyes but I find that I have trouble doing that. My whole head wants to follow the pattern of the watch's movement, and restraining that urge so only my eyes obey takes too much effort. I just stare, swivel, and smile. "Thank you for showing me, miss. I like your shiny pocketwatch."

"Good job, little miss Silkist," the woman chirps. "Some people try to just follow it with their eyes, but I think the smart ones

are the girls that follow it with their entire head. Staring straight on just feels better. Right?"

"It does feel better to stare straight on," I mutter as I grin wider in appreciation of her wisdom and reassurance.

"Thaaat's it. Don't feel pressured to stop staring. Sometimes girls feel they have to look away and resist staring. Good girls don't have to. Good girls stare as long as they want without worry." I nod along vacantly, careful not to desynch from the watch. I am not bad for giving up. It makes me better, even. I smile wider as my thoughts begin to grow a little dim.

"Just like that little miss," the counsilor purrs as she swishes the watch at a slightly elevated tempo. Her body turns

slightly in time with it, so that following with my head means that as long I keep time with the watch, her bosom is always flanking its chain. I feel myself rapidly limpening. My mind empties. Any remaining concerns I had before she whipped out this trinket have handily left my brain.

"That's nice. I saw your brother though, he seemed sad. Nobody gave him any panties." Panties? I mouth silently, my mouth limp and awkward. I realize it has been hanging open but then the watch moves. I move to keep up. I have no time to fasten my jaw closed again. That feels perfectly fine. The woman chuckles and silently swishes her watch a moment longer. I appreciate the opportunity to quietly marvel at her shiny sparkly pretty silvery pocketwatch. I salivate over the

sensory feast it presents, what with its beautifully polished surface and pretty chrome yellows and whites and its aura of sparkly goodness. I am completely at ease. She slowly begins to speak again. I don't notice her words this time but I do notice how mesmerizingly soft her mouth is. I've never felt that way before, have I...?

Why did I just shake my head like that?

Follow the chain...follow the watch...

Follow her chest...follow her mouth...

I wonder what kind of panties she's wearing. They must be elegant and cozy and sexy like everything else about her. I have never felt so safe or nice in my whole life. I want to treasure this feeling. I

suddenly envy my brother for having her as his counselor.

My stepbrother...

My stepbrother deserves her. I feel guilty. He's so nice and cute and he gets bullied for being small and kind of a cowardly dork. It's not too bad but still...he definitely deserves better.

I wonder if any girls gave him chocolate for valentine's? Probably. He was popular with the nicer girls at the school on account of being...well, everything that got him picked on. That thought made me feel better. I wonder if that one cheerleader he has a crush on...

Wait...no, girls who liked you didn't give you chocolate or cards. Girls who *liked* you



gave you their panties. Suddenly I feel like a complete fool for forgetting that.

The councilor tells me in between swaying arcs of her pocketwatch that not a single girl gave him even a run-down pair from their closet. I suddenly feel as dejected as she sounds. My poor little stepbrother...

Mistress snaps. Everything is blank. I view but do not see. I listen but do not hear. I obey but do not pay attention. I sit perfectly straight and smile like a good student. I trust but do not question.

I become the goodest girl I can be.

-----

I throw my arms around my little

stepbrother. He's short, shorter than I am (when I wear heels at least), and slender and skittish. I nuzzle him affectionately and kiss him on the neck. He whimpers, delighted.

"Which lucky lady got to give their panties to the cutest boy in class first, sweetie?" I ask in a whisper. I make a point to press my body up against his. Boys like boobs and hugs, so my soft and relatively busty body gives me an edge over a lot of my potential competition. I know how catty girls can be, after all. My precious Merry needs me!

"N-no, Peri," Merry squeaks. He sounds surprised but not shocked or upset. I like that. I nuzzle my favorite guy in the world a few more times. He's trying to escape but I've never lost a grapple against him and

don't plan on starting now. I nibble on his cute little ear to let him know I care.

"Oh, you poor thing," I whisper. I am entirely sincere. He's too precious to be put down like this. Even a pity pair given to him out of a feeling of mandate would be better than none. Fortunately, I am here. I press my waist up against his, savoring the panties hugging my hips. I'm so glad I wore this pair today. It's soft and bright red, so I know it'll be a wonderful present for valentine's. "You deserve a beautiful pair of precious pretty panties." I kiss his ear again. He mewls, seeming a bit aroused. I'm so glad. "How about mine, buttercup? Want a nice, rich red pair?"

"Ohhhhhh," he moans, sounding a bit woozy with joy. "That sounds, nice..."

"Gooood boy," I praise him as I pepper his neck in butterfly kisses. "I'll give you panties...if you go out with me."

"I'd love thaaaat," sighs my precious submissive little stepbrother. I lick my lips, eager to see my panties on him. "I'll go out with you Periii." I whip him around and then slam him backwards into a wall, jamming my lips against his. I vigorously feast on the soft mouth every other girl in my school stupidly passed up on. He eagerly kisses back, moaning and squirming.

I disengage and twirl, giggling for his enjoyment. I reach under my skirt and hook my fingers into the sides of my panties. My heart flutters as I realize I've never loved a boy enough to do this for him before. It feels special, romantic, as I slide them down my silky smooth thighs.

"Good boy," I say one last time as a girl who is not dating her brother. I twirl my panties around a fingertip, my face cocksure and brazen. "My boyfriend, even."

"My...giiiiirlfriend," he sighs dreamily as the full reality of having a girlfriend dawns on him. Fluid leaks from my crotch. I feel red in the face. God, I love my little stepbrother.