



TOMMY LINARCOS

# MY LIFE

# STORY

by CONOR

Story #7 in the *Cutting School and Playing Games* series.

TOMMY LINARCOS

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So, this is Conor. I'm telling this one, I guess.

So, we're at Rory's house. It's the weekend, we didn't have to cut school. Lyla keeps getting into trouble for that, so we have to watch it. My dad don't care. He's like, "It's 'bout time you started having some fun, kid. Just don't make me have to come in and talk to any goddamn vice principal or some-such-fuck." I'm passing classes. I get the shit done.

So, me and Lyla, and Mia and Rory, you know, we're sittin' there. Rory's folks went to the movies. They do stuff like that. I guess they like each other, still. And then Silke comes over, but Costa's not here yet, and we didn't invite Johnny because he ain't got a girlfriend of his own and it gets weird when it's like, "Well, what do we do with Johnny?"

And Mia's all like, "Let's play a game so we can get horny and go fuck."

And I'm like, "We don't need to play a game to fuck. Let's just fuck." And the others are like, 'No, we want to actually do something together.' So, we had to play a game.

Rory brings out *Life*. I get the white car because there's no black car like my black Superboy shirt, but Lyla gets the pink car like her shirt, and Rory gets the green car, and Mia gets the red car, and Silke takes the light blue car. So, yeah, there's eight cars in *Life*, so we totally could have played that the one time at Lyla's instead of dumb *Scrabble*. But whatever. Maybe Lyla doesn't have *Life*. Like, everyone has *Life*. Rory's is the older version 'cause it was his dad's, but it's still *Life*. Oh, and then Costa finally got there, and we gave him the orange car, even though he was wearing a black shirt, too. And we all put the pink or blue pegs in the cars like we were driving them and got ready to play.

We thought we'd try and play it like *Sexy Life*. Like when we played *Girl Talk*, when we landed on a space, we had to think how could we do it sexy? And let me tell you, it didn't look easy. I mean, how do you make "Entertain Ambassador from Mars. Pay \$5,000" sexy? Well, now that I think about it, I suppose I could've danced for Silke, 'cause she's like from somewhere else, and entertained her that way, and then we'd fuck or something. Or how about "Eccentric aunt leaves you 100 cats. Pay \$10,000 to give them away." That don't make no sense. I'm thinking something to do with 'pussy,' but I don't want to give pussy away! I was looking forward to the spaces that told you to "Add a baby daughter! Collect presents!" because, obviously, I'd get to fuck someone.

It didn't really happen that way, though.

Then Mia's all like, "We should have called Johnny."

And I'm like, "What the fuck for?" He's a good guy, and a good soccer player and all, but he's always talkin' to Lyla. It's like, get a girlfriend, dude! There's cheerleaders all over the place! Or find some brainiac chick in one of your "Alpha" classes. But no, he's dancing with Lyla at Mia's Halloween party. And I guess they all went somewhere the day after her party, but I couldn't go, so I don't know what the fuck went on, there.

But Johnny wasn't with us right then at Rory's, and I guess he was gonna meet us later when we all went out.

So, we start playing the game. First thing you gotta decide is if you're going to college or straight into business, and I'm like, "Fuck college. I'm making me some money!" So, my car is in the lead because everyone else is going to college. In real life, you get to fuck in college, but no spaces let us do that, yet. And then, everyone spins the spinney-thing better than me and I'm not first on the road, anymore.

Thing is, at this one spot after the first hill, you have to stop and get married. The board space even says 'STOP!' And everyone gives you money for presents, and you spin to see how much dough the bank gives you as a present, and then you spin again to move like you're going on a honeymoon.

Only it doesn't get that far.

Rory is first there, and Mia reminds him that we're trying to play sexy-rules *Life*. Like no shit, otherwise I wouldn't be playing. And she says that means that not only does his car get married, but two of us players have to combine their money and insurance and shit and play with one car. Like Mia will still be a lawyer, and Rory is still a journalist in the game, but they'll have one car, and park the other one by this little white house that sticks out of the board, and then they'll go together for the honeymoon.

Like go fuck somewhere, she means. I tell you, Mia is horny. So, she and Rory do that, and disappear into his sister Fiona's bedroom over there. Well, you can't see it, but it's on the same floor as us so it's right over there.

But that means I get to the Get Married space thing next. Full stop! Have to get married. Things are looking pretty good.

So, I asked Silke. And the shit hit the fan.

It's not like I haven't fucked Silke. Hell, I fucked her on that first day when I fucked Lyla. And I even got to fuck Mia, too, that day, so what difference would it be if I fucked Silke while we played this game?

Hell, I've fucked Silke a couple more times since then, even. I went over to her American house and picked her up, and we're laughin' and jokin' and havin' a good time. You know, I was entertaining her like she was from Mars instead of Belgium! And so I take her to my house, and we go downstairs, and suddenly I have to watch my little brother and sister 'cause my mom's at work and dad's going out somewhere to get some smokes or something, he says. So, I set up my little brother with my video games and my sister's reading a book or some shit in her room, and I get to take Silke into my bedroom and fuck her blue, again.

I love fuckin' Silke - Silky! - because I don't have to wear a rubber with her. Like in Belgium, her folks told her to watch out for us American boys and fixed her up good. She's got real nice tits, and at first I thought she was shaved — you know, when I looked at her when I saw her fuckin' Costa that first time, but no! She's got this little fuzz ball right at the top of her pussy,

and her hair is so light that I couldn't see it until I got up close. Now, it's like when I'm fuckin' her, my dick sliding in and out of that nice, nice pussy, there's this little cotton ball right at the top and it makes me smile!

Silke likes it hard and fast, and let me tell 'ya, I can totally pile drive that pussy hard and fast! When we're at my house, we usually have to be quick, but I'm not talkin' about that. I mean she wants me slammin' that pussy so she can scream! And I don't care if my brother hears us, he's got to learn what it's all about, sometime. He's got a crush on Lyla — and Silke, now. I don't think he's ever met Mia. She's never come over.

But Silke gets me so hard, so I'm happy to fuck her hard. She gives great blowjobs. I don't know who is better — her or Lyla.

So what's the difference if I ask Silke to pair up when we're playing that *Life* game? It's a game, right? Well, Lyla had other plans, and Costa gets a little bent out of shape, and I have to say I'm just joking, right?

Lyla goes, "What? You don't want to be with me?" I don't know if she's mad at me or just playing, 'cause that's how we play these sexy games, right?

But Costa goes, "What the fuck? You're not marrying Silke." He means in the game.

You know? It's not like he can marry her, either — for real, I mean, you know? Like, she'll be going back to Belgium around New Year's so he's shit-out-of-luck, there.

Anyway, like usual, I have to say I'm kidding, and I tell Lyla she's right and I'm sorry.

My dad told me, once, to get used to that if I ever do get married for real.

So, Lyla and I go downstairs to Rory's bedroom in the basement for our *Sexy Life* honeymoon. I've fucked her there, before. You'd think Rory would take his own room and we'd get Fiona's, but Rory doesn't trust me in Fiona's room or something, I guess. And I guess Costa and Silke either took Rory's mom's Etsy room, or just fucked on the couch in his frontroom. Silke likes fucking on the couch. She fucks Costa on the couch at Lyla's house when we play there, and I fucked her on the couch in my family room this other time, and my little brother didn't even notice, at first, but then he saw her tits and ran into his bedroom to jerk off! That was funny!

So, I get Lyla downstairs in Rory's, and we do our thing. You know, I'm not saying I don't like fucking Lyla. I love fucking Lyla. She's a great girlfriend. She was my first fuck, and I'd fuck her every day, if we could.

We're on the bed, and I take her clothes off real gentle — she likes that. And I get to eat her pussy, and we sixty-nine so she can suck my cock, and then I fuck her and get her screaming. I'm really good — you should see me fuck!

Then I notice Rory has put up his old *Star Wars: Clone Wars* cartoon poster over the window on the back of his door because I destroyed his Cristiano Ronaldo poster. It was an accident. Hey, his mom tore it first with her laundry basket, so it's not like it's totally my fault.

And the *Life* game? Yeah, like I thought, we never did get to finish it. I mean, what's the point? It's just a dumb game. What did we play it for — like ten minutes? before we all went on our honeymoons? Like I said, what the fuck would we do if we landed on "Inherit uncle's skunk farm?" or "Get in a car accident?" I don't know. Maybe "Lucky Day at the Races" would've been fun where we bet on the wheel. Maybe we'd have run around the kitchen naked or something like a horserace. When you play the game normal-rules, it's fun when you land on the Revenge space, 'cause then you get to take people's money and send them back and shit like that. I've heard of 'revenge-porn,' but I don't get it.

And then at the end of the game, you count your money and whoever has the most wins. Like real life, I guess. Unless you gamble and put everything you got on one number on the spinney wheel and try to become a millionaire tycoon and win.

The first time I ever played the game when we were kids, against Rory and this other kid we knew, I thought it was to try and become a millionaire **raccoon!** So, I thought that would be cool. So I did it. Put all my money and everything on 2 and spun a 1. Lost. Didn't become a raccoon.

Oh, so, me and Lyla fucked again. We had the time and I stole one of Rory's rubbers from his nightstand. Then we came upstairs, and Rory straightened out the beds and cleaned the couch with Mr. Clean or something.

And then we went out to this pizza place and had a bite, and Johnny met us there, and so did our goalie Lucas — I guess they were hanging out, and then we went to the school because Silke is in the school play and we got there like hella early because she has to put on makeup. And Costa disappeared on us because he's working the backstage stuff because Silke got him to do it. That was one of the times I fucked Silke, because she didn't have rehearsal after school this one day, but Costa did because he had to build wagon wheels or some shit for the play, so I cut soccer practice and took Silke to my place. But now, we were waiting for the show to start. And Silke was good. It was this play, *Oklahoma!* and Silke was the dream version of the main girl and Silke is a fuckin' great dancer! Who knew?

So, she got to be in this play while she's here in America, and I bet that was fun for her, 'cause who knows if they have plays in Belgium, especially cowboy plays like this one. I mean, Belgium's like, inside Russia or something, and it's all evil there. She should stay here. And there were songs in the play, and Silke was singing, but only with everyone else so you couldn't hear her alone.

So, after the play, we all walked home. I took Lyla home. We made out a bit, but I couldn't fuck her again with her mom home. But it was a good day: I got a blowjob, I got to eat some pussy, and I got laid twice. Had some pizza, and saw Silke dance in a dress. And then I went home.

So, that's it.