**The Grand Prize**

**A TIOS Tale**

**Part One: Team Cream**

“So… it’s like the Grand Prize Game, but revolting,” Amanda observed dryly upon hearing Jordan’s explanation of the day’s lesson.

“Reference lost, but if you’re so squeamish, you’re all welcome to take an F on the assignment.”

“Amanda! Geez, just join the group already!” whined Sarah Stewart, whom it was widely known had one of the lowest grades in the class. After Jordan had discovered an unfortunate surgical scar on her otherwise gorgeous physique on the first day of class, he’d made no secret that he regretted enrolling her. He let her earn back the deficit with extra credit if she let her shame show and cried while she sucked his cock. It wasn’t the cruelest aspect of his curriculum.

Obviously, sitting out the whole-class group project and letting the class fail wasn’t happening. Couldn’t happen, really. The co-editor-in-chief might be able to dig in her feet and overpower TIOS and its compulsion to succeed in this depraved, farcical class if she had to, but the discomfort was as bad as the degradation, and it would only piss off Mr. Lyons. He was more creative when he was pissed. Repulsive and demeaning or no, she took her place on the dingy carpet floor of the sex ed room with her classmates.

The name of the activity, scrawled on the board in blue dry erase marker, was Team Cream. First, Mr. Lyons needed his partner for the activity. Sometimes he took volunteers, others he picked for himself, and still others he used some arbitrary criteria. Today’s selection was on the basis of who had the next birthday. Yuri was the lucky winner, celebrating her birthday that coming Saturday. She took her place at his feet, the two of them situated near the teacher’s desk at the front of the room, and without fanfare or ceremony, his cock stabbed into the trim Japanese girl’s mouth.

(At least for once, that gaping asshole of a man managed not to crack his favorite racist joke. He still hadn’t figured out that *Full Metal Jacket* was set in Vietnam. Maybe he didn’t know Japan and Vietnam were two different countries, Amanda supposed. Or maybe there was simply some sick allure for him in that bitter tint in Yuri’s eyes after she corrected him and then he fucked her face anyway. Casual racism was an easy way to get those grudging concessions he seemed to crave.)

“Make him come, Yuri,” entreated Joanna, twisting softly at her nipples.

“I can’t wait to taste Mr. Lyons’ cum,” shared Kiara, unprompted, followed by a transparently feigned moan of anticipation.

A third voice snapped, “You better be giving him the best goddamn blowjob you ever gave, you little twat.”

Amanda didn’t need to see the speaker to recognize the voice as blonde goddess Kirsten Vaughan, way down at the end. The end, that is, of the column of naked high school seniors – plus Mary Buchanan – lined up down the center of the classroom. They were configured like a zipper, all their heads in a line but every other body leading the opposite direction so they could occupy as little space as possible. It made for two surprisingly uniform lines of over two-dozen tits each, plus a far less uniform tangle of wide-spread thighs so the girls could masturbate while they waited to soak up their teacher’s spunk. None of them – or almost none of them – were actually in the mood, but if it helped Jordan come harder, they would do it.

That, after all, was the objective of the assignment. The further his jizz shot across the room, the better the class’s grade. It was admittedly a lot of pressure to put on poor Yuri, though she was considered to be one of the more proficient cocksuckers on the class roster. If Amanda had been asked to nominate someone (and if that nomination had been made to improve grades rather than satisfy the instructor), Yuri might well have been her pick. Nobody seriously thought she could get him to splooge all the way down to Kirsten, nearly twenty feet away, but once in a while he surprised them. It was mostly a matter of how much sex he’d had over the weekend, how plentiful his reserves were. Fifth from the start on the right column, Amanda felt her odds of having to clean his cum out of her hair were pretty strong.

The girls did their parts, a cooing, groping cacophony of pleas for Mr. Lyons’ cum. After last week’s target-shooting practice, everyone knew he was surprisingly likely to hit what he was watching, so when Stephanie observed him settling his eyes on Heather Blake’s ludicrously proportioned chest only three bodies behind Yuri, she redoubled her efforts to coax his attention to objects farther away. Nobody wanted to snare a D on the assignment just because Heather’s DNA had been spliced with a milk cow’s.

“God, I hope Mr. Lyons comes on me,” Stephanie managed with an impressive semblance of earnestness. “I fucking love the taste of his cum. Right?” She elbowed Neveah on her right, the next farthest body and one of Heather’s few rivals in tit power.

“Oh, right. Yeah, come on my big titties, Mr. Lyons. I just looooove it when a guy jizzes on my titties. Soooo much.” Neveah, on the other hand, didn’t bother muting her own sarcasm. Nobody faulted their gothic comrade; her disdain for their instructor was one of his (many) turn-ons. Not that Neveah wasn’t sincere in her insincerity. Even Kirsten grudgingly respected the girl’s vituperative demeanor. Neveah’s tongue was a sliver of pink between wine-dark lips, “I skipped breakfast this morning. Gimme some of that thick, bleachy jizz.”

Hannah Cienfuegos raised one hand, leaving the other attending to her sparsely furred pussy. “Mr. Lyons, can you tell Neveah to take the group project seriously? Some of us actually care about our grades.” Her back arched as she thrust her hips into the air for dramatic effect. Maybe she really came, but when Mr. Lyons employed alphabetical partnering, Amanda had caught her faking it before during practice sessions.

“She already got her A with those D’s,” joked Tamara.

“Those aren’t D’s. I’m a D cup, and those things are bigger than mine by, like, a lot,” observed the normally erudite MacKenzie, who was at the moment being put off her game by her neighbor Jennica’s playful diddling between her neighbor’s legs.

Maggie was somewhat more composed, her attention more tit than clit. “You know, I am seriously awful at guessing cup sizes. You guys know that junior, Brigette Sutter?”

“More like Brigette Slutter,” said Olivia, venomous as ever. “You know she cheated on her boyfriend, right? With a *freshman.* Ew.”

“Anyway,” Maggie continued, never one to engage in mean-spirited gossip, “I always thought she was really pretty but kind of flat, you know? But then I saw her in a swimsuit at that party at Jordan’s a couple weeks ago, and like, wow. They just sit kind of wide, somehow, but I bet she’s at least as big as me. You’d think there’d be a unit on boob size in this class somewhere, right? How big are you anyway, Veah? F? H?”

“Maybe mind your own fucking tits, yeah?” grumped Neveah, employing black nails on wide, pink nipples. “Fuck, sometimes I miss the days when half the skanks in the senior class didn’t see me naked every goddamn day.”

“Sometimes?” grumbled Kirsten, though no one believed for a second that she didn’t love the hell out of lording her inimitable hotness over every other hottie in school day in, day out. This class was only further confirmation that no, it wasn’t only her face that nobody could compete with. Her boyfriend could pick from any girl in school, as Amanda knew was literally true. Small wonder who he’d picked. Amanda was simply glad the ginger didn’t have a thing for his fellow redheads. She would have missed her pseudo-boyfriend.

Conner had sworn to her up and down he didn’t get the big deal everyone made about Kirsten Vaughan; sweetheart that he was, it was as if he couldn’t see the curves through the daggers. Amanda had pressed him on it, too. Pressed hard. Nothing got her more fired up than a little jealousy, at least not since his stunt with TIOS at prom and that insane orgy at Miss C’s house after. Hard to believe it had been less than a week ago. She’d never admit it to him, but now simply seeing him talking with Heather or Miss C drove her absolutely wild. Worth the aggravation, no doubt about it. Once in a while, TIOS managed to do her a little good.

She went through the motions, like most of the class. For every girl who sincerely tried to learn something from this hour-a-day harem, there were five who treated it like any other class, a minor nuisance to tolerate for the semester and then promptly forget. For this sex ed class of theirs, enticing their teacher to shoot his cum at them as hard as he could was little different from a group quiz. Heather and Neveah’s boobs, Yuri’s mouth, Kirsten’s everything, they were nothing more than cheat sheets.

The girls put on a show of playing with themselves. A few of them added to the steadily growing collection of stains on the carpet. Jordan came, with Yuri sensing it in time to jack him off a full eight girls down the row on the right side. (Was that impressive? They had no metric for comparison, but it felt pretty impressive for a first try at Team Cream.) Amanda was actually significantly overshot on his first volley, though caught some of his second on her neck, and sure enough, in her hair. Sarah and Tracy both managed to catch a little in their mouths, though Tracy also knocked her head into Courtney’s in the lunge for the globules of extra credit.

For their group project, the class was given a 15/18, the points deducted out of raw spite when Jordan realized Courtney might actually be hurt and he had to irritably escort her to the nurse’s office. Not like the class needed minding; nobody was willing to risk a point deduction for ditching or slacking off in their teacher’s absence.

While they waited, the girls dragged their desks back into a usable configuration and settled in, wincing at the cold plastic on bare bottoms. It was haphazardly done, girls sitting down in whatever was handy. Not by intent, Amanda found herself seated in the desk adjacent to none other than Heather Blake. The very woman who, forty-eight hours earlier, had shared a bed in the wildest sex any of them had ever had, or ever would have. Just looking at her, it was impossible to miss the enormous swell of those breasts, and from there, impossible to remember how her own had ached with longing as she’d watched Conner’s cock gliding between them. What Heather’s sweat had tasted like as she helped slather that Alpine tit valley with saliva to help him come on her. That incredible satisfaction of knowing that although it hadn’t been her getting her tits fucked, at least she’d been chosen to help, unlike Miss C fingering herself against the headboard while she watched.

(At least until their teacher climbed aboard Heather’s face and rode it like a bronco while she made out with Conner.)

“That was… quite a prom night,” Heather opened, lips puckering in a wry smile. It wasn’t their first day back, but they’d been quite successful at avoiding direct contact until now.

“Yep,” agreed Amanda yeppily. “One for the record books.”

“I, um, liked your outfit.”

“Yeah. Yours, too. The bra really went nicely with your… you know. Hair.” Stupid Jordan and his no-dress code edit, every girl in school attending in everything they would have worn except for their dresses.

“Thanks.”

As the two braced themselves for awkward silence – what was there to say? *Let’s tag-team our shared boyfriend and our journalism teacher again this weekend! Or do you have too much studying for the econ test?* – Abby Couch cut in beside them. “I thought the music was meh, but the dance was still pretty fun. Way better than last year. I went with Damien Hernandez. Do you know him?”

Redhead and blonde alike were relieved for the intrusion, and murmured in the affirmative and negative respectively. Amanda had third period with him, and had interviewed him for the baseball team spread.

“Yeah, I don’t think it’s going anywhere. We just went as friends,” Abby went on. “We’ll see. Ball’s in his court situation, you know?”

Heather grinned. “Yeah. He’s pretty cute. Good on you. Hopefully he makes a move, right? Not the worst way to close out senior year.”

Lauren and Sydney, who’d been on their phones, heard the chance for fresh gossip and pivoted to join the group. “Who, Damien? Yeah, he’s not bad at all. That boy can wear a baseball uniform,” opined Sydney.

Lauren laughed, brushing her hair over her shoulder casually. “Me, I’m a face girl. Definitely does it for me. Ugh, the dimples. Too adorable.”

Amanda and Heather slowly let out their held breaths as the other girls talked about their dates, the after-party they’d attended, their opinions on the décor, and so on. Eventually, however, the group noticed their classmates’ taciturn participation, and rounded on them.

Lauren smiled her ingratiating smile. That she was being sincerely *nice* only made it grate more. “How about you guys? Who’d you go with?”

The two shared a look, then back to Abby. So much for being bailed out of an awkward moment. “Conner Fishers,” Amanda said.

“Oh, how fun! He’s such a sweetie. How about you, Heather?”

She eyed Amanda for a moment. “Um… Conner Fishers.”

Abby frowned. “I… wait. But… huh. Like… what?”

“It was just a friends thing,” Amanda covered. “We all three of us went as a little trio. Friends. Three friends. Nothing too kinky.” That last part might be true, if only because it couldn’t be considered *too* kinky when nobody had said no to anything during that whole sweaty cumathon that followed.

Mr. Lyons returned just then, though since he didn’t immediately demand their attention, they continued their discussion as he re-removed his clothes. “Oh, how fun. Yeah, friend dates can sometimes be the best way. I mean, are you – either of you – like, into him?” asked Lauren, cheeks wide with innocent curiosity.

“Into who?” interjected their nosy instructor. Seeing who Lauren was interrogating, he managed to guess on his first try. “That douche canoe Fishers?”

Amanda knew too well not to draw Jordan’s ire with a defense. Heather had even picked up on that, and she didn’t know about TIOS. Sydney, however…

“I dunno, I think he’s sorta cute, in a geeky way. You know, like you’d have to take him by the hand, show him how? But then he’d, like, *get it*.” She giggled impishly.

Lauren nodded slowly. “Yeah. Hands down the best sub we ever had. Do *not* tell him I said this, but I was kinda bummed he wouldn’t give me a one-on-one lesson while he was in here.”

Amanda’s imagination took that thought and ran with it. She and Heather hadn’t been here for Conner’s brief romp as the sex ed sub, but she could imagine it. A classroom full of the most attractive seniors at Northside, forty-some thighs rubbing together, forty-some lips being licked by twenty-some lips as they one and all availed themselves to him. A girl as pretty as Lauren, whom Conner had known and possibly had eyes on since forever, suddenly naked and biddable and maybe even eager, sweeping her hair over her shoulder to show those stupid incredible little tits of hers…

God, she was jealous.

God, it was hot.

“Ugh, remind me to bring in the riding crop tomorrow for that one,” grumbled their teacher at Lauren.

Stacy replied to Lauren, though. “Honestly? Same. No offense, Mr. Lyons, but after all we’ve been learning, what a waste to not get to do a little homework on the only other cock we ever got assigned in here. Next time you get a sub, try to get one who actually knows the material.”

Amanda let her eyes closed, half of her hoping she wasn’t going to be leaving a puddle on the seat as the other half of her mind invented a scene with Stacy curled up on her side on the teacher’s desk, her obnoxiously picturesque pussy framed between her buttocks, casually informing Conner that he’s welcome to test if it feels as pink as it looks.

“If you can call whatever’s dangling between that limp-dick little bitch’s legs a cock. Fuckin’ spaghetti noodle mother fucker,” railed Jordan.

It was Kirsten, however, using her radar for any opportunity to drive wedges and scrape raw nerves, who interjected, interrupting whatever her minion Olivia was saying mid-sentence. “I actually heard he’s hung like a buck. Not that it’s a contest or anything, nothing to be embarrassed about, Mr, Lyons. But I know someone who knows a girl from Glendale who dated him junior year who said she practically unhinged her jaw trying to suck him off.”

“Seriously?” gawked Olivia, the interruption immediately forgotten, toadying resumed with an impressive display of being impressed by Kirsten’s anecdote.

Kirsten shrugged, perfect tits bouncing in perfect unison. “It’s what I heard.”

Lauren grinned between Heather and Amanda. “Huh. So if you guys aren’t interested, maybe I ought to chat him up…”

She was joking. It was clear from her tone. Lauren wasn’t the sort of girl who chased a guy on the word of a viper like Kirsten. Even if she were, she also wasn’t the sort who’d casually announce her pursuit of a guy two friendly class acquaintances seemed quite possibly interested in. Even Jordan let it go with a roll of his eyes and a feisty snap of his fingers at Lauren as he readied himself to move on to his next orifice.

There was, however, one person present who did not shrug it off.

“Holy freaking god, what the hell is the matter with the girls in this freaking school! Are you serious?” growled a voice across the room. Her language was clearly only moderated because a teacher was present, even if that teacher was younger than her by several years. “I must be the only girl in this class who’s not head over heels infatuated with my idiot brother this week, I swear!”

“Atta girl, Angelica,” crowed Jordan as Lauren slipped out of her desk and crawled over to him. “At least somebody else in here realizes with a little pud that human jizz mop is.”

The glare Angelica shot him absolutely conveyed that she found his own over-the-top badgering of Conner no less distasteful than the praises bestowed by her classmates. Meanwhile, their miserable asshole of a teacher bent Lauren over his lap and proceeded to smack her well-toned ass crimson, simply because she’d said something nice about Conner. Lauren yelped, but didn’t struggle. She was learning how to be disciplined, learning how to submit herself to a spanking. She was a natural. How Conner had passed up on that ass was a mystery.

Amanda was barely seeing it, could barely see anything. The jealousy, the contempt, the opportunity… it was all too much.

The co-editor-in-chief hurried to her backpack, produced a pen and paper, and scribbled a hasty note. She made a hasty stop in Miss C’s room to use one of the laptops. (The look her teacher gave her for plainly ditching a portion of her third period class was frosty, but there was only so stern the woman could be with one of her prize pupils. Doubly so with a student she’d been slumped face-down on a bed beside that past weekend, pleading for the next thrusts of yet another student’s cock.

Amanda inspected her entry, allowed herself a quiet smile, and hit save. With that, she rushed off to third period.

*“I must be the only girl in this class who’s not head over heels infatuated with [Conner Fishers] this week!” – Angelica Buck*

**Part Two: Raising the Woof**

“Hey, it’s Conner, right?” said the girl settling into the desk on his right. *The girl*, not that he didn’t know her name. He’d known Maggie Bray since forever, and besides, he’d made editor-in-chief in large part because he made it his business to know his classmates. It was only that he hadn’t needed to use her name, to her face, since their leaf scrapbook partner project in Mrs. Chirila’s class in fourth grade. The last time, that is, discounting roll call during his brief stint as a substitute teacher.

The memory of the lithe brunette naked, legs crossed, ample breasts peeking out behind a curtain of warm brown hair, rushed to his mind all too readily. That she was wearing overalls cut off into shorts with her bulging sports bra very visible at the sides only made it harder to remember she’d said something to him a moment ago, and was now looking increasingly worried that he hadn’t responded. He should respond. Why was she talking to him? Really pretty. Stop thinking about that! Naked boobs. *Reply, stupid!*

“Um, yeah. Conner. Is my name. Maggie.”

Her bright smile returned. “You Conner, me Maggie,” she said with a little giggle. Around them, peers were taking their seats. There were no assigned seats in Mr. Oliveri’s class, but still, people generally took the same ones every day. John Lee looked puzzled at having his usual spot usurped, but shrugged it off. Pretty girls could steal seats.

“I’m only joshing ya. Didn’t mean to sneak up on you like that. I was only teasing since we don’t talk as often as we used to, Conner.” They used to talk? “Right, so… Look. This is a little embarrassing, but whatever. So you know how my parents run Raise the Woof?”

Conner blinked. “Uh, no?”

“Oh. Well they do. You know where it is? The strip mall over on Quarry Road, by Joann Fabrics?”

“Um, kinda, I think, yeah.” He remembered getting a chuckle out of the pet store’s name at some point, though he’d had no idea who owned it until this moment.

“Well they’ve been trying to do kind of an ad campaign thing, and so I thought, why not do an ad in the yearbook? And somebody told me that was kind of your thing, so I figured maybe… you know. We could help each other.”

“You want an ad?” Suddenly, at the mention of yearbook, his brain kicked into gear. Sudden approaches by pretty girls were unusual, but yearbook questions? Forget about it. “Were they thinking full page spread, half page, something smaller? I don’t have a pricing sheet on me, but I know what the rates are if you wanna write them down. We do still have a few inset spaces for sale, but–”

Maggie laughed, putting a hand over his to quiet him. “Look at you, Mr. Salesman. Me, I don’t really know anything about all that stuff. Or even how to design an ad. Say, maybe that’s a good starting off point. Do you think maybe you and I could put our heads together on it?”

Conner’s professional smile shined through. “Sure. It’s really pretty easy. All we’d really need is a size and your logo. If you want to customize it, fine, but we do a lot of the small scale stuff in-house. I can swing by after school and drop off the sheet with your folks. It’s not too far out of my way home.”

Why had she not removed her hand? Why was her thumb moving like that? She couldn’t be… stroking his hand, could she?

“Um, actually, I was sort of thinking maybe I could spearhead this thing? You know, take some of the load off for them. But since I’m not really experienced with this, maybe you and I could, I dunno, meet up sometime and work together on it?”

Her fingernail grazed back and forth on his wrist. “Oh. Sure, I guess we could. I’d need them to sign off on it, but we could sketch out a mock-up for them. I can probably get you a pass seventh period, if you want.”

“You know, why don’t you stop by the store? My sister and me cover it after school some days, and you and I could just… go in the office and… talk.” Right then, by what had to be coincidence, she crossed her legs in his direction, her foot gently coming to rest against his calf. Maybe she just didn’t notice? No, her foot was moving, rubbing. She had to notice. Didn’t she? Did girls notice things like that?

“Oh. Um… yeah. I guess we could, um, do that. If that’s OK with your parents.” Years of going unnoticed by girls like Maggie had rendered him incapable of interpreting all this as anything but him being an unbelievable idiot for daring to imagine she might actually be flirting with him. She was just affectionate. And wanted hands-on attention. Away from school. From him.

“They won’t even be there. It’d just be us.” She leaned in slightly. Was she wearing perfume? It had to be. Girls didn’t smell that good on their own, did they? “Do you have any pets?”

Conner shook his head. “My mom’s allergic.”

“Oh, that’s too bad. You strike me as a cat guy. Do you like kitties, Conner?”

“Uh, they’re fine, I suppose. I haven’t really, I dunno, known any, really.” Where was Mr. Oliveri? Why was her hand *still* on his? Was that something normal and he was just too dumb to know about it? It couldn’t be, could it?

“I’ll introduce you to mine. She’s *so* friendly. You’re going to *love* her.” She leaned in closer, then closer, then *oh my god was she going to kiss him?!*, then went past his lips and whispered his ear, somehow every bit as intimate as a kiss. “Though I should warn you, once somebody pets her, she just falls in love. My kitty clamps down and never ever lets you let her go.”

Suddenly, somehow, his ear lobe was between her lips. Maggie gave it a gentle nip, then sat back up. Before Conner could say anything – or simply faint – again – their teacher clapped twice at the front of the room. “All right, gang, open ‘em up to page 588…” Like that, Maggie was facing forward and opening her book and not at all looking like someone who had just whispered suggestively in his ear before turning him rock hard in a room full of classmates.

The rest of the period, Maggie didn’t look at him. Almost conspicuously so. Had he imagined it? It had taken him years to wear down Heather, the devil’s own luck to cross paths with Amanda, and raw magic for Kristy.

What on earth could he have done to make sweet, sexy Maggie Bray take note?

Conner bargained with himself all period long. He should say no. He had more than enough girls in his life as it was. He’d politely say no. Only, how? There was no polite way to turn down someone who sucked on your ear before class. Maybe he could simply play it off like nothing happened, insist on working out the ad with her mom and dad. Was there even an ad? Best to be sure. He’d still have to go to the pet store, though. Hopefully that didn’t make things awkward for Maggie. Her legs looked so fine in those cutoffs. He should apologize. He must have misled her somehow, given the wrong impression. He should apologize. Only it would be even more awkward to apologize in class, where someone might overhear and misunderstand. He could show up at the pet store, like she asked, apologize in person. That was the gentlemanly thing to do. Yes. Just show up, meet with her in her parents’ business office, pet her kitty, and absolutely refuse to let it fall in love with him. Clamp down on him.

“So I’ll see you after school, right Conner?”

“Um, sure!” People were packing up their things, filing out the door. “Wait, I mean–”

“Great! Muah, you’re the best!”

As the room emptied, Conner hurriedly gathered his books and made for the door. He had to catch up with her. He had way too good of a thing going, and way too *complex* of a thing going, to risk–

*THUD.*

As he tore around the corner, he ran face-first into none other than Sydney Genovese. She was also in Mr. Oliveri’s fourth period, and although he’d lost many a stray minute admiring the comely blonde cheerleader this year, today, he’d forgotten she was there. At least until now, as she helped pick him up off the floor.

Conner tried to pretend he hadn’t been able to see right up her dress from down there. And that he didn’t notice she wasn’t wearing panties. She must not have realized how she was standing.

“You OK?” the slender blonde asked with a wry grin, plainly pleased with herself for being the one to keep her feet. Conner Fishers, knocked down by a hundred and twenty pound girl.

“Oh crap, Sydney. Yeah! I’m so sorry. I wasn’t looking, and… are you OK?”

“I’m fine, dude.” She patted his arm.

“Good, good.” This being the longest interaction he’d ever had with Sydney, he flashed an apologetic smile and tried to squeeze past her to head off to lunch. To his surprise, she fell in beside him.

“So, not that it’s my business, but I couldn’t help seeing you chatting up Maggie before class,” she began.

“Huh? No no! That was just about an ad for her parents’ pet store. I wasn’t… We’re not…” If this turned into a rumor, and it got back to Amanda or Heather…!

(Kristy would doubtless congratulate him.)

Sydney giggled away his protestation. “Hey, it’s OK, man! Who could blame you, right? She’s a looker. Heck, I’m a hundred percent into dudes and even I notice a dish like that. Dude,” she added almost pointedly, though he sure didn’t get her point.

“I, um, I’m not into Maggie. Why, did someone tell you I was? Because I’m not,” he insisted. He picked up his speed towards his fourth period class, but she kept pace effortlessly.

“Yeah? Sorry, and maybe it’s none of my business, but tell that to that huge boner you were trying to hide.”

“What?!” he stopped, but that only let her get past him and position herself right in his path. “I didn’t have…” He glanced around, dropping his voice to a hiss. “I didn’t have a *boner*!”

“It’s nothing to be embarrassed of, dude. I mean, I’m a cheerleader. I’ve seen my share of boys hiding boners around me. You don’t have to feel weird about it.”

“I wasn’t! I mean, I didn’t!”

Sydney merely shrugged. “Suit yourself, but I was looking, and if that bulge is you soft, I almost feel bad for your girlfriend.” She cocked her head to the side. “Unless… I mean, do you, you know, have a girlfriend?”

“No,” he said. He had three, actually, though Heather wanted to pretend it was all casual, and Amanda preferred to keep it between the two of them. (As for Kristy, they’d agreed it was for the best if she didn't get fired and go to prison.)

“Oh, cool!” she answered brightly, bouncing on her heels. “Though… if you’re thinking of going out with Maggie Bray, I didn’t want you to just blunder into that nightmare unawares, ya know? As a friend.”

They were friends? Wait, also, “Nightmare?” Conner’s head snapped back. Maggie Bray was assuredly the girl of more than a few of his classmates’ dreams, he was sure. Sweet as honey, almost dangerously approachable for a girl so attractive. At least until last period.

“Yeah. You don’t think they call her Slaggie Bray for nothing, do you? All the Way Bray? That one’s from back in like freshman year, when she was sleeping her way through the wrestling team, but sometimes stuff just sticks, ya know?”

“They do?”

Sydney nodded sagely. “Yeah, it was this whole big thing. When the team started having this big chlamydia outbreak they couldn’t figure out why for a while? So then when Coach Suplee caught her, ahem, practicing a few takedowns, if ya know what I mean, with Tubby Teddy Thompson, he had to ban her from practices and meets. It was this whole big thing.”

“No freaking way! Maggie wouldn’t… with the whole wrestling team…!”

“I’m sure it wasn’t the *whole* team, ya goober! Probably just the JV, since the varsity jocks already have girlfriends. Girls like me. ‘The whole team!’” Sydney laughed, though, and gave him a playful shove, but then her eyes widened. “Wow, you’re strong! Do you work out?”

“Um, I do push-ups, sometimes…” Not any time in the past month, he was pretty sure. Lots of sex, though, which was a workout of sorts. Nothing he could admit out loud though.

“I bet you do. Say, speaking of, would you maybe wanna work out with me sometime? I could always use a spotter, and maybe we could teach each other a few things.”

“Uh, sure.” Wait, what? Had he just agreed to… what?!

“Awesome. How’s this afternoon? We have a home gym at, um, at home obviously,” she giggled, rolling her eyes at herself. “That way we don’t have to wait in line or deal with other people or anything. Wait by the south athletics exist and I’ll… give you a ride.”

Had he imagined that pause, that emphasis? Or were two conversations with pretty girls enough to turn his brain into oatmeal?

Either way, some warning instinct was beginning to kick in. “Sorry, I sort of promised Maggie I’d help her with that ad thing after school. Nothing else, though. Just an ad. Maybe some other time.”

“If you say so. And look, not to tell you your business, but maybe be careful who sees you talking to her, yeah? Ever since she got caught posting all that racist stuff online last fall, there’s some people who are pretty uptight.”

“She posted *what*?” Did he really know that little about Maggie? Man, he really was behind the times in gossip!

“It’s nothing. But hey, let me get your number, we’ll text. Figure out a time. OK?”

“Oh. I guess, yeah. I mean, sure. Sure.” She snatched her phone out of her purse and copied down his number into her contacts as he recited it.

“Thanks!” she chirped, patting his cheek. Why was Sydney Genovese touching his cheek? “All right, guess I’ll see you around soon.” This time he was sure the pause was real. She even took a half-step closer, voice lowering. “Dude.”

He was almost to the cafeteria when his phone buzzed. Unknown number.

*btw its cool you looked up my dress and I don’t care that you saw my pussy. nothing you haven’t seen already right?*

He was still re-reading that when a second message arrived. *sometimes I like to work out au natural anyways, so it’s a good start on our workout date. ;)*

Conner added the number to his contacts, then promptly deleted the message before one of his girlfriends could see it.

From Kirsten’s vantage point at her lunch table, it was plain from the look on Owen’s face that he didn’t believe Conner’s story, the one he thought he was sharing too softly to be overheard. Good. She didn’t believe it either, but moreover, she didn’t *want* to believe it. If there was one thing Kirsten Vaughan was sure of, it was that your reality was what you made it. There were no such things as victims.

She had no idea how that priss Maggie, who still blushed sometimes during partner tongue warmups, or that slutbag Sydney, probably the only girl in sex ed who hadn’t learned a new position, had found out she was into Conner Fishers. That fucking dolt Olivia, no doubt, flapping her stupid lips again. Kirsten would put her in her place for it. Again.

Kirsten didn’t even remember telling Olivia, honestly, but it was the only explanation for the others’ sudden interest. A tale as old as time. Girl meets boy. Girl falls for boy. Way hotter girl also falls for boy. Hotter girl makes him forget whatsherface. Jealous trolls try to steal what she’d already rightfully stolen.

Not that she’d stolen him. Not yet.

This could be tricky, after all. She was in a semi-committed relationship with Conner’s best friend, a relationship that held way too much cultural collateral to consider abandoning. On top of that, she was also having the best sex of her life with Conner’s step-sister Angelica.

Still, tricky didn’t mean impossible. One simply had to know how to manage one’s assets.

“Would you like to sit with us, Conner?” she asked, smiling sweetly. It was the smile she used on her grandparents when they were visiting for her birthday, right before Grandpa reached for the checkbook.

Owen scrunched up his face. “Um, what? You said class mixing in the cafeteria was bad for your brand.”

Kirsten laughed indulgently. “Owen, you goober, if you understood my ‘brand’ at all you’d realize I was kidding.” Inwardly, she pictured his head mounted on a pike in her back yard. “You’re so funny. As if! Have a seat, Conner. Please.”

No. Front yard. *Don’t you dare fuck this up for me.*

Kirsten brushed Olivia aside and patted the spot beside her. She’d picked a small table today deliberately, only big enough for the four of them. (Technically it seated six, but what was she supposed to do, leave her purse on the floor like a dog? And you always needed at least one vacant seat so you could tell the hopefuls it was saved for someone else.) Hayleigh and the rest were on the far side of the cafeteria, well out of eavesdropping range. Ergo if they saw her sitting with a nobody like Conner Fishers – a handsome, very appealing nobody, but still – she could simply say she was being a good girlfriend, doing a charitable deed.

“Oh. You’re sure?” Conner looked nervous. Why hadn’t she ever been nicer to him? Every so often, her carefully crafted image came to bite her in her exquisitely sculpted butt.

“Of course I’m sure. Come on, take a load off.” She gestured again. “Olivia, move your purse out of his way, for gosh sake.”

Owen took his place on her right, Conner on her left between her and Olivia's new seat. Kirsten kicked Olivia’s purse aside to make space for him. “You know, I didn’t get a chance to tell you, but I thought you looked so handsome at prom. I told Owen to tell you, but I know how he is with delivering messages.” She patted both of their thighs chummily. Owen looked baffled, but she didn’t let that put her off her game. “Didn’t I, Olivia?”

“We both did, actually,” Olivia replied, nodding earnestly. “Like, I know Miss C is a teacher or whatever, but I gotta say, there were more than a couple jealous ladies watching you two get your groove on on the dance floor.”

The spectacle of one of their teachers stripping to her underwear and grinding like a total skank on one of her students had not actually risen to the level of meriting Kirsten’s attention, but in hindsight, she should have paid more attention. She’d never really found that much appealing in the male form, but Conner’s? Somehow, he did it for her. Big-time. More than any woman ever had, even Angelica. Maybe there was something feminine in his delicate features. She couldn’t put her finger on it, but ever since her aborted climax in sex ed this morning, she hadn’t been able to put the boy out of her head. Just sitting next to him like this was making her the slightest bit light-headed.

“You saw that, huh?” he said, cheeks coloring slightly. Why was he embarrassed to have been seen dancing with a teacher? It was lame, but not *that* lame. Like she and Hayleigh had told Jordan the other day when he’d said something stupid about swapping dates, nobody cared who anybody danced with. He’d laughed weird and stuff when she’d said it, but that was Jordan for you, the only creep creepy enough to teach that new-age sex ed class.

“Sure we did. Who were you actually there with? Or were you going stag? Conner Fishers, on the prowl for babes?” Kirsten laughed her second-most ingratiating laugh. No need to oversell it.

Owen answered for his now fully blushing friend. “He went as a group with Heather and Amanda Carpenter.”

“Who’s Heather Carpenter?” asked a puzzled Olivia.

Kirsten let her mask slip a moment to show a measure of her disdain for her airheaded stooge. “Heather Blake, dummy.”

“But he said–”

Kirsten continued over her; Olivia fell dutifully silent almost immediately. “How fun! A little triple friend date, huh?”

Conner shrugged uncomfortably. “Yeah. We, um, had a good time. How about you two? We sort of left early, so I didn’t get a chance to see everybody.”

“Oh! My outfit was just the worst, but my hair… you know what? I have pictures. Here, lemme just…” Her phone slid into her outthrust hand as Olivia recognized her cue. Kirsten leaned in towards Conner as she brought up her photo gallery. It was nothing especially interesting, just her and Owen and some of their friends.

“I think your dress looks really nice,” Conner assured her as she showed him the photo of Kirsten, Olivia, Angelica and Hayleigh with their corsages freshly applied. They’d taken it on Olivia’s deck, for the lighting. The photo wasn’t great – blame idiot Olivia’s idiot dad – but the dress had been killer. It was simply gauche to proclaim as such – always better for people to arrive at the conclusion in contravention of your own stated opinion.

“Aw, thanks. Then here we are in the limo…” This one showed four dutifully half-smiling boys in the background. In the foreground, Olivia’s dress was peeled down to her waist, Angelica’s already pooled on the floor leaving her in only her bra and panties on her bench, and up close was Hayleigh, bent over in a thong as she removed her own. Conner looked a bit embarrassed as she narrated. Small wonder. Owen wasn’t even trying to look like he was having a good time. It was so awkward.

Moreover, it was such an embarrassment that this ass-backwards joke of an institution had imposed that no-dress code. (Oh! Had it been weird for him to see his stepsister in her underwear? Another casualty of stupid rules run amok.) Anyway, as for Kirsten, she would have looked amazing. Instead…

“And here’s corsages round two.” Here were the girls and their dates standing in front of the limo. Hayleigh, Olivia and Stacy were in bras and panties, the latter two of them strapless and the former a thong. Flower arrangements were now pinned to their cups. Those strapless bras had really struggled with the added weight and imbalance. They’d been struggling to keep them up all night.

Kirsten, however, had planned to go sans bra for the evening. It had been a tight dress with its own lift, own squeeze, so she’d thought a little jiggle would make it pop. Instead, there she was in nothing but a pair of royal blue panties, fake diamonds studding the thin straps over either hip. Her corsage was pinned to the front of her panties, a red rose on a blue field. Not as good a look as her dress, but it was still pretty solid under the circumstances.

She flipped through a few more that were closeups of just her. Man, her nipples had been almost as hard as those fake diamonds. Breezy night. They were more under control for the pictures inside the dance, dozens of shots of her and her friends posing to show how much more fun they were having than everyone else. She grumbled about how sweaty her tits had gotten during some of the faster songs, fawned over how amazing her date was for the pictures of her grinding her barely concealed ass on him, teased Olivia for how goofy she looked for the ones of the two of them close-up, Olivia’s corsage buried in a mountain of Kirsten’s perfect copper-toned tits.

The pretense for proximity continued, Conner occasionally nibbling at his lunch with the arm she didn’t have pinned in place with her breasts. The longer she went, the more boldly she leaned into him. Gradualness was the key. She couldn’t just ram her tits in his face, no matter how badly she wanted to. Jesus, there she went with the nipple hardons again. She adjusted herself, pressing one against his forearm, just to remind him that the stunning vision of sexuality on his right had nipples. Nipples that were hard. Nipples that would be touching him if not for her stupid top.

*Play it straight. Be patient.* He would touch them soon enough.

At the end of the reel was a little surprise she’d prepped for this exact circumstance. The segue to prom photos had happened organically, but she’d been prepared to broach the subject herself if needs be. Flipping through the photos, Kirsten “accidentally” swiped to a shot of her in a bathroom stall right before lunch. It featured her in the clothes she was presently wearing, or at least most of them. She had her top lifted up over her chest to show off the incredibly sexy bra she’d had Olivia ditch fourth period to go pick up from her house for her. Incredible lift, not that she needed much; incredible cleavage, not that her natural state was insufficient; incredibly low-cut to let her nipples come into view, not that they weren’t every bit as hard right now pressed against the boy of her dreams.

“Oh wait, that’s not… what is… oh my gosh!” Kirsten gaped, pretending shell-shocked just long enough to give Conner a tantalizing look while still giving Owen the impression she was genuinely embarrassed at the faux faux pas. She snatched her phone back hastily. “I’m *so* sorry, that was so embarrassing! That was supposed to be a little present for Owen – I completely forgot that was in there!”

Conner looked less scandalized than she’d expected, though perhaps that was simply because he’d been admiring it too automatically to remember to look shocked. Opposite Conner, Owen was preening like a peacock. Typical man. He’d probably walk her around naked on a leash to show her off if she let him.

“Pretend you didn’t see that, and *please* don’t tell anybody. You know how girls are at this school. You do anything the least bit sexual and they act like you’re some total ho.”

“Don’t worry.” Conner chuckled nervously. “Pretty sure nobody would believe those pictures existed if I told them anyway.”

“Yeah. Stupid social media restrictions won’t even let me upload most of the prom pics, so it’s just you and me.” With an effort of will, she managed to pull her body away from Conner’s. Soon enough, he’d feel her again. She knew full well he’d seen way more than in those pictures when he’d subbed for Mr. Lyons, but she wasn’t about to bring it up outside of class. What happened in sex ed stayed in sex ed, after all. “Thanks. Owen, you have the nicest friends. Conner, if you want to sit with us more often, I think that would be really nice.”

“Oh. Thanks, Kirsten. That’s… surprisingly nice of you.”

“Surprising?” She cocked her head to the side. “Why is that surprising? I can be very nice. Can’t I, babe?”

“So nice, babe,” Owen replied automatically, though she expected his answer was directed to the trollop Kirsten from the selfie. Ugh, in a *bathroom stall*! As if she’d ever send out a skanky selfie with such common atmosphere! Especially for such an important occasion as seducing her first ever male fantasy. When she’d seen the way Sydney Genovese was throwing herself at him in the hallway, though, she’d had to act fast. For the first time in her life, she was so turned on by a boy that he was making her make mistakes. Is this what her friends were always complaining about?

“You know, speaking of, we’ve been dating for such a long while now for me not to have gotten to know Owen’s friends better. We’re past due. What do you say, Conner? Is it time to expand the circle?” This one called for her school pictures smile, the one she’d never use organically but was good in official records to remind people how much prettier she could look than them when she felt like it. She could feel those bright blue eyes of hers sparkling in the fluorescent lights.

“You mean… like, hang out? The three of us?”

Damnit! Why hadn’t she thrown in a *you and me* to make it clear that of course she hadn’t meant all three of them! She couldn’t very well seduce Conner with her boyfriend in the room! Why did he make her so flustered? Ugh, what would it even feel like to have a cock inside her when it was attached to someone she was actually attracted to? “Of course! Doesn’t that sound fun, babe? How about the three of us, tonight, my place, movie night. Doesn’t that sound fun?”

It sounded stressful as hell, in fact, but she was already making adjustments to the proposal in her head. This could still work. “Oh. I, um, I have… something… after school. Plus I’m supposed to work on my rough draft for Brit lit tonight…”

“Come on, are you going to make me beg? ‘Cause I will if I have to. *Please* come hang out with us tonight?” Kirsten batted her eyelashes. It was a bruise to her pride, but from the way he couldn’t resist the briefest of glances at her cleavage and the bra he could now picture underneath, it would be a haymaker to his resistance. Even if his best friend was there, any boy with descended testicles would accept just for the chance to add some footage to his spank bank.

“Um, sure. If it’s cool with you, Owen.” *YES!* She barely stopped herself from squealing in delight. As she hoped Conner would soon make her.

“Why wouldn’t it be cool with me?”

*Attaboy, babe. Play cool.* “Then sure, Kirsten. That… sounds fun.”

“Of course it will be fun.” She patted his chest. Fuck, how she wanted to claw that dorky shirt right off his sumptuous, scrawny body. Now, only one last bit of business to tackle… “Oh, and hey. Unrelated, and it’s none of my business, but if we’re gonna be friends, I can’t pretend I didn’t overhear you two talking right then.”

Conner grimaced. “Oh, shoot. I’m sorry – I didn’t mean to be spreading gossip or anything.”

“No, no, your secret’s totally safe with me.” A shoulder squeeze this time. She really needed to stop touching him before Owen got suspicious. Physical affection was not her norm at all. It was hard to make herself stop, though.“So you know, there’s, well, sort of a rumor going around about you.”

“There is?” said Conner, Owen and Olivia in unison, respectively anxious, shocked, and intrigued. Conner tried to cover it with a hasty swig from his milk carton.

“Yeah, it’s sort of about you and Hayleigh. You know Hayleigh, right?”

He suddenly coughed up a mouthful of milk, spraying across the table. Some of it got on Olivia, who hastily began patting his back until he stopped. “Oh gosh, I’m so sorry. Um, anyway, yeah. We’re… friends.”

Kirsten shook her head. He must be thinking of Hefty Hailey. Man, did he deserve better than that skinny pinched-off she-troll. Kirsten meant to see to it that he got it. “No, I mean Hayleigh McKnight.” Hayleigh, who in fact hated Conner’s guts ever since that weirdness came out last semester where he’d been creeping on her yearbook picture in class. Never mind that; she simply had to tell the story in a way that he’d never check with her to find out. “Anyway, she saw you dancing at prom, and I guess she said something about how she thought you looked really cute, and… ugh, it’s sort of become this whole thing.”

“What kind of thing?” asked Owen, flabbergasted. “You didn’t tell me anything about this.”

“Because I didn’t want to freak you out. It’s no big deal. It’s just that Jayce – you know her boyfriend, Jayce Deacons, all-state football player? – he got all jealous about it and he can be so possessive and just *ugh*. His temper is so awful. Last year he punched a hole through a car windshield because he thought he saw Hayleigh checking a guy out but it turns out it was empty and he was only seeing his own reflection.”

Conner’s eyes widened. Not approaching Hayleigh: *check*. “Anyway, that’s neither here nor there. All I meant is that you know how high school girls are. A queen bee like Hayleigh says she thinks you’re cute, and suddenly all the little wannabees are popping out of their hive to try to cuck their queen.”

“I… I’m not sure I understand.”

“Those girls, Maggie and Sydney? They’re flirting because they think they can steal you from Hayleigh or whatever. Totally ridiculous, I know, but that’s where they’re at. So immature, right? They think they’ll get a little carnal knowledge, then blab it all over school to make Hayleigh jealous. Probably just to see if they can make her break up with Jayce to put him back on the market.” She turned to Olivia. “Can you even imagine how furious he’d be?”

“Oh my gosh, *so* furious. He’d totally *kill* you.”

Overdoing it, but point made. Kirsten granted her a curt nod.

Conner nodded slowly. Holy shit, some of the weakest, least-sourced bullshit in her career, and he was buying it. He really didn’t know the first thing about hot popular girls. Putty in her hands. Putty that she couldn’t wait to toss in the furnace and harden forever. “Thanks. I think. I’ll make sure I give them a wide berth.”

Kirsten threw an arm around his shoulder. Fuck, his *smell*. For the first time in her life she saw some small allure in burying her face in a boy’s crotch. All she had to do was get her boyfriend out of the way, and then it was a simple divide and conquer job. This would hardly be the first friendship she’d demolished. Just follow the playbook, run up the score. Soon, she’d have the most sought-after boy in school as her boyfriend, the most fuckable boy she’d ever laid eyes on as her fuck buddy, and his stepsister quietly fulfilling all those annoying little needs that a boy never could.

It would be perfect.

“See? Look at us, already friends!”

The four went their separate ways after the lunch bell to go to fifth period. Olivia watched Conner’s ass as he strode away, sighing longingly. The things she would do to that ass, if she could.

Kirsten was so smart. Olivia didn’t even know what game she was playing, but there was obviously *something*. She didn’t waste words on people she thought were losers. People like Conner. Was she buttering up Owen for something? Hard to imagine what – he was already doing whatever she wanted. Olivia couldn’t make sense of it. Kirsten barely tolerated high school boys, so to see her making up all that ridiculous bullshit about Hayleigh… it was some kind of strategy, only she had no idea what.

Well, no. She had one idea.

Olivia didn’t confide in Kirsten as a matter of survival. Kirsten wielded secrets like master chefs used their knives. Ultra-sharp, too fast for the eyes to track, and yet the only meat they never cut was their owner’s. Still, they’d gotten pretty drunk after prom. Could she have told her how she felt about Conner? She hadn’t felt this way very long, she was pretty sure, but lately, it was like that boy was all she could think about. Ever since Amanda Blake and Heather Carpenter – or was it the other way around? that moment of confusion had proven sticky – had brought him up this morning, it was like he was all she could think about. She must have said something to Kirsten, and now for once in her life, her friend was doing her a favor out of the goodness of her heart.

It had to be. What else *could* it be? Maybe all these years of being her friend, signal boosting her lies, reinforcing her place on the throne, being her fall girl… it was all finally paying off. She was going to deliver Conner to Olivia’s lap. It was the sweetest thing Kirsten had ever done.

And it really pissed her off.

Olivia Snyder was no Kirsten Vaughan. There was nobody at Northside who was hotter, nobody colder. She had proven herself a brutally efficient leader of Olivia’s social circle, all of their statuses elevated by her affiliation. Olivia lived in fear and awe of her; the balance of the two vacillated day to day.

That said…

Olivia was *hot*. The fact that it was all but universally agreed that Kirsten was hotter was because Kirsten had a goon squad to enforce her messaging. If their clique got together tomorrow and publicly agreed that Hayleigh was the Official Hottest HottieTM, suddenly sex characteristics like stringy hair and doughy waists and blemished freckled skin would be the sex symbols around campus.

Hotness, after all, was relative.

For all she knew, maybe Conner liked brunettes. Maybe he liked wavy hair instead of straight. Maybe he preferred girls who were long-legged and flexible, with slender necks and thick lips, soft green eyes and softer skin. Girls with just enough tit for cleavage without distracting, girls who laughed at whatever boys said because they didn’t understand it and it was easier to laugh than say that, girls whose pussies did the lion’s share of their thinking.

Girls like her.

She didn’t need Kirsten to take pity on her, throw her bitch a bone. She could do this herself.

“Conner!”

She had to run to catch up with him. The boy was plainly perplexed as he turned around, no doubt expecting anyone in school but Olivia Snyder to be chasing after him.

“Olivia? Did I forget my keys at the table or something?”

She giggled. What did that even mean? “No, silly. I wanted to talk to you.” She wanted a lot more than to talk to him, but this wasn’t sex ed where you just ripped off clothes, spread legs and wait for a boy to do whatever he wanted to you. This was the sucky-ass real world. You had to *work* toward that.

“Oh. Um, I have class down in the B wing this period, so… maybe later?” He made a sympathetic face.

“I’ll come with! I have a class down there, too.” Her class there was first period, but whatever. Like she cared if she was late to class if it was for a worthy cause like a Conner-full of cunt. No. Other way around.

She fell in beside him, a broad smile gleaming beneath vacuous eyes. It was the expression she was best known for, save perhaps for mirroring whichever one Kirsten was wearing. “So, um, about that stuff at lunch…”

“Yeah?” He glanced around, as if nervous to be seen with her. It would probably be weird for him. After all, Kirsten was clear that girls of their status were not to associate with their lessers in public spaces. Private friendships could be permitted, but the last thing her bestie wanted was to make losers feel like girls of her calibre could be approached by any loser in the halls. It was really mean, but she sorta got it sometimes.

“That was weird, yeah? All that stuff Kirsten said?”

“Which stuff?” Conner asked. “Wanting to hang out with me, or the stuff about Hayleigh and Jayce?”

“Like, all of it?” She shrugged. Analysis was not her forte.

They arrived at his locker, where he hastily grabbed his books. “Yeah, sorta. Not that I minded. She seemed like she was only trying to be friendly. In her way.”

“Right? She’s hella complex.” Most things were hella complex to Olivia, but Kirsten was certainly no exception. “Look, I think she’s trying to do me a favor.”

“Do you a favor? How do you mean?” he asked as they hurried down the central corridor.

She gave herself a minute to summon her courage. What she was about to do was insanely risky, and had the potential to destroy her if Kirsten found out about it and decided to take offense. Even if Kirsten’s plan was to pawn Conner off on her as a huge huge favor, screwing up that plan by snaring him herself could still set her off. It probably would, knowing Kirsten, though it was hard to say with no official knowledge of what her plan really was. Why had she wanted that slutty bra this morning, and why had she shown it to Conner like that? Olivia didn’t believe for a second that it was an accident. Still, her boyfriend was practically a legend; he could get any girl he wanted, and he’d picked Kirsten. She obviously wouldn’t trade that for someone like Conner. It was super confusing.

“Olivia?”

Oh, right. She took a deep breath. “OK, so like, this is really embarrassing, but… Hayleigh doesn’t like you. She didn’t actually say those things. Kirsten said she did because there’s a *different* girl we know who’s super into you. The stuff about Sydney and Maggie, that’s probably true about them being jelly, but not of Hayleigh. I think Kirsten was trying to cover for this other girl, the one who thinks you’re really really cute. And I think that’s why she wants to hang out with you, so she can do her friend a favor and butter you up for her, so you’ll ask her out, because she’s been too shy to do it.”

Conner suddenly stopped, but then a boy twice his size who Olivia had noticed following close on their heels – probably so he could admire Olivia’s ass in these leggings – collided with him, knocking him to the ground. At least the boy helped him back up. Olivia escorted him to the side of the hall, out of the flow of traffic, and smoothed back his hair consolingly. It was so soft. He was so soft. She should fuck him.

“I’m sorry, you were saying… one of your friends has a crush on me?”

She nodded. “Yuh, huh.”

Conner sighed. “Look, Olivia, I was nervous to get sucked into whatever game Kirsten’s concocting, and I’m already regretting it. Whatever you’re selling, I’m not buying. I’m perfectly happy being single, and even happier not having the crap kicked out of me by Jayce Deacons. So please, just leave me–”

“It’s me!” Olivia blurted. A few heads turned, but she didn’t care. “I like you. I *really* like you. Like, a *lot*.” She smiled hopefully. *Oh please don’t say no. Or better yet, say yes and then say we can find a janitor closet or something and fuck for the rest of the day.*

“Wait, you’re saying… *you* have a crush on *me*?”

She nodded vigorously. “A big one. Conner, I’m just… I don’t even know. I just like you so freaking much that I can’t help myself and this is super duper embarrassing, and I wish it wasn’t happening in the middle of the hallway, but if you say yes and go out with me because Kirsten tricked you into it instead of because I asked you to, I’m going to feel like such a freaking loser and I don’t want us to start things off like that. You know?”

“I…” His eyes narrowed. “You know, I think I do know.”

“So… what do you think? Can we, like, give it a try? I know we can’t talk about certain stuff outside of certain places, but I swear, I am really, *really* good at certain stuff. Like, *so* good. Just… say yes. Please?”

Conner stroked his chin deliberatively as her body wilted on account of how her heart had stopped in her chest. “I tell you what. Let me think about it, and I’ll get back to you, OK?”

Oh no. Oh god no. She’d fucked it up. She’d come on too strong! Or not strong enough? She tried to use what she’d learned in sex ed. “I was trying to say you can have sex with me, and that I’m a super good lay! Even better than Kirsten!” she explained. Lord, she hoped he never told Kirsten she said that. She *was* getting a better grade in sex ed though.

“I… yep, understood that,” he replied, glancing around sheepishly. So too strong after all. “I’d consider myself lucky to take you up on that. You’re very pretty. Prettier even than Kirsten, maybe. OK? There’s just a lot going on right now, and I have to think. I promise, it won’t take long. Is that all right?”

Conner Fishers had said she might be prettier than Kirsten Vaughan. It was the hottest thing she’d ever heard.

She threw herself at him.

His tongue tasted exactly like she’d thought it would. Conner-flavored. Perfect. She wrapped her arms around him, held his face to hers. She waited for the feel of his hands on her, cradling her own head, or squeezing her ass. Finger her pussy. *TOUCH ME!* she screamed silently. She protected his head as their momentum carried them into a row of lockers, her body pressed hard against his. Her pussy straddled his leg, grinding against him softly. Was he kissing back, or was she doing it all? He’d kiss back soon enough. Just keep going. Never stop. Never ever stop.

“Ms. Snyder!” thundered a deep male voice.

Oh, fudgicles. They were making out in the hallway, weren’t they. Beside them, Mr. Coolidge glared sternly. Olivia pulled her face back from Conner’s; he gasped for air.

“Mr. Fishers?” The math teacher sounded far more surprised to see whose face had emerged from behind the curtain of her hair.

“Sorry, Mr. Coolidge,” she mumbled.

“To the office. Right now. Both of you.”

“But I–”

Mr. Coolidge held up a warning finger, silencing Conner’s protest. “Not another word. And if I see you so much as holding hands on your way down the hallway…”

“No. We won’t,” Conner stammered. Woodenly, the two about-faced and began the long walk to the principal’s office. A chorus of cheers went up from the witnesses, all of them for Conner. Because she was fucking *hot*.

Some said as hot as Kirsten Vaughan.

“How long have you had a crush on me?” he asked a short ways down the hall.

“I dunno. Not super long?”

“Since this morning?” he asked, glowering at nothing. A nice guy like Conner had probably never gotten in trouble before.

“Oh at least,” she assured him. It was hard to be sure.

“Whichever one of them did this, I’m going to…” He trailed off, shaking his head darkly.

She didn’t know what he meant, so she laughed. He didn’t.

Poor guy. She should cheer him up. “Wanna ditch school and make out?” she asked hopefully once they rounded the corner.

“No, Olivia.”

“Yeah, that’s smart.” She tried to take his hand, but evidently Mr. Coolidge’s threat had worked. “You’re a really good kisser.”

“Thanks, Olivia.”

“Do you think I’m a good kisser?”

He set his jaw. “Yes, Olivia.”

She sighed. They were in love.

**Part Three: Behind the Coke Machine**

In-school suspension, the dreaded ISS. Conner had always regarded it as a purgatory for misfits and delinquents, a holding area for kids who weren’t bad enough for expulsion but weren’t properly socialized for Northside society. Tucked away in a forgotten nook of Northside High behind the food service business office and the day care, it was as if the school itself were trying to pretend it didn’t exist. A Coke machine sat next to the door, as if to make it seem like this obscure niche was part of the rest of the world.

It was real, though. As Conner stepped into the room for the first time of his four year stay at NHS, he was forced to accept that it was very, very real.

Olivia was already waiting for him, the reason for his presence. He might have gotten away with a warning, but when she threw herself into his lap on the bench outside Principal Beckmann’s office and started making out with him again, the woman had wasted no time in assuming he was a voluntary participant. He could hardly blame her. Olivia might not be one of the nicer students, but she wasn’t a troublemaker, and she certainly didn’t have a reputation as being easy. The idea that Conner wouldn’t be an eager recipient of her affection was a tough sell, and Mrs. Beckmann hadn’t been looking to conduct an investigation. The simple version of the story was plenty for her: kids make out in hallway, kids get caught, kids *keep* making out outside her office, kids go to ISS. Conner had never been in any significant trouble in his life, but incorrigibility was widely known to be a capital offense around Northside.

He could already imagine the scandalized look on his mother’s face when she found out. The sly grin on Angelica’s dad’s when he saw the babe he’d been caught with.

“Fishers?” asked the bleary-eyed woman at the desk in the front of the room, looking briefly up from her phone. Conner had seen her in the building before, but he’d always assumed she worked for the district or something. Now he knew. Conner nodded, and she casually gestured to a desk in the back of the room, at the farthest corner from Olivia. His fellow inmate glared at their oppressor as the woman recited the expectations by rote. Basically sit there, do homework, and a list of don'ts so thorough that it would have saved lots of time if delivered as “don’t do anything else at all.”

The room was mostly empty, only himself, Olivia, and two younger boys he didn’t know by name. Freshman, he thought. Those two were both too busy staring at Olivia’s ass, beautifully displayed in beige leggings that matched her skin tone so nearly that if he hadn’t seen them at lunch, he might have briefly thought she was naked from the waist down. They looked more like nylons than leggings. Students were inured to TIOS’s alterations to the dress code, but leering at a hot senior’s ass was a purely natural instinct.

Once Olivia finally gave up trying to mouth lewd invitations to him on threat of having her in-school suspension upgraded to regular suspension, he finally gained the peace of mind to contemplate his circumstances.

Whatever this was, TIOS was involved. So far, all the girls acting weird were members of Jordan’s “class.” Maybe it was some weird homework assignment he’d given them, a continuation of his efforts to seduce Conner into letting this whole mess slide. He’d already relented on that after he’d subbed for the jerk, though, so why? It could likewise be a quote the guy had entered, but again, the rationale was opaque. Lord knew Jordan wasn’t generous, especially not with his supply of babes, least of all with Conner.

Could Conner himself have done it? He’d certainly bungled into changing people before. It had only begun this morning, though if he’d accidentally done something in Miss C’s yearbook class seventh period yesterday, the alterations might not have become apparent until then. He’d have to review his work when he got the chance to be sure, but off the top of his head, he’d be surprised if this had been from his write-up of the spring musical.

He chuckled to himself. Amanda could have done it, he supposed. Then he out and out laughed, though he was quickly rebuked by the ISS drone.

Neveah Kinslan entered the room. Apparently a common enough sight here, she was spared the rules lecture. It was shortly after noon when she arrived. The reason Conner remembered the time was because it was around 12:15 when he tried to discern how long she’d been staring at him.

It was almost one before he took to his feet and demanded, “What the hell are you staring at?!”

Neveah arched a black eyebrow. “What are you even on about, man.”

The woman in the front, whose name he was only now realizing he had not learned, glanced up tiredly. “You, sit down, pipe down, watch your language. You, quit staring.” With that, she was back to her doom scrolling.

The staring continued. For a while, Conner tried staring back. It proved an ineffective riposte, however, because not only did she not show any sign that it bothered her, but also, Neveah seemed to have no problem keeping her eyes on his. Meanwhile, the view in the other direction was… distracting.

Conner remembered Neveah from grade school. She’d had long, honey blonde hair with ribbons tied in it. She’d worn dresses. She’d even smiled occasionally. Neveah had been pretty, in that far less specific way one noticed it before puberty adjusted perception.

That wasn’t to say she wasn’t attractive now. The opposite, in fact. From the neck down, she was almost a standard hottie, the sort who ought to be palling around with Kirsten and Olivia. Hers was a deeply accentuated hourglass figure, almost unnaturally so, skinny and pinched inwards at the stomach so pronouncedly that if you fixated on it for a moment, the flaring hips and enormous breasts seemed like they had been copy/pasted from another woman. If Conner didn’t know better, he might have guessed someone with less subtlety and more testosterone had modified her in TIOS to swell the parts they favored and leave the rest skinny.

At least he thought he knew better. TIOS was a fickle thing when it came to what you could be sure of.

Today, that body was stuffed into a fairly typical outfit for her. A fairly normal outfit for anyone, really. Tight black jeans and a tight black sleeveless t-shirt with black tennis shoes. It was complemented by her black nail polish, black-dyed hair, and heavy eye shadow. She had a tattoo visible on the back of her bicep as well, also solid black, a leafless tree with gnarly roots snaking down towards her elbow. The only non-black on her was her porcelain-white skin, a thin strip of blue socks (striped with black), and her lipstick, which was the red of his stepdad’s favorite wine. Which was to say, dark. Almost black.

Whatever her game was, it was unnerving. Neveah was unnerving in general, but to have her gloom directed fully at him was almost disturbing. It was too strange, too pointed, to be disconnected from whatever was going on with Olivia and the rest. Wasn’t it? Olivia, who was only somewhat more subtle in her staring, though on her it was more of a leer. After all, Neveah was part of Jordan’s harem, too, if one of the more surprising conclusions given his oh so conventional tastes in women. But if she was trying to seduce him, that unblinking, expressionless stare of hers was not doing it for him. That she clearly noticed his eyes roving to the profound swelling of her chest resting on her desktop, or the deep line of her thighs on the seat, yet flashed nothing condemning, nothing judgmental in her eyes… it only confirmed she was in on it.

Whatever “it” was.

The freshman only looked in her direction briefly after her arrival. The fidgeting of Olivia’s splendid backside was far more entertaining, and Olivia seemed far less likely to dump their corpses in the corner behind the Coke machine after dismissal. By the time he ought to have been in Miss C’s class, Neveah seemed confident enough that nobody else was looking to take another step.

*YOU*

That one word, written on her lower belly in the same red as her lipstick – in fact, it *was* her lipstick – the *O* circling her navel. It revealed itself as she slowly dragged up the hem of her shirt. That was it. When had she put that there? He’d given up on their match of stare-eye an hour or more ago. Had she really drawn that without him noticing? It was like the dinosaurs in Jurassic Park; she hadn’t moved in so long that his eyes had lost track of her. She was still staring, still expressionless, but now she was showing him that word. One of the freshman boys was asleep. The other was surreptitiously playing a game on his phone under his desk. Their jailer’s eyes were so heavy she might herself be asleep. Only Olivia still looked alert, sighing quietly with inexpressible longing in Conner’s direction. If she saw Neveah’s odd display, she wasn’t reacting to it.

*FUCK*

Several minutes later, Conner found he had looked away long enough to be surprised to see the shirt had crept up another few inches, showing most of Neveah’s flat white tummy. Was that a smile? Maybe? Not a *smile* smile, only enough of a shift at one corner of her mouth that he thought he might detect one. Maybe not. Still, that was pretty on brand. Catch a guy checking her out – as if it wasn’t the most natural response in the world to a body like hers – and there it was, *FUCK YOU* in all caps.

Maybe she wasn’t in on it after all.

Still, it did make it harder not to stare. Skin was skin, and more likely it was for a given patch of skin to be covered by clothes, the more appealing it became to see. It was all happening just below the level of her desktop, right where she could remove her hand, let the hem fall and deny it had ever happened. Still, he got the message, and tried not to glance back. Not too often, at least. Conner hadn’t gotten off since prom night, so his libido was starting to assert itself. Olivia’s kiss hadn’t helped, nor the obvious adoration on her face.

The bell rang. Sleepy eyes blinked open. The freshman boys were gone in a flash, fleeing from the potential ire of a popular senior who might resent their merely semi-surreptitious ogling. The instructor wasn’t far behind, murmuring a command to “make sure the door gets shut” before showing herself out. Conner almost winced at the woman’s apathy towards her job. Neveah’s shirt was in place over her stomach before he could blink, and now that her freedom was at hand, she followed out the door without a second glance in Conner’s direction.

Which left Olivia.

With surprising agility, she hopped atop his desk, one leg on either side of him. Her chest was exactly at eye level. Her broad smile was only visible at the top of his peripheral vision.

He supposed he could look up, though she didn’t seem to mind.

“I’m *so* sorry I got us sent here today. Are you mad at me?” She sucked in her lip.

“No, Olivia. Frustrated, maybe, but not mad.”

Her hair hung down across her breasts, and suddenly lengthened on one boob and shortened on the other; this made Conner aware that she’d cocked her to the side. “Frustrated? Oh no! Because of me?”

“Because of… lots of things.”

Her hands wafted out and landed on his shoulders, fingers kneading softly. “Can I make it better? I never want my man to be frustrated. Not when I’m here to help de-frustrate him. I know all kinds of ways to help you relax, boo.”

“Olivia, we’re in school.”

“Nobody’s here, though. You heard that old bitch.” She replied right as he was realizing that his objection was rooted in their location, not the three other women he’d been very happily sleeping with. Meanwhile, Olivia leaned down, thrusting her face in his, voice soft and sultry. “The door’s locked. It’s just you and me, and nobody to hear us scream.”

His eyes widened, then narrowed, then widened again as he processed her words. “We can’t. It’s… not right.” It would be easier if he could say he was seeing somebody, but nobody he was seeing wanted that known, and the surest way to make it known was to tell Olivia Snyder. Worse, she’d blab to Kirsten. He’d never forgive himself if he brought *that* down on Heather and Amanda.

“But… please? Here, let me…” Before he knew what was happening, she’d lifted her shirt over her head and pitched it across the room, her hair rippling back down behind her shoulders. Olivia was wearing a bra, a simple black cotton one that squeezed her modest bust quite enticingly. Conner, meanwhile, tried to scramble away, but her leg penned him into the seat, eliciting a mere giggle at his feeble efforts to escape.

“There. That’s better. You want me to keep going? Because I would love to keep going.”

Right at that moment, his phone, set to end silent mode in time with the dismissal bell, gave a recognizable jingle. The Amanda jingle.

“Um, hang on one sec, Olivia…” He fumbled around in his pocket, trying not to notice the way she was rubbing her calf against his arm while he fished out the device.

“Sure. I got nowhere to be, boo.”

His notifications were replete with texts. One from an unknown number that he deduced was Maggie, asking if he needed a ride to the pet shop; two from Sydney assuring him she didn’t care if he was banging Olivia, she still wanted to have their workout date; a series of updates from Owen, first informing him of Kirsten’s address and the time for their movie night later, then during sixth period an update that somehow his mom had found out he was still sleeping with Kirsten and had grounded him again so he was out, then during early seventh a followup to say that his girlfriend still wanted to have that movie night even without him, and Owen would appreciate it if Conner played ball because he didn’t want to piss Kirsten off; finally, one from his mom that simply read *ISS? Call me.*

While he read, Olivia idly fiddled with her bra, a display he mostly ignored even if it was obviously for his amusement. Finally, he got to Amanda’s, sent only minutes ago. *We missed you in class today… everything OK?*

Conner tapped out a response, though as Olivia wriggled closer, soon there was no way to do it without his arms at least partially resting on her thighs. *Yeah, nothing to worry about. What’d I miss?*

“You have such nice hands, Conner. Can I…?” As he finished typing, she seized the free hand not holding his phone and clutched it between both of hers, caressing it softly as she inspected it. By the time Amanda answered, she was just pressing her lips to a single fingertip. She let him pull back to use the phone, humming contentedly at her brief taste.

*Renamed the yearbook, nominated Siobhan to fill the eic vacancy, cured stomach cancer, the usual. but seriously, how was ISS?*

So much for deflection.

*About what you’d expect, tedium and more tedium*, he typed as Olivia reached behind herself to undo her bra clasp. As it slid down her shoulders, revealing those mouth-wateringly pert tits he’d first seen in Jordan’s class but without these massively engorged nipples, he forced his eyes on his screen and continued. *Wait until I tell you about how weird Neveah K was being… can I call you later?*

“Do you like them, Conner? I know they’re not, like, huge, but… what do you think?” She arched her back, thrusting them at his face.

He couldn’t tell if she was being coy or not. They were incredible. There wasn’t a man alive who could lay eyes on them and not want to at least try to suck those nipples off. She had to know that, right? Or was the “size is everything” mentality as ingrained in her as its equivalent seemed to be in his own kind? Dang, he had a lot to learn about girls.

Olivia looked only too ready to teach him.

“They’re… um, I mean, you’re really, um, hot,” he managed. What did one say to that? “*Amazing boobs, but please let me go”* or something? Still, Olivia beamed down at him like his answer was poetry.

His phone jingled. *Why, you still busy with Olivia?*

Oh shit!

Conner might have dropped his phone, might have thrust it away in terror. He wasn’t sure. Either way, the case clattered across the tile floor. “Oopsie!” Olivia giggled. “Want me to get that for you?”

“I can get it,” he insisted. At least, he could if she let him. Not that he couldn’t push past her, but he didn’t push girls. Especially not ones this hot, or this connected. This topless.

“I don’t mind, boo. Just… promise you won’t get up?”

He winced. Maybe this was his opportunity. “Actually, Olivia, I should probably be–”

A nipple entered his mouth. Conner hadn’t put it there, and once it was there, he did *not* suck it. For a moment, yes, his lips did close, so yes, the nipple was between them. And sure, he was salivating, if only a little. But he did not suck Olivia’s tit. Not technically.

“Promise?”

“Uh fwuhmuth,” he answered. It was the only way to get her nipple out of his mouth. Which he wanted. For some reason.

Oh, right. Other nipples. Err, girls.

Throwing one leg over his head, Olivia hopped off his desk and went to his phone. She bent entirely at the waist, treating him to the sight of her divinely inspired ass in those skin-toned leggings. Oh god, there was… was that a wet spot? Had he made Olivia Snyder… *horny*?! He and Owen had spent most of the last seven years or so being driven crazy by girls like Olivia, so the realization that these apex predators could have the same kinds of urges they did…

Well, his first instinct was to think what a pervert Olivia must be.

“Looks like it didn’t break,” she said, still bent over, inspecting it inches from the ground. He could see her boobs hanging down through the space between her legs. God, had she practiced that pose? It was one of the most fuckable poses he’d ever seen – and he wasn’t sure he’d ever even though that word before. Maybe with Hailey? She’d always brought out the filth in him.

Conner was so entranced by that ass, and then those breasts again as she finally stood and returned to him, that he forgot he should have stood up. He *had* given her his word, he consoled himself.

“Amanda… is that Amanda Carpenter?” she asked as she handed it back to him. In a flash, she was perched on his desktop, legs fencing him in once more. Oops. So much for escape.

“Did you read my texts?” Conner managed to sound a bit testy as he began typing out a reply.

“Only a little. I didn’t answer for you though. Oh my gosh, Kirsten *so* would have. You can *never* leave your phone unprotected around her. Don’t tell her I told you this, but this one time junior year, I got drunk at this beach party at Bear Lake and I passed out, and she used my thumb print to break into my phone.”

Conner was barely listening as he typed. *Nothing happened, I swear. There’s something weird going on. I think Jordan’s up to something again.* He held his phone up in the scant inches between his face and Olivia’s bare chest, a shield both against snooping and another nipple invasion.

The girl on his desk prattled on. “So she sent herself copies of all these, um, yeah, kinda photos I’d taken for my boyfriend – ex-boyfriend now, I totally don’t have a boyfriend any more, unless you wanna be my boyfriend? – but yeah. And I was like ‘why’d you do that’ and she said it was so I’d know what it felt like if those pics leaked to anybody, so I wouldn’t do anything stupid with them. Like it was a favor. Ugh, she is *so* mean sometimes. But it did work. I deleted them all right after.”

*So you didn’t make out with Olivia in the B hallway? Because we heard you got caught making out with Olivia in the B hallway.*

God, Amanda was toying with him. He supposed it made sense. A relative nobody caught making out with the right hand woman of Kirsten Vaughan… that was some good gossip.

“That’s um, really mean, yeah,” he mumbled, trying to think what to write back. For Pete’s sakes, Olivia was sitting here half naked, so horny he could *smell* the arousal at this range, and he was saying “*nothing happened*”? He needed to nip this in the–

“Can we have sex?” she asked. She was so casual about it, like she’d asked him if he wanted her to pick him up some chicken nuggets.

“Um, hang on, I have to…”

Olivia nodded, watching him closely but not impatiently while he formulated another response. *\*she\* was the one who kissed \*me\*, and it came out of nowhere. But it’s not only her. Lots of Jordan’s girls in that class are flirting w me today and I don’t know why.*

*NOT cheating on you!!!* he quickly added.

“Right, so where were we…” he muttered awkwardly, trying to look anywhere but at her bared torso.

Olivia giggled. “I asked if you would have sex with me. I really, *really* want to. I’m super good at it, I promise. You won’t regret it. We can do whatever position you want. I’m pretty flexible, and I don’t care if you wanna get rough with me. I’m up for whatevs.”

*Hmm. Is it cheating on me if you’re already sleeping with 2 other women…?* Ow. But fair.

“Olivia, I really can’t. I mean, I wish I could, I really do, but…”

She peered down, and only when she replied did he realize he’d let his screen show. “But you’re sleeping with two women?” Her jaw dropped, but the twinkle in her eyes was one that bespoke a love of juicy gossip. “Who? C’mon, you gotta tell me. Who’re these lucky bitches? Amanda and who else?”

He opted not to point out that the text she’d eavesdropped on referenced two *other* women, which meant a minimum of three, but this was Olivia Snyder. No sense overwhelming her with math. “I’d really rather not talk about it,” he answered diplomatically, then went back to typing.

*Well I’m not going to sleep with his whole freaking sex ed class, OK?* Hopefully the text carried the intended humor.

“Is it Heather Carpenter? Or Blake, or whatever? Is that it? Oh man, I bet that’s it. How have I not heard about this? Heather used to be tight with us but she’d been such a blah about her stupid college crap lately that Kirsten got tired of dealing with her superiority complex so we don’t see her as much.”

“I don’t think it’s a superiority complex when she’s actually the probable valedictorian,” Conner said defensively. “It’s literal, measurable superiority.”

“Yeah, true. Plus her boobs,” Olivia said, missing the frost in his tone as she nodded seriously. “Measurable superiority there too. Do you like big boobs, Conner? I know mine aren’t huge, but they’re cute, yeah? You could fuck me from behind and pretend I have giant boobs, if you want. I don’t mind.”

*Well I hope you’re going to sleep with* some *of them,* Amanda replied, adding a winky face.

Olivia used the window during his reading and responding to once again pivot off his desk. This time, when he dared to look up, he found she was bending over the desk in front of him, ass pointed at him.

No. First reply, then you can look. For a moment. But not touch.

*A small but elite handful, yes*, he answered, relieved at least that she didn’t seem angry.

Fingers in the waistband, the leggings slowly peeled down. First there was a plumber’s crack. Then a half-moon. Then an ass. They finally stopped mid-thigh, and with a bit of wriggling, Olivia managed to spread her feet apart enough that he could see her pussy – *smell* her pussy – in between them. It gleamed. Hell, it had made a gleaming mess of her upper thighs as well.

“I’m so glad I didn’t wear panties today,” she said with a giggle. “You can touch it if you want.”

Conner had seen more than his share of asses and pussies this past year. Hailey’s, Kristy’s, Heather’s, Amanda’s… hell, he’d seen Olivia’s technically, even if he hadn’t spent much time focusing on hers specifically in the chaos of sex ed. Still, he was nowhere near jaded enough not to have his breath taken away by this sight. “Your, um, your pussy?” he squeaked.

*I better be part of that handful, buster*, Amanda wrote.

“Or whatever. I actually really like being touched, so grab anything you want.”

Olivia turned and faced forward, seemingly content to stand there, tits pressed into a desktop, her butt and pussy a visual offering for a boy she barely knew but was nevertheless infatuated with. A thin droplet of fluid trickled out from somewhere. Conner leered, mouth open and mesmerized, as it slowly trailed down the remaining length of her slit. Which way would it split after? Left thigh, right? Down the middle and lose itself in her ass crack?

*Of curse you well be. I said eklite didn’t o?* he answered, barely looking at his phone.

Left. It went left, where it slowly made its way down her upper thigh until merging with a few beads of what he thought might be sweat and soon ran down into where her leggings were bunched above her knees.

His hand was almost to her pussy, so close that the warmth pulsing from it was palpable, when Amanda’s jingle sounded. *I better be. \*muah\* have fun, call me later.*

“I have to go,” he said, rising suddenly and bolting for the door.

Neveah Kinslan drummed her fingers impatiently. Jesus, what the fuck was taking them so long in there? It was Olivia gutterslut Snyder, for fuck’s sake. This had to be the longest she’d ever taken to put out for a guy. Or so Neveah assumed.

“Take your time, slag,” she grumbled after another sip from Mr. Pibb from the nearby vending machine. “I got places to be, and I know you got other dicks to suck.”

Across the hall from the ISS room, the food service office opened. An adult in a tie stepped out, did a double take at her and scowled. Neveah was used to men doing double takes. Usually it was because they saw the goth vibe, dismissed it as too challenging for their cookie cutter views of the world, then looked back when they realized this goth had titties. By then, she had a finger waiting for them.

This guy, she granted, at least had cause. For one, she’d used the combat knife in her handbag to slice off the bottom of her shirt and tossed it in the trash; she’d cut a bit high, and the undersides of her boobs were showing, especially on the left. For two, it meant that the *FUCK YOU* was showing, and while not her original purpose in putting the words there, it served as a concise manifesto of her thoughts about his shitty corporate scheme to scam hungry kids out of money in exchange for the kinds of food they foisted off on convicts.

She made sure her eyes conveyed that she meant it for him specifically before he left. Fucking capitalist.

At long last, the door to the ISS room opened, and out came Conner. He looked flustered. He caught her looking at him and froze mid-stride as the door swung shut behind him. Through the crack, she made out a half-naked Olivia scurrying after a wad of cloth on the floor. “Neveah? Geez, did you not get enough of a look in the two hours you–”

She pounced.

Neveah barely weighed a hundred pounds. Nevertheless, a solid chunk of her meager mass was in those previously useless sacks hanging from her chest. They provided plenty of momentum to drive Conner behind the vending machine, where the two disappeared into an unexpected darkness.

It was one of her favorite places in the world. Certainly her favorite in school. There was a strange little recess back here behind the vending machine that one wouldn’t expect unless one walked past it and peered around. There were no doors back here, no reason for anyone to ever even glance back here. Like Northside itself, it was a useless dead end, devoid of sentient life except when she happened to come along. The alcove wasn’t big – probably meant to be a utility closet or something and just nobody ever put up a door over it. Whatever it was, there were no passers-by, no cameras. She’d spent an entire weekend back here once without alerting a soul. If she ever went over the edge and actually used her knife on someone, this would be where she’d leave the body. Not like those asshole food service corporate dickwads around the corner seemed to object to the stench of putrefaction. If they did, they’d go out of business.

She released her can, clattering only briefly amongst the others she’d littered here, and clamped a hand over Conner’s mouth.

His eyes bulged in alarm, but he didn’t struggle. Was he simply surprised? Frightened? Maybe hopeful? Whatever the case, a few moments later, she heard the ISS room open, footsteps that could only be Olivia’s emerge and recede, and then the door clicking shut.

Neveah held a finger to her lips, then slowly removed her hand from his mouth. In the narrow space, it still left her chest pressed against his, her mouth only inches away, and that only because he was a little bit taller. To his credit, the boy didn’t make a sound. He eyed the sliver of light penetrating the dim alcove as if measuring whether he could escape, but didn’t make a run for it.

“Are you afraid of me?” she asked softly.

“Um, sort of,” he whispered. “Why are you so mad at me? Did I say something to upset you?”

Neveah tilted her head one way, then the other, studying him, enjoying the quickening in his breath as he squirmed. “Why? Did you do something that would upset me?”

“Oh god, I hope not,” he murmured, eyes squeezing shut for a moment. She made sure her smile vanished before they opened.

“So then why are you afraid, Conner?”

“Because you stared at me like a lion at a gazelle for two and a half freaking hours? Because you have ‘F you’ written on your stomach? And what the heck happened to your shirt by the way?”

This time, she let him see the smile, though it wasn’t her pleased one. That was private. It didn’t seem to do anything to make him feel more at ease. That was good. This was better if he felt imperiled.

Neveah took off what was left of her shirt.

Conner didn’t look down. Not at first. Good. Lord knew she’d given him his eyeful all afternoon long. Still, curiosity got the better of him, as she’d known it would. Small-minded boys – which was almost all boys – liked to talk shit about the weird goth girl, but she knew deep down that those boys wouldn’t hesitate for a second to fuck her if she so much as hinted at her availability.

Hence the knife.

“Is that…” He squinted at her fat white titties. “It’s too dark. I can’t…”

Neveah fished her lighter out of her purse. It was one of her most treasured possessions (to the extent she could make herself treasure possessions), a silver-plated lighter with a skull framed in orchids etched on one side. The symbols of all four of her great loves – death, sensuality, fire, and, at least implicitly, marijuana. (God, if not for that last one, this alcove really would be stacked high with actual skulls.)

With a flick and a spark, the lighter ignited. Its wan light more than filled the small space between them. She made sure to keep it closer to herself, since her tits weren’t flammable, but Conner’s shirt was. It was too close, too hot, even a little bit painful, but that was good, too. Pain awakened the nerves.

Conner studied what was now revealed. He couldn’t see her belly for her tits, but he’d seen that already. Slowly, he made out the words she’d painted on her body, drawn in lipstick right after she’d heard people talking about the scandal in B hallway. Right after she’d walked out of class and assigned herself to ISS. The first word began just beneath where the neck of her shirt had covered, and then the broad canvas of her chest held the rest.

“I’m… going… to…” he read.

His eyes widened.

The lighter snapped shut.

**Part Four: Participation Trophies**

Mary Buchanan did not have a plan. She didn’t need a plan. After all, God had already made a plan for her.

Admittedly, His plan had not always been so clear of late. While she might be better known around the halls of Northside as the homecoming queen, Mary didn’t see herself as royalty. Quite the opposite, in fact, for in her heart, she was first and foremost a servant of God. She tried, at least. In recent days, the luster of her purity ring had grown tarnished after weeks of repeated insertion into her gross, drippy vagina during second period. Then after Mr. Lyons had given her a homework assignment to wear it up her ass for a whole week except during potty times – an assignment she had failed when it conflicted with one of his group projects and she opted, as always, for the greater good – she had felt hypocritical putting it back on. It sat now on her nightstand between her King James Bible and a picture of her youth group, an appropriate middle ground between the word of God and the image she used to jill herself to sleep.

The photo depicted Patrick, her youth minister, with his hand on Mary’s shoulder. She had never tired of imagining a day when she was old enough to get him to put it somewhere else, like Mr. Lyons was teaching her.

Recently, as godless secularism worked its evils at Northside, she’d started learning all these new things about the countless adulterous and inappropriate uses a sinful man might have for her body. Handjobs and blowjobs, tit fucks and ass fucks, the thousand and one positions in which a woman could avail her vagina to a man. For so long, Mary had looked forward to assuming the missionary position. (That hussy Dominique in youth group had told all the girls about that one after seeing it on a movie on late night cable TV, one of those awful pay channels.) Still, it had such a nice name. It sounded like the perfect union of husband and wife, coming together to go forth and multiply. Better yet, Mr. Lyons had never actually instructed her in that position, which suited her just fine. Someday, she’d like her husband to get to take that one last shred of her thoroughly tattered virginity.

In spite of herself, Mary sometimes worried that these other positions, the ones her teacher had taught her time and again, might actually be… fun. It was sinful, she knew. It wasn’t right to discuss sex ed affairs outside of sex ed, but for these lingering thoughts, there was a weekly visit to church to confess them. Or there had been, up until Father Hudson had told her she was not honoring Christ by titillating a member of his clergy. Mary prayed for God’s forgiveness for inspiring such a prominent erection in His priest, then continued to assign herself appropriate penances nonetheless.

It was wrong, she knew, and a dire temptation to let herself spend hours and hours every day thinking about sucking cocks and taking cocks in her cunt and riding dick like she was a rodeo queen. It was *wrong*. Sometimes she even forgot to imagine that the cock was her husband’s. Someday, a man would make her his wife and help her quench these base, constant desires. Still, it could be years before her soul mate was revealed. It was demanding more of her patience than she had yet learned to withstand, as the wicked plastic phallus banished in the drawer beneath that Bible could attest.

Until today. Today, God had finally granted His child clarity. Without knowing quite how, Mary suddenly knew the exact identity of her future husband. She went to church straight away after school and prayed, tears rolling down her flushed cheeks while other, ickier fluids rolled down elsewhere and spurred other prayers. First, though, Mary offered her thanks to God for this vision He had placed within her heart. Never in her life had she known anything so absolutely.

Someday, she would be Mrs. Conner Fishers.

Mary knew Conner only barely. They’d had a few classes together over the years, but only a few, and they’d never interacted in them that she recalled. Also he wasn’t a Christian – not that she knew of – not *yet* – and so they’d never had any reason to spend time together outside of school. Even when he’d subbed in her second period, she’d barely spoken to him, quietly devouring her humiliation at being naked in front of a strange man. (Conner *had* told them they could wear clothes, but she wasn’t about to risk her grade in case it was some kind of test. No matter what all those ignorant people pumping so-called vaccines into their veins might say, Mary wasn’t stupid.)

So that she suddenly felt this swell of passion in her heart when she saw him kissing that fornicator Olivia Snyder in the hallway after lunch, there was no mistaking it for anything other than the voice of the Almighty. The very same divine inspiration that He had given the apostles to write the Gospels, now bestowed on Mary.

With that knowledge in her heart, she’d gone home, put on something cute, done up her hair and makeup, and even taken a lesson from second period and put on some of that scandalously sexy underwear she’d bought for costume Tuesdays in sex ed. Then it was off to Conner’s house to get to know her future husband.

“Hi, are you Conner’s mother?” she asked the woman who answered the door.

“Why, yes. I’m sorry, I’m not sure I remember…”

“Mary Buchanan.” She extended a hand. The woman shook it gently. It was strange to think that someday, they would be in a room and someone might say “Mrs. Fishers,” only to have to clarify which one! She smiled brighter at that thought. “Is Conner home?”

“I’m sorry, he’s not. He said he might be a little late coming home from school. Is he expecting you?”

Mary’s heart sank. What if he was off defiling his body with Olivia? Mary had seen firsthand how eagerly that girl could guzzle down a man’s cum. Mary furiously scolded her vagina for using that image as an excuse to get oozy again, then addressed Mrs. Fishers. “Oh, I’m not sure. I mean… maybe?” After all, maybe God had given him the same vision! Surely, He had! It would make a great ice breaker. “Actually, yes, I’m sure of it.”

“Oh. Well then come on in, Mary. Your bike should be fine there; Conner used to leave his laying out all the time and nobody ever bothered it. In the meantime, you’re welcome to wait here for him. I’ll send him a text message to get him moving.”

Mary followed her future mother-in-law into her home. The scent of the family’s dinner was thick. “It smells delicious, Mrs. Fishers.” Skill in the kitchen was important for a woman to care for her family. She liked the woman immediately.

“Thank you, Mary. Though actually, it’s Mrs. Buck. Or Shannon, if you’d rather. I don’t know exactly where the line is for calling adults by first names, so whatever you’re comfortable with, dear.”

Oh. Her esteem dropped somewhat. She’d forgotten for a moment that Angelica Buck was Conner’s stepsister. A divorcee. Hmm. Oh, well. Conner wouldn’t necessarily take after his parents. She’d make it her life’s work to see to it Conner was content with his one and only soul mate.

Mrs. Buck went on. “Actually, if you’d like, you’re welcome to join us. We have plenty. Angelica’s out with some of her friends, I think, so I have more than enough.”

Mary’s smile returned, white and brilliant. “Thank you, Mrs. Buck. I’d love that.” She couldn’t marry Conner without getting the approval of his parents, after all. Never too early to start working on God’s plan, now that He had at last revealed it.

Conner did not come home before dinner was over, nor did he reply to his mother’s text. Distressing. Mary would have to train him out of that one day. Still, she felt as though she had made a good impression on the future in-laws. Tomorrow, she’d have to reach out to Angelica and get working there. Maybe Mr. Lyons would assign group work and she could snag her as a partner. That was always a good time to work in girl talk with all the moaning and groaning concealing chit-chat from the teacher.

Mrs. Buck didn’t seem to know what to do with Mary afterwards, once the two were done doing the dishes and packaging leftovers. (Mary took special care to set aside a sumptuous portion for Conner. When Mrs. Buck’s back was turned drying plates, she even gave his porkchop a nice long lick, to help acclimate him to the taste of her saliva.)

“Oh, I can wait in Conner’s room, so I won’t be underfoot. Does he have a desk? That way I can work on homework until he arrives.”

The woman hesitated, understandably reticent to let a strange girl into her son’s bedroom. Another step toward repairing Mary’s first impression of her. Still, she twisted just so, letting the crucifix on her necklace catch the light, and smiled her most beatific smile.

“Oh, all right. You seem harmless enough.” Mrs. Buck patted her shoulder and steered her in the right direction, then headed downstairs, presumably to see to her own husband. Her second husband, but still a husband, technically. (Maybe Conner’s dad had died? It was all right for a widow to remarry. Mary chided herself for being so quick to judge.)

She made her way down the hall, pausing to admire the family photos hanging on the wall. There were lots of them, which she thought made sense. Wasn’t Conner on the school newspaper staff or something? Maybe he was into photography.

After passing a dark and clearly female room that must be Angelica’s, she arrived at last at her future boyfriend’s, future fiancé’s, future husband’s, current soul mate’s bedroom. To think, Conner’s next bedroom when he left his childhood home, he would share with her. She laughed giddily to herself at the mere thought of it.

As teenage boy bedrooms went, it was… passable. Not that she’d been in many – she was the furthest thing from that sort of girl – but she did have a little brother who was a sophomore and another in eighth grade. They were pigs. Conner’s wasn’t as neat as she liked her own to be, but neither was it a sty like her brothers’. The bed wasn’t made, and the little trash can next to the desk looked like it could stand to be emptied. A pair of dirty socks was on the floor near the foot of the bed. Otherwise it was rather neat, if somewhat spartan. A picture of him and some classmates hung on the wall over the desk beside his window, some bookshelves, and a trophy that looked like a knockoff Oscar, only the plaque beneath the slender fellow said it was for being “editor-in-chief.”

Oh right, the newspaper thing. See, she did know a thing or two about him!

Committed to honoring her word, Mary seated herself at Conner’s desk, trying not to think about how her butt was touching something that had touched Conner’s butt. (Had he ever masturbated in this chair? Oh gosh, *that* would be something!) She retrieved her tablet from her purse and got to work on her homework, fidgeting only somewhat. Unfortunately, she didn’t have much homework. She was done in under twenty minutes.

So… now what?

Mary gazed around the room, trying to get a sense for Conner’s headspace, to put herself in his shoes so she better understood the partner God had entrusted her with. Out the window, she could see where her bicycle was still resting on the front walk. Across the street, a redheaded boy she thought she recognized from school was dragging trash cans out to the street. Oh! Owen Gibson. She *did* know him. She would definitely sleep with him if he asked. Hopefully he didn’t, though. She was pretty sure he was friends with Conner, and it would be insanely awkward to find out your significant other had had relations with your best friend. Besides, Owen was dating Kirsten Vaughan, Jezebel of Jezebels. Clearly good girls like Mary were not his type.

Mary laid down on Conner’s bed.

It wasn’t sinful, she told herself. God wanted her to be with him, and it’s not as though he were in the bed with her. She only wanted to look at the ceiling. Mary studied it, memorized every shadow and imperfection in the pale blue paint. When she woke up tomorrow morning in her own room, she could remember what Conner was seeing as he did the same here. She could do so until that hopefully not-so-far-off day that they shared the same ceiling over their shared marital bed.

His scent was heavier here.

Mary breathed deep through her nostrils. It wasn’t a sexy smell, to be sure. A hint of fabric softener, and a fair amount of teenage boy. Except, this particular teenage boy…

Mary turned her head to the side, then adjusted again and rolled onto her stomach, burying her face in Conner’s pillow. Her lungs filled with Conner. Without her blessing, one hand wriggled beneath her and found its way between her thighs, where…

“Darnit!” she cursed into the pillow. The wetness. Confound it all, the gosh darned sinful *wetness!*

Some of the girls in second period liked to tease her because, even though she often pointed out her disapproval of the basic presentation of the curriculum, however well-intentioned, Mary couldn’t control how icky sticky *wet* her vagina got when she was learning. At least, learning about how to please her future husband, not in her normal classes. At least, not often, so long as she didn’t let her mind wander. She was terribly embarrassed by it, but there was nothing she could do. The thoughts came, or worse, the *touches*, and whoosh! Like a faucet, only not water, but sinful thoughts made manifest.

She breathed in again, and the thoughts only became more sinful.

Conner’s *bed*. He slept here, every night. He’d probably touched himself here – right exactly where she was laying! Her hips squirmed, grinding her pelvis against that lucky space on the bed where his erection would press. No, he was a little taller than her. She inched down slightly. There.

Oh gosh. It was just like class. Satan whispered his wicked instructions in her ear, and like Eve, she was in thrall to her own selfish urges. She’d been so *good*, too! Yes, she definitely looked prettier in the skirt and v-neck she’d first fished out of her closet this afternoon. (Fished, she giggled into the pillow, like a fisher.) Still, she knew that was the devil’s attempt to get her to use earthly delights to seduce Conner. Mary wasn’t totally ignorant to the way non-Christians were. She knew she was attractive. Thick black hair, glittering blue eyes, perky, prominent breasts, hips that would someday be great for child-bearing but now only served to tempt boys into lusting after her rounded bottom.

So she’d gone more conservative, a thin white turtle-neck and dress that came down past her knees. It was a good girl’s outfit. A *Christian* outfit. (At least, aside from the promiscuous underwear, but she’d told herself he’d never see that anyway.)

Only now…

The dress made it *way* too easy to hike up the front of it so she could get closer to her vagina.

Which she did. Humping herself frantically against frenzied fingers, she did.

Mary didn’t come. No. After only a few delicious minutes of huffing and puffing into Conner’s pillow, Christ came back to her and chastened her. She smoothed her skirt down, ran her fingers through her hair to smooth it back down, and settled back into the desk chair. She clasped her hands in prayer – then unclasped them, wiped her vaginal ick off on the carpet, then clasped again – and thanked God for His gifts of patience and willpower.

There. She could behave. Sheesh, it would be hard to convince Conner she wanted to wait until marriage if he walked in on her jilling off on his bed on their first date!

So instead, as the minutes ticked by in this tragically Connerless bedroom, she resisted the urge to pull her panties down around her thighs and rest her bare butt on his desk chair. It was tempting, though. Conner sat here, and probably naked sometimes, right? He had to.

Mary thought about those times.

When Conner came in from the shower…

When Conner was getting dressed…

When Conner was getting *un*dressed…

When he masturbated…

“OK, no more touching myself!” Mary swore under her breath as she wadded up her soggy panties and tossed them in her purse. She’d have to sterilize the whole thing after. Yuck. Why were women so dirty? It wasn’t fair. She’d asked Mr. Lyons once after class if boys ever flooded their underwear when they got horny, and he’d laughed at her and told her that only freaky sluts like her did stuff like that. That was just his “humor,” as he thought of it, but still, she took it to mean that what Patrick had told her was true. Women’s bodies were simply unclean. There was nothing she could do but pray.

And, she supposed, bring a change of undies for future dates.

There was a soft knock at the door. (Thank God, she was dressed and composed!) Mrs. Buck opened it a moment later. “I finally got a response from Conner. He said he’ll get home as soon as he can, though the way he said it, I’m not sure how soon it will be. Are you sure you wouldn’t rather come back tomorrow evening? I hate for you to waste your whole night twiddling your thumbs for my son.”

“It’s not a waste,” Mary said quickly, decisively. “I don’t mind at all. After all, the good ones are worth waiting for, aren’t they?”

Mrs. Buck smiled, but there was something else in her expression, too. “Oh. Are you… I’m sorry, I suppose I’d thought you said you were here for something school-related, Mary.”

“Oh, it is!” she insisted hastily. For once, Mary was grateful for Mr. Lyons’ class. School was where she was learning to satisfy her future husband, so technically, this was school-related and she wasn’t telling a lie.

“Oh,” said Mrs. Buck. “Oh. But… you’re interested in him?”

“Is it that obvious?” Mary grinned. She hoped her vagina wasn’t making the room smell like her wicked cum. “He’s the nicest boy in the whole school.”

At that, Mrs. Buck could no longer hold back a flattered grin, leaning a hip against the door frame. “Yeah, we like him OK around here, too. Not that we see much of him these days. So… are you two… dating?”

“No. Not yet, that is. I’d like to, but… I don’t know how he feels. I don’t suppose you have any tips for me, do you?”

Conner’s mother stroked her chin for a moment. “Just be kind. He’s had a bit of a rough spell for a while, and I think his heart’s still a little tender from… Well, I suppose I’m not breaking any confidences telling you about that fainting incident.”

Mary gasped. That’s right! It was old news by now, but she had heard about that. He’d asked out Heather Blake on a date and his whole class overheard, but then she rejected him and he fainted! Heather’s name went on her list of godless women to pray for. Hurting Conner like that! Rejecting him! No wonder she was so fixated on her godless crusade to “empower” her female classmates to dress up like harlots. There was an extra bite of Satan’s apple in her, no doubt about it.

“I promise, I would never hurt Conner like that,” Mary assured Mrs. Buck, and God.

“That’s nice to hear, Mary. Anyway, maybe you’d be happier in the living room? It must be uncomfortable sitting in my son’s bedroom all by yourself.” She stood upright, vacating the doorway.

“Oh, I don’t mind, Mrs. Buck,” Mary assured her.

“I’d really rather you sat in the living room.”

“Oh.” Mary blinked. But she was a *good* girl! Masturbating aside. “Of course, sure. You’re right, that would be for the best.”

The once and future Mrs. Fishers chit-chatted in the living room. As her hostess was showing her through her second scrapbook from Conner’s childhood, Mary began to recover from the mortifying removal from her beloved’s bedroom. She would win Mrs. Buck over. Mary Buchanan was the sort of girl parents dreamed of their sons marrying. Faithful, adoring, chaste, beautiful, and so very traditional. She had it all.

The front door opened, but to her bitter disappointment it wasn’t Conner. Angelica skipped up the stairs energetically, emerging into the living room and eyeing Mary darkly. “What’s *she* doing here?”

“She’s here for Conner. Mary, this is Angelica, Conner’s sister.”

“What, he get bored of the blonde and the redhead?” the girl sneered.

Blonde? Redhead? Who did she mean? Olivia was a brunette. Maybe she was making a joke? Sometimes nonbeliever humor was hard for her to get.

“Mary’s here for a school assignment with Conner,” Mrs. Buck said heavily, eyes narrowing at her daughter’s behavior. Stepdaughter, technically, so she wouldn’t *really* be Mary’s sister-in-law.

“Brushing up for that big exam second period?” Angelica asked, eyes sparkling impishly. “That’s smart. I remember how you choked on the last one.”

“Angelica!” Mary gasped. First off, what happened in sex ed stayed in sex ed! There was a second, albeit crude, meaning, but still, that flirted dangerously close to the line. Second, she’d only choked because Mr. Lyons had wanted to see how long she could hold her breath with Jennica’s strap-on in her throat! Stating it that way gave an unfairly negative impression, something Mary was desperate not to give Conner’s mother.

“So you two know each other,” Mrs. Buck replied. “That’s nice. Angelica, could I have a word with you for a moment? In the kitchen?”

“Great.”

The two stepped into the kitchen, but even as Mary resumed admiring images from Conner’s first day of kindergarten, she couldn’t help but overhear. A whispered lecture on being gracious to guests, muttered sass that eventually broke down and apologized. Finally, Mrs. Buck steered her stepdaughter back into the living room. “Your dad and I are going to watch a movie, Angelica. Do you think you could stay here with Mary and keep her company while she waits for Conner?”

“What?” Angelica’s glare met fierce parental rebuke, and quickly dissipated. “Fine. Love to. Nothing I love more than babysitting high schoo-OW!”

Mrs. Buck wagged a finger at Angelica following the pinch that preceded it, then turned a warm smile to Mary. “Mary, it was so nice meeting you, and… well, good luck. I’ll be rooting for you.”

“Thank you so much, Mrs. Buck. For dinner, and for everything. I hope I’ll be seeing a lot more of you.”

“Yeah,” said Mrs. Buck, smile holding steady. She took a breath, nodded, let it out. “Me too.”

Angelica sat down, but waited until they heard the Netflix sound echo up the stairs before she said anything. “So you’re another one of the skanks who wants to fuck my brother, huh.”

“What? I am *not* a skank, and I am *not* here to F anyone!” Mary retorted, folding her arms under her breasts. The nerve!

“Right. That’s why my mom is making me guard you, so you don’t go leaking all over Conner’s bedroom, huh.”

Mary’s eyes flashed in indignant rage. “How *dare* you! Does the poster in class mean nothing to you? What happens in–”

“What, like Hairy Cuntcannon doesn’t leak except during those fifty-five minutes a day? Please.”

“I have told you and Kirsten and all your mean little friends a hundred times, *DON’T* call me that! So help me, I will tell Mr. Lyons, and he’ll–”

Angelica waved away the threat. “Right, must’ve forgotten. Look, Shannon’s not coming back up here any time soon. If I leave you in here and go to my room, I’m not going to step out later and find you sniffing Conner’s underwear or something, am I?”

“Of course I wouldn’t sniff–”

“Cool. Good talk.” Angelica hopped up and strode out of the room. From her seat, Mary watched the door to the feisty little pagan’s bedroom shut.

To her credit, she made it to the end of the scrapbook before she let herself return to Conner’s room. After a quick stop in the kitchen to append Conner’s dinner with a note.

Technically, Mrs. Buck hadn’t told her not to. She’d said she preferred Mary to be in the living room, but it hadn’t been an order. Plus, the fourth commandment to honor her mother and her father wouldn’t apply to Mrs. Buck until after the wedding, or at the very least their engagement.

Sniff his underwear? That was the grossest thing she’d ever heard of! How dare Angelica say such a thing! She remembered earlier in the semester when Mr. Lyons used to spread his students’ legs and sniff their vaginas, back before the nudity policy was instated and the hands-on part of the curriculum began. It had been so repulsive. She couldn’t imagine what he got out of it, unless it was just something he had to do for his job. It was hard to tell with Mr. Lyons. He *really* enjoyed his job, she was pretty sure.

Now, a shirt, on the other hand…

A shirt wasn’t gross, she told herself as she began opening dresser drawers. They were clean, too, so there was nothing at all wrong with it. It was like memorizing the ceiling, something to do to feel closer to him. If it was creepy now, someday he would find it endearing and wifely.

Mm. Detergent, and… nope, only detergent. That was weirdly disappointing. His underwear would be the same, probably. They wouldn’t smell like his sweat, his cock, his essence. Oh God, what if he’d leaked cum in the underwear. Would she be able to see it?

Mary scolded herself. She was getting caught up again, and if Conner walked in and saw her doing what she’d been imagining doing, she would die of embarrassment. Unless he thought it was “hot” or whatever. Maybe it would turn him on. She took the quickest whiff, just to confirm there was nothing to it, then stuffed his underwear back in the drawer and slammed it shut. There. Now she knew. Not missing anything, she was 99% sure.

She checked one more time, to make sure. Nope, nada. Just Conner’s underwear. The fabric he wrapped around his penis all day every day. Nothing at all to get excited about.

Mary sat at the desk again. This time, she hiked up her dress and settled in with her bare bottom on the seat. It was like their butts were touching, only separated by time. It was so… *naughty*. Was this even a thing? She’d heard boys joke about “touching butts,” but she’d sort of thought it sounded like a gay thing at the time. Well, if Conner wanted to touch butts with her, she would definitely say yes. She didn’t care how gay it was. Not like she’d spent the past two months learning to eat pussy to put on a good show for a prospective life partner to *not* do gay stuff sometimes.

Another half hour passed. It was going on eight now, only an hour to go before her curfew. Where was he?! She prayed for God to bring him home to her soon. Was that wrong of her? She hated it when she saw all those brutish athletes thanking God for their success, like God cared about touchdowns and homeruns. No, this was different. God had revealed His plan to Mary today. He wouldn’t begrudge her for being eager to get started on it.

So very eager.

She supposed she could tidy up while she waited. So she made the bed. She grabbed some paper towels from the kitchen and did a little dusting. Ugh, there were those socks again. She picked them up and threw them in the hamper, where…

Oh, God.

Conner’s underwear. Not the clean stuff in the drawer. The *real* stuff.

It was right on top. Not like she went digging for it. That would be wrong. So it wasn’t her fault she noticed… that she…

“Oh *God*,” she whimpered.

Mary had lifted them out of the hamper before she realized what she was doing. Yep, it was exactly what she’d thought it was. A little pale crusty stuff in the front, on the inside. There wasn’t much, but enough that she couldn’t miss it against the dark fabric.

It was, she had no doubt, Conner’s cum.

“*Thank you, Lord God,*” she prayed as she clutched them to her face.

Conner shuffled up the front walk after one of the longest, most confusing days of his life. Somehow, four of the prettiest girls in school were acting like they had crushes on him. Four, that is, not including Heather and Amanda, who’d already seemed to like him pretty well. He smiled at that. Usually, that was its own quagmire of issues, but right now it felt like a port in the storm. These other four were new and confusing and a bit frightening. Maggie, Sydney, Olivia, Neveah… heck, maybe five, the way Kirsten had been acting. He was bad at reading girls, and even worse at reading whatever Kirsten Vaughan was.

What a night. It could all be coincidence. It had to be. She was dating Owen! Even if she didn’t know it was only because TIOS had made him the most coveted acquisition in school, she was his best friend’s girlfriend.

Still, all those little things.

The way she hugged him at the door. She definitely hadn’t been wearing a bra, and only giggled when she noticed him noticing as she bounced onto the couch in her bedroom, right up against him, assuring him there was no need for formalities like that between friends.

He’d hoped she’d put a bra on when she changed into PJs – a few feet behind him, on the honor system that he wouldn’t turn around, evidently forgetting that he could see *everything* in the mirror on her bedroom door, and when she caught him looking (he *tried* not to!), she only laughed and reminded him it was nothing he hadn’t seen before, and that she was tempted to not bother putting anything on at all if he wouldn’t feel uncomfortable.

He’d said he would feel uncomfortable. She still hadn’t put on a bra, though, and the skimpy, translucent tank top and tight boy shorts that served as her pajamas were more revealing than the stuff he’d had her wear in those rare masturbatory daydreams when he’d been brave enough to invite in a lioness like Kirsten.

They’d watched the rest of the movie with her head in his lap. He hadn’t known where to put his right arm with her body there, but she simply placed it on her stomach and assured him she didn’t mind. *It’s just a tummy, Conner*. He’d flinched when she put her hand over his, which only made her insist on holding him there until he chilled out and stopped acting like they weren’t friends. With the angle of his arm, it was only natural that it eventually drifted so that it was resting right against the underside of her boobs – *Kirsten Vaughan’s boobs!* – but she never said anything. Probably didn’t want to make him feel like a pig.

Oy, and the drink she’d spilled in his lap. An accident, obviously – nobody would spill soda on a suede leather sofa on purpose – but, if he wanted to inflate his ego and read it as part of the hypothetical crush narrative… She’d insisted he report immediately to her shower while she put his jeans in the washer. There was no denying Kirsten, but even though he’d meant to pop in and out to humor her, she’d joined him in the bathroom before there was even steam fogging up the glass. As Conner whirled away from her to hide his privates, she informed him it’d be another hour and a half before his pants and underwear would be clean and dry. Still, if she’d wanted to see his butt, she’d gotten to, and after the show he’d stolen earlier, it was only fair. That’s what she’d said, teasingly, before she finally relented and left him to finish up. When he exited the bathroom, clad only in his t-shirt and a towel, she’d been bent at the waist, dabbing at the leather, her ass a beacon of raw hotness. Not that it meant anything. She couldn’t help having an amazing ass.

They’d finished the movie, Kirsten laying on her back with her head in his towel-clad lap asking him question after question, half of them about what kind of girls he liked. To see if he was right for Olivia, she assured him, having evidently heard the gossip about their kiss. Ultimately, she concluded – persuasively, he admitted, not that he’d needed persuading – that they were a poor match. The better she got to know him, she said, the more she was convinced he was simply too good for her. Kirsten promised she wouldn’t rest until she found him someone perfect. Someone who would satisfy him the way she had satisfied Owen. Past tense, weirdly, though it sounded like Owen’s parents might be forcing him to break up with her? Preferring to hear it from his friend, Conner hadn’t pressed her for details.

Eventually, he squirmed out from under her and retrieved his clothes from the laundry room. Kirsten followed so close that she almost didn’t let him close the door so he could get dressed in privacy. Then she walked him to his car, told him she hoped they could do it again sometime, and took advantage of his polite response to settle on this Friday night. *With Owen, this time*, he said as he agreed (because what was he going to do, tell Kirsten Vaughan no?). She’d laughed and said she hoped Owen could get out, but if not, the two of them could still have fun. As friends.

Then she’d leaned in his window, kissed his cheek, given him a nice long smile as she rested her hands on his window frame, a posture that all but forced him to stare down her neckline at her perfect tits swaying beneath her, before sauntering back into her house, her shorts wedged so deep up her ass crack that a pair of panties would have covered more of her behind.

So… *maybe* five. Hard to know. She had definitely said Friday would be as friends.

As for the other four, it was TIOS, almost certainly, or *maybe* some stunt by Jordan that he couldn’t understand. Still, after the day and then the night he’d had, he was exhausted. Physically, somewhat, but emotionally, to his core.

The rules about cheating were complex when you were sleeping with three different women, but if Conner was sure of one thing, it was that he wasn’t going to fool around with them.

None but the most elite, that is.

Amanda, certainly. Heather and her legendary tits, a given. Beyond that… how on earth did one define “elite” when it came to picking sex partners, anyway? Maybe a few obvious candidates leapt out, but he needed to clear his head and think about where to draw that line before anyone got hurt.

Why the heck was there a bike outside his house? Must be one of Angelica’s friends.

Conner let himself in quietly. He made his way upstairs and directly to the kitchen. Kirsten had tried to feed him – literally hand-feeding him popcorn and making him suck the butter off her fingers at one point – but popcorn was no meal, and he was nevertheless ravenous. A smile crept onto his face when he saw his mom had made a special plate just for him, even left a little sticky note with a heart on it. *I love you*, it read on the back.

He really had the best mom. If the pork chops were a little under-seasoned, he could care less.

Conner hesitated in the living room. Had she been looking at his scrapbook from kindergarten? Dang, she was already gearing up to miss him for when he left in the fall. Wherever he went.

He washed his plate, brushed his teeth, and was about to flop down in bed and try to sleep off a bizarre day when he discovered someone appeared to have had a similar idea first.

The dark-haired girl lying in his bed had on a white sweater. Sort of. It was presently pulled up over a mouth-watering set of tits in a sexy black bra trimmed with lace that failed to conceal two engorged pink nipples, one of which was being tugged between her thumb and forefinger. A burgundy dress was bunched up around the girl’s waist as her legs flailed in the air. She had no panties on, a necessity, since she was busily thrusting the trophy Miss C had gotten him for making editor-in-chief last summer in and out of her pussy. A pussy which had created a small lake in the middle of his sheets.

Good lord, he didn’t think Heather, Amanda and Kristy combined had made that much of a mess in their whole insane prom orgy. Whoever this girl was, she was either the single horniest girl on the planet, or she ought to see a doctor.

As to her identity… Conner prided himself on recognizing his classmates, but in this case, he was coming up short. After all, she had a pair of his underwear pressed over her face.

“Uh… hi.”

The underwear flew aside. “Conner!”

“Mary?”

The trophy plunged inside her, thighs flailing spasmodically as a silent, frantically gasping orgasm racked her incredible body. Conner stared, transfixed (and a bit scientifically curious) as her cum visibly gushed forth around the trophy man’s knees, splashing onto his mattress.

“Yes,” Mary purred, her whole body flopping down slack, a lazy, slutty smile plastered on her face. A silver cross attached to a necklace rode a trickle of sweat down the slope of one breast until it collided with her sweater.

“Yes what?”

“Yes, I’ll marry you,” she answered, sighing happily.

So five, then. For sure five. He sighed, studying the slime oozing down the trophy beside her.

What exactly constituted elite?

“You were homecoming queen, weren’t you Mary?”

**Part Five: Long, and Full of**

“Can I ask what this is about?” Amanda interjected.

That boy… he was a sweet one. She’d kept that in mind after reading his 5 AM text reading *WE NEED TO TALK!!!!!!!!!* and agreed to come in early to meet with him. His subsequent refusal to talk with her while he scoured TIOS spreads, however… it was too early in the day to be ignored. If she’d wanted Conner to neglect her, she could have stayed… wherever it was she went after school.

Except that one night at Miss C’s, and a few stolen evenings with Conner. Those had been magical.

“Just… hang on. It’s in here somewhere. Just have to find it,” he muttered, opening yet another file, then another, and another. It was pointless, she knew. There were thousands of files. One for every student and teacher; one for every club, sport or organization; scores of themed pages, most of which would eventually be discarded; countless files that were simply class assignments not meant for the yearbook itself but still stored in the system as submitted work. If Conner thought he was going to find something by blind luck in the twenty minutes before school started, well, then she had a bridge to sell him.

“Conner, you woke me up panicking, dragged me in here. If you don’t tell me what’s bothering you, I can’t help you. Plus, the way you’re acting… I honestly might smack you.”

“Jordan,” he said, still fixed on the screen. “He’s… he’s done something. To his girls. You, I mean. The sex ed girls. Women.”

Considering how distracted he was, Amanda allowed herself a broad, self-satisfied smirk at the back of his head. She’d wondered if this had something to do with that. The gossip had confirmed it was working. She’d seen Heather squirming in her seat as Marissa and Siobhan clucked like hens about the kiss with Olivia. Amanda had been glad to have the editors’ office to herself, she’d been so worked up thinking about it. She’d already seen him at lunch with Kirsten Vaughan. Luckily, Kirsten was dating Conner’s best friend and by all accounts was very satisfied with him, so there was no chance of anything happening there.

Always interesting to see how TIOS carried out a script. Some things ran like the McManus/McKnight situation, where nobody seemed the wiser except Conner; then there was her little payback for his prom night foursome fiasco; there the senior editor-in-chief was completely caught off-guard by all the sudden romantic interest. As near as she could tell, the person who entered the quote retained recollection of the original state of things. It made some sense (as much as any of this made sense), considering they were, after all, the editors. Only it seemed to work that way for Jordan, too, whether he’d used Conner’s login or Amanda’s, so… who knew.

Still, she couldn’t wait to sit down with Conner and hear how he’d squirmed guiltily as these girls threw themselves at him. God damn, it was hot. Her boyfriend could have his pick of the hottest girls in their class (at least as Jordan had rated them, as she thought there were some significant lapses in judgment). All these girls, trained in a harem to be as pleasing to a man as a woman could be, driving him wild with lust. Lust that she hoped he would eventually unleash on her once it reached critical mass.

Admittedly, zinging him with that bit from their text conversation yesterday might be crossing a line. It was just that it was so *hot*, thinking about him actually sticking it to some of her second period playmates. It wouldn’t be fair if he got mad over it. After all, he was the one who’d given her this jealousy kink. Conner had basically asked for this. Plus, she’d had sex with Jordan dozens of times, most of her classmates in second period, too; him with Heather and Miss C and Hailey and god knew who else, so it’s not like they’d been monogamous even before prom. She’d just have to make sure when the poor guy finally reached his breaking point, she (and maybe Miss C? that had been surprisingly fun) were there to cash in and–

“I had sex with Mary Buchanan last night,” he was saying.

“You *what?!*”

Conner went on to explain. Amanda barely heard it. As the reality behind those words set in, there were only two thoughts in her head. First, that she’d fucked up. She’d made him cheat on her, even within the unbelievably generous framework of their relationship. And with that holier than thou jerk Mary Buchanan, no less!

Her other thought, however, and the one that left her trembling, was that he’d *fucked Mary Buchanan*. It was the hottest thing that boy could ever do to her.

Conner went on and on, and gradually she began to hear his words again, even as she was imagining his mouth gasping in orgasmic bliss as another woman rode him to completion. “… and I got to thinking, I don’t even like Mary, and I barely know her, so why would I ever do that? And I did like you said, where you can force yourself through the TIOS stuff by focusing on the weirdness, holding it in your head until you can see how wrong something is. Every time I let my concentration slip, I caught myself making that same excuse, that because she was homecoming queen, because she’s, you know, a catch – to some guys, not that she’s my type – and it made her *elite*, and I caught that word, like, burned into my head like a brand, so I think he’s–”

“Was it good?” she blurted.

“The sex?”

“No, Conner, the post-coital prayer session. Of course the sex.”

“It was…” He searched for the word, but before he could add nuance, Amanda cut him off.

“So it was.”

“What? No, you didn’t let me finish! It was–”

“If it wasn’t, you would have said no immediately. Shit, even if it was mediocre, you would’ve said no just to pacify me. That hesitation, that’s you getting too lost reimagining her to deny it.”

“It wasn’t as good as with you,” he insisted. Believable, at least. Mary was one of the worst students in class, partially because nobody wanted to partner with the Cuntcannon, and partially because of her thousand and one hangups. The only reason she wasn’t failing was because of all the “extra credit” their teacher gave her outside of class. Seemed to tickle Jordan’s funny boner to have the hottest Christian in school defile herself at his direction. Amanda might not be a person of faith, but that was still pretty sick in her book.

“So, then, how was it?” Amanda pulled her desk chair over and sat down at it backwards. The mistake was immediately obvious; no way she should have her legs spread around the seat back like this. Her pussy was already tingling just imagining them. She might not have Mary’s problem, but still, she gave herself a little extra space. If Conner started picking up on her reaction, it would give him permission to sleep with any and every girl in that class. He could never know how much the thought of all this turned her on.

“It was nothing special. We just… did it. And look, I’m sorry. I know it was wrong of me. Things were already kind of weird, and now I pulled this. What was I even thinking? But I guess that’s what I’m trying to tell you, that I think Jordan did something in TIOS, where…”

Her attention drifted away as he elaborated on his baseless conspiracy theory. For all the words he was using, there had been no details at all about the event itself. Where had they done it? Had Mary smuggled him into her bedroom? That was it. Sneaking him past her parents, who were probably hosting a Bible study or binge watching Pat Robertson. Mary had told them some lie, that they had a class assignment to work on, and her folks thought nothing of it. Surely their darling Mary wasn’t about to do something untoward with a boy. She’d have to keep it quiet, though. Conner mounting her, slamming his cock home effortlessly in that gushy fountain of a pussy, while Mary clutched a pillow to her face to keep from making too much noise. Conner would be nervous. He’d go fast, dick her good and hard. Wouldn’t count on how rickety her bedframe was up until he slammed that headboard into the wall, her crucifix tumbling down and losing itself beneath the creaking, groaning bed. How long before the little slut even realized it was missing?

God, she wanted sex like that. Dirty, sneaky, sinful sex.

Wouldn’t be the worst thing to have parents or a bedroom either, probably. Man, why did *that* turn her on, too?

“Amanda?”

She focused. What had he been saying? Whatever. “Conner?”

“Look, I’m *really* sorry, OK? I’m only trying to say I don’t think it’s strictly speaking 100% my fault. I have a search pattern set up, but you know how the new software – not that TIOS is *new* any more, but new from what we used the last few years – anyway, there’s no comprehensive search feature, so instead I’m…”

Or had they done it at his place? That was something else entirely. The thought of that bitch Mary Buchanan going into Conner’s house, into his bedroom… it was gasoline on the flames. Had he even wondered why she was there? He could be so clueless sometimes, especially with girls. She’d practically had to notarize a formal pronouncement before he’d realized she liked him. Then again, Mary wasn’t exactly known for her subtlety. Girls that beautiful living in a bubble of fairy tales that impenetrable didn’t have to question their words or motives. Only their god could judge them.

*It’s God’s will, Conner. We’re meant to be together.* No, too sappy. *Put a baby in me, Conner!* More like it. That little harlot could probably sell a virgin birth story. Amanda remembered when Jordan had taught her in graphic detail how babies were made. She hadn’t known.

“So, do you think you’ll ever forgive me?”

The silence after the question mark was what commanded her attention. Poor guy. He looked really anguished about it. It wasn’t really fair of her to rake him over the coals when she was the one who’d put him up to it. Still, turn-on or no, jealousy wasn’t exactly a charitable emotion. And again, he mustn’t discover that the jealousy kink he’d doubtless meant for post-prom had lingered.

“Should I?”

Conner replied, saying… something. Amanda was already back in her head.

Mary. Of all the girls in class, Mary Buchanan. Why her? Right place, right time? Or had he harbored some quiet crush on her once upon a time and couldn’t pass it up? But why not Olivia? Olivia was the quintessential dumb hot girl. Maybe she would come later?

Later. It clicked, suddenly, that if Conner had broken down and slept with a girl that, as far as Amanda knew, was practically a stranger in mere hours after their quote was saved, there was no way there wouldn’t be other women. What exactly had that quote been? *A small but elite handful*, something like that. Well how the hell many was a handful? Three? Ten? The whole class? In a sense, second period basically was an elite handful as it was.

“Let’s have sex, right now.”

From his reaction, she could tell whatever he had been saying didn’t correspond to her offer. Fuck it. The leggy redhead took off her shirt in a hurry. Miss C was writing her lesson objectives on the board in the next room; Amanda hurried over to shut the blinds and close the door. They could do this. Plenty of time if he didn’t dawdle. Screw it, Miss C would cover for her golden boy. If Conner was enjoying himself with an early morning screw, she’d take her first period on a field trip. Why hadn’t she worn a sexier bra today?

“Oh wow. You’re… wow. You’re so… wow,” he stammered. “Um, look, I get it. You don’t have to… you know. I screwed up, and I was weak. Point made. I’ll get to the bottom of this. I promise.” He bent down and picked up her shirt, then her bra, handing them back to her.

“Conner…” Oh *god* was she horny. Mary Buchanan! That lucky fucking Bible-thumping bitch!

“I know! I will make this right. You have my word. Though that’s a heck of a way to make your point.” He chuckled awkwardly.

“I’m not making a point,” she attempted, but he was already moving on, snatching up his laptop.

“No no, I get it. Just because a girl flirts doesn’t mean I need to make it easy. I hear and, um, see you, loud and clear. I will make this my mission, OK?” He cracked open the door, making sure Amanda’s half-naked body wasn’t about to be revealed to a bunch of freshman – gallant as ever – and called out to Miss C. “Hey, I have this thing I’m working on. Is it going to be OK if I miss seventh period to look into it? It’s TIOS-related, I promise.”

“You had me at ‘I have this thing,’ Conner,” she replied. “We still have Amanda, right?”

“Yeah, I won’t need her for this.”

“Well then good luck with your project. If I can help, give me a shout.”

“Thanks, Kristy.” He spun around and gave Amanda, still topless, a quick peck on the cheek. “I’ll keep you posted. Promise.”

Then he rushed out of the office, and he was gone.

*What exactly constituted elite*? she wondered.

Someone had busted the nozzle off the D hallway drinking fountain. Fucking animals, these kids. No respect for school property. Ever since joining the faculty, he’d gained a new appreciation for the value of Northside’s infrastructure. Custodial didn’t get paid enough to clean up after these little brats, not by a longshot.

Not that Jordan was going to do anything to correct the oversight. Still, annoying as fuck to have to be late to his favorite class just to find another fountain. What was he going to do, not hydrate and get ashy skin? Just because he had all the poontang he could ever dream of didn’t mean he was going to get lazy. Shit, the one time he’d let his guard down and let Hailey see him on his way home from the gym, sweaty and with his hair mussed up, he could see her awe of him slip for a moment. No sir, Jordan Lyons wasn’t about to let that happen again.

He whistled tunelessly as he made his way down the corridor to the disused copy room, now the site of his private harem. Two of the lights were out here – so rescind that pity for custodial – but maybe it was for the best. It was a reassuring reminder that nobody came back here, that whatever screams echoed around his little slut den were his alone to cherish. In fact, he could hear them now.

Wait a sec. Those screams were…

Jordan ran to the room, flinging the door open to find about what it sounded like he might find. On the floor in the middle of the room was a flurry of hair and fists, wrapped up in a ball of feral shrieks. Jordan charged in by instinct, grabbing the first girl in the dog pile and flinging her back. The next one he IDed as Sydney Genovese, raining down blows with those shockingly powerful cheerleader arms of hers on the huddling girl beneath her. She took more force to remove, and as Jordan peeled off Courtney Wilborn, Sydney threw herself back onto her poor victim. Any other teacher would be running to the hallway, shouting for help to suppress this melee, but that wasn’t an option for Mr. Lyons. By the time he quelled the girls, he had a deep, bleeding scratch on his face and quite possibly the beginnings of a black eye from when Sydney elbowed his face during a windup.

The aggressors – all five of them – were ordered to get dressed and wait in the hallway on pain of loss of all points thus far earned this quarter. Their victim, a wide-eyed and horrified Mary Buchanan, was being consoled by Lauren and Hannah in the corner. He would deal with her in a minute. First, though…

“Mandy, get your fat ass dressed and hustle on up to the nurse’s office and fetch me a goddamn ice pack.”

The feisty little cunt glared, but she hopped to it. God damnit, the last thing he needed was a shiner! With immediate needs seen to, he glanced into the hall to make sure those crazy bitches hadn’t wandered off. They didn’t look happy, and Sydney shouted into the open door, “I’ll fucking kill you, you fucking cunt!” She didn’t make a move, though, thank goodness.

Jordan threw the door closed and pivoted to Mary. She didn’t look like she’d gotten hurt too badly. Her arms had covered her face and it seemed Jordan had intervened fairly quickly. Still, she was clearly shaken. He might not like Mary as a person or have any respect for her, but still, she was one of his babes. Damaging the merchandise was a grievous offense.

“What the fuck, Mary?” he demanded.

“I don’t know what happened!” she squeaked. “Sydney just freaked out, out of nowhere! She jumped on me and knocked me down and at first I thought it was just another rough sex training day and I had forgotten to prep, but then they started hitting me, and…” Her eyes bloomed with tears, voice growing smaller and smaller until it finally vanished.

“Well what the fuck for? They object to your bullshit evangelizing or something?” He’d had to take her aside early in the course to make sure she understood she needed to quit telling her peers they were going to hell for having orgasms during class. Watching his babes come was the next best thing to coming himself.

“No! I don’t even know! I wasn’t even looking in her direction. I was only stripping for class, like usual, talking to Hannah, and out of nowhere…” She shuddered.

His hands went to his hips, in teacher stance. “So a group of you brainless twats spontaneously flipped their shit and tried to kick your ass, for no reason. That’s your story.”

“That really is what happened,” Hannah chimed in. “She didn’t do anything, Mr. Lyons.”

Jordan rolled his eyes. “Fine, what the fuck ever. I’ll ask them.” He was most of the way to the door before he remembered to stop and ask, “Are you all right, by the way? Need to see the nurse or something?”

Mary shook her head. “I’ll be OK. Thanks, Mr. Lyons.”

The chatter of Mary’s attackers fell silent instantly as he stepped out into the hall. Sydney craned her neck to glare after Mary, though the others at least looked somewhat chastened. Olivia and Courtney stared at the floor; Lindsay had her arms folded defiantly but the fight was fading in her eyes; MacKenzie looked like she might cry herself. “All right, you psycho cunts. What the shit was that? I get the impulse to slap the Jesus out of Mary every day, but you don’t see me actually doing it, do you? What the hell is wrong with you?”

They looked among each other, but nobody spoke up. “You bimbos have to the count of five to fess up. One. Two.”

“What happens at five?” asked Lindsay.

Jordan didn’t have an answer for that. Could he even assign detentions? “Three. Four.”

“Look, it was my fault,” declared an exasperated Sydney. “I started it. Don’t take it out on them. Just me, and Mary. Send us to ISS.”

“What, so you can jump her in the hallway? I’m not a fucking idiot.”

“She deserves it, Mr. Lyons!” Sydney hissed. “All her prissy b.s., and suddenly she was in there *bragging* about giving it up to…”

“Wait, Mary fucked somebody? Somebody else? Outside of class?” His head snapped back in shock. “No fucking way.”

“And she only did it because she knew I liked him!” Sydney snapped.

“You’re not the only one who likes him,” Olivia chimed in. “You don’t own him.”

“Oh please, like you have a shot.”

Courtney threw up her arms. “Look, to be honest, I don’t think either of you are his type. That doesn’t mean Mary didn’t have it coming, throwing it in everyone’s faces like that. Just don’t act like it was already settled or anything.”

Jordan threw up his hands. “Fucking boy troubles? Seriously? Get dicked every week in here, but that’s not enough for you, you gotta jump Mary?”

“I want to apologize,” MacKenzie mumbled. “I don’t know what came over me. I heard her talking, and I just got so *mad*, and… that’s not like me. That’s not the kind of person I am. Definitely not the kind of girl Conner likes.”

Jordan had almost retired his minimal interest in this pathetic little drama of theirs. Then, suddenly, he heard that name.

“He and I already have a date set up!” shot Sydney. “Back the fuck off or I’ll wreck you like I wrecked that skank Mary.”

“Oh fuck you, Syd. Contrary to what they told you during hazing week, cheerleaders don’t have automatic dibs on men.” Lindsay sneered coldly.

“What do you even care, Lezzie Lindsay? Pretty sure he doesn’t have a muff for you to dive into.” Olivia sniffed haughtily.

“Perfect. For the first time in my life I’ve done what my parents dreamed of and fallen for a guy, and still I’m getting shit for it. There really is no pleasing anybody.”

“Well you can’t have him,” said Sydney.

“Yeah!” agreed MacKenzie. “He’s mine!”

“What? No, I meant because he’s *mine*, skank.”

“You wanna throw down? Because you can’t sucker punch me like you did Mary.”

“I’ll show you a punch, bitch!”

“Bring it, bitch!”

“Me first, bitches!”

“*GIRLS!*” roared Jordan. Smoldering eyes shifted grudgingly toward him. What in the name of god was happening?! “Are you stretched out twats talking about… Conner *Fishers*?” His voice raised two octaves unbidden.

Five sighs issued from five babes. “Conner,” cooed at least two of them.

“All of you, to the office. I’ll send down a referral.”

Back in the room, he immediately seized attention back from the crowd around Mary. Every girl in the room was huddled around her, listening to what, from the blissed out look on her face, could only be the tale of her conquest over that limp-dicked loser. The only ones not gathered around were Heather and Angelica, the former frowning at her lap, the latter brimming with contempt.

“Shut the fuck up,” he said, greeting the class for the day’s lesson. “Now show of hands. How many of you idiot sluts have a thing for Conner Fishers? Show of hands.”

Almost every hand went up. Not Heather, not Angelica, and a few others who he suspected were simply being private. Kirsten, naturally, wasn’t about to show her hand, but the sulk in her eyes at seeing all the competition was plain to anyone who knew her.

“What the mother fuck.”

As the hands slipped back down, one of the holdouts went up. “Mr. Lyons?”

“What, Heather.”

“Do you think you could help me study today? I, um, sorta feel like brushing up.”

His fists clenched at the unspoken but obvious *to consolidate my position with Conner*. That son of a bitch. All this time playing at being a choir boy, and finally his true colors showed. Out to beat Jordan at his own game.

“You can play with my big tits, if you want,” Heather prompted, knowing full well how such minor vulgarities revved him up where her epic gazongas were concerned.

“As if that was ever not on the table, you bovine bimbo,” he grumbled.

“Um, can I have a turn, after?” asked Lauren timidly.

“Yeah, Mr. Lyons, I kind of want some practice, too,” said Yuri.

“How do you get a guy to like you, Mr. Lyons? Like, do you just walk up to him and kiss him?” pressed Danielle. A chorus of dreamy sighs followed, a room full of mind-fucked twats ready to serve themselves up on a platter to a twat vegan.

Jordan had no idea what that mother fucker had put into TIOS to pull this off, but no way was Jordan about to sit back and let him get away with it. *Cuck me?* he thought, shucking his pants and directing Conner’s girlfriend to suck him ready. A moment later, Amanda returned with the ice pack; Jordan had her suck on Heather’s tits while she climbed aboard his cock and rode him, those fat sacks slamming into the redhead’s face roughly and repeatedly as he slapped Heather’s ass to spur her onward.

“Can I make a sign-up sheet, Mr. Lyons? For enrichment?” Kiara asked. “Because it looks like there’s gonna be a line.”

“Fine. Whatever. But the next cooze I hear say the name Conner Fishers is flunking the whole fucking course, you bitches hear me?”

He could see the resentment in both girlfriends’ eyes, their reflexive need to defend that spineless turd. Jordan smacked one of Heather’s swinging udders, knocking it into Amanda’s head so hard that she nearly fell over. She grumbled something under her breath, as if the blonde brainiac couldn’t pay for that expensive education she was aiming for by selling the opportunity to be knocked about with those things.

Lauren took charge of sign-ups. The class drew straws, with nearly everybody wanting a turn. Angelica didn’t for the obvious reason, Heather and Amanda because he was already tutoring their uptight twats, and that churchy cunt Mary was the only other holdout. She probably thought she could win Fishers over with milk and cookies or some such bullshit. Fuck, maybe she was the smart one, pussy that he was. If what they were telling him was true, it seemed her peculiar brand of seduction had somehow worked.

Meanwhile, he unloaded on Heather’s pussy. She hadn’t even had to change her clothes for class today, nor for this “lesson.” Her mini skirt didn’t come with panties, and the suspenders that stood in place of a top made sure anybody who cared to look noticed. Fucking Pride sluts and their fucking whore protest. Jordan still wondered if Heather would be disciplined if she went out there naked, or if she was, in the most technical sense, “dressed” enough to keep Beckmann off her case. The costume was even sluttier than her usual; he wondered if it was part of this whole insane fixation on Fishers that was going around.

Nearing climax, he pulled out to dump his load all over Heather’s face, making sure he got plenty in that pretty blonde hair of hers but not sparing her face. A big gob clung to one eyebrow. Far from the first time he’d jizzed on her face, but this time, he grunted an order not to wipe it off. Lauren was at the white board recording the sign-ups with dry erase marker. Jordan swiped her implement out of her hands and stormed back over to his conquest, writing in big sloppy letters across her big sloppy tits. He then drew a snaky arrow up across her neck and face to where it had collected. Bright blue, impossible to miss.

“Not… my…” She frowned, unable to read the part on her belly past her titties. “What’s the rest say?”

“BF’s cum,” supplied Amanda sourly, reading the letters off Heather’s stomach.

“Seriously? What is this supposed to teach me?” griped the blonde.

“Nothing, yet,” he answered with a wolfish grin. “But I expect your assignment to let the marker and the cum dry on you should do wonders to teach you about how much men, even your precious boy-toy, like big-titted skanks who do what they’re told.”

“What? I can’t wear this out of the room, Mr. Lyons!” Her hand swept to the poster on the wall. “What happens in–”

“Nobody’s gonna know it happened in sex ed,” he cut in. “They’ll just figure you were blowing one of your teachers to keep those grades up. Which is close enough to the truth. Whatever. Let ‘em guess. Much attention as those knockers draw, I bet you’ll hear ten rumors by day’s end. And if you want full credit, you won’t say a word to dispel any of ‘em.”

“Real mature. Just because she and Con–” She cut short, remembering his edict about saying the name, but after a moment, he saw the steely look in her eyes as she summoned the resolve to push through it. God, she was so much hotter for being able to fight back, and for doing it so fucking pathetically. “Ahem. Just because C-Conner has been seeing her, you can’t trash her reputation like this.” She let out a pained gasp at the successful completion of her forbidden sentence.

“Amanda!” squeaked Heather at the blasphemous act.

Jordan took one of the redhead’s nipples in each hand, twisting and jerking down simultaneously until he’d brought her to her knees. “Oh, fuck off, Mandy. Only reason I ain’t doing the same to you is ‘cause you’d summon both ounces of your willpower and wash the shit off before lunch. Waste of perfectly good cum, that’s what you are.” He took a handful of her hair and wiped Heather’s and his combined cum off his dick.

“You’re a fucking pig, Mister…” She braced herself. “Jordan.”

“Oh, fuck off. Now go on, you two. Put your names up there so you can get get a shot at learning how to satisfy your boyfriend. Can’t promise I won’t stretch your little cunts out so you won’t feel him in there, but hey, no accounting for tastes.”

Heather frowned, but indeed shuffled over to Lauren and asked if it wasn’t too late to sign up for a slot. A huddle immediately formed, anxious hens clucking at her, asking if it was true that you-know-who was her boyfriend, not just her prom date, how serious it was, if she was into threesomes. That speculation was one shy of the truth, Jordan knew; he had already caught Fishers’ little TIOS fuckery about his post-prom foursome.

Meanwhile, Amanda was still kneeling, glaring.

“What’s the matter? Think your cunt’s already up to snuff? Because believe me, you could stand a refresher, randy Mandy.” He sneered down at her. There was an art to sneering, and he’d gotten a lot of practice in. A lot of it on Amanda.

“I think I’ll be just fine,” she said. Her return sneer didn’t land; you couldn’t condescend to someone while in the midst of scraping their cum out of your hair.

“Oh yeah? Sounds like you’re about to lose your boyfriend to half the fucking senior class. I know you and him got that office all to yourselves last period, but the night is long and full of titties. You gotta be nuts if you think he’s gonna stay true to you when he’s got babes like Lauren and Ashley and Kirsten and all them tossing their panties at him.”

“They’ll get over it soon enough. And you don’t know the first thing about what love is, J-Jordan.”

He stiffened a little at her stutter. God, he should have left more fight in these bitches. “I think I’m going to fucking barf. Love? Are you retarded or something? He fucked Mary *last night*. He’s banging Heather, banging Miss C…”

A few of the girls nearby gasped at overhearing that juicy little tidbit. Oops. The news was immediately whispered into the huddle. Lucky for that slut coworker of his that sex ed was a confidential space.

Amanda folded her arms, shelving her own not unimpressive rack. “He was ‘banging’ Hailey for a while, too, if I recall.”

“Operative word ‘was,’ bitch.” Another gasp, another round of whispers. The gossip was thick in there today.

“Yeah. Past tense. You’re probably right.” Amanda stood. “Anyway, you have fun fucking your way down your sign-up list. I’ll be at my desk, doing something much more exciting, like brushing up on my pre-cal.”

His fists were two tight balls, but he let her swagger away. Once she was at her desk, looking far too satisfied at perusing her notes, he turned to the rest of the class gathered around Fishers’ other two sexual conquests. “Mary? Sit on Amanda’s face for the rest of the period. Amanda? Make her come. See if there’s any swimmers left in there for you. You know she’ll flush ‘em out if there are.”

It only took two asks from Mary before the redhead’s resolve not to fixate on her grade in the class broke. With his eyes on the prim brunette perching on her classmate’s sullen face, he inspected the list on the board. “All right, Joanna. Looks like you’re up first.”

Joanna Pedretti, blinking those long lashes of hers fetchingly, scurried to the front of the room. “Ready, Mr. Lyons! Thank you for teaching me, by the way. This is so nice of you, to go the extra mile. It’s nice to have a teacher you can trust with relationship stuff.” Some of her peers muttered about her evident acceleration of the use of the word “relationship,” but everyone kept calm, at least.

“Yeah, yeah. Mouth closed, legs open.” The girl’s jaw clicked shut as she hopped onto his desk and threw her thighs wide. Her pussy was almost as neatly maintained as those eyelashes.

He made it through three more girls before class ended, though he didn’t have time to come in Stacy thanks to that goddamn water fountain. The scratch had stopped bleeding, thankfully, though he’d forgotten the ice pack in all that fucking and was definitely starting to swell up. Three fucks, and at last his head was clear enough to realize what he’d missed.

*They’ll get over it,* she’d said. Automatically, and too self-assured to be her usual cocky demeanor. *They’ll get over it soon enough.*

That firecrotch bitch knew something about this, he was sure of it. Whatever it was, he was going to find out.

**Part Six: The Third Thing**

*Can I ask what this is about?*

*Just come? Please.*

That had been enough. Somehow, that simple “please” had been enough.

Heather Blake was not prone to pacing. Plenty of high achievers might have that deep vein of anxiety in them, but not her. When they were medicating (or self-medicating), Heather was studying. When they were in therapy for their hardships in the trials of getting smarter, Heather was out with her friends, enjoying what time she had with them before the fall came, and her life up-ended forever. She’d always prided herself on her level-headedness and pragmatism.

Tonight, however, she paced. Still no sign of Conner through the blinds in her bedroom. They were going to bend if she kept peeking through them like that. Still, it meant she still had time to change. Again. What was she doing in this outfit anyway? Jeans and a sweater? Was she on her way to choir practice or preparing to have what could be the most consequential meeting of her life with the man of her dreams?

She changed. There were half a dozen outfits scattered on the floor of her usually tidy bedroom, pants and tops and leggings and blouses and dresses and sweaters and more. Nearly as many sets of underwear, as if that mattered. If it came to the point of Conner seeing her in her underwear, it was probably well on the way to Conner seeing her *out* of her underwear.

But what if it *did* matter? This time, a dress. Not a short one like the second ensemble. No, this one hung to her knees and then some. Plain black, with white patterns embroidered across the chest and skirt, but a splash of cleavage. He saw far more in her Pride protests, but Conner understood the gulf between sexy cleavage and political cleavage, and appreciated the former without pressuring or expecting, while applauding the latter for what it was meant to be. Not that he had never come out and said he was into her for her breast size, but he was a guy. *So* much a guy, more than she ever would have guessed. He had to like them. No sense not giving him a little peek at the peaks, not when there was this much on the line.

Back to the window. Still no sign of–

A pair of headlights slowed near the winding gravel driveway and turned in. That was as much as she could see, but her mother was at her pottery class (and probably drinks with the girls after), so who else could it be? Her heart suddenly thundered in her chest. He was here, like he’d promised. This was happening. It was *real*.

This dress was so stupid. How trampy would it be to bring him here and shove her boobs in his face to seduce him into… No. The fabric slapped against the wall as she threw it off, fluttering down to the floor as her fingers rifled through her closet for a replacement. Her mind raced as well.

What was wrong with wanting to look sexy for your boyfriend?

*He’s* not *your boyfriend.*

But sort of, right? After spring break, after prom night… those weren’t things a girl did with some random guy.

*Only you thought he wasn’t the sort to do those things with some random girl, and now he’s had sex with that horrid Mary Buchanan. Maybe* you’re *some random girl.*

No. No! He asked me out last semester and he *fainted* when I said no. I’m not just another warm body.

*Another, after Miss C, and Amanda, and Olivia, and Mary?*

All right, fine! So Conner’s a guy! What guy wouldn’t sleep with a bunch of beautiful women if he could? So she needed to show him she was special.

*A special woman, or a special pair of titties?*

I can be both!

*So be both.*

The car was at the house now. Stalling for time, she sent a hasty text. *The front door’s open.* There. Now down the hall into the bathroom, a few more seconds in front of the mirror, tug everything into place…

“Heather?” came a voice from the doorway. Heather stepped into the hallway, allowing herself a moment to admire her guy’s backside before clearing her throat to alert his attention.

“Heather…?”

She walked right up to him and wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. It wasn’t until she felt his tongue in her mouth that she fully appreciated how much she’d needed this after the day she’d had. Having an ex-boyfriend as a teacher, especially with that misogynist sex ed curriculum they’d given him, was a trial any day. Having to wear his cum and his words on her body all day, the looks, the whispers… it had been the low point in the campaign against that sexist relic of a dress code. Thank goodness Conner hadn’t been in class during yearbook to see it.

“Hi, Conner. Thank you for coming over.”

He looked her over again – more than fine by her – and then finally pried his eyes off her body and looked back into her bedroom. “What happened in here? It’s like a tornado went through your closet.”

“Oh, just doing a little reorganizing,” she lied. “We can go in, if it doesn’t bother you.”

“Um, maybe… maybe we should talk downstairs?”

Heather hadn’t planned on throwing him into her bed and fucking him. Definitely not. Still, she was disappointed to learn that this wouldn’t be a happening that occurred organically. Her other plans could have been delayed, if he’d wanted. Oh well.

“Sure, if that would be more comfortable for you. Whatever you want.”

She led him downstairs, keenly aware of his eyes on her backside. Who could blame him? He hadn’t seen her in school today; she couldn’t find him at lunch, and then his absence seventh period. To see her now, wearing her Pride wear at home… it had never happened. Her mother would never let her out of the house in those clothes, and she wasn’t about to let creeps on the street see her so close to naked when they had no context for the message those clothes (and lack of clothes) were meant to send. Heather had showered after school, the very moment she got in the door in fact, to finally remove the dry cum flakes from her face and scrub off that blue marker. *Not my BF’s cum*. Ugh! Sometimes she felt like Jordan was abusing his position as teacher to embarrass her. Not that she could complain to anyone. Sex ed problems required sex ed solutions. Which usually meant kowtowing to whatever degrading thing he demanded of her. If she could handle that smug bitch Miss C, she could handle a comparative kitten like Jordan.

In any event, for the first time, she was wearing her Pride wear outside of school, in front of another person. (Technically she’d worn it at home before since she did have to try the stuff on, after all. Wouldn’t send much of a message about the objectification of the swim team if her string bikini wouldn’t cover her nipples.)

Today, it was a short, pleated skirt, held a little above its intended place by a pair of red suspenders. A horizontal elastic strap wrapped around the midsection, holding them tight against her body so that they even ran down the lower slope of her breasts and then held flat against her stomach. It was as if they were glued to her skin. Much more stable this way than in her trial run without the strap. It even kept the suspenders aligned over her nipples, except when she walked. Or coughed. It couldn’t cover the entire areolae, of course, but areolae sent a message, both to administrators. Presently, it also sent one to Conner. She hadn’t had time to put the stockings back on, but she’d managed to give her breasts a fresh glitter dusting to make sure they caught the eye.

In fact…

Heather turned around and walked him down the stairs backwards. His eyes were riveted on her chest. Good thing, because she had next to no grace like this. Best he fixate on her strengths and not how she was tottering around like one of the cows Jordan liked to compared her to. Sweet Conner didn’t seem to mind.

She took him to the living room and offered him a spot on the loveseat, then curled up beside him, legs tucked under her body. She had so much she wanted to say, but the way he was ogling her, Heather wasn’t about to interrupt that. Her smarts weren’t only good for the classroom.

It was strange how the same outfit she’d felt so empowered in all day – aside from the cum and the malicious lies on her skin – now made her feel so vulnerable. It was almost objectifying, looking at it this way. She could almost see how having 95% of her titties hanging out, to say nothing of her thighs exposed all the way up to her pussy, could distract boys from learning.

“You can touch me, if you want,” she offered softly.

*What? That’s NOT what you invited him–*

“Is that what you invited me over for?” Conner asked, suddenly sounding guarded. He squirmed in his seat, putting a couple more gloomy inches between them, all the more the narrow seating allowed. “To make out, or whatever?”

“Well, not *only* that,” she said playfully. *Not that at all! Right? Stick to the plan!* “But I couldn’t help but notice somebody’s eyes have been glued to my boobs since he showed up.”

“Well sure, but I mean…” For a moment, her temper flared when she heard the lead-in to that sad, tired “but look what she was wearing, she was asking for it,” but this was Conner. He knew better. He *was* better. If he was unable to resist the temptation to ogle her body, it was because he loved Heather Blake the person, not Heather Blake the big-tittied blonde. “You sounded in your text like you wanted to talk. Not… that.”

“Well I do. I, um, I think we might have kind of a lot to talk about.”

Conner sighed. “The rumors.”

Heather winced. So he’d heard. Not surprising. Heather wasn’t the most popular girl in school, not by a long shot, but she was Hayleigh- and Kirsten-adjacent enough that people talked sometimes. “Yeah, I guess that’s a good place to start. Look, I’m not supposed to say this, but… it was Jordan.”

*Flirting with that line, aren’t you? That was a sex ed assignment.*

It was all right, though, right? The assignment had been to wear the markings and the cum without explanation, but… this was Conner. She hadn’t explicitly defended her honor, and not like Conner was going to blab that she was setting her record straight. Her grade wasn’t in jeopardy. At least Jordan’s grading system was fair, however brutal, not dropping her score because she’d rejected his favorite student. Though in hindsight, maybe she’d deserved it. Conner. Mm.

“It… it was?” Conner suddenly whooped and threw a triumphant fist in the air. The noise was unexpected, sudden; she snapped back so fast her left boob bobbled out of the suspender. She tucked the nipple back in quickly. Quickly ish. “I knew it! I fucking knew that son of a bitch was behind it!”

Thank god he understood! She supposed it wasn’t *that* surprising, considering he’d subbed for the class briefly. It was weird to think of Conner, her classmate, as a substitute, especially since she’d been put on other projects during his short tenure and hadn’t actually been in the classroom. Still, he knew how that class was.

Heather let out a sigh of relief and explained what she could. “Of course he was! I didn’t want to get into it, ‘cause you know, but… I’m so glad you get it. You have to understand I would never walk around all day with a guy’s cum on my face or those awful words on my body if not for–”

“Wait, you *what*?!”

“I… you know. Like you said, the rumors.”

“I meant the rumors about me and Olivia and Mary. What rumors were *you* talking about?”

“The rumors about… look, it’s from you-kn0w-where. I mean, you understand, right? I know you understand. It was just a really dumb assignment, that’s all.”

Conner’s eyes narrowed, but after a moment, he gave her a soft nod that reassured Heather that he did indeed understand. She wondered if her classmates’ boyfriends were as understanding about them having sex with their teacher all the time. Did any of them still have boyfriends? Her hands didn’t have enough fingers to track all the girls who’d dumped their significant others this morning so they could have a chance at Conner.

Tamara Neal had been dating Simon Heine since middle school, and Heather had listened in quiet dread during third period as she told him that she was over him, that she’d fallen in love with another man. No faulting her taste, she supposed, but still. Cold.

“Well if it’s an assignment, then… you were just doing what you had to. I’m sorry you had to go through that.”

Heather sighed a bit too dramatically. *God* she loved this boy. Her whole life she’d told herself that her dreams came first, with boys a distant second. Fifth, more like it. She never knew she could love a boy this much. “Thank you for understanding.”

Conner’s smile was mild, and short-lived. “Um, so about my rumor… Something tells me you already heard, since you didn’t, you know, hit me.”

“I’m not going to hit you.”

His smile was still nervous. “That’s a relief. Look, I know things have been, you know, weird. Intense. I wish I knew what to say to you, but…”

Heather put her hands over his. They were so cold, the poor thing. Hers felt like they were on fire. Everything felt that way, come to think of it, ever since he’d reminded her about the other women he’d been fooling around with. Something about knowing how easily he could have another woman in his arms, it drove her absolutely *wild*. That foursome must have knocked something loose.

“It’s all right, Conner. Actually, if it’s OK, I had a few things I wanted to say to you. Sort of related to that.”

He winced. “Oh. Um, if you’re breaking up our non-official relationship or whatever, you can do your speech and all, but… just tell me up front? So I don’t faint in front of you. Again.”

“Breaking up with…?!” She slapped his chilly fingers.

“You said you weren’t going to hit me!”

*Nice going. Assault the guy before you–*

“I’m sorry. It’s just… god, Conner, of course I’m not going to break up with you. I was worried *you* were going to break up with *me*!”

“What? You mean because of Mary?”

“And Olivia, and Amanda, and I guess now maybe Miss freaking C of all people for some reason…”

“No. Heather, that wasn’t… Mary and Olivia mean *nothing* to me. I didn’t even do anything with Olivia, besides. She kissed me and I guess because of who she’s friends with everybody assumed I initiated, but I didn’t.”

“I believe you,” she assured him. How Conner had gone from anonymous nice guy to the dream boy of half the girls at Northside overnight, she had no idea. Well, no, she got it exactly. She just didn’t know how they had all realized together what she’d been afraid to admit to herself all along.

“As for Amanda and Kristy… that’s more complicated. I’m not sure I have a satisfactory explanation for what happened after prom, but I promise you, it was a one-time thing. I will never take advantage of–”

“I want to do it again,” she blurted. It was breaking her heart to hear him try to apologize when she wasn’t even mad. “All right, that’s not where I wanted to start this, but here we are. Can I, um, talk now?”

“Oh. Yeah. You can… you know. Talk.”

“Thank you. Look, it’s been a weird ride for us this past school year for sure. But I’ve finally had some time to think things over, or maybe I finally made myself stop putting it off. Whyever it is, I… well, I have three things I want to ask from you. And you can say yes or no to any or all of them, think things over if you need time, whatever. OK?”

Conner held his tongue, simply nodding for her to go on.

“OK. Cool. So… here goes.” She smoothed the skirt across the few inches of her lap that it covered. More a couple than a few, really. “First thing. So, earlier this year, you asked me out, and at the time, I… well, I was caught off guard and I didn’t know what to say in the moment and I said the wrong thing. And you paid the price for it. What Jordan did to you that day, all that… I feel awful about it.”

“That wasn’t your–”

“I know,” she said softly, putting a finger to his lips. “But I still feel awful that it happened. So the first thing, I want you to let me come to you tomorrow during seventh period and set the record right. Let me ask you… No. Let me *beg* you to go out with me. Let everyone see how badly I want to be with you. All those ignorant jerks who laughed at you because they thought my indecision meant you weren’t the awesome person who you are, let them see how much I need you.”

She waited a moment to at last pull back her finger, and finally he responded. “Um, I’m not sure Kristy will want us making a, uh, scene. Like that.”

Good ol’ Conner. Pouring her heart out, and there he was worried about disturbing that arrogant asshole Miss C’s class. She could kiss him. She *would* kiss him. Not yet – but soon.

“I feel like she owes me a favor or two for not telling everyone she slept with three of her students. I have a picture of her lipstick on my pussy.” The lipstick itself didn’t prove anything, of course, but the fact that it was a recognizable shot of Miss C’s master bathroom with a timestamp from two hours after the prom probably did. That had been around the time she’d begun to suspect that Miss C’s sexual relationship with Conner might not be *completely* coerced. She’d been so fucking jealous, she’d raced back to the bedroom and made out with Amanda until he couldn’t not fuck her again.

“Heather, if you want me to say we’re officially a couple, you don’t need to do all *that*.”

“That’s not what I’m asking for. Tomorrow, when I plead for you to be my boyfriend in front of everybody, you can say yes or no or whatever. What I’m asking you for now is to let me ask.”

“You really, *really* don’t need to do that.”

“I think I can decide what my own needs are, Conner.”

He grimaced. “Is it OK if I say I’d rather you didn’t?”

Ow. That stung worse than she’d wanted it to. Fair, after how she’d humiliated him, and then how dismissive she’d been of that humiliation since. Still, if he’d said no to that…

Conner sensed the mood, and allowed her some minutes of sullen silence. For a moment, she’d curled her knees up to her chest, though as soon as she realized what a sulky childish gesture it was, she forced them back down. Plus, they’d been hiding her boobs. You didn’t plead with one arm tied behind your back, not when the stakes were this high.

*Think he’d like you better with your arms tied behind your back?*

“You said there were other things?” he prompted gently at last.

Heather forced a smile and dared to look up at him. “Yeah. There… well, there was going to be a second question, but… maybe I should skip to the third thing beforehand. You’ll probably like that better. Yeah no, forget thing two.”

“Heather… it’s OK. You can ask. Whatever it is, I want to hear it.”

“No really, the third one is way better. Trust me. Let’s–”

He squeezed her hands firmly, and she fell silent. “Heather. What’s thing two.”

She took a deep breath, and when that betrayed a tremble in her jaw, she took a few more until she had regained a little trust in her voicebox. Here went nothing.

“So, this is kind of nebulous, so let me kind of babble this out, OK? All right. So… I want to be with you. I know we talked about how it could be temporary, because in the fall and everything. But here it is. If I get to Berkeley, I want you to come with me. If I don’t, then I want to apply wherever you decide to go. If you don’t want to go to Berkeley, then I want to do that anyway. Wherever you’re going to be, I want us to be there together..”

She saw he was going to interject, but she held up the finger again, this time only as a warning, before continuing. “I know I’m asking a lot, but I don’t want you to feel pressured, OK? I know you’re… well, you’re not the kind of guy who settles down with just one woman. I get that – and I’m OK with it. If you want to keep having fun with Amanda or Mary or whoever, that’s fine. If you want me to join you guys, that’s fine too. Even…” She took a deep breath. “Even Miss C. If that’s what you want.”

*Please don’t let him want that again.*

Unable to read his expression, she stumbled onward through her pitch. It had been so much more cogent in her rehearsals! “I know at Berkeley, you wouldn’t really know anybody else, but don’t worry. I’m really out-going, and I’ve always been pretty good at making friends. I’ll help you find more women, introduce you to people so you can still, like, live your life or whatever. They have sororities, so I figured maybe I could join one – I was going to do an academic one, but I could do one of the ones with all the hot party girls. It might be easier that way, help you find a social life, sexual life to your standard.

“Or I’ll go with you to state school, and I can do the same there. Or if girls you know from Northside are going there, we can, you know, whatever, with them. I’ll help. I just want you to be happy, and to be with you as much as I can for as long as you’ll let me. And if someday you want to settle down with just me, then awesome, and if you want to keep living large, then I’ll… adjust. Because you’re someone worth making adjustments for. And I hate that it’s taken me this long to realize it, but I’m here now, for you. With you. For as long as you’ll let me.”

She stopped herself. That had been pretty decent, right? She thought she was being pretty reasonable, meeting him halfway like that. There were plenty of concessions she was willing to make if her initial offer wasn’t satisfactory. She could try to get Jordan to let him do some more subbing (or maybe get him sick or injured on purpose, if needs be). That was the easiest way to prove her openness to a new relationship paradigm. Sure, there would be lesson plans he’d have to follow, but if it went anything like Jordan’s usual classes, it would consist of Conner getting to fuck any hot girl he wanted, so it would still serve her purpose in addition to the broader educational mission.

Not that she thought it was all sexual. Maybe he felt threatened by her success? She didn’t think so; Conner was a decent feminist himself. Still, if she needed to drop out of school altogether for a while, take care of him full-time, then she would. If he needed that more than for a while, like forever, she could consider that, too.

*Consider, like you haven’t already fantasized about it.*

Whatever he needed from her, she was going to provide it, like he had for her. It wasn’t his fault if her only need from him was his love. He’d always given her that, though, even before she’d been ready for it. Now, she’d do anything to keep it.

Anything.

“I… I’m flattered, first of all,” he said after taking a moment to consider. “Yes, I do want to be with you. Long-term. Gosh, Heather, I’ve wanted to be with you since as long as I can remember, and that hasn’t changed one bit. We can talk about the where and how of it, but you are *not* not doing Berkeley for me, understand? Once you nail valedictorian – which I know you will – you’re going.”

“So you’ll come with?”

“I… I don’t know. I think I could? But… it’s complicated. I’m not sure what life will be like after graduation. Not sure anybody is, honestly. Still, even if it means we have to take a break, I would wait for you. I promise, I would. Heck, I waited through all of high school to be with you, no way I’m giving up now.”

“Take a break? You mean, like, for all of college?”

“Or maybe I could transfer close by after a year or so, you know, to keep the bills down? Out of state tuition, even at other schools in the area…”

A year. A whole *year* without him. A year in which Amanda and probably that treacherous hag Miss C would have carte blanche to sink their hooks into him and take him away from her! No way. But he was still talking.

“But I promise, we will be together. So yes. Thing two, yes. As long as you want to be with me, I want to be with you. We can fine tune details sometime – sometime soon – but for now, yes.”

Heather threw herself at him. His lips had never been so soft, his body so warm, his essence so satisfying to be pressed against. God, she never wanted to leave this place, this moment. His hands on her waist, his tongue in her mouth, it was suddenly much easier to imagine being satisfied abandoning her old dream to focus full-time on her new one. To think that less than a day ago the cock she now felt pressing into the fabric between them had been buried inside of Mary Buchanan… god, she was horny. And lucky.

Unfortunately they made out for only a short while, before, as she was about to take off her very limited clothes, he finally pulled away long enough to get a word in. “Um, wasn’t there a third thing? Not that I don’t want to keep… but I am dying of curiosity here.”

*Damn. You were almost enough for him.*

Heather forced a smile. “Well we can’t have that.”

Neveah Kinslan shivered, again, but still couldn’t have said if it was the chill in this place, or just nerves.

Mary Buchanan. If there were a girl in the whole world she could have made last in line to get to fuck Conner, it would be Mary Jesus-fucking Buchanan. Neveah almost wished that bitch’s cult was right, just so she could be there to see the look on Mary’s face when her god sent her lying, scheming, whore ass straight to hell.

To say nothing of Olivia. God, *Olivia*? That ditzy moron minion? At least her mistress knew how to take what she wanted. Shit, Neveah respected Kirsten, even if she still hated her. Thank god the alpha bitch was buried mothball deep in the closet, or this competition for Conner cock would be over before it started. She’d feigned interest, of course, because a trend couldn’t be trending that loudly without Kirsten attaching her name to it, but no worries there. How nobody in class had noticed how much louder she came during partner practice than any of the guided instructions was beyond her.

*Fuck* it was cold. Well, no. It was just that it was fifty-something, and far enough into the spring that the fifties didn’t feel like the seventies any more. She normally liked to be cold. It was her aesthetic, and in her own way, she was as invested in her aesthetic as the blandly hot girls like Kirsten or Olivia were in theirs. Still, cold was cold, and mistress of the dark or no, her pussy wasn’t going to work right if it was freezing its lips off. The blanket that had been left for her mocked her with its offer of warmth.

But no. No covering all this up.

It was, to be sure, a good look. Deep purple vinyl pants, for starters. She’d gotten them for a rave she went to last fall, but this semester Mr. Lyons had put her on a stricter diet. It hadn’t been enough to be thin with big boobs and a big ass, no, the misogynist prick had needed the legs to go with the waist. The asshole couldn’t handle the look of a real woman’s body among all those waifs and their buck twenty bods. Physically, all the legwork had made her feel healthier, but knowing it was all for gratification of the male gaze had taken away any joy in it. At least until she had a male she wanted to gratify. The pants still looked pretty hot, though. She’d gotten matching boots to go with them, too.

As for the top… well, that was more of a middle. As in, it was a black vinyl corset, only there was nothing across the bust. Barely anything, anyway, merely a small support under her girls that gave them a little extra heft. She looked even bigger than Heather in this thing, and with her petite build was naturally perkier even without the help. Her tits were out and proud, completely uncovered, decorated with a band of thin silver chains suspended between two clamps on her nipples. They weren’t full hard core S&M type shit, quite. The clamps were padded a bit so it only hurt in the long-term while not chewing up her nips.

All that plus some extra studs, every piercing filled with something, including a silver septum piercing with a few blue studs in it. Fake, but only because she was saving for more ink first. Her tattoos were doing their work as well. The cobra on her left shoulder, the leafless tree on her left arm, the dagger on her thigh as a memento of her cutting days. The girls in second period thought it was just another goth thing. Barbie bitches.

Neveah resisted the impulse to sneak a cigarette. Not that she gave two shits if this stupid shed burned down, but a little research had confirmed that Conner didn’t like smoking. She could quit, she supposed. Or better yet, get him started. Nothing like a good ciggy after sex. She couldn’t wait to show him that.

At long last, she heard voices outside. She recognized both of them, heart quickening at the sound of Conner’s voice.

Hard to believe she’d agreed to this. She never would’ve figured she’d require the assist. Cornered in her little alcove behind the Coke machine, she’d figure it’d be no trouble getting Conner’s pants off and enticing him to rock her world. He was a boy, for fuck’s sake. A high school boy. They got hard zipping up their pants and they came when they sneezed too hard. For the first time in her life, she’d been grateful for the presence of a white cis hetero male to fetishize and objectify the shit out of her – and instead he’d practically sprinted away.

She wasn’t going to make him pay for that, though only because she was fucking obsessed with him. What else would she be doing freezing her tits off in this stupid third-rate greenhouse in the middle of BFE?

The door swung open at last. Heather entered first, but she was leading in Conner by the hand. His eyes were closed. A guessing game, then, or some such white bread bullshit. Whatever. Heather looked to her classmate and put a finger to her lips; Neveah nodded. This was her show. She had her pride, but sometimes a girl had to acknowledge when she was being tossed some scraps and wolf them down. Fight when you were stronger.

Frankly, she’d been suspicious of this whole thing. Heather Blake had always seemed like one of those bitches who found Hallmark movies inspirational, but you never really knew. She swam with some sharks on occasion, after all, so knives out was not the way. Heather’s friends Kirsten and Hayleigh might be royal cunts, but getting on their radar was one of the fastest ways to make the shitshow that was high school a true nightmare. Still, try as she might, she couldn’t avoid hearing some of the omnipresent second period gossip. Heather had been tight with Conner for a while now, so if she was willing to share, Neveah wasn’t about to say no. Why the busty blonde had sought her out, she had no idea, but if it was a trick… well, knives out was still an option.

Heather led Conner nearby. God he was so fucking hot. She wanted to burn his clothes off and ride his naked flaming dick.

“Now watch your step, OK? It’s pretty clean in here, but the floorboards aren’t totally level,” Heather was saying.

“Noted. Now what are we… hey, where are you going?”

Heather released her grip on his hand and kicked off her flip-flops, padding silently over to where Neveah was standing. “Now come toward my voice, nice and careful.” Heather placed herself right behind her guest, who quickly understood the game. Neveah placed her hands on her hips, thrusting her chest forward.

“Are you… all right, I’ll…” He stumbled in his first step, but after that, Conner planted his feet carefully one after the other. Like any blind man, he reached out instinctively with his hands to feel for obstacles. Neveah braced herself, step by step, for his touch. They were at the right level. It was perfect. She was going to get felt up by this weirdo bitch’s boyfriend, and once she showed him what she had to offer, he’d be hers. Getting felt up had never been so goddamn hot before.

Heather’s chest, covered only in a pair of suspenders, pressed into her bare back. Neveah had a couple inches on the blonde, though neither were tall. Heather rested her chin on Neveah’s shoulder; she accommodated by tilting her head to the side. When Heather spoke, the voice would be coming from where Neveah was standing.

“Almost there. Good, keep your hands out like that. A few more steps. Closer… closer…”

His hands at long last made contact. Neveah steered her chest into the correct place, bending slightly, so that he grasped one tit in each hand. The O of his mouth bespoke that he understood what he’d found, but to give due credit to the trust he placed in this conniving bitch who was in the midst of deceiving him, he kept those eyes closed.

“Heather, you’re… oh wow. Wow, I almost forgot how amazing you… wow.” She squeezed her tits softly. Heather’s breath was hot on her neck. That did nothing for her – not that she was some ultra-hetero asswipe, but this bitch was stabbing Conner in the back right in front of her and therefore didn’t deserve him.

Still, the hands. Neveah’s eyes squeezed shut in ecstasy and she had to bite down on her lower lip to keep from making a noise.

“You like them?” Heather asked softly.

“I *love* them,” he answered immediately, emphatically. “The suspenders, that little cross strap thingy, it feels… feels weird.”

Heather giggled at his mistake as he ran his fingers along Neveah’s chains. He somehow either didn’t notice the clamps, or mistook them for Heather’s big hard nipples. “Here, let me get those out of the way for you. No peeking until I say though, remember.”

“I remember.”

Heather reached around and delicately removed the clamps. For a moment, her hardened nipples roared in fresh agony upon their release, but then they remembered the feel of this incubus’s hands on them and forgot anything but the bliss of being touched. Groped, really. His fingers sunk in deep, squeezing hard. Having a boy play with her tits had never been so amazing before. She could almost see why so many of her female peers got so fixated on placating the patriarchy with their bodies.

Was that why he’d spurned her after school yesterday? Maybe she was too intimidating in her raw natural form. Maybe–

“Do you remember what we did on that beach during spring break?” Heather asked.

*Please say he fucked her*, she thought. *Please, Satan, tell me he fucked her for a whole goddamn week.*

“I… yeah. You really… I mean, we could do something else, if you want. I mean, not that I don’t want that, because I do, but–”

“I want it, Conner.”

“OK. So… can I open my eyes now?”

“Not yet. Focus on the sensations. Concentrate on the pleasure I’m about to give you.”

That was one way of putting what seemed like it was about to go down. Whatever. Heather made a gesture to lower herself to the ground. Great. Getting fucked on the dusty floor of a greenhouse. Whatever. It was Conner. She’d fuck him in a truck stop men’s room if that was all she could get. Her pussy would never forgive her if she passed on an opportunity. Why Heather was just giving him away… she shook her head as she spread her legs. Foresight had been hers. She’d ditched seventh period to run home and cut a gap in the crotch of the vinyl pants after Heather had made her pitch. She wouldn’t even need to take her pants off for him to–

Hang on.

Heather knelt next to her and guided Conner to the floor. Except instead of positioning him between Neveah’s widespread legs, he was… straddling her waist. What was she doing? Was this blonde twat serious?

Conner undid his fly, and out popped the best dick in the entire universe. In an instant, she forgave the deceit. Heather had certainly implied this would be a pussy stuffing, not some bullshit tit fuck. But what the hell ever. That cock, that crimson, raging storm of a cock… he could put it wherever he wanted. If Conner wanted to ram it in her belly button and disembowel her with the thing, Neveah would be up for seeing him try. A little pain always made things better anyway.

Heather maneuvered his shaft between Neveah’s tits, and she gasped at the sensation. It was so *hot*, in every meaning of the word. Her tits had always been a double-edged sword. Heavy, awkward, drawing all sorts of undesired attention; meanwhile they were sexy, intimidating, and most important of all, *hers*. Suddenly, they were catapulted one hundred percent into the pro column. That he wasn’t questioning that they were Heather’s wasn’t her favorite, but at least she was being mistaken for the titty queen of Northside and not some nobody. She wondered if, as he went on, the contours of her corset might be perceived even through his pants. She hoped so. Neveah couldn’t wait for him to realize who was really doing this for him.

With impressive quietude, Heather repositioned herself to lie down with her head beside Neveah’s, legs stretching out in the other direction. Neveah wouldn’t have minded the chance to cut that smug look off her face, but then, she spoke, and all was forgiven.

“Go on, Conner. Enjoy them.”

His dick was big enough to lay flat against Neveah’s chest. It was the perfect size, she thought, neither aggressively large nor forgettably petite. Closer to the former, she thought. Exactly what she wanted. Neveah pressed her tits together so they wrapped softly around his member, and, after a delectably agonizing pause, he began to thrust.

It was slow going. They’d done nothing to reduce friction, after all. With a girl like Heather wrapped around his finger, no doubt he knew enough about fucking a girl’s tits to know how to avoid chaffing. Likewise, Mr. Lyons had done Neveah’s so many times, she didn’t even have to think about the right amount of pressure. Which was good, because looking at Conner, stabbing his manhood in and out of her womanhood. Or was that her pussy? Fuck, who cared, he was fucking her *somewhere*. Who cared where or how.

Heather sighed happily. Conner smiled. Neveah glared, especially once she realized she’d been smiling too. Thank god his eyes were closed.

Before long, he was bending down to get his hands in on the game. How many tits had these hands felt up? However many, there were two more. He was gentle about it, more than she would have preferred, but that was fine. He imagined he was tending to his delicate flower, not a real woman, one who welcomed a man who wanted to twist her nipples off. She’d teach him another time. For now, his fingers were teasing delicately across her bare skin as she arched her back, silently imploring him to dig in.

“I’m *so* happy right now, Conner,” purred Heather.

“Well if you’re happy, imagine how I feel. God, these things feel amazing. I don’t know if you’ve been moisturizing or what, but they give your pussy a run for its money.”

Oh *fuck*. Her tits were a better fit for Conner’s dick than that snake’s cunt. Neveah moaned. In spite of herself, she moaned.

Conner laughed. “That’s a new sound. You OK down there?”

Heather sat up and shot her an exasperated look before replying. “Sorry. You look so happy. It’s such a turn-on. Don’t stop, OK?”

“Your wish is my command, my dear.”

A molten rod of pleasure ground in between her tits. Her boobs. Her jugs. Her big fat Conner-fucking titties. Fuck, she loved these things. In the back of her mind she was deleting everything from her wardrobe that didn’t make these babies pop. She wanted to make sure any time Conner saw her, he remembered this and felt invited to do it again. She only wished she could invite him to stick it in her mouth, give him a little something to lubricate. (Also, selfishly, to get her mouth around that thing.)

Evidently, Conner was feeling the same way, though. “Um, Heather? I’m getting close, but… do you still have that lotion or anything out here? It’s, you know. Frictiony. Not that I’m complaining.” Heather was already hopping to her feet as he continued. “Or, you know, there’s the other way to get it wet. ”

He was *so* close. She licked her hands and gave him a few two-fisted wanks for a ghost of lubrication, then quickly sandwiched him in again and rubbed them on him faster.

“Or that. That was excellent.” Conner groaned contentedly.

“Oh! Well if that’s enough…” Heather said from ten feet away, where she was retrieving something from a drawer in some cabinetry.

They both realized her mistake at the same moment. Conner’s eyes opened.

“Neveah?!” Conner exclaimed.

“Oh crap. I can explain,” Heather stammered.

“Blast my big fucking tits with that cum, mother fucker,” Neveah demanded.

She pressed down, jerking rapidly.

Conner exploded.

Neveah screamed as her own orgasm thundered on the heels of his lightning blast, her tits forgotten, splaying to the sides, leaving his unattended cock to spray wildly across her chest, across her face, across the fucking greenhouse. Fuck, it hit her so hard some of it probably painted the fucking moon whiter. Conner fell back, looking around in wounded confusion.

“What the fuck, Heather!” he snapped, hastily pulling his pants up.

“Don’t be mad!” she insisted, darting toward him, but he recoiled as quickly. “I told you I wanted to prove to you I meant what I said. That you can be with other women and I won’t get mad, or try to pressure you out of it. You liked it, right? She felt good, didn’t she?”

“You tricked me into messing around with a veritable stranger! No offense, Neveah. But what the actual hell! Why would you think that’s OK?!”

“You slept with all those other women… I just figured that was what you wanted! I won’t do it again, I promise, not unless you tell me you want to.”

But he was making for the door. For her part, Neveah sat up and scooped a blob of Conner’s jizz from where it had splattered on her chin, then another between her legs, where her own slime was oozing out. She stuck both fingers in her mouth. She didn’t care what people said, Neveah liked the taste of blended cum. Let the prudes debate whether that was fucked up or not. It wasn’t the weirdest kink she’d seen in sex ed, not by a long shot. Not with Assley LeButt and her Hair-trigger Heinie. (Mr. Lyons’ nickname, but Neveah had to admit she kinda dug it.)

Heather was sputtering apologies as Conner testily deflected them, marching back toward his car. Neveah sauntered along behind, easily keeping pace thanks to Heather’s efforts to get him to slow down and talk to her. By the time he made it to his car, she was almost caught up.

“Conner, don’t go. Let’s talk about this. I made a mistake, OK? Let’s talk! Let me make it up to you, please,” she begged, leaning into his car window. Yeah, cuz dangling those toys in his face was gonna fix things. Back-stabbing trash. Neveah could have predicted this from the moment she’d heard the plan. She’d learned long ago to never interrupt your enemy in the middle of a mistake.

“I’m upset right now. We’ll talk… later. When I’m calm. Right now, I need some space and some time.”

“Please, Conner!” she whined.

Neveah cleared her throat. Slowly, both heads pivoted to realize she was still there.

“My cousin dropped me off, so I need a ride,” she said casually. “Conner, you mind? Least you owe me for the tit fuck, right?”

He didn’t hesitate long. “Fine. Whatever. Get in.”

Heather glared, but there was nothing she could say. “You can gimme my clamps and shit back in class tomorrow,” said Neveah over the roof as she eased herself into the passenger’s seat.

Mary, Olivia and Amanda were still out there, and dozens more opportunists who might try, but for now, her biggest rival was in ashes, and her man’s cum on her breath. She might not have feelings for the guy, but for sex like that, she’d do whatever it took.

Conner put his car in reverse, and they were away.

“Where am I dropping you?” Conner asked wearily as he pulled onto the street.

“I’m thinking your place.”

“You had your fun. Now you’re going home.”

“Yeah, and I hear you, super stud, but in case you didn’t notice I’m wearing latex pants and half a corset. My mom doesn’t butt into my business much, but I think that’s the sort of thing she might draw the line at. I mean, if you got a spare shirt in here, fine, but otherwise, I let you jizz on my face, so maybe do a girl a solid.”

Conner was silent for a bit, mulling it over. At the next stop sign, with no other cars in sight, he unbuckled his seatbelt, removed his shirt, and tossed it into her lap without even glancing to the side. “There. Easier to explain to *my* mom why I’m showing up without a shirt than why there’s a naked girl waiting in the driveway.”

She casually tugged it on. It was incredibly tight across her chest, then hung down loosely over a stomach that was incredibly narrow even when it wasn’t being actively compressed. Several wet spots appeared almost instantly. Conner barely noticed, except not unlike the day before, she left him no choice. Satisfied, she gave him an address, an apartment complex pretty close to his own neighborhood. Then she said nothing. Conner wasn’t in a mood to talk, although…

“Why do you keep staring at me?” he snapped after two long miles. “Didn’t get enough of an eyeful in three freaking hours yesterday?”

“I like looking at you,” she answered simply.

“Well it’s weird.”

She didn’t answer. Nor did she quit staring. “Fine. Be like that. Just what I need on top of *that*,” he growled.

“You’re awfully grouchy for a guy who just got to fuck the best tits at Northside.”

“Heather’s the best tits at Northside.”

“So her PR team claims. If you like ‘em big and saggy, I guess.”

“They’re not saggy!”

“I have a strong gift of intuition bordering on precognition. I call it like you’ll see it.”

“Whatever the heck that means.”

“It means I have the best tits at Northside.” Conner shot her a frosty look, then did a double take. When in the hell had she cut his shirt?! Suddenly there was slit from the collar down to her sternum. Two huge, white, bouncy tits glowed in the afternoon sun. “What’d you do to my shirt?”

She folded her knife and set it in his cup holder. Where had it even come from?! Regardless, she ignored the accusation. “You’re awfully defensive of somebody who just pawned you off like that.”

Conner gave up on the shirt and tried not to glance over. Thank god these country roads were straight. “It’s not that simple, Neveah.”

“You wanna talk about it?”

He snorted. “With you? You can’t be serious.”

“Don’t I look serious?”

Conner glanced over. She did look serious, he’d have to hand her that. “Talk about it with you? Come on.”

“I mean, I’m pretty much the perfect person to talk about it with, but sure, whatever, be an idiot about it.”

“You? I don’t even know you! You make no sense.”

“I make perfect sense. At least as much as anything in life makes sense.” She shifted, sitting sideways. Only after a moment did he notice the gaping hole in the crotch of her vinyl pants, exposing two light brown labia that contrasted with her pallid skin intensely. “Think about it. First of all, I was there, so at least talking to me, you get to not be a dickhead for telling all your friends what we did by venting to them. Second, you’re nobody to me. I don’t know anybody I could tell your stuff to who’d give half a shit. You’re not exactly gossip material, ‘brah.’”

He missed her rolled eyes during another stolen glance at her pussy. “Still. It’s personal. And painful.”

“So? I’m a person. Shit, look at me. Pain is kind of my thing.”

“I was talking more about experiencing it than doling it out,” he muttered.

“Better yet. Here, check this.” She rolled up her sleeve – his sleeve – and revealed that barren tree on her arm. Then, as he sputtered in shock, she awkwardly wriggled out of her vinyl pants until they were down by her knees, shimmying them down inch by inch. A pickup truck going the opposite direction almost hit them as the driver evidently caught a glimpse. Neveah didn’t react.

“I’m not going to have sex with you!” he shrieked, in panic at her forwardness as much as at the truck. He was *not* going to give in. Although, best tits at Northside…?

No. Self-proclaimed elitism wasn’t true elitism. Unless she was right? Either way, not while he was driving! He forced his eyes back on the road.

Along with the car.

“Fuck! Don’t look that hard, dumbass, you’re gonna get us killed!” Conner straightened out the car and turned on cruise control to help mitigate his distractedness. Thankfully there hadn’t been a ditch. “I’m talking about the tat. Here.” Neveah spread her legs, tapping a slender knife inked on her left inner thigh.

“Oh. That’s, um, very nice. Can you put your pants back on?”

“I’m not gonna ruin your upholstery. Jesus, act like you never saw a pussy before. Anyway, you were talking about experiencing pain. You know how long these take to get done?”

“Um, no. Hours?”

“And hours,” she echoed, stroking the dagger affectionately. He drifted to the left for a moment, but caught it in time. “Hurt like hell, too. Now, I know I’m likewise not a gossip column celeb, but you ever hear the rumor that I came on the artist’s hand while he was inking this thing?”

Conner blinked. “You *what*?! No!”

“Huh. I thought everybody had heard about that, thanks to my shithead ex. Who made it up, I should add. Kinda ruins my point if you haven’t heard, but my point is this. Lots of folks only know one thing about me, and that it’s I have an intense interest in personal pain. Man, way to fuck up my pitch. I thought you did newspaper. Isn’t it your job to know what’s going on at school?”

“Yearbook, and sorry. *Now* can you put your pants back on?”

She rolled her sleeve down. Not exactly the compromise he would’ve gone for. “You gonna treat me like a person and talk to me? I promise, your mouth to my ears to the grave.”

Conner considered. He did want to vent to someone. And it was a problem of who, considering he didn’t want to kiss (or tit-fuck) and tell to his normal friends, nor could he ask for solace from Kristy or Amanda.

Besides, the way she’d phrased it…

“All right, fine. I’m going to hold you to that.”

**Part Seven: Disney Love**

“Don’t you dare fucking touch me, Jordan,” Amanda warned, fist cocked.

“What? You didn’t mind so much all those other times,” the jerk responded, hands splayed innocently in the yearbook computer lab. If she’d known he was still back here, she would have waited until he left. Class was over, which meant the school day was over, which meant the week was over. If only the same were true for that hell of second period. “Shit, if I remember right, you were begging for it.”

“Because your so-called lesson was in begging for it,” she snapped, teeth gritted. She should *not* be talking about such things here, she knew that, but that wasn’t real. She could do it.

“And you passed with flying colors, babe. You know, I can never decide if it’s more fun for the slutbags like Sydney who get off on it, or the dry cunts like you who really hate it. Shit, maybe I like ‘em all,” he laughed.

“Get the fuck out of the lab right now, Jordan. I mean it. You might be able to bully me around in your stupid class, but here, I will rule your punk-ass universe if you toe the line with me.”

“Mandykins, why all the hostility? I haven’t done you wrong. I only reached out because… you dropped this.” He opened his palm, wherein she saw her keys. It was only the keys to Miss C’s room, but that was all the keys she had. Looking for where she’d misplaced them was why she’d come through the curtain into the computer lab to begin with.

“Dropped my ass. You taking my things? Shall we see what Miss C thinks about you stealing a set of keys to her classroom?”

“Stealing? Yeesh, see if I ever help you find something you lost again. First your virginity, now your keys.”

“Yeah, haha, except I wasn’t a virgin our first time, and your whole stupid joke doesn’t even make sense. You gonna help me find my virginity? Was that what you meant?”

Jordan frowned. “God, you can be such a bitch sometimes. Now come on, walk with me. We got shit to talk about.”

Amanda scoffed. “You’re kidding me, right? I don’t have much of a choice second period, but I’ll be damned if I’m going to spend another minute more than I have to in your skeevy, piggish, limpdick presence than I have to.”

“Well whose insults are missing the mark now, Mandy? You know better than anybody that this shit ain’t limp for you.” He stood. Somehow, even if being a big closer to her was repulsive, it felt better seeing him off the couch. That was a special place. A her and Conner place. He had no right to it.

“Whatever. I’m gone, Jordan. See you for more of your demented fuck-fest Monday.” She turned to leave, but suddenly his hand was in her back pocket, grabbing her. She turned back, knocking him right back down to the couch with both hands.

“Whoa, baby, easy! Damn, you’re even more keyed up than normal. I only wanted to tell you about a little opportunity for you and only you for class.”

“I’m not interested. No, that’s not quite it. I’m actively disinterested. Whatever it is, the answer is – as always – no, never, screw you, and goodbye.”

She was almost through the curtain when he stopped her in her tracks. “It’s a whole week without me in your hair.”

Out in the classroom, Miss C was wiping down the whiteboard. Through the blinds, she could see Conner still chugging away at his search for her little quote from earlier in the week. Poor guy. All she had to do was look over his shoulder to see which spreads he’d already checked and relocate the quote. Sweet as could be, but he clearly hadn’t considered the possibility Jordan might do that, no more than he’d considered that Jordan was, for once, innocent.

She turned. “A week. You mean a whole week without second period?”

He nodded. “We’d see each other in yearbook and in the halls, but that’s it.”

She glanced back at Conner. He was utterly engrossed. “Fine. Wait thirty seconds, then meet me in the hall.” Just in case her guy looked up.

Jordan waited most of twenty, which was good enough. The two of them strode down the thinning corridors of NHS. Amanda loved how quiet the school got when it was empty. Those rare weekends where she had enough work to do to come into the lab, the whole building solemnly silent. Those were her favorite times in this building. It was a reminder that Northside itself was a character in their story.

“First, can I just say, your ass looks amazing in those pants,” he began.

Amanda thrust her elbow into his ribs, though he mostly dodged it. “Try again.”

“Fine, fine. This isn’t a very good convo for public space. Let’s get in my ride, talk there. Cool?”

“I dunno, my parents taught me to never get in cars with serial rapists.”

“First off, not rape, they all consented, so don’t be a cunt, and second off, what the fuck parents?”

“I was being funny. You wouldn’t understand.”

“Bitch, I’m hilarious.”

“Looks aren’t everything.”

“Wow, so it’s grade school rules, huh.”

They left it at that as the two made their way to the parking lot. Up ahead, she could see his flashy pearlescent SUV, gleaming as ever. It really was a nice ride, too nice for a prick like Jordan Lyons. She climbed in the passenger’s seat and was about to ask if she needed a seatbelt or if they could resolve whatever this was here and now when a voice from the back seat nearly made her leap out of her skin.

“Um, hi,” said Hailey McManus’s gratingly smooth voice. “I’m sorry, I didn’t know if I should say something or not, but I thought it’d be worse if I didn’t and you looked back and saw me and thought I was like a murderer or something.”

Amanda pressed a hand to her chest, taking a breath as Jordan hopped into the driver’s seat. “Hi, Hailey.” She looked back with an awkward smile. It always felt strange seeing Hailey or Hayleigh. She knew her eyes were playing games with her. If she studied the girl, she could see through the smokescreen of TIOS weirdness that told her that Hailey’s hair was too straight, her teeth too white. Her breasts were offensively perky, like they had something to prove and couldn’t wait for an appropriate time. The lack of blemishes in her skin was unnatural, jarring, as were the two obnoxiously sexy legs flowing out of her simple dress.

Amanda focused. The girl was beautiful. Hauntingly so. The redhead spent five hours a week surrounded by gorgeous naked women, yet Hailey still would stand out even in that company. Few did. She could see why Conner gave in, had indulged himself. That Hailey had had him all to herself for a whole semester… dammit, there was that jealousy again. The last thing she needed was to start getting horny in front of Conner’s ex-girlfriend and their mutual nemesis. Her concentration slipped, and there was Homely Hailey again.

“I thought I told you I was gonna pick you up later, Hailey,” said Jordan with an uncomfortable glare into the back seat.

“You did, but I didn’t know you were gonna have one of your students with you. I thought I would surprise you. You remember that time I… that we…” Hailey glanced at Amanda. “I’m sorry. This was stupid. I’ll go. I can walk home. God knows I need the exercise.”

Jordan almost let her, but as the back door swung open, he gritted his teeth and relented. “Stay. We’ll drop you off at your place and you can change into something halfway presentable for me, all right?”

The car made its way out of the school lot. Meanwhile, Amanda drummed her fingers on the dash. “So, you had something to talk to me about?”

“Stuff it. Like I said, this is alone talk, teacher/student shit. Let me drop her off, OK? Relax. You two got so much in common.”

Amanda didn’t have a retort for that, since their commonality was that they’d both had sex with exactly two men, and their two men were the same. Very different circumstances, but she wasn’t looking to have a nuanced discussion of sex life choices.

“I really like your hair,” Hailey said after a couple blocks. “Is that your real color? It’s so red, it looks like it’d have to be dyed, but it looks so right on you.”

“No, it’s real. Thank you. I like yours too.”

Hailey scrunched her nose. “I don’t. But J– That is, one of my friends says I shouldn’t always be so down on myself over my appearance. I think they’re just being nice, though.”

“Maybe. Then again, sometimes people are opportunistic assholes who just want something from you, so they’ll say anything to get it,” Amanda answered, looking at Jordan pointedly out of the corner of her eye.

Hailey let it slide, as if Amanda had referred to some theoretical nobody instead of the person in the driver’s seat. “So how do you like Northside?”

It had been months since Amanda had needed to field that one. “I really like it, actually,” she answered simply. That she did. Nothing like working on yearbook to get a firsthand look at all the personality and nuance and wonder in a school. Northside was full of it all. Best move of her life, coming here from wherever she’d been before.

“How’s it compare to your old school? I’ve only ever gone to our school system. Is it weird? My cousin goes to one of those schools where they do forty-five days on and fifteen off, but they do it all year, which sounds so weird but she says she likes it. You know, it makes you wonder how the brain is really hard-wired, like if you could live a hundred different lifetimes, or I dunno, clone yourself and subject them all to the same materials but in different presentations and time frames, what would work best, ya know?”

Amanda meant to offer a monosyllabic reply, but the girl was off to the races. Fine by her. The speculative babble was safe, kept her from thinking so intently about how many times Conner had fucked the girl. How many ways. A girl like that would let a boy do *anything* to her. Hell, she’d probably begged him to. Her eyes gradually closed, Amanda’s imagination ran amok. Perversely, she inserted Hayleigh McKnight’s body in place of Hailey’s, but only so the thought didn’t reflexively trigger some mild and admittedly catty ill ease. Hayleigh’s broad, well-padded hips were a lot easier on her mind’s eye than Hailey’s scrawny, fatless waist.

It wasn’t fair. All these other girls, they’d had years for a chance at that boy. Sure, most of them hadn’t wanted one until this week, and only because she’d made them, but not all of them. Heather, Miss C, Hailey… they’d all ignored him until Amanda showed up and suddenly, he was awash in the admiration of beautiful women.

She wished all these other girls didn’t have such huge advantages over her. Miss C had her own house, a place they could be as loud and wild as they wanted. She was the anti-Jordan, a teacher who generously gave in to her student’s urges rather than forcefully imposing himself. She was a Real Adult, and Amanda knew full well Conner looked to her for advice, went to her when he was down. Heck, so did Amanda, they simply didn’t exchange oral sex after.

Or take Heather. Yes, yes, the boobs, the fucking boobs, but Amanda wasn’t exactly flat. Still, Heather wasn’t an NHS legend merely for her cup size. There were girls bigger than her. It was that those other girls didn’t also have the the blonde-haired blue-eyed faces of angels. Wasn’t hard to see why Conner had fallen for her. Beauty aside – and that was no small aside – she was ambitious, intelligent, and kind. It took a special sort to be able to befriend the likes of Hayleigh and Olivia while also popping by a party with Jacqui and Owen.

And Hailey? Not exactly Amanda’s type even if she swung that way, but she was any guy’s. Gorgeous to the point of being intimidating, at least when you filtered her through Conner’s eyes. Shy, sweet, affectionate, full of holes poked by a decade of bullying for all her self-esteem to drain right out of her. There was no telling how or if a person’s public persona translated into their private bedroom persona, but even from what little Amanda knew of her, it was hard to imagine Hailey being anything but desperate to please.

These thoughts were nothing new. A lot of it she’d been aware of even before she’d made a move on Conner. (Finding out about Miss C had definitely been a shocker, she granted.) Still, Amanda had choked it down, swallowed, and resolved to power through. It wasn’t easy, sharing your boyfriend three ways and trying not to blow up at the other two, but she was managing.

Then that boy had gone and turned all that jealousy into a kink, and she’d hardly been able to function since. So why not take it to the next level and try to enjoy it? At the time she’d entered Angelica’s quote into TIOS, some small part of her had even dared to think that with all the pussy in the world being tossed in his lap, he might choose hers out of the pile. Which he sort of had. Poor guy, stressing his brains out fighting to keep his lovers to their pre-existing number. It was valiant, after a fashion. Sweet enough she’d used his slip of the tongue about the so-called elites to at least let him take in a few thrills. If she happened to get off on the thought of him being with other women now, at least she wasn’t being entirely selfish.

Hopefully he wouldn’t be too grumpy when she told him about her little prank. That boy had hangups for days about the weirdest things, sometimes. If he was tormented by guilt over sleeping with Mary or whoever, that was a nice little bonus for her. Conner was cute when he squirmed.

Before she knew it, they were at Hailey’s. The girl cut herself off mid-sentence and unceremoniously hopped out of the car, scampering off into the house. Jordan leered after her. Why, once he’d seen through the phantasm, he saw the real (unreal? surreal?) Hailey and she still saw what everyone else saw, she couldn’t guess. Maybe he just wanted it more.

“So do I ever get to find out what this is about, or do you have other errands for me to ride along on?”

The car didn’t move. Apparently she would be coming back. “Fine, fine. For starters, why don’t you tell me why you did this stupid crush bullshit for Fishers?”

Amanda started. “I don’t know what you mean.”

He rolled his eyes. “Right, because it’s totally normal for my bitches to tear each other apart over some dickless nobody.”

“He happens to have a hell of a dick,” she said coolly. “And girls fight over boys. It happens.”

“Right. Which explains why, when I booted you this morning, the whole class came their bimbo brains out when we did morning warm-ups with that doucher’s picture projected on the screen. Never seen anything like it. You’d’ve thought they were all being blasted with a Hitachi, the way they carried on. I took it down, and no lie, Ashley started to fucking cry.”

“All right, so maybe something’s up. Doesn’t mean it was me.”

“Of course it means it was you. I’m not an idiot. Only three people who could have done it. Obviously I didn’t, and if that moron did it for himself he’d have fucked more than Mary and Olivia by now.”

“Conner did not have sex with Olivia.”

“Not what I hear. Either way, that leaves you. You got some she-cuck fantasy or something? What the hell gives?”

“OK, fine. You’re Sherlock freaking Holmes, Jordan.”

“I think of myself as more of an Archer.”

“Either way, it’s not your business. We stay out of your hair even with every awful thing you’ve done, so do yourself a favor and stay out of ours.”

“Hey. I’m asking nicely. You wanna wait until class Monday and have me ask you hard, paddle it out of you until you can’t sit down for a week, we can go that route. I’d rather be civilized about it, have a conversation.”

Amanda fumed. He was right, obviously. Individual commands – like this morning, when he’d told her to pull her shorts as far up her crack as they’d go and parade herself heel-toe through the halls – she could handle. She hadn’t gone more than a few hundred feet before she’d fixed her clothes, and then walked normal. Mostly normal. Even sat down for a few minutes. Still, if he really dug in, TIOS did not like her editing on the fly.

“Fine. I get jealous sometimes, OK? And Conner made it a thing, a TIOS thing, and so I thought I’d have a little fun teasing him about it, giving myself something to be jealous over. That’s it. Mystery solved. So I get a week off now?”

“But how? How’d you do it? Took me months to get you all where I got you. At the beginning, I caught shit for looking too hard at you bitches. Wasn’t until halfway through third quarter before I even got my dick wet.”

His phone buzzed. Amanda read the text along with him, one from Hailey. *Do you want me to wear the black leather one that makes my fat slutty titties look bigger and more fuckable, or the pink one that wraps your fuck toy up like a present so you can unwrap her and fuck her like she was a cunty Christmas morning?*

Jesus. Her pussy throbbed in spite of itself, eyes retreating before she had to see the pics that followed. *That* was what Conner had been getting from the hottest girl in school. (There was debate over the Kirsten v. Hayleigh issue, but Amanda fell firmly in the latter camp. There was such a thing as too generically perfect.)

Jordan responded and returned his attention to her. “So you were explaining the how of it to me.”

“Who cares? Something his sister said the other day. We were recapping our prom nights, and she said something about how everybody in class was in love with Conner because Heather and I had danced with him. Nothing sneaky. I thought it’d be fun. What’s the point in having a magical yearbook if you don’t do some magic once in a while, right?”

“Hermione fucking Granger here, eh.”

“Big Harry Potter fan, are you? I didn’t know you could read.”

“Emma Watson was the first chick I ever beat off to. Before she turned into a giant cunt.”

“How do you still find new ways to TMI at me?”

“Whatever. Look. I don’t know how TIOS let you get away with that, what its bullshit rules are, if the dumbass thing even has any. But you want your week out of class… you gotta do it again.”

“Do what? Make the class fall in love with Conner even harder? Why?” Her eyes narrowed. “Wait, you want me to make them fall in love with *you*? Was fucking them at your convenience not enough, you need those poor deluded women to actually bat their eyelashes and–”

“No, you hateful firecrotch cunt,” he snapped with anger that was more intense than his usual disdain. “*Her*.”

She let her disgust show. “I’m sorry, you want me to make your secret girlfriend fall in love with you? She seems pretty infatuated already, man. God knows why.”

“Like you don’t love my cock. But I mean it. That shit you did for Conner? That’s the hottest goddamn thing I’ve ever seen, the way those bimbos fall all over themselves, twats drooling puddles on the floor. My Hailey, she has shit self-esteem, still starstruck by me, but that won’t last forever. She won’t even change her college plans for me, the fucking brat. I need her all in.”

“Have you considered, I dunno, being *nice* to her? Maybe not fucking dozens of other women every week? Heck, I don’t want to go crazy or anything, but maybe you could even show her some kindness and respect?”

“Feh, Hailey gets off on being treated like shit.” He grinned, but it faded fast. “I’ve tried to do it myself, reel her in. Fuck knows she gives me enough choice wordage. It won’t take though, same error as when I tried to quote myself. I have no goddamn clue why, but it won’t. You, though… you got it to work for your boy toy. Make it work for me. Do that, and I’ll give you the rest of the year off.”

“The year’s almost over. Also, you are one evil fuck, you know that?”

“Look, call me names or whatever, but I love her. OK? Maybe it’s not your Disney version, happily ever after under a shooting star or whatever, but I do. She loves me too. So you can get off your high horse, do me a solid and take second period for the rest of the year to sort your sock drawer or whatever dork shit gets you off. Or I can fuck you in the ass three times a day five times a week from here to graduation. Your choice.”

“Who knew you were so sentimental,” she said dryly. “The answer’s no. I’m not making some innocent girl your love slave just to get out of some homework. If you were going to try to bully me, you should’ve tried a more realistic threat. You don’t even like anal, and I know you don’t have the resolve to ignore the rest of your harem week on end.”

“What if I said please?”

“I’m pretty sure your hair would burst into flames.”

“Fine. God, you can be such a dickhole sometimes. Get out of my car. I’ll figure it out myself.”

For once, Amanda obeyed him without hesitation. She turned and asked into the open door, “Where even are we?”

“You’ll figure it out. Fuck you Monday, bitch.”

“Oh, you’ll let me practice for Conner, too?” she gushed with heavy sarcasm, parroting her peers from the other day. It had annoyed him then; it annoyed him now.

Hailey exited her house as Amanda was consulting her GPS for a route back to school. She was wearing a heavy duty rubber band around her chest, like one of the ones she’d seen people working out with in the school gym. It was bright pink. Two more were around her hips, a thin gap in between that she almost certainly hadn’t intended to reveal her bare shaven pussy.

“Um, hi,” she said awkwardly, hurrying toward the car.

“Yeah. Hi.”

“Hey, tell Conner I said hi, OK? If you see him.” Hailey hopped into the passenger seat. Jordan hit the gas, the door slamming shut from acceleration alone.

She would tell Conner. One hand found its way to her breast and teased softly at a suddenly swollen nipple. She would *so* tell Conner.

“You look tired, hon.” Kristy Coszic-Lewandoski smoothed back her star pupil’s hair. It was silent in the computer lab, quiet and cozy on their little sofa. Kids cleared out fast on Fridays, and this late in the year most extracurriculars were done. Calling him “tired” was putting it mildly, really. That face in her lap gazing up at her looking positively haggard. Poor dear.

“It’s been a heck of a week.” His eyes slipped shut. Was he going to fall asleep? She was supposed to head out to drinks with some teacher pals after school, but Kristy supposed she could be late. Might be better that way. Last time, someone was careless with the invites and the new sex ed teacher found out and there was this whole awkward scene confronting a colleague who was obviously using a fake ID. She wouldn’t mind dodging that kind of drama. She blurred the teacher/student line enough with Conner.

They opened soon enough, though, but when he didn’t talk she prompted him. “Yeah? I haven’t seen much of you. I’d hoped things were going well.” After easily the best sex of her life last weekend after prom, she’d missed him for sure, but when your lover was a high school student and had at least two girlfriends, no sense getting clingy. If he wanted to be out playing with Amanda or Heather, she could hardly begrudge him. She’d even heard he’d been caught making out with some other senior in the hall a couple days back, so maybe his star was rising. Good for him.

“They haven’t been going *badly*,” he said, face twisting. “Just… weird.”

“Weird how?” she asked, patiently taking his bait.

“It’s a TIOS thing,” he began with a long sigh. “Some stupid quote got in there, screwing around with reality again. Made all these girls hit on me for some reason. I don’t know why, probably to ruin things with me and Heather – or Amanda – or maybe to just make me feel like the big hypocrite I am.”

“Why would you try to sabotage yourself like that?” she asked, concerned. “Or are you saying Amanda did it?”

“What? No, it was–” Conner sighed. “Don’t worry about it. Whoever did it, it’s been exhausting. All week, dozens of girls have been flirting with me like crazy, trying to get me to…” There was that twist again.

“So… your problem is, every girl in the senior class wants to have sex with you?” she asked, unable to keep some measure of incredulity from her voice.

He looked up. “Not *every* girl. Just, um… the cute ones. It seems like.”

Kristy weighed several responses before settling on a kind one. “Can’t say as I blame them.” She trailed a finger up his chest. “Why are you so sure it’s TIOS? People can glomp onto trends like you wouldn’t believe, Conner. High schoolers more so than most. Remember fidget spinners?”

“It’s more than that. Trust me. There have been… things. Things have happened.”

“Ooooh, things. What kind of things?”

Conner sighed. “All right, so I’ll walk you through my day. I woke up and peeked outside to check the weather. Some girl was sitting in her car staring at my house, and her phone snapped up the second she saw me. Like she was taking a picture. I don’t even know who. Brown hair, I think? But the windows were tinted.”

“That’s… OK, I see how that’s not great.”

“My locker had three anonymous love notes in it when I opened it. That’s down one from yesterday. One of them misspelled my name, then went on at length about how she kept dreaming about, um, going down on me, and now she couldn’t sleep because she couldn’t stop wondering what my stuff tasted like.”

“Not that I’m some cum connoisseur or anything, but it tastes pretty typical to me,” Kristy supplied. “In case you get the chance to write back.”

Conner went on. “First period, Sarah Stewart came into my class – I guess she’s an office aid or something. She said I was being called down to the vice principal’s office, but once we were out of the room, she threw herself at me in the middle of the atrium. Started *crying* when I told her I wasn’t interested. I practically ran back to class.

“Second period, Tracy Dunham came over to my desk to ask for help with a math problem, and she bent over my desk while I was showing her, and I saw, like, *everything*. Then when I packed up I found another note saying if I wanted a better look to give her a call. The handwriting matched up with the cum flavor note, I’m pretty sure.”

“Case closed. Did you at least tell her how to spell your name?”

“Third went smooth, but I could tell Jordan was, like, *watching* me. Creepy like. But then in fourth, we were watching a video in physics. We have assigned seats but Dr. Laugherty doesn’t really care, and Elaine McCary stole my friend Owen’s seat next to me at our table, then she kept trying to play with my, you know, thingy.”

“If you can’t at least say the word I can’t put it in my mouth again, honey. I have to draw the line somewhere.” How she wanted to take his troubles seriously, but he wasn’t doing much to tug at her heartstrings so far. Stalker incident aside.

“My cock then, fine, happy? Anyway I kept trying to swat her away, but she’d scoot closer and try again. Then she tried putting *my* hand between *her* legs. Banged my knuckles on the table snatching it back. I finally whispered that if she kept it up I was going to tell Dr. Laugherty, so instead she sat there, looking at me, while she played with herself. She was not wearing underwear, I found out that much when she…” He shuddered. “Anyway, in fifth–”

“I think I get the picture,” Kristy interjected. “Unless you’re having fun with your trip down memory lane. Though if you want to finger girls and look at boobs, I mean… look no further.”

“I don’t! I mean, I do, and thank you of course. But like… Did you hear about Olivia? She kissed me, right in the middle of the hallway, then practically threw herself at me after we got out of ISS. It was nuts!”

“Yeah, wouldn’t want to make out with a troll like that again,” Kristy teased, fuzzing his hair.

“I mean, it was kinda neat and all, and she’s definitely really good-looking. But there’s Heather. And Amanda. And you!” He added the last one a bit too emphatically, but that was all right by her. She wasn’t a possessive type in any relationship, least of all whatever this weird TIOS-inspired thing with her protégé and his other lovers. It made him happy, and that made her happy. Keeping a grin from her face watching him pretend to be distressed by all those flirting ladies had been difficult. Hopefully one of them stole Heather’s place on the roster and helped unburden him of some of those quant romantic notions and learn to enjoy himself a little.

“So it’s OK if you cheat on Heather with Amanda and I, and Amanda with Heather and I, and me with Heather and Amanda, but that’s where you draw the line?” She nodded, eyes twinkling in mirth. “Look at you, bringing back the chivalric code. Sir Gawain in the flesh.”

Conner sighed. “I know. And you may as well know I already slept with Mary Buchanan, and sorta slept with Neveah Kinslan.”

“Neveah… isn’t she that little goth chick who spells her name wrong?”

“It’s heaven backwards.”

“It’s haeven backwards. How does that not drive you crazy?”

“Huh. I never actually noticed. Anyway, yeah, her. And I still might with some of the others, I think, some of the best of the best. I’d be stupid not to, right?”

“I think I speak on behalf of all boys at NHS when I say yes, you absolutely would. Though don’t tell the school board we said that.”

“I’ll put it on the very long list of things we’re not telling the school board about.” He pinched her nipple playfully where it had been jutting out into her sweater.

“Look, I know you weren’t asking for advice, but I’m giving you some as a bonus, OK?”

“Oh god, thank you. Tell me what on earth I’m supposed to do with this mess!”

“Enjoy yourself. So you’re having some good fortune. So what? You don’t have to feel guilty because something good happened to you. When you find yourself holding the winning lottery ticket, cash that sucker in.”

He frowned. “So you’re saying, what, sleep with every girl who wants to sleep with me?”

“Not at all. If I was saying that, I’d already have my pants off, Conner. I’m saying, do things that make you happy. That make you feel good. If nailing this Olivia girl would put a smile on your face, do it. You’re not married, and I think it’s safe to say monogamy’s not your jam, at least not yet.”

She poked his chest reprovingly, making sure he was listening before adding, “Don’t be a jerk about it either, mind you. If you’re only looking to have fun, be up front about it and let them decide if they’re OK with that. Don’t pit friends against one another, and don’t do anything you’re not comfortable doing just to avoid hurting someone’s feelings. Be honest, be considerate – in other words, be yourself. But don’t forget you’re allowed to have fun, too.”

“But… I didn’t *earn* this. It’s TIOS.”

“If you want to go through life denying every advantage you feel like you didn’t earn, best throw in the towel now, bud. We’re all of us coasting on luck and favors. See these?” She gave her breasts a brief lift. “Grew in summer after sixth grade. I was the first girl with more than a couple raspberries on her chest. Boys noticed, and let me tell you, I had some fun being noticed. Used to call me Kristy Cozy for a while there.” His eyes didn’t register comprehension. “Coszic-Lewandoski. My last name? Anyway, it was all just a fluke of genetics, and soon enough I had competition and more than that I had self-esteem and a very watchful mother. But you bet when Bobby Carver asked me to make out with him at his best friend’s beach party, I didn’t say no just because my boobs were unearned.”

“It wasn’t only the boobs, you know. I’ve seen your old yearbooks. You were really pretty. Still are.” Her heart thumped a little bit harder seeing that sweet Conner smile return to his face.

“What about J… I mean, what about the quote? What do I do about that?”

“Is there anything that can be done? You haven’t been able to reverse any of your other edits, have you?”

“What? *My* edits? You’re suggesting *I* would do something like this?”

“Right, because you’ve never let TIOS put a girl in your bed,” she retorted dryly, tapping where a moderately enthused erection was bulging up. “But no, there’s two people with editor-in-chief access, aren’t there?”

Conner made a face like it was the most ridiculous suggestion he’d ever heard. “Are you accusing *Amanda* of this?!”

“I’m not accusing anybody of anything. But never underestimate the flexibility of a jealous lover’s mental gymnastics when they see you eyeing another woman. Much less two other women, much less two other naked women jointly sucking your cock while she plays with herself by her lonesome at the foot of my bed.”

Conner shook his head. “So she’d go and make it even worse? I don’t think so.”

“And maybe you’re right. But either way, worry about you first, and the motives of whoever’s throwing pussy at you second. You’re the only person you have complete control over, Conner. Not even TIOS can change that.”

He nodded, then craned up his neck to demand a kiss. It was awkward at this angle, and brief, but she did what she could. Recognizing the oddity of it, he made a second lunge to kiss the underside of one of the boobs hanging in his face.

“All right, Conner, you know the old saying. Once is coincidence, twice is happenstance, but three times? That’s enemy action,” Kristy laughed. “Come on. You wanna have a platonic night out, let’s swing by my place and I’ll drain those balls dry. Go out with your head on straight, yeah?”

She helped him sit up, at which point he gave her a more proper kiss. They tried to be careful in the classroom when there was still staff or custodial or whatnot in the building, but the curtain around the computer lab would give them time to separate before anybody could walk in.

Two hours later, as they helped one another wash their sweat and spit and cum off of one another in her shower, Kristy rested her head on his shoulder as her arms reached around, caressing his soap-slicked chest. Her curls were nearly flattened by the water, and flattened further by the pressure between her breasts and his back. He’d come quickly the first time. The second and third had given her time to catch up and then some.

“Sure you don’t wanna stay and hang out tonight?” she asked, only just realizing she’d missed her teacher outing to ride the cock of her favorite student. She already knew his answer, but it was good to remind him he was always welcome here. A copy of her house key waited for him in her junk drawer in the kitchen, waiting for the day when she thought he might be ready to consider it.

“I mean I do.” He groaned as her hands found their way down to his cock, stroking it gingerly. “But I told my friends I’d come out, and… I dunno. It’s this whole thing.”

“Yeah? What’re you crazy kids up to?”

“No, it’s nothing exciting, just hanging out, but that’s kind of what I need tonight. Just me, my friend Owen, his girlfriend Kirsten – do you know Kirsten Vaughan?”

“Conner, I work at NHS. I knew the name Kirsten Vaughan when she was still in middle school.”

“Oh. Well yeah, her, and she’s good friends with Angelica. She swore to me no Olivia, no anybody else. Just the four of us. Pretty much the one group of people who I can absolutely trust won’t try to seduce me.”

“That sounds relaxing. Though if you change your mind about wanting to be seduced, I’ll probably be up grading spreads pretty late.”

“Thanks, Kristy.”

“And Conner?”

“Yeah?”

“I know you didn’t ask for advice, but remember, I never would have slept with you without TIOS.”

“I… I’m not sure I…” He frowned. “Should I apologize?”

“No,” she laughed, planting a soft kiss on his pouty lower lip. “Hell no. Just remember, OK?”

**Part Eight: Friday Night Plans**

Her phone vibrated on her makeup stand, rattling the myriad bottles, jars and tools gratingly. Kirsten glanced down. About time he responded. She’d been waiting almost three minutes.

*Sup gurl? ;)* Owen wrote. God, she hated winky faces. People who used winky faces were morons. People who used them when nothing coy was being conveyed were subhuman. Sometimes it amazed her that Owen’s parents had housebroken him.

Finally, she would be rid of him. His awkward, leering, manful ways. It wasn’t all his fault he was so inadequate. He was a man, after all. She’d taken him in because he was the cream of the crop, the boy who could have anyone he wanted, which meant she needed to assert that she was the most wanted. Once in a while Hayleigh tried to put on airs and reach beyond her station, so the occasional demonstration was lamentably necessary. Giving her Jayce had been a win-win; it kept the oaf from chasing after her, and it took Hayleigh off the market. Her fake college boyfriend story was held together with bluster and raw intimidation; if anybody scratched too hard and had the balls to call her on it, she’d have had to do some scrambling. Owen had spared her that, but it also meant being touched by a man. Having a penis in her. Ugh.

It had also meant Angelica. She’d miss that. If she had to, anyway. That would be a tricky one. Still, this was Conner mother fucking Fishers. She *had* to have him.

Weirdly, it wasn’t even entirely political. It was, of course, because everything was political. Still, now that everybody was so lubed up over Conner, she could dump Owen without worry. Maybe Conner wasn’t quite so universally acceptable, but still, all the girls who mattered were into him, and while Owen was more of a “yeah, I’d do him,” Conner was proving to be a NHS cultural phenomenon. Those stupid skanks had practically been ready to kill Mary this morning when they found out. As for Olivia…

*“Mrs. Snyder, sorry to be calling, but Olivia wasn’t answering and I wanted to make sure everything was OK. It’s not like her.”*

*“She’s fine, Kirsten. She’s on time-out for the evening, but she was suspended from school for a week. I’m sure she’ll tell you all about it later.”*

*“Oh my gosh! A whole week? That’s crazy! What happened?”*

*“She got in a fight with another girl.”*

*“No way! Was this because they were both sleeping with… Oh crap. I mean… I didn’t say that. That’s not… I said it badly. She wasn’t… I mean, she didn’t… Just, she–”*

*“No, I think I heard you loud and clearly, Kirsten. She may have to wait a while to call you after all. Enjoy your Friday, sweetie. OLIVIA!”*

Suspended for a week and grounded for two. Good riddance. The girl had been pulling at her leash entirely too much lately. It was important to curb your bitch.

The phone buzzed again. She ignored the message. If she’d had to wait three, then that meant he needed to wait at least thirty. Shouldn’t be a problem. Conner wasn’t due for close to an hour. She focused on her makeup. Every eyelash, every strand of golden hair, every imperfection in her perfect skin, all of it needed to be in its place tonight.

Conner was the only man she’d ever wanted in her whole life, and she wanted him more than she’d ever wanted anything. Tonight, she was going to take Conner Fishers. For good.

By the time he was due, she felt prepared. She’d been through her plan, rehearsed, and rehearsed again. Not too much, she hoped. Improvisation was key; scripts were for losers. Like usual, she’d go in with an objective, some tactics, and let her natural cunning handle the rest. It had worked so far.

Last time, she’d over-done it. She’d never flirted with a boy before, at least not for flirting’s sake. When you actually wanted them to like you, it was easy to get sucked into your own game. Plus, once he’d been there looking at her, touching her, her brain power had diminished considerably. Her cover had nearly been blown, all so she could lie there with his hard-on jutting into the back of her head. Still, Conner was a Nice Boy, so if she was going to move him past the irritating fact that she was his best friend’s girlfriend, he’d need a shove. The other night, she’d whetted his appetite for her.

Tonight… she’d feed him.

At long last, the doorbell rang. She heard her mom answer it, direct him up to the second floor per Kirsten’s instructions. Her parents trusted her, and with good reason. Before Owen, she’d never let a boy kiss her, much less fuck her. A boyfriend’s best friend was above suspicion. Besides, as she’d made them aware over and over, she was an adult now, and she had every right to live her own life. Her grandparents adored her; her parents would never invite their wrath by doing anything to make her walk out on them.

At last, the door to her room swung open. She’d left it ajar so Conner could sneak a peek at her if he liked before opening it. She was in the midst of doing an involved-looking nothing on her laptop, straddling her desk chair backwards. Her ass looked solid in those jeans, but it wasn’t obvious. Merely a girl chilling at her desk, one who happened to have a killer caboose.

She spun around almost at once. Faster than she’d meant to, but, well, she wanted to look at him. He was like a golden idol. She could stare at him for a year and not get bored.

“Oh, am I the first one here?”

“Looks like. Have a seat – nothing spilled this time, I promise.” She gestured to her couch, then turned back to pretend to finish doing whatever it was she’d been pretending to do. “You didn’t come with Angelica?”

“Nah, she wasn’t home. Might’ve been out with other friends or something? I don’t know. We don’t really keep tabs on her since she grad… since she… um, turned twenty-one.”

Her ass must be doing work, tripping up his tongue like that. “Oh. Well I imagine she’ll be along soon. Owen texted, said he had something he had to do, would be here in an hour or so. Probably his bitch-ass mom, right?”

Conner chuckled a bit uneasily. She made a mental note to cool her contempt for her ex’s parents. Probably a second family to Conner or some sappy bullshit like that. “Mrs. Gibson can be demanding sometimes.”

She tapped a few more random keys and then folded the laptop shut and turned around. There it was again. That… *feeling*. So impractical, but powerful enough to almost overwhelm her guiding sense of ambition. She wanted to scurry over there and snuggle up beside him, kiss him, tell him how she felt and how lucky he was about to be. Ram her tongue down his throat (as a transition for her sake from girls to boys), then fish out his cock and get it inside her. Now.

But no. The plan.

“Hey, you bought your swim trunks, right? We finally opened the pool last weekend, and I have been dying to get in there. Sound cool?”

“Yep. Wearing them under my clothes, actually – figured that’d be easiest.”

*Prove it. Take your clothes off. All of them.* She shivered. “Smart fella. Say, speaking of, you’re a guy, right?”

“Um, last I checked…?”

She grinned. “I wondered if you could give me a guy’s opinion.”

He adjusted himself a bit. Still uncomfortable in her house. That could be good though. Kept him off-balance, made him easier to lead, guessing at what was and wasn’t in-bounds instead of sticking to his norms. “Sure. What’s up?”

“Cool. So, tonight is mine and Owen’s three-month anniversary. I know, super mushy, but whatever. You know how us girls are.” She wished she didn’t know that today was – would have been – her seven-week with Angelica. Felt weak. “Anyway, I wanna look cute for him, but I don’t wanna overdo it, you know?”

“I don’t think I’d worry about overdoing it. I mean, it’s a swimsuit, right? And you’re…”

Boom. Got him halfway to flirting, that easy. Now make him say it. “I’m… what?” She looked at herself, channeled her anxiety over the little freckle of a mole on the back of her neck. “Is something wrong?”

“Wrong? What? No!” he rushed to reassure her. “No. I mean, just, you know. You’re… pretty. Like, really pretty. That’s all.”

“Aw. Thanks, Conner.” No overdoing it. It wasn’t believable that a girl as hot as her would be blown over by such a mild compliment, but still, be gracious. The whole point is to get him comfortable around your body. “All right, so maybe you’re already biased, but still, I need boy eyes. Come here and tell me which one you think Owen would like best.”

His hesitation was brief as he followed her into her walk-in closet. Kirsten opened a drawer in one of the two dressers. Per the plan, it was an underwear drawer. On the top was a little yellow thong with blue stripes; beside it was a casual but cute powder blue bra, lacey and potentially revealing. Dozens of other bras and pairs of panties were stuffed underneath them. She rummaged as if it were nothing weird, then at last rolled her eyes at herself.

“Yeesh, sorry, didn’t mean to drag you on a tour of my underwear drawer. Usually I keep my swimsuits in there, but I forgot I moved them last fall when I packed them away, duh. Anyway…”

A few moments later, she had three picked out. After what she’d subjected him to last time, she knew he’d be expecting ol’ No Limits Kirsten to model them, but instead she held each one up in front of her body, giving him a moment to imagine her in them. She could see his unease leaving his shoulders. God, his shoulders.

First was a strappy teal one-piece, fashionable but a bit more modest by swimsuit standards. Up next was a pink and orange sunset-flavored bikini. Conner’s cheeks reddened just slightly as he examined it. Finally came a solid black one with a strapless top and a bottom that was clearly much skimpier than the first two.

“So this one is a little sexier, I think, but… is it too sexy? I always worry things like this makes my boobs look too big, or comes on too strong. What do you think? Is this over-overdoing it?” As he folded his hands in front of him, struggling with a response, she gave a laugh. “Of course, here I am asking the guy who went to prom with Heather Blake if he likes big boobs. You probably think I’m an ironing board compared to her, huh.”

“They’re not– I mean, *you’re* not an ironing board, pretty sure.” He managed a small laugh. “I dunno. I mean, I’d say follow your gut, right?”

“Conner. Seriously? If I wanted to follow my gut, I wouldn’t have asked you, would I? Here. Gimme a sec, I’ll try them on. We got time, right?”

Conner waved his hands. “No no, I… I like the second one. It’s, um, pretty-looking.”

“Oh gosh, am I being too forward? I’m sorry. You know me, I am so bad with boundaries. If I do anything to make you uncomfortable, Conner, just say so. OK? I promise, I won’t make you watch your friend’s girlfriend do a bikini fashion show.”

Conner nodded, looking relieved somehow. “No, you’re fine. I’m just… it’s new is all. Always an adjustment around new, um, friends.”

“You’ll get used to me before long, I’m sure. All right. Think you can find your way down to the pool on your own? I’m gonna change, then I’ll be right down.”

A few minutes later, Kirsten exited the sliding glass door in the back of the house, a stack of towels under one arm, two bottles in the other. The in-ground pool took up a sizable chunk of the back yard, the side opposite the house decorated with some artsy landscaping featuring an miniature waterfall flowing down a sculpted ravine and back to where it was pumped into the large rock from which it flowed. Kirsten thought it was chintzy, but her parents had put it in without consulting her. In any event, tonight the yard had the best decoration she’d ever seen.

“Ow-ow!” she hooted playfully at the sight of Conner in his swim trunks. No tits at all, but somehow still insanely sexy. Was this what she did to people’s brains? Fuck, no wonder it was all so easy.

She set down the towels and handed him a beer. “Do you drink? If not, I can get something else.”

“Your parents are OK with this?” he asked nervously.

“Sure. They figure it’s better we drink here than go out and drink and drive, right? We’re having a huge party for my graduation, actually. Kegs, and we’ll have a full-stocked bar, like a wedding. Should be awesome. Promise me you’re gonna come.”

“Yeah, for sure, why wouldn’t I.” Gingerly, he accepted the beer, peering at the house nervously. Kirsten meanwhile tilted her head back and took a long drink, a quiet invitation for him to inspect her fully extended body while her eyes were on the sky. She looked *good* in this thing. She’d figured he’d take the medium option. Little did he realize she’d overnighted two bikinis in the same style, one many sizes bigger than the other, its oversized status concealed by being made of spandex. The cow-sized one she’d held up for Conner upstairs; the one she was now wearing was frankly too small and a bit uncomfortable, but it looked sexy as hell. The top left a good deal of the sides and bottoms of her boobs squeezing out, and the bottoms crept right up her pussy and at least a little up her ass. A skank move, but she wasn’t going to blow this by insisting on class and modesty.

Besides, he was the one who’d chosen it.

To ice the cake, she let a little of it dribble down her chin and drip down onto her mostly exposed chest. “Oopsie,” she muttered, wiping it off, grimacing as she tried to scrape it off her breast inside its cup. Then she laughed. “Guess I could’ve just jumped in the pool. Yeesh. Anyway, shall we?”

After a timid swig, Conner set his beer by the side of the pool and went for the diving board. Kirsten tried not to watch too intently as he took a few bounces and leapt in rather gracelessly, splashing broadly. She managed a few quick strokes of her pussy through her bottoms before he resurfaced, then made her way to the shallow end and worked her way down the steps. Her boobs looked fantastic coming down steps. The way Conner stared, he clearly agreed.

Casual. That was the key. Treat him the way normal girls treated normal guys, at least to the best of her knowledge. Swimming was already on the spectrum of sexual activity, even if among the most modest. There was a semi-nakedness to it, though, friends hanging out in underwear by a different name, skin wet and glistening. Ergo, no need to push things. They batted a beach ball around, dueled with pool noodles, and simply swam around stretching and exerting muscles. It was friendly. For people with simpler tastes, it might even be fun. The closest she came to pressing him was when she stepped out for another round of drinks, making sure to let one side of her bottoms ride up into her ass crack.

Asymmetry, she had learned, drew the eye. (All the worthless garbage they taught in sex ed, yet she’d had to discover this one on her own.) In his reflection in the glass on her way in the door, his eyes were riveted to the bared ass cheek. She pretended not to notice they had crept up until she reached the door, then paused to dig them out with her fingers. In she went. Kirsten swore she could see the water level rise as his swelling cock displaced it.

When she returned, Conner was floating on his back, eyes closed. He was dead to the world. She allowed herself to stare, fingers in her free hand subconsciously drifting gradually down her stomach. She was just getting to her pussy when a voice behind her made her nearly leap out of her skin. Both bottles of beer fell to the rug, spilling but thankfully not shattering.

“Is that him?” asked her father as he hurried to the adjacent kitchen for paper towels.

Kirsten watched him with stormy eyes. “Fucking Christ, Dad! Were you trying to scare the shit out of me or what?”

Her father’s smile wilted. “Sorry, pumpkin. I’ve just been waiting so long to meet this boyfriend of yours that I got excited. I’ve never known you to be so worked up about a guy before.”

She knew full well her father had suspected her secret for some time now; no doubt the existence of Owen had rekindled his dreams of grandchildren. Still, as she watched him mop up the beer he’d spilt, she pitied him enough to at least engage. “No, it’s not Owen. Owen and I broke up. That’s Conner.” May as well introduce him, since Conner was going to be a big part of her future.

“Oh. And is Conner a friend, or…?”

“Or.” She shrugged. “At least, soon.”

“Oh. All right. I only popped down to say goodbye. Your mom and I are heading out, per your request. Just don’t do anything too crazy, all right?’

“You don’t trust me?”

Her father stood up, brushed off his knees, and smiled. “I know you can take care of yourself. You can’t blame me for being a little over-protective of the most beautiful daughter in the world.”

Kirsten smiled in spite of herself. Her dad was pretty good about knowing the exact right amount of flattery to employ. “I promise, we’ll behave. We’re just hanging out, maybe watching a movie. That acceptable to you?” She left out what would hopefully, if not better yet interrupt the movie.

“All right, all right. I’ll get out of your hair. You two have a responsible amount of fun, OK?”

Since she was still damp, Kirsten passed on a hug and planted a kiss on her dad’s cheek. “You, too. Thanks for being the coolest dad ever.” Definitely not true; she knew at least three dads she’d trade him for, but she had to admit that being willing to spend the weekend in the city with her mom so she could have the place to herself for once was *pretty* chill. That merited a kiss.

She drew the line when he tried to return one. Her makeup was waterproof, not daddy-proof. Once they were gone, she took a moment to once more ogle Conner in the pool, then a few slow breaths to calm herself. Now that they were gone, it was finally time to go to work.

After a moment to work herself up near to tears, it was a phone rather than alcohol she brought with her outside. Instead of going back into the pool, she huddled at one of the pool chairs, facing sideways, and focused hard on her screen.

Conner must not have heard the door, as it still took several minutes before she heard the sloshing sound of his departure from the water. She hastily set down her phone before he approached, and gave him a patently forced smile. “Oh hey, sorry, I was just…”

She didn’t finish, and after a moment he settled into the chair opposite from her. “Everything OK?”

“Oh. Um…” She took a deep breath. Another. Jaw trembling, she threw her head in her hands, and began to cry.

Crying did not come naturally to her. Cleverness, that came naturally. Ambition, naturally. Strength, as natural as the gold in her hair. She’d learned young that you couldn’t expect other people to go out and do things for you, not if you wanted them done right. Crying, however, was not her way. Crying was an admission of pain. Pain, of weakness. There was nothing worse someone could be than weak. Even when she needed to manipulate someone, it was best to make them do what you wanted because you made them want something from you, not because they pitied you. Pity faded. Desire was a fire that could always be fed fresh kindling.

Tonight, for once, she had a reason to cry. So she put her nature aside and let herself feel the pain. For the first time since she’d hatched this plan, she wondered if this was really worth the sacrifice it was exacting.

It didn’t take Conner long to move beside her to her chair. When she didn’t respond – couldn’t respond, once the valve was opened – he cautiously put a hand on her back and patted softly, then rubbed in small circles. “Whatever it is, it’s going to be all right. I’m here. Just breathe, OK? Breathe. Let it out. I’m here.”

It felt, strangely, better than it should. It was a damp, cold hand on her back, buffered by her own damp, cold hair. As it rested on her, the warmth grew. Rather than comfort her, however, it only made her cry harder.

What was wrong with her? This was totally unlike her, and not just because she was being comforted by something with a penis. She’d figured on letting a few dramatic dribbles out, but instead, she knew she was making that ugly face girls made when they really, really wept. She’d seen more than her share of that face on friends and enemies alike. Rather than repulse him, though, it only made Conner scoot closer, and then his arm was around her shoulders. They warmed each other bit by bit, and she seized his other hand with her free one and clutched it on her knee.

It was some time before pain gave way to purpose, but when she remembered herself, she managed to take a few deep, if ragged, breaths. “I’m sorry,” she mumbled, voice still shaky. As shaky as she’d ever heard it. “I just…”

She swiped her password, then handed him her phone.

Conner accepted it in bewilderment, then, after a wide-eyed moment, dropped it as he launched himself to his feet in consternation. “What the fuck is that!”

“It’s… it’s…” She picked it up off the pavement, then held it up to him. He glanced, but again whipped his head away, shielding his eyes with a hand. “He cheated on me!” she moaned.

Good. Theater. She could do theater. She looked again at the image. There was Owen in a bed Conner was all too familiar with. He was naked, his ass to the camera, as he buried a large cock (which he thought impressed Kirsten far more than it ever could) inside what must be a rather less familiar pussy. Namely, that of Conner’s sister. Angelica’s eyes were squeezed shut in obvious bliss, one hand reaching up toward Owen’s chest, the other between her legs, in effect stroking his cock as it presumably thrust in and out of her.

They looked happy together. The little of Owen’s face that could be made out from this angle stared down at her in what a more sentimental eye would call love. Angelica looked… whole. Like she did every time Kirsten had watched Owen fuck her. Kirsten had waited months to see that look from her own efforts. Sometimes Owen barged in, and she got to see it. Sometimes.

“I… Gosh, Kirsten, I’m so sorry. I don’t know what to say.”

“Do you… do you think maybe it’s fake or something?” She thrust it up one more time. It was a long shot, for sure, the prospect of gaining Conner and keeping Angelica. Spending any time on the internet, you’d think it was weird for a brother *not* to fuck his sister. Plus, they were siblings by marriage, and only in the last few years; Conner had been well into puberty when his hot new sis had joined the family. Surely he’d noticed, been curious. Maybe even glimpsed something around the house and gotten more curious. Probably not naked, and certainly not impaled on his best friend, but maybe an accidental boob glimpse when she forgot to shut her bedroom door or something. Kirsten had noticed Angelica’s conspicuous absence during her brother’s brief stint as a sub second period, but had assumed she’d ditched and chalked it up to privileges of nepotism. She respected nepotism. Too bad it had led to Angelica not being there, her body displayed to her brother with the rest of the class. It might have put her in a better position to bridge that gap in the days ahead.

Alas, he shook his head. “Sorry, I… I dunno. I think it’s real, but… it’s my sister. It’s really weird to… you know.”

She nodded. “Looked real to me, too.”

“Who sent you that? That’s so awful. What kind of jerk would do that?”

“I don’t know. I didn’t recognize the number. I was gonna delete it from my phone, but then they used Owen’s name, so I figured I should check it out.” It had, in fact, been sent from Kirsten’s own cell phone. Not the one in her hand, obviously, but the other one, the one she used for hazing, leaking gossip anonymously, maintaining her ghost accounts to help promote her social media, and so forth.

“Really? I mean… that’s messed up.” Conner stroked his chin, finally sitting back down across from her. “Can you ask them?”

Oh, duh. Of course he’d ask that. Kirsten he hardly knew, but some anonymous jerk with sex pics of his friend and sister, that was a problem for him. “Conner, you don’t know how it is with our friends. There’s so much stupid in-fighting and back-stabbing and jockeying for position. Ten to one, this is someone who’ll sit with me at lunch on Monday and act like they care about me. At the top of the hill, there’s always somebody trying to drag you back down, just so they can feel like they’re better than you.”

Conner considered this for a moment, even managing to look concerned for her. “What if it’s somebody trying to help you?”

“Help me? Help me, by breaking my heart? Humiliating me?”

“Maybe they didn’t show it to you to hurt you. Maybe, I dunno, it’s… um… been going on for a while? Not that I think it has or anything. I mean, how would I know. Anyway they could just want you to know the truth.”

He definitely didn’t sound as unsure about the duration of things as she’d thought. Not surprising, with Angelica and Owen living across the hall and across the street respectively. After all, Kirsten had discovered them quickly enough, and Conner probably wasn’t a complete idiot. Hell, maybe Owen had bragged he was nailing not only the hottest girl at Northside, but also another in the top five.

Hmm. Nah, top six. Objectivity was important.

“Maybe. Maybe you’re right. Here.” She picked up the phone and typed out a response, then held it out to him, another chance to entice him with the sight of Angelica’s adorable, suckable tits. God, if she could get him on board with that… “Ignore the picture. Does that sound good?” The message, which her other phone would receive when she turned it back on later, simply asked her anonymous benefactor/antagonist to delete it and not show it to anyone else, that Kirsten would hate for it to get out there, no matter how angry they might be on Kirsten’s behalf.

He read it, keeping one hand over the pic. “Yeah. That’s really good. Good on you for being the bigger person.” At her invitation, he tapped send for her. “Man. You know, that’s double weird. Not that I was looking, but I’m pretty sure we had all four hands accounted for in there.”

“So?”

“So, who took the picture?”

“If I ever find out, the bitch is dead by morning.” At the time, Kirsten had been pleased it turned out so good even while she’d been frigging herself like crazy as she took it.

“Man. I’m so sorry Kirsten. Though… maybe it’s not my place to ask, but… the three of you, you didn’t ever…” He rolled his hand.

Kirsten sighed with false despondency. She’d thought Conner might know something about that. Boys were such fucking gossips, another mark against their ilk. Still, she’d prepared for this “Yeah, sometimes. But not, like, romantically. Only for second period homework.” She was loath to discuss such secrets, but since he’d been a sub and it wasn’t true anyway, it wasn’t a breach of confidence. “She definitely knew it wasn’t an invitation to fuck him behind my back, though, and so did he.”

“Wow. I’m so sorry, Kirsten. I wish I had the words to make things right, but… Man. I am so sorry. That must be so painful.”

“Yeah. It sure the fuck is.”

Ugh. Once more out of theater mode and back to reality.

*Five hours earlier…*

“So, you wanted to talk, babe?” Owen asked nervously. Talks, he believed, were never good.

“Don’t you think it’s time? Look, we’re all three of us in a pretty weird little bind here, and I thought it might be a good idea to give our situation a good hard look.”

Owen nodded. “Yeah. My mom totally freaked the other day. I think she’s this close to grounding me for the rest of the school year. Maybe the summer, too. The woman might try to ground me my whole freshman year of college if she ever guessed at even half of what we’ve been doing.”

Angelica looked between them, but said nothing. Kirsten pressed, “I wondered if it might be like that. So… what does that mean for us? It sounds like you’re saying you want out. Do you want out?”

“You mean as in break up?” Owen squeaked. “Jesus, babe, I figured you wanted to yell at me for wearing this t-shirt with the hole in the armpit to school. I wasn’t expecting to make life decisions.”

“I wasn’t asking you to, but then the moment we scratched the surface, you started talking like you think we don’t have a future. Like you’re too afraid of your mommy to be with me”

“Hey now, don’t be like that. I’ve stood up for you to her plenty. Still, though…” He stroked his chin. “Think about it. Do we have a future? We have the next few months, yeah, but then I’m going my way, you’ll go yours. If my mom’s going to make our lives a living hell between then and now, maybe… maybe it’s best if we…”

Kirsten barely kept a song from her lips. She’d thought it would take hours to bring him to this. He might give her the whole afternoon to primp for Conner. “So… you want to break up with me?”

“Come on. Admit it – you barely even like me. You’re just going out with me for the status of it. Fuck, I can’t believe I just said that to Kirsten Vaughan.”

“Please don’t put me on your little pedestal. You know how I hate that.”

“See? That’s what I’m talking about, babe. We’re always this close to an argument, except when we’re fucking. Which is great – really great – but… don’t you ever get tired of it?”

She’d gotten tired of having a boyfriend within the first thirty seconds after she’d seen him naked. “Wow. You’re dumping me. Dumping us, I guess, right? I can’t imagine Mom likes the thought of you nailing the tramp across the street any better than me.”

“Um…”

Kirsten looked between them. It took less than a second to surmise that no, Owen wasn’t putting an end to dating; he was putting an end to dating *her*.

“You can’t be serious. You cannot *fucking* be serious!” she shrieked. “You’re leaving *me* for *that*!” Fuck, it hurt to say that. This was her girlfriend she was talking about. The first real girlfriend she’d ever had. Her first love. Kirsten would make this up to her, when she could. She’d have to.

“Kirsten, look, she and I, we… I don’t know. We have something. Don’t we, Ang? I’m not imagining it, am I? It’s not just the sex. I… There’s feelings. I don’t know what to call them, but they’re real. And no goddamn way did I imagine they’d be spilling out like this and this is such a shitty moment for it to happen, but here we are.”

Angelica looked to Kirsten, then to the floor. “I… Yeah. Me too. Feelings, or whatever. And yes, this is a dumbfuck moment to feel them, you idiot.”

Kirsten’s jaw dropped. “Are you serious, Owen?! You’re leaving me for one of my best friends!”

“I didn’t mean to! Come on, don’t be like this, babe!”

“You do *not* get to call me ‘babe’ if you’re going to leave me for what I thought was my friend!” Kirsten silently prayed she could ever be forgiven for this.

“We’re not trying to hurt you!” Owen pleaded.

“Yeah? So you wouldn’t mind if I started dating one of your friends? Super chill, right, brah?!”

“You can date whoever you want!” he retorted, voice raised to match hers. For a moment, Kirsten thought she saw a glimmer of cognition in Angelica’s eyes. Not that she could follow a plot this fucked up, this devious, this wildly out of character. No way.

“So maybe I will!”

“Fine!”

“Good!”

“Out-fucking-standing!”

“Have fun fucking my ex-friend!”

“I will!”

Kirsten stormed away, a little smile creeping over her face. She’d done it. There was a hole in her heart from what the things she’d said to Angelica, but the cost could be dealt with another day. By the time the boys touched base and Owen tried to convince Conner she was using him to hurt her ex, it would be too late. To believe that and act on the principle such an accusation drew upon, he would have to be willing to give her up. She meant to give him something he would never dream of relinquishing. Besides, by then, she’d have a dozen new stratagems to spin this the way she wanted it.

All it had cost her was Angelica. Oh well. She wasn’t going to cry over it. Tears were weakness.

*Five hours later…*

Kirsten focused on the objective. She had to make this work. Back to the plan. “Why would he leave me for her? Is she that much prettier than me?” She looked up, making sure he could see it was not rhetorical.

“Who, Angelica? No way. I mean, she’s pretty, but… Kirsten, you’re probably the best-looking girl I’ve ever seen not on a screen.”

“What, you mean like a porn star? Real comforting.” Conner was a nice guy. Nice guys tried to be nice. Rebuking his effort to be nice would make him dig deeper, be nicer. Guys as nice as Conner Fishers were the ultimate narcissists, in love with their self-image as martyrs and emotional superheroes. She only had to let him don his cape.

“No! No, not like that at all. Like a movie star. Seriously. Not to be TMI about it, but you are freaking insanely good-looking. You know that, right?”

She sat up. “Yeah?” Leaving it open-ended was good. It forced him to say more, showed him she didn’t mind a physical compliment, however PG.

“Heck yeah. Your hair, your face, your body… you’ve got it all.”

Not good enough. “So then why did he pick her over me?” Kirsten stood up, struggling to pinch a bit of fat at her waist and coming up with a small roll of skin. “I mean, I gained a couple pounds over spring break, but I was going to lose them!”

“Oh my god, you are *so* not fat. The opposite!”

She frowned. “So I’m too skinny?”

“No!” Conner shook his head, wet hair whipping around. “You’re perfect.”

“Perfect. Pff.” She rolled her eyes. “You’re just saying that to be nice.” If the Nice Guy had a kryptonite, it was accusations of hypocrisy or self-interest.

“What? Come on, look at yourself. Do you have any idea how intimidated I was just being in a room with you alone?”

“Why, because I’m a bitch? Is that what you’re saying?” Kirsten put her hands on her hips, chest thrust forth in invitation for unintentional yet unavoidable inspection.

“Oh my gosh, Kirsten, no! Because you’re…” Or was he saying *your*? Her what? *Say it!* “Because it’s not cool to think those kinds of thoughts about my best friend’s girlfriend, that’s why!”

There. Closer. Good. Now drive the wedge. “Ex-girlfriend, now,” she said, managing what she hoped was a passable half-smile, half-mope. “So I guess you’re off the hook.”

Conner chuckled nervously. “Yeah, you don’t know what kind of thoughts I meant. Probably still pretty uncool.”

“What, you gonna chop me up and feed me to the pigs or something? Jesus, Conner.”

“No, I meant more like–” He paused. “Sorry, almost got pretty inappropriate there. You’re upset. I shouldn’t be worried about my stupid thoughts, no matter how good you look in that bikini.”

She brightened, more than the compliment deserved, but encouragement was important. “You like how I look in this?” She took a step forward.

“Um, duh. Pretty sure every straight guy in the world would love how you look in that.”

“Man, and you wouldn’t let me wear the really hot one.” Another step. He shuffled back one himself, so she took two more.

“At the time, I was trying to be a gentleman…”

“You succeeded.” Two more steps. Almost touching him now. He looked really nervous. This was not the time. Not for that. No, this was time to show him she could be close without being demanding. “Um, Conner? Maybe this is weird, because I know we don’t know each other that well and I only had you over to be a good girlfriend. But… oh my god, this feels awkward to say. Look, I don’t know which of my friends sent me that pic and why, and I really, really don’t want to be alone. Do you think it would be OK if you and I just hung out tonight?”

“I, um… I mean, I’m sure you’d rather be with somebody you know better, right? You have to have at least one friend you can trust. Don’t you?”

She sniffled. “Look, maybe this is weird, but… I can’t be vulnerable around my friends. Even if it was someone genuinely cool, like Heather, the moment they tell Olivia or Hayleigh they saw me crying my eyes out over a boy, those bitches would eat me alive.” A little more truthful than she wanted to be, but he probably had enough awareness of the status quo to buy in.

Before he could answer, she pressed her attack, this time appealing to the Nice guy, not the Guy guy. “You don’t have to. If I’m still ‘intimidating’ you can say no. I’d understand.” She’d be destroyed. She’d have given up Angelica for nothing. Her life would be over. She would melt this worthless planet to slag, then piss out the cinders. She’d–

“No, it’s all right. You seem actually kinda cooler than I thought you’d be. Not *cool* cool, obviously you’re cool, you’re Kirsten Vaughan, but like… cool. If that makes any sense.”

“Nope.” Yep. “You have all night to explain it to me, though. Just remember I feel like dog shit, so be gentle, and don’t be stingy with the flattery, OK? To you I’m Kirsten Vaughan, queen of Northside, but trust me, right now feeling like Kirsten Vaughan, unlovable piece of garbage.” An overstatement, but after betraying Angelica, not the biggest one she’d employed with him.

Ah well. Like her grandfather had taught her: seize it now, earn it later.

“You’re not garbage, and you’re definitely lovable.”

“Good start.” She patted his shoulder. “Come on. Let’s go back inside. I don’t really feel like swimming any more if that’s OK. You can use my shower, rinse the chlorine off so we don’t make another mess on the couch. I’ll take a few minutes to scrape myself out of the gutter and take the next one.”

“Oh. Yeah, sure. Sounds good.”

So far, everything going according to plan. At last, it was time for the first opportunity she’d sketched out to really seduce him. She waited for exactly one hundred and forty seconds after she heard the shower in her bathroom start. Enough time for it to get warm, and give him a few seconds to start but not enough time to try a cop-out rinse and run in case his hygiene wasn’t (yet) up to her standards. She let herself back into the bathroom, which in his haste, he had failed to lock behind him.

“Don’t worry, I’m not looking,” she said, keeping her back to the stall. She caught a glimpse of a shocked expression and hasty movement to cover his privates, but no more. “I’m just doing my post-pool skin care stuff. It’s a whole routine, and if I wait until you’re done you’ll be sitting around waiting for me forever and I’ll feel even worse.”

“I’m… um, don’t turn around, OK? This is a glass door.”

“I won’t. It’d serve you right if I did, though,” she said, bending over, conspicuously keeping herself at an angle to the mirror where he could tell she couldn’t see his reflection. Still enough to make him think about her seeing him. Good enough. Let him imagine the Northside living legend checking his naked body out. Flattery was the ultimate aphrodisiac for men.

“Serve me right? What did I do?”

“I mean, you’ve seen me naked, right? A bunch of times.”

“What? Oh! Yeah, I mean, I guess. That was special circumstances, though, and there were like twenty other girls around.”

“Don’t think I didn’t notice you checking me out, Conner,” she said, wagging a reproving finger over her shoulder. Bent over the sink like this, he should have a hell of an angle on her ass. Grades 5-10, it had been her second-best asset, and it still wasn’t far behind. She could feel his eyes on it, reliving those days in second period.

“I wasn’t… I mean, I couldn’t help *seeing*. You’re, um, kinda hard not to notice. Not to be creepy or anything, but since you said to lay on the compliments…”

“Oh right, like the guy who’s been hooking up with Heather Blake is suddenly going to settle for these,” she said, hefting her tits in the mirror. Second-best asset, grades 11-present.

“Big boobs aren’t everything,” he muttered. *FUCK YES*, she thought immediately. She recognized that sulky tone. Trouble in paradise. Something wrong between them. He’d already slept with Mary, so maybe that had been enough to break them up. Leave it to a priss like Heather to insist on monogamy with this Adonis. Frankly, the thought of getting to share him with other women was one of the sexiest things about this already overwhelming sexy man.

“Right, but come on. Obviously you two are crazy in love. I saw how you looked at her at prom. I would kill for a guy to look at me like that.” She arched her back, thrust her ass back further. Her bottoms slipped up her butt automatically, just as they had in rehearsal.

“We’re on a temporary break,” he replied. *Temporary break*, code for *one of us fucked something up big-time.* Perfect.

“Well hey, look at us, single and ready to mingle.” She glanced back, though “caught” herself in time and didn’t quite get a look. “I’d offer to help hook you up with another one of my friends, but I think if another guy I like picked one of them over me, I’d pretty much shut down.” Kirsten suddenly straightened, bottoms suddenly nearly a thong. “Not that I *like you* like you. Oh my god, I sound like a child. Forget I said anything.”

“No, I gotcha. It’s fine. I ‘like you’ too. I think.”

She went back to her lotioning for a minute, then finally spoke just loudly enough to be heard over the shower’s spray, “Conner? Can I ask you something?”

“Um, sure. Not like I can go anywhere, right?”

She laughed. “I promise I won’t ransom your clothes.” Unless this all goes terribly wrong. Last resort. “All right, so maybe this is weird, and you don’t have to answer, but… are you hard right now?”

“Am I what?!” She could practically hear him shifting, blocking any chance of her turning and ascertaining for herself.

“Are you hard. I mean, you’re in my house, just the two of us, you’re naked, I’m standing here in a bikini that fit me a lot better last summer…” Kirsten shrugged. “I just want to know if I still ‘got it’ or if I’m a lost cause.”

“Kirsten, whether or not I’m… you know, you’re definitely not a lost cause.”

“So you don’t want to answer.”

“I mean… not really?”

“Yeah, that’s what I figured.” Damn. A *yes* and she would have turned around, letting him keep it covered or turn around or whatever, and ask if she could see it, even the score. Let the dominoes fall. Oh well. Not like she hadn’t planned for a little reluctance. “I’ll let you finish up. Sorry.”

There. A little glum, but not full-blown pity party. She excused herself from the bathroom. By the time he emerged, once more fully (and lamentably) dressed, she was standing outside the door in nothing but a bath towel. It was decidedly too small, clinging low on her chest; a heavy sigh would blow it away enough to show her pussy, freshly waxed only yesterday while she was doing her prep work. She wordlessly squeezed past him, noting but not reacting to his widening eyes. The door swung shut, but not hard enough, and from her years of experience dealing with the stubborn thing, she knew whenever it wasn’t shut tight, it tended to swing back open on its own six inches or so. The towel was dropped, and in she went. She made it a point not to so much as glance at the door. If Conner was looking, great. Break him the old-fashioned way. If he wasn’t, then he was surely sitting there torturing himself for not doing so, a heady reminder of exactly who – and what – he was trying to resist.

She exited in the same towel, damp and glistening, leaving her closet open while she “picked out” another outfit (which she had of course chosen long before his arrival). Simple lounging clothes, a pair of loose-fitting cotton dolphin shorts and a square-necked tank top, baggy and ill-fitting. No bra. Panties, yes, but only because if he saw she’d skipped that, her alibi of comfort-seeking would unravel pretty quick.

“So,” she opened, flouncing down onto the couch across from him with enough bounce to make sure he noticed the absence of her bra, “as a player, can I ask you a question? I’ll leave your cock out of it this time, promise.”

“Kirsten. Stop. For the love of god, stop.”

Her head snapped back. “What? Stop what? I was only–”

“I know what you’re doing. I know what you’ve *done*. I just… God, I wondered if… Fucking hell, I can’t take it any more.”

“Take what? You mean… I’m sorry, am I leaning on you too hard?” This was unheard of. She was flirting. With a boy. And he was telling her to stop? He had to be talking about something else. “Sorry, I guess I was feeling–”

“I know what you’re feeling. But this has already gone way too far, and it has to stop. For everyone’s sake.”

She scowled. “I don’t understand.” Scowling wasn’t her best look, but it was an automatic and overpowering reaction to Conner’s apparent rejection.

“I talked to Owen. And Angelica. I know what you did.”

Her eyes widened. Had those bitches really ratted her out?! She would *murder* them. No. Murder was too good for backstabbers. See how Owen liked making out with her girlfriend after Kirsten smashed his nuts into oblivion in her dad’s vice grip in the garage. (Unless he wanted to go out with her again. The guy could have any woman he wanted, for crying out loud. She’d be an idiot to refuse him. But still!)

“I’m not mad,” Conner added, daring to inch closer. “I… think I get it. Kind of. Heck, between you and me, you probably did them a favor cutting them loose. Not that I like your reasons, as I understand them, but they probably need to be together.”

“But…”

He held up a hand. “Anyway, dumping a guy and trying to hook up with his best friend the very same night… that’s really uncool. Not your fault,” he muttered ambiguously, “but nonetheless. To say nothing of the way you’ve been playing head games with me all week.”

Head games were one of her specialties! How unfair was this?! She twisted a damp strand of hair guiltily. Or what she hoped looked guiltily, at least, as he went on. “It’s been a weird week, though, and lord knows you’re not the only one who’s tried to get me to… you know. Heck, your buddy Olivia practically jumped me in the hallway.”

That conniving whore. “I heard. She deserves everything she got and more.”

“It wasn’t her fault any more than it is yours.” Conner shook his head. “Never mind. My point is, Kirsten, you treat people like commodities. Expendable ones. And it’s just… I mean, I feel…”

She braced herself. Here it came. The only man she’d ever wanted, and she’d bungled things so badly that he–

“I feel sorry for you,” he finished.

For a moment, everything she felt for Conner melted away, seared into nothingness by something so hot it skipped past white and became a flame of pure darkness all the way back at the other end of the spectrum of malevolence.

Only for a moment, though. This was *Conner*, after all.

“And I want to help,” he continued as she steadied herself, trying not to faint from that brief surge of whatever it had been. God, she was dizzy. Her dream hunk’s proximity wasn’t helping, no more than that tender note in his voice. She loved him for it, even as she wanted to rip his throat out. She’d seen someone do that in a move. It didn’t look so hard, and her fingernails were sharp. “I talked to Owen and Angelica while you were showering, and… I’m going to help. Can’t imagine anybody else will ever have an opportunity like this, so now or never I guess.”

“Help? What help do you think I need?” Her desire to keep the vitriol from her voice was at odds with the volcano of it bubbling up from inside her.

Conner nodded, then, to her surprise and glee, stood up and pulled down his shorts. Underwear, too. His cock, the same one he’d bashfully hidden from her when she’d tried peeking in the shower, now shared the same air as her. It was already well on its way to erect, thick and crimson red, jutting out perpendicular to his body. It was close enough she could *smell* the thing. Immediately a puddle formed in her mouth, threatening to leak out onto her flimsy tank top.

“You want this, don’t you?”

She should say something clever. Something classy. Something biting, to regain the upper hand. All three would be ideal. Instead, his musk flooded her brain and she merely heard herself mumble, “Yes. I want it.”

“I’m not sure I believe you. Ask for it.”

She tried to glance up, make eye contact, but her eyes were riveted to that plump red dagger in her face. “Can… can I have it?”

“Ask *nicely*.”

“Please, Conner? Please, can I pretty pretty please suck your cock? I’ll be so good to it, I promise.” Jesus, Mr. Lyons had been right. All that bullshit begging practice might actually pay off. She wished she didn’t simply mouth the words in class and had actually committed to learning them by heart.

“That’s the spirit. Humility, honesty, telling people what you really feel. That’s a good look on you, Kirsten. Ordinarily, it wouldn’t come close to being enough considering you’re my best friend’s ex. Luckily for you, Owen gave his blessing. A little too eagerly, almost. Maybe he felt bad for you, too.”

Kirsten mentally added Owen’s name to her list of eternal nemeses. She better not ever have to date him again, or she’d make him regret it. “I see.”

“Plus let’s face it, you’re the cream of the Northside crop, at least if we’re being shallow, and I have designs of my own. So I’m going to give you a chance.”

“A chance? What, you’re saying you don’t want me? Come on. You deserve me, Conner. If anybody ever has, it’s you. Just take me. I’m yours.”

“See, that’s what I’m looking for. Losing the act, being yourself, saying what you really want.” He sat back down; her eyes followed his dick down. She didn’t know whether she liked it better than his face or not. Perhaps riding both would provide some insight. “I feel like you spend a tremendous amount of your time and energy exerting dominance. Pushing people around, manipulating people. Doing everything you can to stay on top, no matter who you hurt in the process. I know we don’t know each other very well, but from what I’ve heard, anecdotally and from our mutual acquaintances…”

“Sometimes, maybe,” she granted. Charitably, she felt, since it was a very bold (albeit entirely accurate) assessment. “So what’s that got to do with… that?” Kirsten gestured to his dick.

“I’m not opposed to giving you what you want. Heck, part of me even wants it.” Any other man would be dead from those two sentences alone. On Conner, somehow, it was only more endearing. God, she hated how endearing it was. “But I don’t want to feel like you manipulated me into it, coerced me, whatever it was you’ve been trying to do all week. If we’re going to do this, I want it to be as two people who want to enjoy each other. Pleasurable, absolutely, but also comfortable. Fun. No agendas. That’s what sex is supposed to be, right?”

“Right, yeah, totally,” she agreed. Not at all what she’d learned in class, nor what she’d experienced, nor what she believed. Anybody who wanted their partner to not have an agenda was demanding unilateral disarmament and was therefore a threat.

It was *Conner*, though. Somehow, much as it went against every instinct, she couldn’t find anything threatening in him.

“So… how do we do that?” she asked.

“With me so far, that’s great.” He smiled and even put a hand on her shoulder. His touch… god. She was glad she’d kept her panties on. “So I got to hear a little bit about what went on between you and Olivia this week. She’s, um, quite a prolific texter.”

“And a fucking *liar!*” Kirsten snapped automatically. Fuck! Whatever Olivia had told him couldn’t possibly be good for her. “That bitch is so full of–”

“Whoa there, it’s OK,” Conner interjected firmly, but somehow also soothingly, snuffing the flare of her temper with a soft pressure on her arm. “I’m not saying I take her word for everything. Honestly, I sort of got the impression that she might not even grasp everything herself. Not sure I do either. Not sure I even want to, for that matter, if it’s anything like the mind games you were playing on me. What’s clear, though, is that whatever happened, I’ve put a rift between the two of you, and for that, I wholeheartedly apologize.”

Apologize? All this dressing her down, putting her off, the mother fucking *pity*, and now he was apologizing? For Olivia? “What? Conner, you didn’t do anything. That slutty little twit went and–”

“See, that’s what I mean. She’s your best friend, isn’t she?” Kirsten nodded, though she mentally added that only for the past eight weeks or so, since Hayleigh had started putting on airs after Jackson’s scholarship went through. Second period had endeared the girl to her somewhat more, though no way Kirsten would ever admit that to her. “So I want you two to be friends again. And, after what Angelica passed along, I thought… maybe this is the way to go about it.”

Kirsten scrunched her face. “What? I’m not sure I follow. What’d Angelica say, exactly?”

“Um, well, she sort of noted that… you, ah, might have a better time if there was another woman involved.”

Her jaw dropped. Angelica had said *what?!* That was barely even true! Even if it was, you didn’t go *saying* that about people you supposedly *cared* about! Is *that* what love was to her?!

Her response came with a snarl. How about *that* for honesty, you beautiful wonderful fuckable prick. “So what exactly is it you’re asking for, then?”

Olivia checked her hair one last time in the rear view mirror. Good. Not perfect, but Kirsten’s weird message had stressed urgency. Which, whatever, but it had also stressed *Conner*. That had been all the incentive Olivia had needed to slip out to the garage and take her dad’s car. Her parents were super pissed, totally blowing up her inbox the whole drive over, but what were they gonna do? Ground her? She was already grounded! Jokes on *you*, Mom and Dad.

Belatedly, it occurred to her they could ground her longer, or take other things away. Shoot. Oh well, still worth it. If Conner was really here, really available, she’d have done the same if it meant driving through a hail of bullet fire. Not literally, probably, but only ‘cause her dad had been in the Marine Corp and was a real good shot. He’d have sniped her right quick.

Expectations were low, but the potential was high. Olivia strutted up to the door in her white leather mini skirt, a black top that was practically lingerie (or was it *actually* lingerie?), and the tallest heels she owned, easily five inches of glossy black sex appeal. Despite feeling incredibly confident in looking fuckable as hell, the problem was, this was Kirsten she was dealing with. The odds that Conner was sitting inside with his dick out waiting to make her come her tits off seemed pretty fucking low. More likely, Kirsten was going to try to use Olivia’s feelings for Conner to extort something out of her, or to record it and blackmail her, or maybe just to steal him away so she could gloat. You never knew with a friend like Kirsten.

There was an unfamiliar car in the drive, and only the one. Olivia made her way up to the door, where it swung open immediately. They’d been waiting for her. On the other side was Kirsten, dressed like she was fresh from the gym except for missing a bra. It was that casual sexy look she thought she’d invented all on her own, the smug cunt. It barely even worked for her. Seeing Kirsten looking casual was like seeing a Lexus with a bumper sticker.

Her irritation with her so-called friend vanished, however, upon seeing the other figure waiting for her, seated casually on one of Kirsten’s mom’s designer leather sofas across the way. He waved politely in greeting.

“Conner!” she squealed, rushing over and wrapping her arms around him. She kissed his cheek. Would’ve gone for the lips but he turned his head.

“Hi, Olivia. You look really nice.”

“Thanks! Kirsten said you were over, hanging out or whatever, and I wanted to look cute for you.”

“Mission accomplished,” he assured her. Behind her, the front door had closed, and Kirsten made her way back to the sofa, settling in on the cushion next to Conner.

“Reminds me of the outfit I wore to that college party we went to back in January,” Kirsten observed casually. Of course it did. It was literally the same outfit, only a size smaller and a lot less snug across the chest. Olivia had seen how those college boys had drooled over her friend; she’d bought the outfit that same night while she was in the bathroom trying not to barf up more of that punch.

“So, um, what’s going on? Is it just you two? Are more people coming, or…? You said this was a party.”

“No more people,” Conner said. His voice radiated confidence, like he was the one in charge here. It took balls to take that tone in front of Kirsten, especially in her own home. Mm. Conner’s balls. “Only the three of us.”

“Oh. Fun! Weird, I mean, but like, whatever. So what’re we gonna do? Are we gonna go swimming? I didn’t bring a suit but like, I don’t mind skinny dipping.”

“Maybe in a bit. Kirsten says we have the place to ourselves for the evening. First though, I wanted us to be clear about what we’re doing here. I invited you over here for two reasons. One of those reasons is, I think you’re cute and if you want to hook up with me, I want to hook up with you.”

“I want. Oh god, I want! I want I want I want I want I want!” she gushed, throwing herself into his lap. Her mouth was on his neck in an instant, grabbing his hand and putting it right on her tit. She didn’t care if Kirsten was watching. Conner thought she was cute and she was not about to waste a single second by not being impaled on his dick.

“Good, good,” he said with a laugh, gently, pulling his hand back. “Easy, tiger. That’s only one of the things. The other thing is… well…” He cleared his throat. “It’s come to my attention that Kirsten feels about the same way as you do. About me.”

Olivia sneered at her friend. A sneer she knew she’d pay for, but so what. Nothing Kirsten could do to punish her would mean a thing if she could have Conner. Besides, having him when Kirsten couldn’t… nothing could be sweeter. “So what?! Fuck her – I’ll be so much better to you! My pussy is already super wet for you. Here, feel!”

“I believe you – take it down a notch, OK? We’re not at the pussy wetness phase of things yet. Right now, the thing is, I see how the two of you are in a kinda toxic thing. I want to try to help you get over it, patch things up. So here’s the deal, Olivia. You don’t have to agree to it, but if you do–”

“I agree. Whatever you want. I don’t care. Just *fuck* me, Conner, *fuck* me.”

He held up his hands defensively. “Whoa. The deal is, if you want me, you have to give Kirsten a chance to be nice to you, too. You say she hasn’t been a great friend, so tonight, I want you to let her make it up to you.”

“What, like, an apology?” Olivia hesitated. “From Kirsten…?” Had he never met her or something?

He glanced to where Kirsten sat, her eyes fixed darkly on her lap. “Sure. I think an apology would be a great place to start. Kirsten? Anything you’d like to say?”

The wrath behind her eyes was palpable as she glanced up to meet Conner’s. “And I really have to do this.”

“You don’t have to do anything. The two of us can head out and–”

“Olivia, I’m sorry,” the blonde said firmly. “There. I said it. Firmly.”

“Kirsten, I told you. You want to do this, you have to commit to it. Nothing halfway. Either you apologize, specifically, for how you mistreated her, or you don’t.”

God, he was so in control. She hoped he controlled her like that. With his cock. Fuck she wanted his cock. In her pussy. Right now. Stupid Kirsten and her stupid slow apology.

“All right.” Kirsten took a slow breath, then turned to face Olivia head on, legs crossed, arms folded. She didn’t make eye contact though, so maybe it was going to be sincere. Olivia knew Kirsten always looked people right in the eye when she was lying to them about something. Those baby blues could be hypnotic. “I’m sorry for leaking your slutty intentions about Conner to your mom and getting you grounded. I’m sorry I tried to sleep with him even though I knew you liked him, too. I’m sorry I don’t give you enough credit for how hot you are – you look really good tonight, seriously – and I’m sorry I run you down about how fucking dumb you can be sometimes.”

Conner sighed. “OK, not the worst start, but let’s try again, maybe this time without the–”

“*Ohmygoshthankyou!*” Olivia threw herself at Kirsten in an embrace so fierce, so sudden, that it bowled the girl over and landed her on her back. “Just hearing you say those words, like… oh my gosh. And I know you mean it or you wouldn’t say it because you never say you’re sorry unless it’s super serious, like remember that one time we were on that camping weekend and someone put poison ivy in Jordan’s sleeping bag and it turns out he slept in it naked and it it broke out like everywhere and even on his dick and he had to go to the hospital and everything, and you went to visit him and apologized? I remember you made Hayleigh say she did it, but you said you were sorry he felt so bad, and Hayleigh wouldn’t have apologized if you hadn’t made her so he never would’ve gotten any apology at all?”

Kirsten was nodding. “Hayleigh owed me a favor, so it squared things between us.”

“Why in god’s name would you do something like that?!” Conner exclaimed.

“Jordan snuck out after me while I was going to the bathroom and tried to peep. He had it coming.”

“Well, I mean, I suppose… Jordan, after all…” He shook his head. “Anyway, that’s a great start. How do you two feel?”

“Better. A little,” Kirsten admitted grudgingly from underneath the pile of brunette.

“So horny,” Olivia replied. “Can we fuck now? Please? I’m a super good fuck, promise.” She slipped a finger between her legs, rubbed at her bare slit, then sucked her finger clean slowly.

“That was a good start. But now, I want Kirsten not to just say an apology, but to put it into action. Kirsten, you’re in charge. You decide how this goes, but remember what we talked about.”

Her friend hefted Olivia’s body off of her, standing and brushing off her thighs. “Right. OK. So… I thought…” She rolled her eyes. “Olivia. Stop drooling over his dick and listen for a sec, OK? I’m over here. Fuck.”

Olivia nodded, and after a moment heard what had been said and looked over to her. “Right, sorry. He’s just so fucking hot, right?”

“Um, yeah. I guess so. Anyway, so look. As you’re making obvious, you like Conner. Right?”

“Oh my gawd *so* much!”

“Right. And so, yeah, I like him too. Like, super totes so much.” Olivia couldn’t tell if she was condescending or not. Whatever. Bickering with Kirsten wouldn’t get Conner’s dick in her any faster. “So I don’t want that to come between you and I. He doesn’t either.”

“Really? Mr. Lyons said guys would totally go nuts coming on two crazy hot chicks like us.”

“He… what? Jesus, you fucking airhead, I…” Kirsten glanced to Conner, then back to Olivia with strained patience. “Sorry I called you a fucking airhead. Anyway no, I meant, we need to still be friends, and if one of us steals him from the other, that’s gonna be hard to happen, right?”

“If you tried to take him from me, I would…” Olivia tried to burn a hole in her friend with imaginary eye lasers for suggesting such a thing.

“Right. That’s what I’m saying. So, what I was thinking was… what if, for tonight, at least, you and I… shared.” Kirsten’s eyelids sunk slowly, her chest swelling as she drew and released a slow breath. “As… equals.” The word looked like it pained her to say.

“You mean, like, a threesome? Like in you-know-where…?” Olivia wrinkled her nose. “That seems kinda, like, dirty. What if we just took turns? Like I fuck him tonight, and you guys set up a play date for, like, later. If he still wants.” She had hopes that after he got a taste of her pussy, he wouldn’t even want Kirsten’s, but she didn’t want to say it out loud and be too obvious. Kirsten could be clever about stuff like that if she wasn’t careful.

“No turns,” Conner answered in Kirsten’s place. “You two learn to get along, like friends, or I go home.”

“Can I–”

“Alone.”

“Oh.”

Olivia considered. “But, like, we’re not into girls like that.”

“But we fake it when we have to, don’t we?” Kirsten pointed out. “So if that’s what Conner wants, and it’s that or nothing… what do you think we should do?”

Olivia considered. She was bad at making decisions, she knew that. As much of a controlling bitch as Kirsten could be, it was one of the perks of having her around. When they wanted the same thing, or when Olivia didn’t know what she wanted, it was nice having someone who went out and got it.

Once upon a time, she never would’ve thought Kirsten would go for a boy like Conner. She’d always been so critical of any boy they tried to set her up with, and even when it was just girl talk, she almost never had anything positive to say. Still, after the ass-beating that lucky cunt Mary had gotten, Conner was obviously a hot item, and if Kirsten was one thing, it was trend-conscious. Besides, she’d never pretend to be this interested in a guy if it wasn’t for real. Not right in front of him like this. Olivia didn’t doubt Kirsten’s sincerity, which meant she shouldn’t doubt her strategy either.

“Let’s do it,” Olivia decided. “So, like, what do you guys wanna do? Tandem blowjob? Double titty fuck? Flip a coin? Because I am totally tails.” She wasn’t superstitious, but tails was way luckier when it came to flipping for dick rights. Everyone knew that.

“How about you two get each other started, and I watch?” Conner suggested, smiling softly at Kirsten for some reason.

“If you want, Liv,” the blonde replied. “Up to you.”

“Okey dokey.” Olivia shrugged. Just like in class, making out with other girls was pretty meh. If it got Conner hard for her, though, she’d suck Kirsten’s tits right the heck off. Olivia descended on her friend’s lap, straddling her, then like in class, draped her arms around the blonde’s shoulders and pressed their lips together.

“Your lipstick tastes really yummy,” Olivia murmured, then sampled it once again.

“Thanks. I hope Conner agrees. Happy to let you borrow some if he does.”

Holy crap, was she serious? Kirsten *never* let people borrow things. The fact that she’d let Olivia poaching her outfit slide so easily was wild enough, but now this? Man, maybe she really *was* trying to make things cool between them and not just get Conner’s dick in her.

Olivia decided to extend her friend a little credit, and committed to the makeout.

She helped Kirsten get her top off. The whole point was to turn him on, after all, and like it or not they had no better tool at their disposal than the impeccable titties of Kirsten Vaughan. Big, golden brown, gravity-defiant globes of girl meat. They were the most perfect titties Olivia had ever seen, and she’d seen a whole lot of hot naked girls lately. They were the reason even the other achingly pretty girls in sex ed, like Olivia herself, were still jealous of Kirsten. They were sinful thoughts made flesh.

To sweeten the image, she scrunched down and took one of Kirsten’s nipples into her mouth, swirling her tongue around the already hardening pink nub. Kirsten sighed every bit as convincingly as she always did in class. No wonder she had such a high grade in sex ed, sexiness aside. Even in an almost all-girl classroom, she somehow always managed to fake having a good time.

“Fuck, you’re good at that. Do the other one,” Kirsten ordered. Or pleaded, maybe? Olivia obeyed regardless. Kirsten pressed her breast into her friend’s warm mouth, sinking her fingers into Olivia’s dark mesh of hair gently at first, but soon clutching her firmly in place as she rolled her shoulder, massaging those big perky tits against her face. It was a sort of massage, soft round tit pressing into soft round cheeks.

“Are you really not mad about my outfit?” Olivia asked when she was finally allowed to come up for air.

“Not when you look that fucking hot in it.” Two hands went up Olivia’s skirt, kneading her ass. “I see you skipped panties with it, ya lil’ skank.” It was an affectionate “skank” though, not her usual chastisement at all.

“I wanted to be ready for him,” Olivia admitted with a giggle. “Guess it was kinda skanky of me, though.”

“Let’s see if you taste ready, Liv.” Before she knew it, Kirsten had flipped her on her back, a whoosh of air wheezing from the sofa at the sudden impact of her body. The queen bee crawled after her, and Olivia lifted her hips so the leather skirt could be slid up out of the way. She knew this drill well from sex ed. Mr. Lyons insisted on strong teamwork during partner exercises. A thin, neatly trimmed ribbon of hair stood out as a veritable road map to her pussy, guiding lookers-on down to her cunt. (*Oh! Was* that *why they called it a landing strip?!*) Kirsten followed it in, settling her face between smooth, widespread thighs. The scent of their mutual arousal was heavy in the air.

Being eaten out by girls was actually pretty cool, Olivia thought. Way cooler than she’d thought it would be before she tried it. Kissing girls, sucking on their tits, fingering them, scissoring (which, what the heck was even the point of that aside from making Mr. Lyons laugh?)... All those activities made it pretty impossible to forget her partner had the same XXX chromosomes that she did. (Or was it YYY? She had totally flunked freshman bio.)

Pussy eating, though… it was easy to close her eyes, imagine it was a boy doing it, and lose herself in the pleasure of it. Only one guy she’d dated had ever even offered to go down on her, and him only because after months of sex ed she’d gotten up the nerve to ask for it. In the end, he’d been nowhere near as good as her classmates. Kirsten, frankly, was probably one of the best in class. It was actually unfair that the teacher never got to get his pussy eaten and see for himself so she could get the A+ she deserved for it.

Conner stood up and took a position near the doorway, watching intently. His erection was obvious in his shorts. Good. That meant Kirsten’s plan was working so she could close her eyes and enjoy herself. Kirsten’s tongue slathered across her clit, darting in and out of her slit like it was out to set a record in the hokey pokey. She giggled at that thought, but the giggle gave way to a gasp as Kirsten wrapped her lips in a snug little O around her juicy clit and twisted softly back and forth, a veritable blowjob for her clit.

Olivia came. Never in a quabillion years would she have imagined she’d come over to this house, Conner in attendance, and come from *Kirsten*. Crazier still, her orgasm, obvious as it was from the way that she arched her back and squeezed hard on her tits through her filmy top, didn’t convince Kirsten to stop. In fact, the girl doubled down, sucking on that soft pink marble in her crest like it was Conner’s own dick. With minds of their own, Olivia thighs squeezed down around her friend’s cheeks, fingernails scrabbling through silky blonde hair in a desperate bid to have something, someone, to hold onto so she didn’t float off through the ceiling.

She came again. Kirsten then, somehow not suffocating between her thighs, reached up, and peeled up Olivia’s top. One nipple went in each hand, and soon, it all made her come again. It was almost embarrassing how easily she did it.

“Oh my god, you have to stop,” Olivia panted at last when Kirsten still didn’t let up.

Kirsten’s face peered up at her, a thin V-shaped slice of it visible between Olivia’s tits and thighs. “It doesn’t feel good?”

“No, it feels… fuck, Kirsten, it’s, like, *too* good. I gotta save something for Conner, you know?”

Kirsten smiled at that. It was a smile Olivia didn’t remember seeing before. On any other face, it might have looked… sweet? She wasn’t sure what Kirsten’s purpose was, showing that to her. “If you say so. Here, let me help you out of the rest of your clothes.”

Olivia felt weirdly fancy standing still, lifting her arms and shifting her feet while another woman did her stripping for her. Once she was naked, she stopped Kirsten with a hand on her shoulder. “Now your turn. K?”

Kirsten nodded. Olivia let her hands tease softly down Kirsten’s body as she knelt down, eventually sinking them into the elastic of her shorts. A soft tug brought them down halfway around her ass, resting at the widest portion of her hips. Remembering Conner was watching, and also that Kirsten was being surprisingly cool so far, she paused before continuing and steered the blonde around so that her back was to Olivia. Fuck, Kirsten was turned on. Olivia knew that leaky pussy fragrance too well by now, and Kirsten’s scent flooded her nostrils.

*She must be almost as into Conner as I am*, Olivia thought as she sank her teeth into the waistband of the dolphin shorts. Twisting and grunting this way and that, she exposed Kirsten’s panties with mouth and willpower alone, using her hands to caress up and down each smooth, tanned thigh. Kirsten’s panties followed and by the same method, though this time she spun her friend around to come at them from the front, her nose trailing down Kirsten’s bare-shaven pussy.

“Holy *fuck* are you hot, Kirsten,” she exclaimed once the panties hit the floor.

“Um, thanks? Is that news or something?”

“No! I mean, of course you’re hot, you know that, but I mean, like, your pussy. It’s literally like I’ve got my face in front of a space heater.”

“I think you mean figuratively.”

“Your figure is awesome, like I said. Just… wow. Do you, um, want me to do for you like you did for me?”

Kirsten looked to Conner. “You don’t have to. I mean, he’s probably waited to fuck one of us long enough, right? I don’t wanna bore the poor guy.”

Conner smiled. “That’s very considerate of you, Kirsten, putting others in front of your own desires. Why don’t you go ahead and let her return the favor? I don’t mind waiting my turn.”

“No, we totally don’t mind if you wanna jump in!” Olivia reassured him. “Right, Kirsten?”

Kirsten’s eyes narrowed, but only for a moment. “No, sure. That’s fine. If he wants.”

“Olivia, don’t get greedy on me now. Kirsten’s been really nice to you, right? Don’t you think she deserves a little reciprocity?”

She frowned. “A little what? Rectal… property?” It was awesome that Conner was smart (smarter than her, she was pretty sure), but people using big words like that always stung. Olivia had never had a very good instinct for words. Or numbers.

Conner ran his thumb and forefinger along his eyebrows a moment. “Just eat her out, Olivia. OK? Make her feel as good as she made you feel.”

“If that gets you off, baby!” she trilled contentedly. At least it was turning him on!

Olivia dove into Kirsten’s cunt tongue first, yet it was soon obvious that this wasn’t going to work standing up. It never did in class, even though Mr. Lyons thought it was fun to make them try so he could go around and put his fingers in their asses while they struggled with their balance. At least until Jennica toppled over and almost sprained his wrist falling down on it with his thumb right up her butthole.

“Do you, um, wanna do it out by the pool?” Kirsten suggested softly.

“Outside, you mean? We’re, like, naked.” Olivia frowned.

“There’s the privacy fence, and all the trees. Nobody can see back there, trust me. You think I’d let a bunch of plebes leer at me while I’m in my bikini?” Her tone suddenly lost its snotty edge, though. “Sorry, thought it might be fun. Spice it up. If you’re comfortable with that. It’s OK if you’re not.”

Hmm. Outdoors was kinda hot. Definitely sluttier. Maybe it’d get Conner more turned on? That was obviously why Kirsten wanted it. She was so smart. Olivia nodded, letting her friend help her back upright and lead her out the back door. Conner followed a few paces behind without saying a word.

They settled on Kirsten sitting on the side of the pool about halfway down to the deep end, right where Olivia could stand and have her face right at muff level. Even with the evening air to cool it, that pussy was an inferno. Olivia was almost afraid to put her mouth on it, but when she dragged her tongue along Kirsten’s glistening slit, it was like fresh coffee, so warm it filled her from the inside.

Pussy eating was actually kinda fun if she could think of it as a show for Conner. Anything that turned Conner on was awesome. She mentally went through a list of fetishes she’d adopt for him. Foot stuff? Totally. Spanking? For sure – she had a killer ass, at least as nice as Kirsten’s. Bondage, no prob. She’d come so hard if Conner tied her up and used her and fucked her and groped her and smacked her tits and her ass and put clamps on her nipples and made her his fuck slave who did anything she was told to get him off and sometimes it was being a toy for his other sluts like Kirsten and mm that cunt tasted good, tasted good for Conner, Conner’s good girl pussy eating tongue slut, and thank god she’d been taught how to do this so she could be a perfect little cunt-munching whore for him, given out when he wanted just to turn him on, to ingratiate herself to him, eating out her best friend because all they cared about was Conner and his perfect fucking dick.

That was when Olivia came, diddling herself under the cool water. It was a reminder, though, that it wasn’t why she was here, so she refocused on the slit in front of her. Olivia wasn’t as proficient at pussy-eating as Kirsten, but she did her best. If it wasn’t amazing, Kirsten didn’t complain. In fact, as the blonde beauty massaged Olivia’s scalp tenderly, nails tracing little circular trails through her hair, she let out the softest little moan Olivia had ever heard from her. Kirsten was so reserved about letting any sign of pleasure show in class (so long as there weren’t points for moaning on the rubric) that Olivia had wondered if she was some kind of homophobe or something.

A little tremble reverberated through her body soon after, a sudden tension, thighs clamping down around her face, and then Kirsten’s body splayed out on the concrete.

For a moment, Olivia worried she’d pussy-ate her unconscious! But as she hopped up to inspect her, Kirsten mumbled only semi-deliriously, “You have no idea how long I’ve wanted this.”

Olivia arched an eyebrow. “To have me eat you out?” she joked.

Kirsten took a moment to reply; all Olivia could see of her was a soft pink slit dripping with her fresh, translucent cum and a pair of perfect tits pointed up at the starry sky. “Um, no. I meant, you know, to like, be here. With him.”

Conner was standing beside them before Olivia even realized he’d been advancing. “Kirsten… don’t you think you ought to tell her?”

“Tell me what?” Olivia asked, puzzled. Did they already fuck or something? She wouldn’t put it past Kirsten to be a greedy cock hog.

“Yeah, tell her *what*?” Kirsten retorted with surprising heat in her voice, propping her body up on her elbows.

“She’s your friend. Your best friend. I would think best friends can tell one another anything. Shit, if you can’t tell her, who the heck can you tell? Nobody, I guess, but… god, that sounds…” He shook his head, looking sad for some reason. Was Kirsten dying or something? What was he talking about? “But that’s up to you two.”

Conner knelt down offering an index finger to Kirsten, who greedily sucked it between her lips. The other reached down to Olivia, though she had to hop up and balance her arms on the edge of the pool to suck it easily. “To be clear, that’s not a condition. I’m not demanding anyone give up their secrets. Though I will say from some of my own recent experience, there’s not many better feelings than when you decide to stop living a lie.”

*Who did he lie to?* Olivia wondered. Conner had such an honest face. It didn’t even dawn on her to wonder who Kirsten had lied to. She was the best liar Olivia had ever known. She’d probably lied three times since Olivia had arrived this evening. Heck, Kirsten probably–

“I’m gay,” the blonde said as she released Conner’s finger.

Now that was a bombshell as remarkable as the blonde bombshell herself. Olivia was glad she had the pacifying digit in her mouth so she could process. “Wike, *guh* guh?” she managed around it.

Kirsten nodded. “Yeah. I’ve always been into girls, as far back as I can remember.”

Conner recognized he wasn’t helping and pulled his finger back. In fact, he walked clear over to the fake waterfally thingy a ways across the grass. Privacy enough if they didn’t raise their voices.

“But… your boyfriend. Are you bi?”

Kirsten fell down to her back again, hiding from Olivia’s questing eyes. “No. I used Owen, that’s all. I, um, actually was kind of in a threeway thing with him and this other girl.”

“What? Who?!”

“I’m not going to say who. She was good to me, and I still care about her, and you can’t keep secrets for shit.” She rolled to her side so the two could see each other. “Though I’d appreciate it if you could make an exception about this. Really not ready to see if I can flex hard enough to make being a dyke cool overnight at a school as conventional as Northside.”

“So you’re really…?” Olivia frowned, then took a moment to duck under the water to let the pool wash Kirsten’s cum off her mouth. Nothing against lesbians, but she didn’t want to give people the wrong idea. One thing to eat your friend out to excite Conner; another to eat pussy for its own sake, like you were lovers or something.

“Yep, I’m really,” Kirsten continued when she surfaced, swiping the water from her eyes. “Honestly? It’s actually been really fucking horrible. For, like, years. Watching all you assholes hooking up and having fun and all. Always sort of felt like you were rubbing my face in it. Like, I know that’s not why, but try telling that to my brain, you know? Just being lonely. Like, *all* the time. Lying about having boyfriends, lying about how great things were with Owen, lying about what I want and who I want it from and knowing I couldn’t have it even if… just… fuck. Olivia, you have no idea.”

As Kirsten sat fully upright, feet dangling down gingerly into the water, Olivia frowned down at them. This was so goddamn weird. Not the news, so much– that was making a lot of sense to her pretty fast. She knew Kirsten’s lying MO better than anybody, probably, how she covered her weaknesses, was so cagey about her ambitions and desires. How she acted like boy talk was so beneath her when really, it was suddenly obvious she was only bitter that nobody wanted to talk about pussy trimming styles or whatever lesbians chit-chatted about. No, the weirdness stemmed from hearing her friend be so… open.

Kirsten Vaughan, being vulnerable. To a friend. To a *hot* friend, a *popular* friend, someone who, if she wanted to, could really fuck up her reputation.

But Olivia decided right then that she did not want. In fact, she took a couple steps forward and reached two dripping wet arms up to her friend and hugged her around her waist, her cool cheek pressed flat against Kirsten’s pussy. Whatever. She didn’t care. She’d eaten so much pussy the past few months she was practically gay herself.

Before she knew what was happening, Kirsten was slipping down from the pool’s edge and into the water. Her arms wrapped around Olivia’s shoulders, bare, wet, sharing the girl’s warmth in defiance of the tepid water of the pool. There was a shudder, and suddenly Olivia realized her friend was crying. They’d been friends since middle school, and she was pretty sure the only time Kirsten had ever cried in front of her was that time she’d fallen off her bike and almost broken her leg. Even then, she’d made Olivia and Rory swear on pain of death never to tell anyone what they’d seen. Olivia never did, though she couldn’t be sure about Rory since she moved away in tenth grade. (Or maybe she snitched and Kirsten killed her?)

With a broadening smile, Olivia hugged her friend. Moment by moment, sob by sob, years of competition, one-upmanship, backstabbing and guarded smiles melted away. The girl’s isolation echoed through those trembling, grasping arms, and whatever else Olivia might have wanted when she came over here tonight, she wasn’t going to neglect her in this moment of need. No way.

Though, that did remind her…

“So… Conner?” she asked softly. “I mean, why do all this for Conner, if you’re…? Is this like some weird coming out ritual or something?”

Kirsten sniffled and finally released her, bouncing back a few steps. The ice was already returning to those blue eyes, the pool rinsing away the traces of her moment of weakness. That was a good thing, Olivia thought. Icy was their natural state. Revealing herself as a lesbian was one thing; Olivia could wrap her head around that. A Kirsten Vaughan who was soft, vulnerable? That was not a world she wanted to live in.

The blonde shook her head. “No, this was… unplanned, to say the least. *My* plan was to bring him over here and seduce the fuck out of him, knowing I didn’t have to worry about my insanely hot-ass friend poaching him out from under me.”

“Who? Is somebody else…” She caught herself. A compliment?! Wow! And how!

“There ya go. But yeah, I know I told you I was gay like five minutes ago, but I guess if there’s one thing we learned this semester, sexuality’s a weird fucking beast. They always say it’s a spectrum and all. I guess Conner’s the exception that keeps me on it, right off that 100% to-hell-with-all-men zone.”

“So, you’re into chicks, like only chicks, except Conner?”

“Yeah, I guess so.”

Olivia considered, but shrugged it off. Made sense. How any woman could look at him and not want to satisfy his every sexual fantasy was totally beyond her.

“Did he know? Like, is that why you guys teamed up, had you and I hook up like that?”

“Trust me, Liv, when I set my agenda for tonight, you were nowhere in on it. No offense, but I was gonna hog the guy same as you would’ve. Conner, well… he had other plans.”

“Oh. Um, do you think he still wants us to make out some more? ‘Cause I don’t mind that you’re actually into it. Not that I’m gay, too or anything, but it’s totally fine that you are. Actually, that you told me, that’s… I dunno. That feels huge.”

“Feels huge here too, trust me. Jesus, is this how normal girls talk? God, let’s get back to fucking. We can braid each other’s hair and gossip about our feelings when we’re not sitting in front of Conner wasting a golden opportunity.”

“Am I hearing my name over there?” he called out.

“Sure are,” Olivia called back.

“You got the two hottest bitches in school over here drooling for you. Wanna hop in and take advantage of it, or keep sitting over there stargazing?”

Conner smiled, then stood up and made his way over to the pool. After a moment admiring the two of them, he casually removed his own clothes, discarding them article by article in a neat pile near the diving board. His cock was already hard when his underwear came down.

“All that for little old us?” Kirsten cooed. Olivia simply stared. God, it was so much better than anything she could ever have imagined. If there was a cock out there that granted wishes, she would still choose his over that one any day.

No, maybe the wish one, but only so she could wish for more time with Conner cock. Hard to say.

With minimal grace, Conner took a couple bounces on the diving board and jumped in with a splash. Amazing that sucker didn’t flounce up and hit him in the chin, Olivia thought. Then he swam over to where they waited, casually placing a hand on each girl’s waist. “You two decide who goes first?”

Olivia glanced down and noted that his erection didn’t quite survive the chill, but no matter. They could fix that easily enough. Lord knows Kirsten’s volcanic fucking pussy would heat it right up.

“I think Olivia should go. She’s actually been amazing tonight. I want her to get a little something for it, and I can’t think of anything better to repay her with.” Kirsten pinched her friend’s ass under the water.

Olivia giggled. Thanks to sex ed, having her lesbian friend goose her like that was surprisingly not weird at all. Maybe she was bi, too? Fuck, Kirsten was so hot, she’d almost be stupid not to take advantage. Either way, “No, do Kirsten first. You’re the first dude she’s ever wanted – seems super lame to make her keep waiting.”

“Seriously, Liv. It’s OK. I don’t mind.”

“Seriously, Kirsten, I wanna see what you look like getting fucked by a dick and actually liking it for once. I bet you’re gonna rock that look like you rock pretty much every other look.”

“Are you hitting on me? Because if so, ya better be careful.”

“Don’t think I can flirt any harder than I did earlier. Remember, when I was lapping up a gallon of your cum?”

Conner smiled between them. “How about we start with something cooperative, OK? Why don’t the two of you both go down on me together.”

“Really?” squealed Olivia excitedly. Even Kirsten looked excited at the prospect of getting to fellate this veritable stranger.

“Sure. Ready whenever you are.” He made way in a bit shallower, leaving his torso out of the water. His hands settled on his hips.

“Um, here? You mean, like… underwater?” Olivia asked.

“Sorry, not my fault you two look gosh darn amazing wet and naked. I have to insist.”

Kirsten rolled her eyes. “Men. See why I’m on the other team?” But she waded over to Conner in the shallow end, her stupendous tits flouncing with every step. Olivia wished she had that kind of jiggle, but she didn’t miss Conner’s appreciative eyes on her own chest as she followed.

The two knelt down, took a deep breath, and let themselves sink down under the water. Their hair floated out around them in gold and onyx halos respectively. Then Kirsten took Olivia’s hands and pulled. Their mouths floated together, closing on either side of Conner’s penis. Bubbles floated up from their mouths as they sucked up and down his swiftly rejuvenating length, their tongues glancing against each other’s. Olivia thought she caught a faint note of her own pussy among the flavors of dick and pool water. It was tasty. Though that was probably mostly the dick.

Soon, the girls established a rhythm. Olivia sunk down holding herself underwater with an iron grip on Conner’s clenched buttocks, bobbing her head up and down, keeping a tight vacuum seal to preserve as much warmth as possible. Why was it cold water made nipples hard and cocks soft? One of those things science couldn’t explain, she supposed. Anyway, then she took Kirsten’s hand, pulling herself up and the buxom blonde socialite down to take her place. If Kirsten had any reservations about sucking cock, they sure weren’t apparent to her. She looked every bit as cock-starved as Olivia had felt this whole past week since she’d fallen in love with this perfect man.

“Do you like it? Are we good little hungry cock-sucking sluts?” Olivia purred as she sucked on his ear, waiting for her next turn to prove her commitment to earning that title.

“You’re great. Both of you. And I didn’t overhear you before, when she said… you know. But I caught the basics, and–”

Kirsten tugged, and Olivia was on her knees under the water, cock where it belonged in her cum-thirsty mouth, before she heard the rest of it. God, she could blow this boy for a million years and never get bored of it. Maybe one day, if she could prove she was a better fuck slut for him than all those other skanks in class, they could take a trip somewhere and she could see if she could live on Conner’s cum and nothing else, blowjob after blowjob until she couldn’t see or hear or think anything but the sparkles in his eyes as she sucked his cock like she was siphoning gas through a hose.

Oh, wait. Those were real sparkles. She needed to breathe. Duh.

She coughed up some water on her way up this time, but hopefully the blonde vixen sucking his dick was enough to keep from putting him off his appetite. Conner patted her back until she recovered. “Sorry, you were saying, about Kristen being a lezzy and all?”

He smiled. “Right. I meant to say, it looked like you handled that very well. I’m grateful for you. Was a little worried I’d forced a moment that could have turned out ugly, but…”

Her turn again. Conner nodded patiently as she slipped down, grinding her pussy against his leg while she slobbered into the water around his perfect cock. Glancing up in an effort to make eye contact like she’d been taught, she saw the two of them making out. Mr. Lyons was such a pansy about kissing girls when they had dick breath. It was refreshing to see a man who wasn’t such a little bitch about trivial stuff like that. Better yet, though, making out with Kirsten Vaughan was a recipe for a fresh blast of jizz. He was getting close. She tried her best to get at his cum, but her lungs only held out so long. Damn.

“But,” he continued when she resurfaced, “you were very kind about it, and I wanted to say I appreciated it. Whatever happens between the two of us, I hope you remember that feeling, and that whatever else Kirsten is, she’s also a person, and she’s your friend, and…” He blinked slowly. “And…”

His head sunk backward, jaw slack. “Oh god, Kirsten, this is the most I’ve ever liked your mouth,” he groaned into the sky, and he came.

Olivia was jealous. All this time waiting to suck him off, and that lesbian bitch got to–

Kirsten emerged from underwater, and before Olivia could say a thing, their mouths found one another. Conner’s spunk flowed easily from between her friend’s lips, along with the tongue that had coaxed it out. Olivia groaned in prolonged satisfaction as the two made out. Lesbian, straight, bi, all of it was nothing but words, words that had nothing to do with the beautiful woman pressed against her, the glorious specimen of man holding them together with a hand on each girl’s ass, the tongue slithering against hers, the cum she swallowed down with glee.

Somehow, Olivia didn’t feel like fucking Conner any more. At least, it wasn’t at the top of her list. As the final dribbles were slurped down one throat or another, she turned to smile at Conner even as Kirsten contentedly kissed along her neck.

“So, um, I know we were supposed to fuck and all, but… do you think we could do that again first?”

Kirsten laughed softly, her breath like warm sunlight on her neck. “Olivia, I’m not out to convert you. Conner, I think you better fuck some sense into this bitch before I do it for you.”

He nodded. “I think she’s earned it. Though don’t think I’ve forgotten you, Kirsten. You keep that pussy warm for me, OK?”

“As if I could cool it off with *that* thing waving around in front of me.”

She was getting a bit chilly, so Olivia suggested they reconvene in the house. Conner fucked her from behind in Kirsten’s shower while her friend stood by, sponging the pool smell off of them. At least when she wasn’t busy fingering Olivia’s clit or rubbing her wet soapy tits against Conner’s back. He came right inside her pussy, but she invited Kirsten to lick it out if she wanted.

She wanted.

The trio retired then to the sofa, damp and naked, and Kirsten put on some movie, sheepishly sharing how in her original plan for the evening, she’d planned to use it to start up conversation about what Conner’s perfect woman looked like. He laughed and assured her that he couldn’t imagine two hotter girls than them, much less at the same time. Ever a sucker for having her ego stoked, Olivia was totally unsurprised that it was all the trigger Kirsten needed to climb onto his lap, grind her pussy against his cock with grace that would make a veteran stripper envious, and then when he was hard, take him inside her.

“Fucking *god*, all that sex and it’s like I’m finally losing my virginity,” she moaned, eyes squeezed shut in apparent bliss as Olivia gamely climbed up behind her and rubbed her body against Kirsten’s back from behind while her friend and lover fucked. Her tits did actually feel pretty good, but she let Conner take over once he found his way to them. It was just nice to be a part of something. Rather than finish inside her, Conner bashfully admitted he thought it would be hot to spray Kirsten’s face. With a wry smile, she nodded and got on her knees. Olivia couldn’t blame him. Splattering a facial on Kirsten Vaughan had to be a fantasy nurtured by every male at Northside. Poor dreamers had no idea how much farther they were from ever getting there than they’d even imagined. Not Conner, though.

Regardless, Olivia was simply happy to be there to help lick her friend clean. Mostly clean, at least. Kirsten was still enough of a germaphobe that she still went in and washed up after.

The three of them fell asleep in a tangled web of limbs and hair and genitals sometime not long after, each of them looking in the direction of the TV but each lost in their own fantasies, reverberations of that evening that echoed distinctly in each lover’s ear. At some point in the night – morning? – somebody woke up, started stroking somebody’s something, and soon they were a living mass of groping tits and drippy pussies and thrusting cock, moaning and sucking and fingering and pinching and licking and coming and coming and coming.

It was just people, just friends, just love. That was all there was.

**Part Nine: Show-and-Tell**

“Bullshit.”

“I’m serious. But remember, you promised not to say anything to anyone. I mean *anyone*. If word got out because of me, it would destroy her.”

“I told you I’d keep it between us, didn’t I? Have a little faith, Conner. Even if I didn’t, I’m not stupid enough to pick a fight with Vaughan. On top of which, I’m sure as shit not going to out somebody. What kind of asshole do you take me for?”

“Must’ve spent too much time at Kirsten’s,” Conner muttered. He didn’t know where to put his hands with Neveah’s head between his legs. The chair didn’t have armrests. It barely had a seat, rickety thing that it was. He still didn’t know how he’d let her talk him into meeting her way out here, so open yet so secluded. After a moment, he settled for folding them behind his head.

“You know, you’re pretty ballsy about reminding who all you've been sticking it to while I got your dick in my mouth,” she reminded him between slurps. Several messy streaks of her black lipstick already coated his shaft.

“You said if I agreed to meet up, we could talk. I’ve got a lot on my mind. If I just wanted a blowjob, I could’ve called up any number of girls,” he grumped.

Neveah let her teeth nick his glans, but only barely. “Fearless. Absolutely fearless.”

“Look, sorry. It’s been an insane week. The drama which I won’t mention so pointedly, yes, but not only that. I’ve gotten into a fight with Heather. A fight with Jordan. My mom’s freaking out because there’s a train of girls constantly coming over to the house, and there’s more than one who are pretty much stalking me. And I’ve been over and over it to death, and I can’t figure out what the heck even started it all.”

“Sounds like a week,” she agreed mildly, then moaned to herself as she took him back inside her mouth. Sucking cock had never used to make her so *thirsty*. Water, water everywhere, yet not a drop to drink.

“I’m at my wits end. None of it makes any sense. I mean, do you even know why you’re here, Neveah? Why you’re interested in me in the first place?”

“Does anybody? It’s chaos.”

Conner sighed, then spasmed momentarily as her tongue hit a spot just right. “Whatever that means.”

With only a little hesitation, the bobbing mop of dyed black hair pulled back from his shaft. Neveah took it gently in both hands, trailing the tips of her fingers along each side of its slick length. “It means what I said. You, me, them, humanity, the universe… all of it, chaos. Trying to make it make sense only means you’re missing out on the premise. Reasons are what we call the excuses we make for our behaviors after the fact. Causality is a big fuckin’ lie.”

She returned doggedly to her blowjob, pausing only to shoo away a mosquito. Summer was coming, and they tended to be plentiful here at Bear Lake. Remote or no, he had to admit she’d been right about the location though. The roof of one of the groundskeeper buildings, a scant fifteen feet off the ground but enough to make it feel like they were in their own idyllic pocket universe. Great view, and between the trees and the elevation, they were practically invisible despite being totally exposed. In fact, it was secluded enough they could even make a little noise if they felt like it without too much worry. His tendency toward anxiety over good times had asserted itself when she’d suggested such an exposed meetup point, but now that they were here, it was surprisingly hot.

Or it would be if he could quiet his mind.

“Ooooookay. Not sure how that helps me, but… sounds neat, I guess.” Neveah didn’t respond. Unlike most women he’d been with, blowjobs weren’t something she did to be nice or to reciprocate something he’d done. Neveah genuinely seemed to like sucking his dick. So had Kirsten, so had Olivia. Mary less so, though she’d offered unprompted. He’d gotten more anonymous texts and hand-drawn notes promising oral sex this week than he’d expected he might in a lifetime.

“And another thing,” he went on into the silence. Neveah scowled into his cock, brushing aside a strand of soot-black hair so she could look up and pretend she was paying attention, but didn’t let up. “Where does this all go? I like you, Neveah, now that I’m not terrified of you. Or a little less terrified, maybe.” A thin smile, he thought, at that, which only affirmed the latter. “But how do I reconcile it all? Are you going to be all right if I keep fooling around with other women? Are they? Heck, even if I buckle down and stick to a short list, the flirtation alone could drive a person insane. Not only me, but… I know if I had a girlfriend who was getting this kind of attention, I’d be going jealous out of my mind.”

“So lose your mind already. Envy is tyranny, and I’m no fascist.” Neveah threw herself downward, deep-throating hard. Mr. Lyons got off on watching her eye shadow run down her cheeks, she’d shared that night after they left Heather’s house; she’d gotten plenty of practice at this. Conner groaned at the tightness, hands coming down to rest on her head. Thin streaks of makeup running with the unbidden tears glowed black and gold in the late spring sun.

“That’s… that’s amazing. Geez, Neveah.” His head bounced on his neck like a bobblehead, dizzy with pleasure. “But… what was… you said something. About… something? Envy? It didn’t make sense. Sheesh, my head is swimming.” For a moment, it had made him think of… but… what had she said?

With a final irritated grunt, Neveah released him and sunk back onto her heels. “All right, I can see I’m not going to be allowed to blow you in peace, so… fine.” The dark-haired girl rose to her feet, but wasted no time sinking into his lap. It was a little disconcerting how effortlessly her pussy found his cock, dropping almost as fast as if they’d both been wearing clothes and she weren’t trying to fuck him at all. There was a brief moment of resistance, but then she was simply there, her pussy wrapped around him like hot, dense jelly.

“I… um… I guess we can have sex,” he consented belatedly as the metal folding chair she’d brought for them began to creak with her motion.

“I fucking love it when you hurt me a little bit, right like that,” she sighed, beginning to rock her hips slowly. “And since you won’t do it on your own…”

Conner made a face. “I’m not going to hurt you.”

The tears had run down her cheeks somewhat disconcertingly, but he could see the appeal, at least visually. A single drop fell from her cheek and splattered on one heavy, round breast. She saw him watching, and so she moved his hand up to feel what he seemed to enjoy seeing, his fingers smearing it liberally.

Content, Neveah leaned forward and sucked at his shoulder. “I won’t promise the same.” She grasped a piece of him between her teeth and gave him a little nip.

“Ow!” By some heretofore unexpressed reflex, Conner’s free hand gave her butt a hard slap in retaliation. His eyes widened in surprise at himself after, but Neveah only hissed through her teeth in elation and began rocking harder.

“You keep that up and you’ll never get rid of me,” she murmured.

Against his normally gentle nature, Conner indeed cut loose on his lay of the day, granting her two more slaps to the behind. On the first, she gasped in obvious delight; on the second, she threw her body into him so hard it knocked them over backwards, the chair folding as they toppled to the roof of the shed. Conner yelped in surprise and a little pain as they hit the ground, but in the next moment he was being mounted anew by a voracious busty goth girl.

“You think you can take me, take me,” she grunted as her fingers sunk into his chest. Conner whirled and threw her down roughly on her back – and not only because the leaf-strewn roof seemed unlikely to be clean. Neveah seized ahold of his head and jerked his face to hers, her tongue starting in his mouth but soon wandering around his neck in an aimless frenzy.

Without quite knowing how or why, Conner took her. Maybe she was right and there didn’t need to be some deep reason behind it. She was here, and eager, and hot as hell. Shoot, maybe it wasn’t even that complex. Perhaps this was simply who he was, a guy who fucked who he could fuck and found reasons for it later. For now, slamming his cock into her harder than he’d ever fucked another girl – not even Hailey, not even when she’d begged – and twisting her nipples so hard that he soon learned a woman could come from such treatment, Neveah was plenty.

Before their next go, Neveah agreed to the sanitary concession of having something clean-ish to lie on. Without bothering to put on a single stitch of clothing, she made her way down the ladder. A moment later, Conner cringed as he heard a window break, and a couple minutes later she climbed back up with a canvas tarp spattered with brown and green paint under her arm. It was good enough, and they soon gave it a few fresh stains.

Some time later, the pair lay there together, naked and happily weary – though only one wore a smile – as Conner idly traced unintelligible patterns across her breasts with his thumb and index finger.

“Are you some kind of witch, drawing spells on me?” she asked dryly.

“I promise you I am not a witch. Though I guess that’s probably just what a witch would say, huh.”

“No. A witch would own that shit. Though you’d never know it, the way you’ve got half the senior class hunting you. Cock witch.”

“Is that a thing?”

“No.” She considered. “At least, I don’t think so. The way you make me come, maybe I’m wrong.”

Conner sat up, though wasn’t yet ready to stop playing with his new toys. “Does it bother you?”

“Coming til I can’t see straight? No, can’t say as I have complaints. Though if you have any, feel free to shut up and be glad I’ve expanded my type to include your scrawny ass.”

“I’m not scrawny,” he said, though the way the words came out made him feel scrawny. “But no, I meant about the other girls. And don’t bite me again.”

“Why bite you when you’re sitting that close to the edge,” she replied evenly. “And no, it doesn’t bother me. Like, don’t bring ‘em up while you’re dick’s in me, maybe, but otherwise… Like I said before, I don’t do envy. Neither should you.”

“Pretend for a moment that I was in the middle of having sex when that happened and don’t remember what you said.”

“You should be paying more attention then, not less. It’s when you’re at your most vulnerable. I could do anything to you when I have you inside me.” At last, she sat up, eyes on his level, black streaks marking her face like scars made of shadow. “Anything.”

“Noted.” He gestured for her to go on.

“Define envy.”

At least this pop quiz opened with an easy question. “I guess envy is wanting what, or who, someone else has. Right?”

“What,” she corrected. “Not what or who. What, exclusively. You can’t *have* a person. If you do, then their personhood is negated and you’ve made them an object to permit ownership.”

He recalled, faintly, that when she’d first said something about it during sex, it had spurred his thinking somehow, but now there was nothing. “That’s… deep. Philosophical. I guess I was expecting something more like ‘thou shalt not covet’ or something.”

“Well that’s what you got. You wanna fuck your neighbor’s wife, buy the bitch some flowers and fuck her. People can sleep with whoever they wanna sleep with, which is why marriage is just another scheme of the patriarchy to–” She could see in his eyes that her rant was losing him and reined herself in. “Anyway, I’m just saying, envying someone’s girlfriend, boyfriend, it diminishes them. Diminishes you.”

“So you’re fine with me, you know, fooling around with other girls?”

Neveah rolled her eyes and tapped each of their chests back and forth as she replied. “You can fuck me any time you wanna fuck me. Know that I wanna fuck you any time. I hear you’re fucking Mary or Olivia or Kirsten or Heather or who the fuck ever and yeah, I might wish it was me. I’m not gonna live some lie, though, and act like you gotta live your life for me, tat my name on your cock like it’s not yours. That’s bullshit.”

“Huh. I guess that’s… cool. Like, open-minded. Most girls aren’t like that. I’m not sure I’m like that.”

“Eh, you know your girls are getting nailed on the regular and I haven’t seen you lift a finger about it. Your big sis, too. Maybe you get it.”

“I… no. I do not get that.” Conner frowned.

“Fair. Not judging.” She paused, relented. “OK, so I am. But whatever. Some chicks feed on that jealousy shit, reading their boyfriend’s texts, snooping on their instagram, throwing tantrums when they talk to another girl. Guys, too. Guys are even worse.”

“As we are in so many things,” he conceded, not wanting to get baited into another rant.

“Not that it’s my business, kinda the opposite, actually, but you should pack that in your brain and carry it with you down that ladder when we go. Heather might’ve fucked up springing these titties on you, and yeah she should’ve asked, but she was only trying to swallow that green wave down. Practically choked on it. You ask me, she was more turned on watching us than you or I were actually doing it.”

“I had my blindfold on, so I’ll take your word for it.” He did, too. The editor-in-chief hadn’t forgotten his little trick he’d played before prom. *Hey, nothing to get a girl excited over a fella like a little jealousy. – Amanda Carpenter*

He suddenly sat bolt upright. “Where’s my phone?”

Amanda emerged from between the trees next to the parking lot. It was unlike Conner to call her unexpectedly. They were planners, both of them. If they were going to do something, it was scheduled. Busy as his social calendar had gotten, it seemed unthinkable that he’d found room to pencil in idle socialization. Or even a booty call, considering who all he had at his beck and call. Amanda wasn’t being humble or anything, but really, some of those girls in her class were crazy hot. Some of them he’d known for years, way back when he’d been wee little sixth grade Conner sprouting hair in funny places and first noticing that not all girls were cootieful, yet only now was feeling like he had a shot with them.

God, it turned her on.

It was his fault, she knew, and once or twice, she’d pushed herself, made herself see through that TIOS veil. She’d realized that yeah, what he’d done using that quote, and what she’d done following up on it in that text conversation with Conner the day after, were objectively pretty fucked up. Still, objectivity was long gone. She went to school with an ugly fat girl as one of its most sought after ladies. An unremarkable ginger led the pack of the boys (though she’d heard Kirsten brag that his cock was something special). Students went to class in short shorts, booty shorts, dolphin shorts, sports bras, wonder bras, only bras, no bras, and the girl who seemed likely to make valedictorian was pioneering the most depraved and slutty attire of them all. Sex ed was taught with no teacher, a class without class, sex with no education. And the yearbook? Dear god, the yearbook.

So Amanda figured if her hyper-sexed classmates’ hypersexuality was pointed in a different direction for a week, so what, and stopped fighting it. God damn, she couldn’t wait to tell Conner what she’d done, to pry every juicy detail out of him. How he’d squirm, how he’d get mad, then pretend to still be mad when she showed him he was being stupid, then get sulky, then let her comfort him. It was going to be so good.

The sun was beginning to go down as she made her way, per his instructions, toward the woods behind Northside. She shouldn’t have a hard time seeing her way through to Bear Lake. What he wanted with her, she’d be most interested to discover since he’d been so vague on the phone. Could he simply miss her? He was indubitably the most sentimental guy she’d ever known. If anyone could miss his girlfriend (one of them) in the midst of fending off a spontaneously self-starting harem, it would be Conner.

She hoped she looked cute. Amanda hadn’t taken much time to get dolled up for him before setting out. Her scarlet hair was curling a little at the end with the warm air, giving it a little bounce to match her step. Her legs, certainly one of her best features, were still baby smooth from the pre-prom wax, and were practically glowing in the fading daylight. Little bit of cleavage in her black top, little bit of makeup, little bit of lipstick. A lot of Amanda.

An exposed root very nearly took her down. Thankfully nobody was around to see it. Her phone became a flashlight the rest of the way, and before long she stepped out from under the canopy into the clearing around Bear Lake. The side of the lake closest to the high school was fairly quiet. Looking around, she saw only a group of younger kids trying unsuccessfully to skip stones, a man fishing in a rowboat a little ways out, and, somehow more surprisingly, a woman she almost didn’t recognize as Mrs. Ingram the art teacher packing up a small canvas on an easel. Amanda only recognized her because she was an editor-in-chief of the yearbook and it was her business to recognize NHS staff, but the woman still waved to her. She returned it and started walking along the path near the lake towards the right, the sun casting her long shadow ahead of her.

Despite being a city park, Bear Lake was practically as much a part of the Nighthawk legacy as Northside itself. Conner had brought her out here once during the winter, back when they’d still been pretending they didn’t like each other. (Sometimes he had pretended a little too well.) He had been instructed by Miss C to acquaint the new editor-in-chief with some local businesses and sites that were near and dear to their classmates. He’d begun here, tromping through snowy woods like he didn’t care if she caught up, and her taking her sweet time knowing full well he wasn’t going anywhere until she arrived.

*“This is Bear Lake. They do a bunch of events here. Homecoming bonfire, cross country meets, graduation party, et cetera.” That was all Conner said, waiting for her to acknowledge he’d done his part and could be relieved of her company.*

*She stepped past him, answered with her back to him. Amanda could feel him doing that thing where he pretended he wasn’t checking her out. When she’d caught him before, he always had this irritating look on his face like he’d been in the middle of studying one of her countless flaws.*

*“It’s really pretty.” She smirked with her back to him. Let that boy think of something wrong with a pleasant, banal observation like that.*

*“Yep. It’s a lake. Lakes are pretty. Anyway, it’s cold out here. Do you have any questions, or can we get moving? We have like ten other places to see, and I have plans after school.”*

*Amanda still didn’t give him the satisfaction of turning around. She, of course, did not have plans. She never had plans. Unless it was yearbook or school related, she wasn’t even sure she* could *have plans. “Oh yeah? Anything good?”*

*“I’m meeting someone, not that it’s any of your business.”*

*“Yeah? What’s his name?”*

*“Is that a gay joke? Seriously? That is so–”*

*Amanda pivoted, eyes already mid-roll. “It’s an ‘I can’t believe you’re too insecure to admit you’re seeing someone to a woman’ joke, so we’re clear.”*

*“Insecure? Me?”*

*“Do you prefer ‘self-important?’”*

*“Look, I’m the one who told you how to get here on your own–”*

*“‘Keep going through the woods until you hit a lake,’ yeah, very reassuring to us non-woodsmen.”*

*“–and* you’re *the one who just had to drag me out here, with just the two of us, total privacy, and try to be all suave and sexy and ‘It’s so beautiful here, Conner, isn’t it romantic.’ Ugh. The nerve!”*

*She matched his sneer. “If I recall, I observed that the lake was pretty. Believe it or not, Cassanova, people can make observations about the scenery without it being a reflection of the depth of their crush on you!”*

*“Right, because that’s your other game. Once you run out of charm, look for a way to put me down when there’s no witnesses to see what you’re really like!”*

*“Saying I don’t have a crush on you isn’t a personal attack, you egomaniac! I mean, seriously, witnesses? Witnesses! One more jerk comment like that and there really won’t be any witnesses!”*

*“See?! Suddenly we’re alone, and out come the daggers!”*

*“If I had a dagger, trust me, it would already be* in*!”*

*“Not if I had one, too, or else I’d already have done you the favor so I could get out of this stupid show-and-tell death march!”*

*They were shouting only inches apart from one another, at last stopping to let their baleful glares do the communicating. Their breath came out in a thick mist, commingling together in the space between their lips. It was Conner who flinched first. Worse, he made an even more fatal mistake of letting his regret show in his eyes.*

*“Feel better getting it off your chest?” she asked his retreating back.*

*He froze in place. “Had to get the last word, huh.”*

*“If you want it, co-editor-in-chief, you got it. Wouldn’t dream of stealing your thunder.”*

*“No no, I insist. I can show you where my kidneys are, if you need help aiming. Something tells me you know the way, though.”*

*Amanda smiled at the back of his head, but kept an ugly thought handy in case she needed to squelch it fast. That boy really did drive her crazy. She cleared her throat.*

“Over here,” came a voice to her left.

Amanda jumped, then put a hand over her heart to calm herself. “Dammit, Conner, you scared the crap out of me.”

He stepped out from behind a tree, joining her on the path. “Sorry, I couldn’t resist. I was just remembering.”

Amanda nodded. “Me too.”

He began walking, and she fell in alongside him, slowing her long-legged strides to let him keep pace. “I figured it out, finally,” he said at last.

Her resolve not to gloat was difficult to suppress, but she managed to allow only a faint smile to emerge, and only briefly. “Yeah?”

“It was you. This whole week, it was you.”

Amanda reached for his hand, but he wasn’t ready for it yet. Fair enough. Sorta. “Who’s the snitch?”

“You really let me sit there all week trying to hunt down Jordan for some insane prank or scheme or whatever, freaking out, barely sleeping, and it was you the whole time?”

He didn’t sound as mad as she’d thought. It was a little disappointing. They didn’t get mad at one another much any more. The opposite, really. “You were really cute trying to find him out. Honestly. Once or twice you even found the right file and I had to cut and paste like a third rate surgeon with a full waiting room to move it in time.”

“Can I ask what it even was? The quote? Or did you just doctor me up to look like Timothee Chalamet or something?”

She tapped her chin. “Should’ve. Darn, wasted opportunity. No, I used words. Your sister’s, actually. We were talking about prom, and Heather and I were singing your praises I guess, and somebody else said you’d looked cute. I guess Angelica’s been a little exasperated with her little bro’s blooming popularity, because she griped something like ‘ew, it’s like everybody in this class is cuckoo for Conner!’ More or less.”

He stopped, hands snapping to his hips. There’s the anger. “And you entered that? Amanda!”

“I entered it. Conner!” she parroted back, echoing his melodrama back at him mockingly. “Come on, nobody got hurt, right? Lots and lots of very consenting adults, girls who got to take a break from that mother fucker Jordan and enjoy the company of a gentleman. Even if they knew about it, all of it, they’d thank me.”

“Thank…! Yeah, I’ll bet. ‘Thanks, Amanda, for making me embarrass myself obsessing over a total nobody like Conner Fishers. You’re the best!’ Please.”

“You knew it was all b.s. and you slept with them anyway. Let’s maybe rein in that high horse of yours, mkay? Speaking of, who all did you let through the gates? Olivia and Mary, obviously–”

“Why is Mary obvious?!”

“And I’m betting Kirsten? I mean, how could you not, right? Hell, if nothing else it’s a chance to shove it in her mouth and shut her the heck up for a minute.”

“That’s crude. Kirsten, as it so happens, has been struggling with her sexuality for years now. Yeah, that’s right, she’s a lesbian, and she’s been living in constant fear that her back-stabbing social circle will use it to destroy her.”

“While that is juicy gossip, I do feel compelled to protest that it’s rather less humanizing considering that Kirsten Vaughan is not, I am pretty sure, human. Anyway, hmm, who else… Heather, no doubt.”

“Have you been following me?”

“I’m just that good about what you’ve been just that bad about, baby.” She grinned broadly, but let it fade when he didn’t return it. “Oh, fine. Olivia and Mary I heard about through the rumor mill in class. Heather’s a safe bet for you any week, this one included, and Kirsten… well…”

“Well?”

Eye contact was difficult to make on this particular admission. “Remember when you said on the phone, totally jokingly, that you’d only sleep with the elites? Cream of the crop?”

“I wasn’t joking. I mean, of course when you have certain women, certain opportunities…” His eyes shot wide as hers darted toward the ground. “You put that in, too! Good grief, Amanda!”

“Well once I saw you were too much of a goody goody to take advantage unless I nudged you… well, I nudged you. Sue me. Better yet, thank me.”

“Why?!” Conner suddenly paused and took a deep breath. “Never mind. I know why. The jealousy thing, right?”

“Guilty again.”

He nodded. The sun was touching the trees on the far side of the lake now; the collision was almost audible in the silence between the two. “I guess it’s my fault after all. All that time I spent being mad at Jordan, and nope, it’s my own fault.”

“Conner…” Amanda didn’t let him retreat, forcing her arms around his neck and craning hers down until he had no choice but to look at her. “Conner, don’t be like that. You didn’t hurt anybody, did you?”

“I mean, I took advantage…”

“We took advantage. And they took advantage. Look, the point is, you had fun, they had fun, and heck I had fun just imagining it. It’s OK! I mean, if we were a normal couple, maybe one of us – I’m honestly not sure who – should have some sharp words for the other. But we’re not a normal couple, Conner. We’re the editors-in-chief of *This Is Our Story*, and you know what? We edited! For all the mess it’s made of things for us, we’re allowed to have a little fun with it sometimes, sweetie.”

“But–”

“No. Conner, you have two girlfriends, not counting your relationship with your teacher and however you want to categorize that. You turned a chatty, chubby girl who had a crush on you into a walking wet dream. Shit, you – and yes, me too – sent the whole senior class to a resort for spring break on someone else’s dime! And you know what? So what! We’re young and we’re having fun and if our fun is a little extra, I don’t care. I happen to think that *you’re* a little extra.”

“Is that a compliment or an insult?”

She stole a quick kiss. “Compliment, dummy.”

He returned one, less quickly. “You really did cross a line, you know.”

“So how was it, fucking a lesbian?”

“I’ve subbed for your class. You tell me.”

He resumed walking. This time, her hand found his no problem.

“Are we supposed to be up here? Is this even safe?” Amanda asked as Conner helped her up from the top rung of the ladder.

“It’s safe. And since when did you worry about ‘supposed to?’”

“Fair.” Amanda gazed around. The lake was barely visible from here, not only because it was dark out, but the trees were still showing off their recovery from the winter, ensconcing them in foliage. About the only way to see someone up here would be to climb up and look, and that shed certainly hadn’t been visible from the path.

An old painting tarp was spread out on the flat rooftop for some reason, and she followed Conner down to lie down beside him, their eyes gazing up to the blooming stars. There would be ample moonlight tonight, too, ideal for what she had in mind before she let that boy back down that ladder.

“So. Tell me everything.”

“A gentleman never–”

Amanda flicked him in the arm. “You definitely twisted my words to get me to have a foursome with you and your other girlfriend and our freaking teacher, so yeah, don’t even.”

“Sure, but some things are private and all. Seems, I dunno…”

“I gave you your pick of every cute girl in the senior class. You get to sleep with them; I get to hear about it. That’s the deal.”

“I never agreed to that!”

“Well you better start agreeing, before I make this uncomfortable.”

“What’s ‘uncomfortable?’”

She rolled on her side, waiting for him to look over before letting her face contort into an ugly-cry visage. Sniffling, Amanda whimpered, “Conner, did… did you… *cheat* on me? How many times? Oh god, I can’t… I’m not sure I even want to know. After all we’ve been through, you betrayed my trust and–”

“OK, OK, god, just stop guilting me already!” he groaned. Mollified, Amanda returned to her back with a self-satisfied giggle and let him proceed. He started at the beginning, walking her through his whole crazy week. The flirtations, the brazen offers, the kiss with Olivia, finding Mary waiting for him in his bedroom naked and masturbating. His paranoia and efforts to uncover Jordan’s scheme she bade him skip past. Then he got back to the good stuff. Heather’s twisted little tit-fuck switcheroo. Fucking Kristy again. Kirsten and her seduction games, and the perversely sweet little tale of helping her take her first step out of the closet.

“Look at you, knight in shining armor for all the worst people at Northside,” she teased. The stars twinkled brightly by the time he finished. Amanda milked him for every last detail. With gradually eroding reticence, Conner elaborated on how tight their pussies were, the sounds they made when he was inside them, whose offers tempted him and whose merely shocked. By the time he was done, Amanda had thrown her own subtlety to the wind, unfastening her shorts and gently teasing herself through her underwear. She imagined herself in each girl’s place, told him what she would have done better (eventually inducing Conner to join her in shucking his own shorts).

“So yeah, that’s… that’s been my week. How was yours?” he asked with a soft laugh.

“Driving myself up the wall, horny out of my goddamn mind waiting for this.”

“Yeah?”

“Hell yeah.” She rolled over to face him, resting a hand on his stomach. He felt so warm. So reassuring. “So, is it my turn? Or do you only sleep with lesbians and undy-sniffers? Maybe I’m not your type.”

“It’s your turn, all right.”

Yet to her surprise, rather than give her the kiss she was already in the midst of leaning into, Conner turned and called out, “OK, you can come up now!”

Her eyes widened. “You did freaking not.”

Conner merely watched for the noise coming from the ladder until suddenly a head came to view. Then a face. Then a body – and then *more* body. The moonlight made the vast expanse of exposed skin practically glow. Against the nearly invisible black of her clothing, it was like she was a disembodied valley of bottomless cleavage suspended from a darkly gorgeous face. Twin streaks of dark makeup were smeared down her cheeks, even gothier than her usual gloomy aesthetic, Amanda thought as she hastily and belatedly remembered to button up her shorts.

“About time,” Neveah grumbled as she pulled herself up. “Was starting to think you two were never gonna stop gabbing.”

“Seriously? A threesome? When are you going to stop using that prom quote to score orgies?”

Conner gave her a look as if to remind her that magical yearbooks weren’t exactly common knowledge, but only briefly. He then extended a hand to the newcomer, who gripped it two-handed and hauled him to his feet, immediately pressing her body against his arm hungrily.

“Who said anything about a threesome?”

Her jaw somehow dropped even further, the bemused aspect of it fading. “Seriously? Who all else you have waiting down there?”

“No one else. Just thought I might want to have some options as to a twosome.” Conner’s hand slid down the girl’s back, settling on her butt. “She said she didn’t mind. Didn’t you, Neveah?”

“I only mind if you pick her,” the goth replied, wriggling her bottom into his palm.

“So give me a reason not to.”

Like that, Neveah’s whole body launched into motion. One hand slid down from Conner’s shoulders towards his butt while the other ventured cavalierly into his underwear. The buxom bad-girl pressed her crotch to his hip, grinding herself up and down against him lasciviously, which had the secondary effect of rubbing her giant tits against the muscles of his arm. Perhaps the primary effect, Amanda reconsidered upon seeing the way Conner extracted the arm and wrapped it around the girl’s shoulders, taking hold of one weighty breast as it now pressed itself against his side.

He couldn’t be serious. That whole evening of slowly building steam, and now he meant to unload it all on this nobody from class? A smug sparkle glittered in Neveah’s dark eyes as she began openly stroking Conner’s cock, supplanting and doubtless improving upon his own prior efforts. Neveah had one of the best grades in class for handjobs, though Amanda had always thought Jordan gave the bitch too much credit for that hateful black-eyed stare she gave while she was tugging at him. Conner seemed to be responding to it, too.

“Take your top off. I want to see ‘em,” he ordered her. Neveah grinned, or maybe snarled? There was something animalistic in it. She never stopped jacking him off as she tore her top off, grabbing it at the waist with her free hand and violently tossing it over her head, black hair flying behind, not even interrupting her stroking as she threw it off the roof. It vanished instantly against the night sky.

“Conner… can we… can we talk?” Amanda asked softly, rising to her knees. It was an effort, sounding congenial as he casually squeezed Neveah’s tits. An effort not to crawl to his feet and bite the bitch’s hand off, then take him into her mouth until he exploded.

He waited until after he was done giving her a long, tongue-swapping kiss to reply. “About what?”

“About… this? About us? About lines and boundaries?”

“You got a lot of demands for somebody who didn’t even hear the man tell you to take your top off,” Neveah retorted with a snicker. “Don’t worry, Carpenter. You’re not so flat. You won’t look like a little girl next to me or anything. At least, no more than you do next to Blake.”

Amanda barely heard the tail end of the taunt over the blood roaring in her ears. Neveah knew about Heather? Neveah felt like she could jerk off Amanda’s man right there in front of her? Neveah thought she was *flat?!*

Off came her shirt. Her necklace caught on the fabric, however, and by the time she extricated it, she’d managed to grab a thin strip of her own hair which she nearly pulled out at the root in her haste to finish the task. The shirt followed Neveah’s over the roof’s edge, fluttering out of sight. She cursed under her breath, and again when she saw that the delay had been all Neveah had guided Conner into a rickety folding chair and planting herself on his lap. Her tits slapped back and forth against his lips and she danced in place, massaging his cock with the front of her panties.

When the hell had she gotten down to her underwear? Not to be outdone, Amanda removed her own shorts, and fuck it, bra and panties after. Nothing they hadn’t all seen before many times. Fewer for Conner, but still, he was no novice to her naked form.

Neveah was in full-on lap dance mode by then, grinding her tight black satin boy shorts against Conner’s cock. Club rules obviously did not apply. Two overflowing handfuls of goth girl titties demonstrated that. A roundly beautiful face sneered up coldly at Amanda as she approached.

“Ahem.”

After a second throat clearing, Conner’s face finally emerged from behind a curtain of darkness. Neveah quickly swept her head into his path to intercept, but a twist of her nipples brought her to heel. With a sulky glower at the towering redhead, she relented and let the two see one another.

“Whatcha need, hon?” he asked with a beatific smile. He was loving this too much. The bastard was playing her like a fiddle and he knew it.

“Are you going to move her out of my way or am I pitching her off the roof?” Neveah shot to her feet in an instant. Amanda was a head and a half taller, but her rival was accomplished at looming by reputation rather than height. Those black-rimmed sockets sucked Amanda down to her level like two quicksand pools of mascara.

Then they were kissing.

If she’d not had her mouth filled with a titanium-studded tongue, and her brain not filled with the after-image of her boyfriend squeezing some random bitch’s tits, and her pussy not filled with a river of lava, she might have objected. Instead, she was suddenly back in class, doing makeout exercises with a partner, letting herself grudgingly give in to Jordan’s sick little games and enjoy her quiet but nonetheless extant sapphic side. Plus tonight, there was more. Tonight, she wasn’t merely tongueing the girl who happened to take the seat in front of her. No, tonight, Amanda was going to show this cheap fetish slut who was boss.

Neveah hit the ground so hard Amanda briefly worried she’d knocked the wind out of her. This was no time to show weakness though. Amanda dropped to the tarp before the other woman could get off her back. Her thighs settled on either side of the girl, and her hands pinned Neveah down by her wrists. The goth girl glared daggers, though there was a subtle twitch at the corner of one side of her mouth where an excited smile threatened to reveal itself.

“Weren’t you saying something a minute ago, something about how I was a little girl next to you?” Amanda gave one of Neveah’s tits a firm slap and then regained control of her wrist before she could more than yelp in surprise. The twin orbs jiggled back and forth against one another like a Newton’s cradle of titty.

“Yeah, get your eyeful, bitch. You wouldn’t believe how much our boy loves fucking these mamas. Came so hard I thought it was gonna blast a hole in my chin.”

“Oh, just shut the fuck up, will you.” Amanda dragged the girl’s hands across the tarp until they were at max extension over her head, then leaned down and smothered her in her own boobs.

There was an indignant squeal, but Neveah knew where her pussy was buttered. The squeal gave way to a growl as she sucked down hard on a nipple that was already as hard as rubber. She was middle of the road on boob play most days, though she usually let Conner have his fun so long as he didn’t slobber too much.

(That is, other than the one time they’d been getting together after his date with Heather which he had initially tried to conceal from Amanda, during which he’d said, “it’s sorta nice playing with a normal girl’s boobs sometimes.” His apology had been sealed with a good half hour of his face between her legs while she vainly enjoyed what he belatedly clarified were in fact spectacular boobs.)

At any rate, as far as Neveah’s efforts went, admitting it aloud would be too painful, but inwardly, Amanda had to concede that the addition of the tongue stud felt positively divine.

She craned her neck to look up at Conner, blowing at the curtain of her hair futilely until finally a few whips of her head gave her a view of him. He was watching the two hungrily, however much he was trying to play it cool. “Think you’re pretty funny, do you,” she grumbled.

“I think you’re pretty… pretty.” He stood up, cock throbbing before him wholesomely.

“Yeah, well, it feels like you think this little tit-bag down here might be prettier, so why don’t you get back there and put your penis where your mouth is. Err… where it’s been, anyway. Ugh, whatever, just fuck me already, you asshole.”

“Well, when you put it like that…”

Rather than go around to her achingly ready pussy, Conner dropped to his knees in front of her. With her boobs still filling Neveah’s mouth, her eyes were right on a level with his cock. Sheesh. Give a mouse a cookie, and he’s gonna want his dick sucked. Fine. She was way past the point where she sucked cock to be nice; now, Amanda simply wanted cock any which way she could get it. She wanted it if for no other reason than to stop Neveah from getting it. If it went in her mouth, fine. Great, even.

Only then, two hands under her shoulders were lifting her up – she was a little sad to lose the wet, smoothly textured pressure of Neveah’s tongue – and then, she was face to face with him. He was smiling at her, and in spite of everything going on around them, everything they’d done to and for and with and without each other this whole past crazy week, there was love on his lips. Hers too, she knew. She made sure when the two pairs met that he knew it as well.

Somewhere in the middle of that sweet, needful kiss, she became aware of the too-familiar sound of a woman’s slurping at a man’s dick.

“Really, Neveah? Are you *that* cock-starved? It’s my freaking turn already!” she snapped at the greedily fellating girl pinned beneath her pelvis.

“Feels like it’s her turn. She’s sure doing a hell of a job.” His eyes stayed on Amanda’s, challenging but somehow still rather merry, as he addressed Neveah. “Little more tongue down there.” His eyes squeezed shut as a gurgling noise sounded below. “Exactly like that.”

Amanda’s eyes narrowed. “I *really* want to be madder at you right now.”

“But instead? You’re too–”

His teasing was cut short by a kiss so hard, from a mouth so hungry, that their teeth nearly knocked together. Amanda’s lithe body entwined itself around his side, her pussy shamelessly humping his hip. As Neveah slurped away at his shaft with noisy greed, Amanda’s pawing only became more frantic. Her need for him was palpable in the heat in those fingertips, audible in the whimpers rising in her throat.

“Fuck me, Conner.”

The words weren’t Amanda’s, though. They originated near the tip of his cock, from the tongue that was still licking up and down his length heedless of his girlfriend’s mounting envy. The boy looked down in interest, the girl with resentment.

“No offense, but I think if I grant your request, I might not live to regret it.”

Amanda gave his butt a reproachful pinch. “Yeah, come at me like I’m taking you hostage. Makes me crazy horny. Really.”

“I’m kidding!” Conner insisted with impressive earnestness for a guy addressing his girlfriend with his cock in another woman’s mouth. “But, um, yeah. I think it’s her turn, Neveah.”

Megan gave him another pinch, then decided to treat the boy to her strongest side and struck a pose on her hands and knees. As Conner extricated himself, she rolled her hips, stretching her body out in anticipation of some first rate bucking and fucking. *Finally*. She braced herself, her nethers aching for penetration. Hell, if he got gutsy and tried to go for her ass, she might even let him. It’d be nice for someone she didn’t detest to take a shot at–

A tongue. That was a tongue.

“Oh *god*.”

Amanda had discovered early on in sex ed that she was of that variety of woman who would trade a penis in her pussy for a tongue at her clit any day. The only thing was, she wasn’t especially fond of doling out blowjobs, either, so it always made her self-conscious about reciprocity; hence, she seldom made the ask. Not that Conner had ever proven himself selfish or pushy, and not that she hadn’t sucked him off more than a few times regardless. In fact, he liked having his face between her legs so much that he’d seldom needed to be asked before volunteering independently. So that he had taken this particular moment to mollify her by sliding beneath her and helping himself to some pussy pie was exactly the right tactic as far as she was concerned. Her eyes slid closed as she widened her thighs, lowering herself to his waiting mouth.

Heck, if Neveah wanted to climb on board him while he ate her out, she wouldn’t even complain. “Don’t you fucking dare stop.”

“Oh,” came his voice, somehow sounding like it was behind her rather than beneath. “Um, yeah. If you’re having fun, then, yeah. Sure, I guess. I’ll just…”

Her eyes opened slowly. What was he saying? Wait, *how* was he saying? His tongue hadn’t let up the whole time he’d been speaking, lapping slowly, hungrily along her slit for some entirely unnecessary but nevertheless most welcome warming up. Amanda lowered her chin, gazing beneath her body, between her hanging breasts, to where Neveah was placidly engaging in cunnilingus drills like it was another exercise in class.

Amanda was just craning her head back to try to fix her eyes on Conner – *how dare he pawn me off!* – when the face between her thighs froze in place, tongue pressed firmly against her clit. Despite the lack of friction, it felt incredible, and she found her hips twitching against it even as she realized what had caused it.

Conner was inside her.

Jesus Christ, Conner was fucking this busty black-haired bitch instead of her. She’d demanded so hard it had practically been begging, and instead he’d traded her pussy for this goth girl’s, one he’d probably never had a conversation with before five days ago. As horny as she’d been in her whole life, even hornier than that wild night at Kristy’s house after prom, and he’d decided to let her rot on the vine while he stuck his dick in some random bitch just because her pussy was wet and her boobs were huge.

Amanda came. Her body drooped down against the tarp, trembling as an orgasm so powerful she almost didn’t recognize it as pleasure at first. Then she gave in and let herself coast through it. If she leaned too hard on Neveah’s face, she could give a shit.

Conner, however, seemed to mistake the tremors of pleasure for rage. “Oh shoot – I’m sorry, hon. You just looked so happy, and she was so… I mean, you know…”

“Fuck her. Fuck the fucking fuck out of her!” she roared. The proximity of the lake was forgotten; if anybody was out for a late night stroll, they’d know that they were in some truly horny company.

Neveah grunted between her legs as Conner complied, but to her credit, she was back to work. Amanda rose up to sit on the girl’s face, riding her like a cowgirl, humping the tongue that lashed with well-honed instinct at her pleasure button. Meanwhile, her new seat jostled with each hard thrust of Conner’s hips. It was like sitting on one of those toy horse rides for kids they stuck in front of Walmarts, except this one had a tongue on the seat, and you stuck something quite different in its slot to make it run.

Her boyfriend was fucking another woman. Right in front of her, even. Sure, it was Conner, so there were good odds he was only doing it to be considerate of her recently discovered kink, but judging by the moans echoing inside Amanda’s cunt, he was not phoning in his enjoyment either. He couldn’t be. Neveah might be a scary, gloomy goth with her clothes on, but naked, she was just another smoking hot babe with a killer body, dark hair and makeup, and a couple tattoos that barely showed up in the moonlight. For all his pretenses of being above the Jordan Lyons level of superficiality, Conner wanted to shove his dick in sexy girls the same as any guy.

And she was one of them. One of several, but one of them. It was a fucked up sort of compliment, but as she sagged back into his arms, letting him hold her up by her boobs as Neveah gorged herself on cunt juice, she could give a crap how many.

“I want to finish between your tits,” Conner’s voice sounded authoritatively in her ear.

“OK,” she agreed immediately.

Then she realized he’d meant Neveah’s.

There was an initial flare of embarrassment at how ready she’d been to obey, to be his cum rag, a deeper embarrassment upon recognition that he’d chosen Neveah’s tits to fuck over hers, and then a white-hot flare of arousal when her inclination to envy caught up with her. Those goth gazongas were about to be plastered with her boyfriend’s cum. Because they were better than hers. Because Conner could choose any tits to cum on that he wanted, and he’d selected someone’s other than Amanda’s. God, she wished she had tits like Neveah’s. Maybe she should get a tattoo. Dye her hair. Get her boobs done. Maybe then Conner would want to fuck hers instead.

She wouldn’t, of course. But it was so fucking hot to want to.

During their adjustment, Amanda’s pussy had slid away from the attending mouth and onto the girl’s chest. Suddenly, as Conner began to work in the fat, fleshy canyon of cleavage, she felt him emerge on the far side, the tip of his cock gliding right between her own widespread thighs. Each thrust culminated in the barest tap of cock to cunt, never quite entering her but always promising, then immediately breaking that promise only to retreat between Neveah’s giant tits for cover. The girl even had the audacity to smirk up at Amanda through the narrow window of the two long thighs framing her chin. Each faint kiss of his tip to her lips made it harder and harder to object. That boy had to be as hard as he’d ever been to reach that far. Or maybe he wanted it that bad.

Hell, maybe he was just having that much fun tit-fucking another, bustier, woman.

Conner came.

Amanda came.

Neither of them bothered to inquire whether or not Neveah had managed the same.

Neveah left soon after, Conner’s jizz still running down her chest. She didn’t bother to wipe it off. A badge of honor? Something to titillate him into inviting her another time? Maybe she was just creepy about cum like she was about so many other things. Amanda didn’t trouble herself over it. In a few hours, the week would be over and the girl would make of her behavior whatever excuses TIOS would have her make.

Conner asked if she could find her way back to the parking lot OK in the dark, the sweetie.

“My eyes are used to staring into dark places,” she replied cryptically. Amanda rolled her eyes, but Conner smiled and called for her to be careful in the woods. She even had the courtesy to toss Amanda’s shirt up to her.

“You’re not mad?” he asked.

“I’m not mad. Are you?”

“Me? What? Maybe you weren’t paying attention to what just went down.”

“I was paying attention.”

It was getting chillier, and she nestled in closer. Their combined body warmth and the fading heat of their exertions weren’t going to suffice for much longer. The roof was high enough that they could make out the far side of Bear Lake, naught but a thin reflection of the moon visible in its still, glassy surface. The breeze, however, was real, and romantic or not, it was chilly.

“It’s really pretty,” she observed.

Conner chuckled, and she could tell he remembered the reference. His penchant for such recollections was a huge part of what made him such an excellent co-editor-in-chief. “Lakes are pretty,” he said with feigned exasperation. “Anything else? Because I have someone I need to go meet up with.”

Amanda elbowed him gently. “Yeah? What’s his name?”

Conner kissed her cheek softly. “Man, I hope none of them try to kill me next week. I mean, I know they won’t, because TIOS always seems to normalize the weird, but…”

“But you’re afraid Kirsten’s going to rip your dick off and ransom it in exchange for your silence?”

“Actually, I was thinking of Heather. I was really rough on her. I didn’t know it wasn’t her fault.” She glanced up in time to catch his belated grimace. “Sorry, I know that’s not a good topic at the moment.”

“Why, because I’m curled up naked beside you? No no, it’s cool, tell me about how you’re going to make it up to your second girlfriend.”

“Technically *you’re* my second girlfriend. Third, actually, if I count Kristy.”

But she could tell he was teasing, albeit nervously, and she let it slide even before he began sputtering apologies for the crudity of the jest. It was all weird, but she was happy right then, and the weirdness at least got her out of the house once in a while, so to speak. Amanda liked getting out. She liked getting out with that boy in particular.

“Tell you what. When you go to make up with Heather, let me tag along, pitch in, and we’ll call it even. K?”

“So many reasons I can’t turn down that offer.” Another kiss, but this time she intercepted it on her lips. “Leave it to Neveah Kinslan to turn what ought to be the set of a movie about a rustic psycho killer into the scene of an orgy. Come on, let’s get dressed and go somewhere. Somewhere not on the roof of some creepy shed.”

“Somewhere?” she prompted as she helped him to his feet.

“Yeah. Your place, my place. Heck, we could just camp out in the office on the couch even. As long as you’re there.”

“Text your mom, at least. Got enough women up worrying about where you’re at without upsetting the ones who count.”

A few minutes later, the two made their way down from the roof and set out for the NHS parking lot. Both had their phones in hand, shining their flashlights to find their way through the pitch black woods. They were nearing the parking lot when Amanda’s light doubled back to display what she’d very nearly missed in her haste.

“Neveah? Are you OK?” The two of them hurried over to where the goth girl was sitting, leaning back against a tree trunk. She was dressed again, at least, but there was a fresh cut on her head. She stoically let the blood trickle down her face; in the gloom, it blended eerily with the mascara.

“I may have tripped over some roots a ways back. Gave up after the second one. And don’t you dare I-told-you-so me. I still have my knife.”

Conner hauled her to her feet, although the girl looked as though she resented it. “Come on. We’ll get you out of here. Stay with me, lean on me if you need to, OK? Does it hurt?”

“Some. It’s a good reminder that I’m alive though. Might make for a nice new scar.”

“We ought to get her to a hospital, Conner.”

“I’m fine. Fuck off, Red.”

“You’re bleeding. Come on, let’s at least get you out where we can take a good look at you, OK?”

Sure enough, there was a lump already forming, and Neveah was unsteady enough that neither of them felt confident she could make it back home on her own. Against her half-hearted protests, they packed her in the back seat of Conner’s car and set out for the hospital. Amanda drove while Conner kept her occupied. She tried not to watch the back seat too closely.

It was a slow night at the ER, and before they knew it, Neveah was checked in, her bombshell body stuffed into an awkward and unflattering blue-white gown. Her mom was on her way, but the two promised to wait with her until at least then. Conner had fought to keep her alert and talking on the ride over, but between fatigue finally having its way with her and the painkillers in her IV, Neveah’s eyes were sliding shut, her voice losing most of its characteristic grit.

“I’m sorry tonight had to end like this,” Conner said, smoothing her hair back away from the bandage.

“‘S good,” she mumbled. “Will help me remember. See the scar… remember. Pain. Pleasure.” Neveah opened one eye and looked over to Amanda. “Such a lucky fucking bitch.”

She shifted in her seat self-consciously. “Come tomorrow, I bet you barely think on it. Just be a weird fling, an odd little week with some guy you barely know.”

The eye closed, but the girl shook her head fiercely, then gripped the sides of the bed to steady herself. Her voice came steadier this time, though, had more heat in it. “No way. E’ry bitch at Northside wanted him, but… picked *me*.” She winced at the effort and slumped deeper into the bed.

“Sure, say that now, but Monday morning we’ll have other cocks to occupy us, right?” May as well help ease the poor thing into the post-Conner-crush wake up, Amanda figured.

Neveah frowned, probably as much at the oblique breach of second period confidentiality as the way Amanda brushed aside her feelings. “Not jus’ some pump and dump. Iss *real*. In here.” She tapped her chest. “All us want him. Same as you. We’re not giving him up. Y’unnerstand?”

Amanda suddenly sat up rigid. She could tell Conner heard it, too.

Before either could say anything, however, the doorway was darkened by the presence of a heavyset woman who could only be Neveah’s mother, rushing to her daughter’s bedside. Rather than embrace her, however, the woman launched into a lecture about her daughter’s carelessness and how much this visit was going to set her back. Amanda and Conner tried to stick up for her, but that only brought the woman’s ire on them, too, and soon Neveah simply bid them leave. Glumly, they wished her well and slunk out of the room.

Their gloom was short-lived, however, as their phones buzzed in unison only a short ways down the hallway. *make it up to me soon* was all the message said. Conner and Amanda shared a soft smile, but moments later they were alone in the elevator, and they returned to where they had been interrupted.

“You can’t,” Conner stated flatly.

“Can’t what?”

“Don’t be coy. You can’t, Amanda, seriously.”

“What, that quote? That’s what you’re worried about?”

“I’m serious, Amanda. Don’t you dare.”

“Don’t be paranoid.”

“Amanda…”

“You say my name a lot when you’re flustered.”

“So stop flustering me.”

“Maybe I enjoy seeing you flustered.”

“Try enjoying seeing me relaxed and carefree.”

“Oh come on, would it really be *so* bad…?”

“Amanda!”

She kissed him, all the while trying to hold onto the phrasing.