

SENIORITY
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“You got anything planned for this assembly, Sherm?”

Everyone was asking the same question to Cody Sherman. Such was the fate of the designated class clown: you were always expected to be on. Cody wanted to have a plan for something hilarious and outrageous that would shock and entertain his peers. He had been going through possibilities in his head, from silly skits to pranks, but nothing seemed to fit the moment, mainly because he hadn't known the moment was coming.

“Sorry, fan,” Cody joked back. “Didn't know this shit was happening til right now!”

Which was true, because the assembly was just randomly announced. The senior class suspected the staff didn't have enough for them to do at this point in the year, when graduates were already approved and academics didn't really matter. Instead of another class period spent watching movies, they'd get the senior class together to announce the latest college signings and remind them for the umpteenth time to not drive drunk.

Cody thought that maybe he'd ask a dumb question if an opportunity presented itself, but it was no sweat if it didn't. As a former mascot voted “Most Likely to Have His Own TV Show,” he knew he'd already proven himself. But he was a showman at the end of the day, and if the opportunity for a spectacle popped up, he would certainly take advantage of it.

He loudly hit the crash bar of an auditorium door to make sure surrounding heads automatically turned his way. “So then I said ‘No, I *can't* keep plowing your Mom.’” A classic Sherm line delivered impeccably. Cody made sure his voice was obnoxiously projected, so everyone heard his response to a conversation he wasn't having. All the students within earshot were laughing, which made Cody feel great as he made his way to his seat. He knew the teachers who'd heard were glaring, but there wasn't a single thing they could do; graduation was right around the corner and it wasn't worth it to give detention anymore. If they were tired of Cody's antics, the best course of action was to ride out the next few days and watch him sail off into the sunset at commencement.

Onstage, Ms. Higgins waddled to the mic and did her customary “Good morning everyone!” routine, making the crowd say ‘good morning’ back twice. At barely five feet tall, she did what she had to do to make people pay attention to her. “Good *morning*,” she said again, satisfied. “We have some exciting news for you all today. I know there's been a lot of rumors about the search for our new principal, and we'll discuss those in a bit. But first...”

Cody automatically drowned her out. He'd ended up in the principal's office so many times, tuning out any authoritative voice - especially Higgins', who'd been acting as the principal while the school board searched for a full time one - was second nature. Instead of listening, Cody and his friend Gordon immediately got to talking about their last video game session in Baldur's Gate 3, where Cody got their entire friend group killed by a frog.



Cody and Gordon entered into a humorous argument about whose fault the frog incident was - and since they both knew Cody was at fault, it quickly devolved into hurling creative insults at each other. Everyone around them laughed even harder at this, before they heard Ms. Higgins clear her throat from on stage to remind everyone that she hadn't finished her announcement yet and that no one should be talking while she did.

"I can tell you're all unable to control your excitement over the announcement of our new principal," she said wryly. "So, I am happy to announce, our new principal will be...the name I read off of this paper because I've forgotten it..." She unfolded a paper like she was announcing Best Picture at the Oscars. "...our new principal will be...Dr. Cody Sherman?" Her brow furrowed.

"Sherm the principal!" Gordon teased, hitting Cody in the arm.

Cody heard his name being called, but it wasn't until a spotlight shone on him and he had to cover his eyes that he processed that they meant *him*. It seemed to be dawning on Ms. Higgins at the same time, as she looked at him then, back down at the paper. She turned her head and motioned for Mr. Bromsfield, the P.E. coach, who rushed up onto the stage and looked at the paper with her.

He looked befuddled too. "Yeah, it says Cody Sherman is our new principal." His voice couldn't have sounded less convinced if he tried. "You have a PhD, Cody?"

"They're fucking with ME," Cody said to the students surrounding him. He couldn't help but be impressed. They were clowning the clown. He stood up and waved like a beauty queen to a smattering of applause. Then, milking the moment, he made his way up to the stage, where Ms. Higgins was still standing dumbstruck.

"Did you put your name on this sheet?" she asked.

"Did I?! No, I thought you guys were messing with ME!" As Mr. Bromsfield walked up, Cody turned to him with his arm extended. "Hi, I'm Dr. Cody Sherman, your new boss."

Bromsfield chuckled. "You wish, Sherm! I dunno how you pulled this off, but well done."

"I'm serious, I didn't have anything to do with this one," Cody insisted. "I'd tell you if I did."

All three looked at each other, then remembered the entire student body was staring at them. Before either authority figure could stop him, Cody strode up to the mic and said, "Hey, yeah, I'm Dr. Cody Sherman, gonna be your new principal...first rule of business is to get rid of all class schedules and also I'm gonna open a Taco Bell and a Starbucks in place of the cafeteria. Any more questions, see me in my office. Or don't!" His peers cheered.

Cody showed himself off the stage before the staff did it for him. He walked back to his seat with a skip in his step, waving to all the students as they laughed. "Your new principal," Mrs. Higgins said, deadpan, into the mic. She then turned and said something to the other teachers - it looked like "seriously, what?" - and it made Cody wonder how his name actually *had* turned up on the announcement sheet. Higgins and Bromfield seemed as confused as he was, so someone else had to be responsible. Funny shit, whoever it was.

Gordon held his hand out for Cody to low-five him as he sat down. "Sick way to end high school, Sherm, making yourself the principal."

Cody tried out a theory. "As if YOU didn't write it to frame me." He playfully nudged his best friend, but Gordon laughed in response.

"How would I even get my hands on that?" Gordon asked.

"How would I? And who else would do it?" Cody asked back.

"You covered the whole hallway in toilet paper for Halloween, I'm sure you can sneak into an office."

This was a fair point, Cody conceded in his head. "I didn't need to sneak in. Dr. Sherman has keys to his OWN office," he smirked. Then he thumped Gordon in the chest. "And sit up straight, boy. Like this." He mockingly straightened his spine, not expecting it to emit a loud crack. "Oof!"

"Damn, dude, was that YOU? Get a massage," Gordon joked.

"I've just been...so stiff...from carrying you through Baldur's Gate..."

"Don't even! You look even stiffer now," Gordon laughed. "Like you have a board strapped to your back."

"Yes, well, remember I'm the school principal now, so I have to sit like I have a stick up my ass," Cody said, holding his head high and tilting his chin up.

"Hoo boy, you're really going to milk this."

"All damn day," Cody said with a waggle of his eyebrows.

When they were finally dismissed, Cody couldn't resist one more jab. "Don't forget, ladies and gentlemen, meetings with Dr. Principal Sherman are by appointment only," he said aloud. The students around them laughed and Cody couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction. He had never been cool and had a mouth that constantly got him into trouble. Jokes had become his superpower and way of fitting in. And now, because of all that practice, he was able to take what would have been an embarrassing moment for most kids and make it funny...and himself, the center of attention.

He felt a slap on his back and turned to see Wayne, a kid from his chemistry class. "Dr. Sherm! Congrats, man! First in our class to lock down a real paycheck. No hard feelings over the gas incident, I hope."

"The gas-" It took Cody a moment to remember the junior year incident, when Wayne had turned on the gas nozzles in chemistry and then said Cody had farted. "...as a matter of fact, *young man*, that's detention every day until graduation! You'll be lucky to receive a diploma!"

Wayne laughed. "Who knew Sherm would be a hardass!"

“You will address me as Dr. Sherman, young man!” Cody joked, clapping Wayne on the shoulder. “Nah, just kidding dude, no hard feelings.” But there was something else that was hard, and Cody put his hands over his crotch to cover it. Stupid teenage hormones.

“Gordon, help me out,” Cody said, ducking behind his friend as his hands dove into the front of his pants. Gordon didn’t even ask what he was being used for, and gladly stood as a visual barrier until Cody stepped out from behind his buddy. “It’s okay, crisis averted, no one’s going to see the new principal’s goods for free.”

Gordon snorted, “What, all three inches of it?”

“Hey, it was good enough for your mom last night!” Cody barely got the whole phrase out before Gordon put him in a headlock and dragged him out of the auditorium. They had their first class together, and it wasn’t until they were outside the door that Gordon released Cody.

“That is no way to treat your principal! I should give you detention and call your parents!” Cody joked.

Morning English with Mr. Hue was never fun. It actively drained the life out of every student, especially someone as rowdy as Cody. One of the more senior teachers, Mr. Hue came to work everyday with a slouch and a vague mess of gray hair on his head. He always looked rumped, with a droning monotone voice that belonged on NPR, not a high school classroom. A good portion of the school referred to him as Mr. Snooze.

“Congratulations, Dr. Cody,” a girl snarked as she walked into class. Cody’s boner inflated bigger than ever.

Mr. Hue stood at the front of the room welcoming the students as always. When his eyes fell on Cody - who was once again trying to adjust himself as discreetly as he could - he said, “Ah, we have a special guest, folks. Our new principal!”

Gordon and Cody turned to each other. Had Mr. Hue just cracked a joke? With a huge smile on his face Mr. Hue stepped forward and put his hand out for Cody. “Dr. Sherman, I have to admit you gave me a good laugh. I don’t know how you did it this morning but hearing your name just tickled me. Finally a prank that doesn’t deface any property or humiliate anyone! You’re a clever man.”

The compliment got Cody so excited he squirted some pre-cum into his underwear, but he was already so shocked by Mr. Hue’s good mood that he just stood there while the teacher shook his hand. “Would you like to say a few words, Principal? The floor is yours!” Mr. Hue winked and stepped aside. Cody looked out among his classmates. They looked just as amused and surprised by old Hue’s excitement as Cody was. And the energy in the room conveyed a clear message: *“don’t eff this up for us, play your cards right and make sure we don’t have to do any work.”*

“Well, um, hello...class?” Cody folded his hands over his bloated crotch and heard every single one of his knuckles pop. “As a reminder, I’ve become *Dr. Cody Sherman*—”

“What’re you a doctor of?” yelled a voice from the back.

“Owning you in Madden,” Cody said immediately. He turned back to Mr. Hue, who clearly didn’t know what that meant, then plowed onward. “*Anyway*, it’s an honor to visit Obadiah’s class. He’s a good friend of mine, and I know for a fact what an effective and skilled teacher he is.” Cody hadn’t meant to refer to Mr. Hue by his first name - he didn’t even realize he knew it at all. “Don’t mind me at all while I’m here, I’ll just be in the back, but if I know Obadiah, I’m sure I’ll be learning something along with the rest of you today.”

“Very kind words, very kind indeed.” Mr. Hue patted Cody on the shoulder, which he wasn’t really allowed to do to a student, but whatever. “We’ve known each other for so long, it’s a treat to finally be working together!” He leaned in and whispered directly to Cody, “There’s a chair in the back where you can sit, boss.”

“Right, yes, thanks Obie.” Cody was aware of the seat, since it was the one he *always* sat in. He walked to the back of the class and collapsed at his desk only to be met with Gordon’s wide grin next to him.

“You came on a little strong, but I think you saved us all in-class work today.”

“You think?”

“Well, I mean it helps when one of the teacher’s oldest friends shows up to class.” Gordon added.

“Who?” Cody looked around.

“I’m talking about you, Dr. Cody Sherman, doofus. Isn’t that basically what you said with your speech up there? ‘It’s an honor,’ blah blah. I bet he fell for every word. Good job.”

More pre-cum. “Thanks,” Cody said through a tight smile, as he felt it leak. “I gotta go to the restroom.”

“Hue’s not gonna care after that performance,” Gordon said, and he was right. Cody grabbed the bathroom pass and went into the hall without a single word of protest from the teacher.

Cody stumbled into a bathroom stall and slammed it shut. He felt like a stick of dynamite with a lit fuse, and he knew he had to get somewhere private before it...went off. He’d never touched

himself at school before - the consequences had to be bad if you were caught - but as his breathing quickened, he knew he had no choice.

He was going to nut right there. His body, for some reason, desperately needed to.

“Mmmmm—” Cody heard himself make an involuntary noise as he slipped his hand down his pants and started feeling around for what felt like the hundredth time that day. He felt something wet on his fingers, pre-cum leaking from him in anticipation.

His mind raced as he began to stroke himself and soon his world became consumed by pleasure. All of his worries faded away and all that mattered was how good it felt. He thought of Ella Windermeier, and how her breasts bounced when she walked down the hall. He was gonna miss seeing those puppies when he gradu-

He burst without warning, shuddering with pleasure as jets of cum shot from him onto the toilet seat. The stiffness in his back released at the same time, loosening him up to empty the rest of his balls all over the stall. “Fucking *shit*,” he groaned, curling his fingers around the top of the stall to hold himself upright. Once he’d finally caught his breath, he hoisted up his shorts and walked out of the stall to wash his hands.

Man, that girl always did it for him. His most reliable fantasy, good ol’...uh... “What was her name...” he muttered to himself. He’d been thinking about a girl seconds before, but for the life of him he couldn’t remember her name or even how she looked. “So much for post-nut clarity,” he mumbled as he walked out into the hall.

That statement took on more profundity when he realized he had *no* idea which classroom he’d been in. “Shit. Was I...? Shit!” He looked left and right, trying to jog his memory. He’d been next to Gordon, he was pretty sure. And he remembered speaking to the class, playing up the whole ‘I’m the principal’ thing. But aside from that, he was blank.

He was scrolling through his phone apps in an attempt to remind himself of his schedule when he heard a female voice: “Do you have a bathroom pass?”

Cody looked over at the lady, who he was pretty sure was a paraprofessional...he’d seen her around. June Diaz, that was her name. She had helped out in a couple of his classes. “Yeah,” he said, holding out the piece of green plastic that rested on every whiteboard in the school.

He was about to explain why he was loitering in the halls when she started to laugh. “Oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t realize I was speaking to the principal!”

“Oh, right, yeah, that’s me,” Cody said weakly. “Dr. Sherman.”

“That was so funny today,” June said. “Higgins really had no idea what to do up there. I shouldn’t laugh since she’s my colleague, but I’ve never seen her flustered like that!”

“Me either...” Cody was only half-listening as he tried to remember his schedule.

“Sorry I asked you for the bathroom pass, then. The principal can go wherever he wants!” she joked.

“No, it’s okay...I already went, now I’m just...trying to remember which class I was in.”

“You don’t remember? Or are you joking again, I can’t tell.”

“No, I really can’t,” Cody said, embarrassed. “I wish I was joking. I’ve been moving on autopilot all day, I guess, and I’ve just blanked.”

June opened her mouth and closed it before speaking. Her eyes narrowed, analyzing Cody’s body language, then she said, “That’s not good. Let’s go to the office and we can look up your schedule?”

Cody nodded and walked silently next to her, still trying to find his schedule on his phone. He knew he had it somewhere. In an attempt to text Gordon, he looked up Gordon’s last name in his contacts, but only found the entries for Gordon’s parents. No way was he about to call them...

“First time I’ve been here all year without being in trouble,” he said as he walked into the office.

“I was thinking the same thing,” deadpanned Ruth, the school secretary, from behind her desk. “Although it seems I can’t say that to you anymore, since I hear you’re now my boss?”

Cody immediately fell into character, putting his hands on his hips and puffing out his chest. “That’s right! You’re talking to Dr. Cody Sherman, school principal!”

“Oh brother,” she chuckled with a good-natured eye roll. “We’re in trouble.”

Cody leaned against her desk to hide the boner he was again sporting. “No, no, don’t worry, Ruth,” he said good-naturedly. “I’ll take my job very seriously. No more messing around. 100% professional at all times. You and the staff can lean on me for support. Trust me, my back can hold the weight.”

“Mhmm.” She raised an eyebrow and smirked. “Good luck with that, *Dr. Sherman.*”

Cody damn near exploded in his shorts when she said that. He hiked up his shorts so that his dick would flatten against his body instead of protrude, and he made a big show of tucking in his t-shirt. “See Ruth? More professional already. Dr. Sherman always tucks in his shirt.”

Before Ruth could respond, June chimed in from a side office. "Dr. Sherman? I'm pulling up your schedule."

"Oh my god, don't call him that," Ruth laughed. "We'll never hear the end of it."

Cody's pre was leaking again, making a small wet spot on the front of his shorts, but he still strutted proudly toward June's voice. "Let's see what we've got here!" he boomed, projecting his voice as he imagined an administrator would.

June was looking at a computer, her brow furrowed. Cody made the same expression when he leaned toward the screen. "Walkthrough observations in English and social studies..." he read aloud. "Email response time, 'Lunchroom check-in and supervision'...what is this stuff? These aren't classes."

"This is what I get when I pull up your name," June shrugged.

"Oh! You misspelled it," Cody said, pointing to the screen. "It says Dr. Cody Sheriman. I'm Dr. Cody Sherman, no 'i'."

"No, I didn't type it in - it's a drop down. That's how it is in the system."

"Wow, it's kinda like...I mean, it seems kinda like a schedule a principal would have, right? Supervising stuff and that sort of thing?" His mouth broadened into an evil grin. "We're really running with this prank, I guess. So instead of sitting in classes doing nothing, I can just walk around all day and check stuff out?"

"I guess technically, but I'm not sure that's-"

"Sounds good to me! Thanks!" Cody said, cutting her off. He walked briskly toward the main office door, knowing he only had a few minutes before he shot his load. Had to get to the bathroom. "Have a good one, Ruth," he said, tapping his palm on her desk as he passed by.

"Oh, you too, boss," she snarked, but the dollop of cum that popped out of Cody when he heard it was no laughing matter. He ran to the bathroom, hoping to make it before it got crowded over the passing period. He needed to get his dick under control. He tried to take some breaths, a little meditation, but his dick refused to relent. Cody sat on the toilet lid and stared at the giant tent he was pitching. Finally - hesitantly - he reached down to his throbbing, oversized dick. His hand had just wrapped around the shaft, still processing if it was real, when he heard students come in. Great.

"Yo, can you guys believe what Sherm did today?" A voice said as it came further into the bathroom.

"I think you mean Doctor Sherman," a second voice corrected.

Cody had to breathe in so that he didn't moan out loud. He wanted to stay hidden, but his dick wasn't getting the memo, squeezing out more precum over his fingers.

There was a third voice that said, "Gotta hand it to him, dude's got some balls on him. I know we've only got a few weeks left, but I still wouldn't fuck with my senior year by trying to make myself the principal."

Cody's hips thrust. His balls bounced inside his underwear, taking up way too much space to be comfortable. Despite their increasing size, he was much more interested in what his peers were saying. He finally placed those voices: Wallace, Leon, and Hector, three guys he'd gone to parties with in the past.

"Yeah, but like I said at least he made it funny by adding 'Doctor'. We all know his dumb ass isn't a doctor," the second voice - Leon - replied.

Cody's balls swelled again. His cock stretched longer and thicker in his grip.

"Makes his name sound all professional and shit, right?" the first voice, Wallace stated.

Bigger... and *bigger*...

"Like he was gonna be doing open heart surgery in class," Hector came back with biting sarcasm.

"'Doctor' doesn't necessarily mean working at a hospital. My mom's best friend is a principal and she has a doctorate in education or something," Wallace said.

BIGGER...

"When someone has a heart attack on an airplane and they yell for a doctor, they don't want some English professor to show up," Hector argued. "If there's no working with tools, what's the point?"

Though Cody certainly had a tool in his hand at the moment, and it was reaching freaky size: ten inches hard, thick as a cucumber, with testicles the size of golf balls. Cody couldn't believe they didn't know he was there, and he desperately kept his throat shut to avoid making noise. Every time they jokingly called him 'Dr. Sherman,' he pushed further to the edge.

"Imagine him as a principal, though, for real. He'd be the worst in the world," Leon said. "He'd have to change everything about himself to be good."

Cody's cum blast hit the stall like heavy rain. It felt like his whole body burst, not just his cock. His knees locked, toes curling as his legs shot out beneath the stall door. If the students saw

him as they left, they didn't acknowledge it, and now the bathroom was quiet again except for his agonized breathing.

"Jesus," he whispered under his breath, grabbing a piece of toilet paper to wipe off the mess he'd made on the stall door. He was glad those boys hadn't heard him...what were their names? He'd had an idea, but there were far too many students in the school for him to be able to identify them all by voice alone.

Cody pulled his legs inside the door and barely fit in the stall as he stood up. "These tiny-ass telephone booths," he muttered. Were people really that much shorter when this school was built? He was not the first 18-year-old to be 6'4. Granted, he was one of the tallest guys in school - maybe THE tallest - but that didn't mean he didn't have the right to take a leak without pulling his knees into his chest.

Once he was positive the coast was clear, he stood up and tucked his t-shirt into his pants, then buckled his black leather belt. His black dress trousers fit him snugly and were cut much slimmer than the baggy shorts he usually wore, but they went with his black leather horsebit loafers, and he'd really wanted to wear those today. With size 14 feet, he always wanted his shoes to be correct. People tended to notice them.

He was five feet into the hallway when he ran into exactly the person he wanted to see: "Gordon!"

Gordon didn't bother with a hello. "Where the hell did you go?! Your backpack's still in Hue's class!"

"Dude," Cody said, secretly grateful to be reminded what class he'd left, "I got pulled away and all these teachers kept talking to me. Well, staff, not teachers exactly, but...whatever, some weird shit. People keep bringing up this principal thing, it's starting to kinda stress me out."

"It must be, you've got like twenty gray hairs."

"How can you even see my hair, shorty?" Cody grinned evilly, holding his chin high to lord his eight inch height advantage over Gordon.

"I'm looking up at it to avoid looking at your dorky pants."

"These are nice!"

"Yeah, if you were actually the principal. And why's your belt at your belly button, grandpa? Trying to look even taller?"

Cody put his hands on his hips. "You can't speak to me that way! I'm the principal!"

“Power trippin’,” Gordon smiled. “Gonna give me detention, Dr. Sherman?”

Cody’s cock stiffened. “I would, if you weren’t my bro. But if the wrong guy tries it today, it’s on sight.”

“Oh, yeah? I’m sure everyone will be *very* intimidated by the guy who had to go to the nurse’s office because he had a straw stuck in his ear.”

“They probably won’t remember that as long as you don’t bring it up again, shithead!”

“You can’t say that word,” Gordon pointed out triumphantly. “Dr. Sherman can’t curse.”

“Dr. Sherman can do whatever he wants!” Cody was hard as a rock now. Were it not for the slight camouflage offered by the black color of his trousers, everyone would be able to see. “And that means he could tell people that when you fell in a puddle on the track and had to go home early, it was really because you’d peed yourself!”

“What - you...I...YOU - how’d you know that?!” Gordon sputtered, his face turning bright red.

“The principal has access to everyone’s files!” Cody said, claiming victory with a theatrical point of his finger. “So don’t fuck with me.”

“Fine, Dr. Sherman, jeez, you win.”

“Wait right here!” Cody took off in a frantic sprint, leaving Gordon gaping after him. He pushed past two other boys as he flew back inside the bathroom and slammed a stall door shut behind him. His heart was pounding, the blood in his veins an electric current that raced through his muscles and burst out from between his legs like a supernova shooting out of control. He barely got his pants down before it erupted out of him, cascading down his throbbing shaft in a turbulent river of cum that splashed against the porcelain bowl in a dizzyingly hot display. The force of it shook Cody’s entire body as he shuddered in pleasure and surprise.

Cody held his hand over his mouth as he breathed desperately, the afterglow of his orgasm taking its time to dissipate. He took a step back and looked down at his black dress pants to make sure he hadn’t gotten any cum on them - not even Dr. Sherman would be able to explain away a stain like that. Then he tucked in his shirt and buckled his belt, running a hand over his hair to smooth it down as he walked back out into the hall where Gordon was obediently waiting.

“What was that about?” Gordon asked, his brows knitted in confusion.

Cody flashed a grin and said “Didn’t get it all out the first time,” not wanting to explain any further. “I guess I gotta go get my bag from Obie’s class, huh?”

"I would've brought it for you, but I legit didn't know where you were and I didn't want to get stuck carrying it all day," Gordon explained.

"It's no problem, I get it. I'm going to run back and grab it now, so I'll catch you soon, alright?" He bumped Gordon's fist and swaggered down the hall back toward Obadiah's classroom, offering high fives to students and ignoring the occasional strange look he got in response.

Cody was happy to see that Obadiah Hue was alone in his room, with no class for the upcoming hour. The old man looked up at the sound of his door opening. "Ah, Dr. Sheriman!"

"Hello, Obie," Cody said as he walked in. "No, no, don't get up, I just need to grab some notes I left in here. Sorry to bother your planning time."

"Not a bother at all. Today is a blue day for our resident administrator, I see."

Cody didn't know what Mr. Hue meant by that until he'd walked to the back of the class and retrieved the black leather binder lying on his desk. When he caught a glimpse of his shirt sleeve - the color of a cloudless summer sky - it dawned on him, and he laughed. "Oh, yes! Today is a blue day!"

"Wonderful color for you," Mr. Hue smiled.

"Thanks! Means a lot coming from someone with the last name Hue," Cody joked. Mr. Hue laughed, and Cody felt bad for ever thinking the guy was a snooze. He was just a nice old man.

"Weren't you wearing a t-shirt earlier? A red one? Perhaps that was someone in a different class."

"Obie, you know me well enough to know I don't wear t-shirts! It's dress pants, dress belt, dress shirt, every day." Cody touched each item of clothing as he listed them off. His fingers rested on his light blue dress shirt, caressing the shiny twill fabric. He loved the way it felt.

"Very formal for someone your age. But you're a bit of an old soul, I suppose. It goes with the gray hair."

"Ha, yeah." Cody brought his hand to the top of his shirt, feeling its silken smoothness beneath his fingertips, then ran his palm along his neatly combed hair. "When your hair turns silver in high school, you do what you gotta do." Surprisingly, no one ever mocked him for it - besides Gordon who seemed to come up with nicknames like 'Silver Fox' any chance he got. He was the only one who dared to make fun of the tallest guy in school.

"Where are you off to next?" Mr. Hue asked.

Cody wasn't going to admit he was about to skip classes by attending other ones. "Well, since I'll be the principal soon I thought it'd be..." Cody racked his brain on what to say next. "...*imperative* that I get to know my students."

"Wow, Dr. Sheriman has quite a vocabulary. Sure you don't want to sit in on another class?"

Cody felt his cock surge back to life. "I'm flattered, but I should really see how the other staff is doing." He double-checked his binder for his iPad before he snapped it shut and drummed his fingers against the front, which bore the letters 'CS' in gold leaf. "Have a pleasant day!" he said with a wave, exiting the classroom before horniness could overcome him again. To ignore his dick slapping against his thigh as he walked, he smoothed down his hair again.

Gordon was standing nearby on his phone. "You are so *slooooooow* today."

"Oh come on, Gordie, you know Obie and I go way back. I was barely in his room for a second."

"Whatever." Gordon scuffed the ground with his shoes and stuffed his hands in his pockets. "You both only get along so well because you dress like a grandpa."

"I dress like I care. There's nothing wrong with that," Cody shot back. "If you're jealous, just say so, no need to insult me. Or should I just call your parents and tell them you were trying to bully your principal?"

"You wouldn't." Gordon watched as Cody retrieved his phone with a devilish grin and waved it. Cody mimed putting on a pair of glasses before swiping down the list on his phone.

"Oh, what's this? I think that's your mom's number." Cody pressed the dial as Gordon tried to swipe the phone away, but missed. Walking until his back was against the lockers, Cody held the phone up as Gordon struggled to reach his 6'4 height. Gordon was jumping and leaning against him.

"Come on Cody, stop," Gordon begged.

"You have to think twice before picking on the school principal," Cody said playfully.

A feminine voice answered on the other line.

Cody put the phone up to his ear, trapping it between his face and shoulder as Gordon continued to battle for it. "Hello, Mrs. Allen! It's Cody Sheriman. You know, Gordon's best friend and all that. Well, today I was announced as the new school principal and I wanted to alert you to the fact that since that announcement, Gordon's behavior has not befitted a proper young man..." Cody rambled about expectations and conduct, with a jovial face that showed he didn't truly mean a word he was saying - though his even speaking tone ensured Gordon's mom wouldn't be able to deduce that.

Gordon made another lunge for the phone, trapping Cody against the lockers, then backed up with his hands raised. "Okay Principal Cody you win, Dr. Sheriman, whatever you want."

Cody's cock ate Gordon's affirmations right up. He hung up while sporting his most massive erection yet. "Ooh, your mom is *pissed*," he said.

"She actually thinks you're the principal?! That doesn't make any-" Gordon was cut off by Cody showing him his phone screen. The call was still active...with a contact saved as 'Bank.' "Oh fuck, you got me!"

"You should've seen your face though, kid!" Cody hooted. "I wouldn't actually call your mom, c'mon now. You're a good egg, but don't worry, I won't tell anyone. Wouldn't want to mess up your bad boy allure."

"A 'good egg'? So now you're talking like a grandpa, not just dressing like one."

Cody slid his phone back into his pocket. "I understand your frustration, but name-calling isn't acceptable," he said. "Let's not forget the respect we owe each other."

"Oh shut up, Dr. Sheriman," Gordon said with an eye roll and exaggerated air quotes. "Go to class, bro."

"You're the one who has to get there before the bell, young man!" Cody said, grinning as he felt pre soak his briefs. "I'll see you at lunch."

Gordon gave one last weird look to Cody, then scurried down the hallway, his backpack bouncing. Cody went in the opposite direction, strolling casually in the hall and wondering which class he should pop into. After all, it was on his schedule. The teachers had to be expecting it.

Ms. Beringer seemed surprised to see him in her sophomore social studies class, though, and her students eyed him curiously as they walked in and found their seats. Cody explained to her that walkthroughs were on his schedule, so he was dropping into a few classes just to see how they were going.

"I thought the announcement this morning was a joke?" Ms. Beringer asked, clearly confused.

Twenty sophomore heads turned Cody's way for his answer. "Oh, I, uh..." he stammered. He didn't want to get sent back to his actual class, so he improvised. "...can see why you would think that, but it wasn't, actually. I really am the new school principal, Dr. Cody Sheriman." Having maintained his immaculate posture since the morning assembly, he couldn't stand up any taller, so he squared his shoulders and lifted his chin.

"Really? And what's your doctorate in?"

“Educational Leadership,” Cody said. “But please, proceed with your lesson! I’m sorry to have been a distraction.”



Cody opened his binder, pulled out a form labeled ‘Classroom Walk-Through Observation’ and, with a click of his pen, began to write. He noted the quality of Ms. Beringer’s teaching, her ability to engage her students in meaningful discussions and how she was able to apply current events into the lesson plan. He took a few notes on classroom etiquette, noting that the students respected their teacher and each other, keeping conversation at a healthy level throughout class time.

After fifteen minutes he was growing restless, which is when Cody had the realization that he could just leave. He wasn't captive like the sophomores were. Principals had freedom! So he zipped up his binder, gave a small signal to Ms. Beringer, and headed to the door. "Bye, Dr. Sheriman," a sophomore girl in the back said as he walked out.

He cautiously made his way down the hall, holding his binder tightly against his body to hide the protrusion in his pants. His cheeks were growing hot as he fought back the dizzying waves of bliss that threatened to embarrass him. In search of something to distract from the raging desire that had taken hold of him, he made his way to the gymnasium. At least here, there weren't going to be any lecturing teachers.

The gym was empty, but the sound of clanking iron was echoing from nearby, so Cody followed it until he walked into a training room full of boys and girls doing...well, it looked like pretty much whatever they wanted, Cody noted with slight disapproval. Mr. Rafferty, one of the football coaches, was nearby, so Cody walked up to him and extended his hand. "Hi, Raff."

"Our new principal," Mr. Rafferty - Raff - smiled, meeting the handshake. "Taking your new role to heart, I see."

Cody knew he had to keep going with the lie in case the teachers compared notes later. "Very much so," he nodded. "The way the announcement was handled generated some confusion, but I really am the new principal. Thought I'd check in on some classes."

"I took them through a warm up and now they're doing some workouts they designed as part of their final," Raff said. Cody had no idea if that was the truth or not, but he had to admit it was a genius way of explaining away what appeared to be a free-for-all. He opened his binder and scribbled some notes.

While Cody was writing, he felt the stare of a young-looking kid sitting on a bench press a few yards away. The boy looked to be a freshman and had all the social graces of one, too; Cody could feel the awkwardness radiating from him. When they locked eyes accidentally, Cody gestured to ask if the kid wanted him to walk over. His answer was an affirmative nod.

"Hey there, son, what's your name?" Cody asked as he set down his binder.

"Isaac Dillahunt," the kid answered.

"You a freshman?"

"Yes sir."

As an 18-year-old senior, Cody couldn't remember his last interaction with a freshman. He was struck by how young Isaac looked - round-cheeked and boyish. "Did you have a question for me?" he asked, softening his voice like he heard teachers do.

“Well, you’re the biggest guy in school, and I wanna be big too, so I was just wondering if you had, I dunno, tips or whatever.”

Cody was taken aback by the request. He had never been asked for advice before, and he wasn’t sure what to say. “I am the tallest, but I don’t know about the *biggest*,” Cody said. “But I remember being your age, and I can give some tips. One thing to remember is you aren’t done growing up yet. I know it can feel like that because now you’re a big, bad high schooler, but your body will change a lot while you’re here.”

Isaac’s eyes lit up at the same time his cheeks reddened. “I just wanna be...” He looked around, then lowered his voice. “...a bodybuilder. Like you. Do you think I can do that?”

“Like me?!” Cody was perplexed - six-foot-four and 180 pounds was nowhere close to bodybuilder status - but didn’t want to be discouraging. “Of course you can. You’re just starting out, and at the right time. You have plenty of time to get huge.”

“All the guys wanna be as big as you, Dr. Sheriman. I hear them talk about it in the locker room sometimes. Even the seniors.”

Cody’s dick was as stiff as a crowbar. It was already leaking before he even stood up to walk Isaac through proper bench press form, so the kid’s insistence on formalities - every sentence ended with a ‘sir’ or ‘Dr. Sheriman’ - was more than enough to get Cody’s underwear wet with cum, even as he tried to hold it back. He kept talking about form and technique and hoped Isaac wasn’t noticing anything amiss.

When he saw other students’ heads turning, he grew paranoid until he realized he was speaking loudly. There was no need to project a voice as deep and resonant as his - it was like the purr of a panther, and it was always going to be heard. He had to admit he was proud of his virile tone and how it generated an almost hypnotic effect on students like Isaac, who stared in awe as he spoke.

His cock pumped out more cum. Cody tried to control himself with a deep breath, but nearly burst the buttons off his shirt, which only turned him on more. He loved how the satiny fabric felt against his bulging muscles. Six-foot-four and 230 pounds was nothing to sneeze at. He was hardly a bodybuilder like Isaac thought, but he was clearly a very in-shape man, with broad shoulders and protruding pecs balanced by a high, broad butt.

For the first time, Cody let himself appreciate how his body looked. He felt strong, powerful. And the way his shirt stretched over his muscles gave him a feeling of ownership. He was proud to be so large but so in control of his own body.

Cody smiled at Isaac and returned to what he was saying: “There are a variety of exercises to build a big, thick chest like mine. Bench press, of course, but there’s also incline bench, which works the upper pecs, and I recommend cable fly variations for hitting the center and lower...”

He talked Isaac through compound movements and emphasized the importance of nutrition. The boy listened eagerly, though Cody wondered how much information he was really absorbing. "Sorry, I've been talking a lot," Cody said. "If you have more questions, feel free to chime in."

"Does it feel good being big?"

"It's the best feeling!" Cody smiled, puffing out his bulging chest. The button over his pecs pulled open, exposing the attractive cleft between them. "When you walk into a room and know you're the biggest man there, it changes your energy. Bodybuilding gave me the confidence to take myself seriously."

"I just wonder if I can ever look like you do."

Cody wove warmth into his deep voice. "A young man like you has limitless potential. You've barely hit your growth spurt. You're going to get much taller and much bigger, and you can channel that into your weightlifting. Find some friends to work out with every day and make it fun for yourself. By the time you graduate, you'll be starting to see a man in the mirror."

A huge grin spread across Isaac's face. "Thanks, Dr. Sheridan!"

"If you ever see me in the halls, be sure to let me know how it's all going. And don't get down on yourself if it happens slower than you want...because it's *always* slower than you want. Nobody just turns into a muscleman in a day."

Cody fist-bumped the kid goodbye and headed back over to Raff. "Didn't know you had that kind of conversation in you, Doc," Raff chuckled. "You took him really seriously."

"Kids deserve to be taken seriously," Cody said.

"Of course! I just meant you in particular. You didn't do all your usual jokes. Just gave him real advice."

"Oh, right," Cody said. "I guess I've been feeling more serious lately."

"Well, that's a relief. A school principal *should* be a grown up."

Cody's cock throbbed at the thought of being a grown-up. He could feel the buttons over his chest straining with every breath, which in turn increased the heavy pressure inside his bulging trousers. He didn't want to leak through his underwear, so he said his farewells to the class and walked to the safety of the empty gym, where he adjusted himself and was relieved to find he wasn't damp.

“Do I need to go to another class...” he muttered under his breath as he walked. “I don’t need to go to another class...I’ll go answer some emails.” No one his age used email, so he couldn’t imagine having many to answer.

Upon arrival to the administrative offices, he was surprised to see there was a ‘SHERIDAN’ name plate slid into place below the ‘Principal’s Office’ sign mounted to the wall. “You guys are such kidders,” he said aloud, chuckling as he walked in. The office was more furnished than he expected, with a desk, chair, and computer all waiting for him. No personal artifacts, of course - he wasn’t *really* the principal - but it was nice to not have to sit criss-cross on the floor, at least.

As he shut the door to the office behind him, he discovered a fourth item in the room: a wall mirror. Cody stared at his reflection for a moment, then grinned. He looked good. Really good. Thick white hair, good skin, tailored clothes that showed off his big muscles...the girls were gonna be checking him out now, if they didn’t mind that he’d gone gray at 18. He raised his arm slowly and flexed it, his grin broadening into a smile as he watched his arm’s peak bulge against his sleeve. His forearm nearly snapped his cuff open.

Quickly and brazenly, he unzipped his fly and released his huge cock. It pulsed as he watched a bead of sweat roll down between the valley of his pecs. “Big guy,” he said as he flexed for himself. “Big *man*. Big muscle man...” He really was the buffest guy in school. He was gonna get so many girls—

“Unh!” His cum hit the mirror at the same time his popped shirt buttons did.

The release barely sated Cory’s libido. He could fuck for hours. Guys loved it. He was gonna get so many hot guys built like this. The biggest, hottest guys, salivating over his fucking cock. He flexed even harder and stuck out his pecs, his baby blue shirt stretching to its absolute limit under the assault of his bulging muscles. ‘Big man’ wasn’t enough to describe him. He was gargantuan. Colossal. He had the biggest chest most people had ever seen. Even his custom-made shirts could barely contain it. “Fuuuuuck,” he said softly, looking down at his nipples pushing against his shirt like knives. He gave one a twist and blasted out another stream of cum.

Cory backed up from the mirror so he could see more of himself. “The Incredible Hulk,” he grunted, raising his arms above his head and grinning as his biceps smashed into his cheeks. “The Incredible *Hunk*.” He opened his shirt to his navel and sat down in his chair with his cock still out, stroking it lovingly with a leathery hand the size of a boxing glove. “Fuck yeah,” he grunted, hoisting his huge rack up to his chin. It was only when he heard activity outside his door that he begrudgingly put his dick away and buttoned his shirt up to his chest. It was one thing to play a prank in school, quite another to risk getting arrested.

He woke up the computer and let the inbox refresh as he tried to shake off the afterglow of his self-pleasure session. He had emails from parents to answer - an important job for the school principal - but the reality of the position hit him when he started reading them all: questions,

complaints, and meeting requests, all written in decidedly grown-up fashion. Many of them involved confidential matters, like misbehavior or medical issues.

Feeling daunted, he searched the word “sports” in his inbox and picked out all the emails asking easy questions, like about season start dates, or who was coaching. Those were easier. He wrote one response and surveyed it:

Hey mister Jimenez!

This is Dr. Cory Sheridan, Ive been at your house a few times! Andy is a friend of mine. Im the school principal today. Long story. Anyway yeah, the football season next year starts september 2 and there's 2 weeks of training before it. So you're Yosemitee trip should be cool.

Cory

Cory read over the email and frowned. A little too familiar, he decided. Didn't read principal-y. He rewrote it.

Mr. Jimenez -

Thank you for reaching out. You are correct that next year's football season starts on September 2nd, with a mandatory two week training camp beforehand. The timeline you laid out for your trip should present no issues for Andy's status on the team. He is an outstanding young man and we are proud to have him as a student.

*Warm regards,
Dr. Sheridan*

“Much better,” Cory rumbled, wriggling in his seat. It was always hard to get comfortable at his size, but it was worth it to be such a huge man, he thought with a grin, cock pulsing. Maybe he'd get the chance to do a parent conference and intimidate the shit out of the dads as he swaggered in with his giant muscles and towering height. Sitting down across from them, maybe with his pecs smashing into the table...that image made for a good fantasy as he dashed out a couple dozen responses to various parents.

Even sitting still, he was turning himself on. The way he felt his shirt tighten and nearly burst its buttons each time he took a breath. His sausage-thick fingers typing on the keys. His forearms angling inward to meet the keyboard, thanks to the inhuman width of his back. The slight wetness he felt under his arms where his biceps rested against his lats. He was fucking godly.

He'd sent nearly fifty emails, all of them signed "Warm regards, Dr. Sheridan," when the notification to go to the cafeteria popped up.

Cory stood up from his desk and stretched, feeling the strain in every inch of muscle as his arms lifted away from his body. He held them out for a moment, imagining what it would be like for parents to look upon him with awe. This could be so powerful in negotiations, or when dealing with defiant students' families. The thought made Cory smile, until he remembered why he was doing this in the first place: checking in on the lunchroom.

He shook himself out of fantasyland and returned to business mode, swaggering out of the office and tapping his palm on Ruth's desk as he passed. "Back later," he said.

The hallway was filled by Cory's mass as he strutted toward the lunch room, relishing in the gasps aimed his way. His cock was hardening in his high-rise dress trousers, which brought a confident smirk to his young face. He got all the hornier when he saw Gordon's look of awe.

"Holy CRAP, Dr. Sheridan, how much do you weigh now?"

Cory wanted to chide Gordon on the rudeness of asking someone's weight, but he couldn't lie: he was proud of the answer. "295," he said, putting his hands on his hips.

"Wooooowww. You gotta gain five more so you hit 300."

"Oh, I've hit 300 many times. But I can't fit in this shirt if I have a belly," Cory said, gently patting his bulging abs. Gordon laughed, so Cory did too, even though he hadn't been joking. It left a small smile on his face as he walked into the cafeteria.

As he made his rounds through the tables, Cory found himself stopping and talking with students more than usual. He was patient and understanding when they talked about their struggles, and did his best to empathize. To cover up that he sometimes couldn't recall their names, he addressed them all as "Young man" or "Young lady" and didn't use any nicknames, which earned him a few extra surprised looks. Sometimes, groups stopped talking altogether as he approached them, pausing their conversations to take in his presence. Respect hung in the air.

One boy, with whom he seemed to be on friendly terms but whose name he couldn't recall, sidled up to him. "Dude, you're killin' this whole principal thing," he said. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you actually worked here."

Cory's deep chuckle made his shirt buttons tremble. "Of course, I'm taking it seriously today. But don't worry, still same old Dr. Cory."

"That's good. Wouldn't want you goin' all mature on us now!"

Cory smirked. “Do I *look* mature to you?”

“I mean, yeah, dude. The muscles are crazy. And the gray hair. Clothes, too. You dress like my dad.”

“Then your father has great style,” Cory said. “I bet he’s not as big as I am, though.”

The kid snorted. “No one is as big as you!”

Cory smiled and looked down at his gigantic chest. The dress shirt wrapped around it like cellophane made it appear even more monstrous, like it could barely be contained by mortal clothes. “That must be why everyone’s going along with the joke,” Cory said. “Some people act like I’m not even a student. I mean, I barely am, since I’m about to graduate, but I still am!”

“How’s a guy who’s still in high school get his PhD, anyway?”

“A lot of hard work and sleepless nights,” Cory responded. “I’ve gotten really good at budgeting my time. And on that note, I should head back to my office. Things seem good out here. You have a good day, okay young man?” Cory extended his hand, and the kid shook it. It was important to treat students with respect, like the young adults they were.

“Uh, yeah, you too, Dr. Cory. I mean Dr. Sheridan. Whichever.”

“Either works,” Cory smiled. He kept the small curve on his lips as he walked back to his office. A smile made him look more approachable, since a lot of the kids found him intimidating for some reason. Confidence emanated from him; his steps were sturdy and unshakable. He nodded at teachers and students alike, but there were papers to sign and duties to attend to, so he didn’t stop to chat.

“Hi, Ruth,” he rasped as he walked back in, barely squeezing his shoulders through the door.

“Back so soon?”

“Yes, things are under control out there,” Cory said, but he wasn’t sure he could say the same for his own urges. That frustrated him. He needed to be in control, and that was hard when you were so young. Kids were so impulsive, with all those hormones rushing around. Maybe he just needed to take the edge off, he thought, as he shut the door to his office and sat in his swivel chair. It was only midday, but he already felt exhausted. Being a principal was no easy task, but being a teenage principal was even harder. It was amazing everyone was going along with this little joke, but at the same time, he understood why they were. He was magnificent. If anyone was going to be a leader, it was him. All he had to do was stand in a corner and people behaved themselves.

He opened another shirt button and let out a sigh. His fingers drifted across his chest, feeling the mountains of muscle underneath the fabric. He felt empowered by his own manliness, and he began to massage his neck and shoulders, awestruck by their size and power. His hands then moved further down, exploring the definition of his body. The sensation was overwhelming, and Cory couldn't help but moan in pleasure as he reached lower to caress himself. His breathing became heavier, as if trying to keep up with the intensity of the moment.

Cory shook his head and tried to refocus on work. He needed to be professional and responsible if he wanted anyone to take him seriously. But then again, what harm could a little self-gratification do? He was in the privacy of his own office after all.

He grew aroused by his own strength and virility, fantasizing about being invincible—able to do anything and everything he wanted just because he could. Nobody would make fun of him, so he didn't have to use jokes to beat them to the punch. It wouldn't be a joke that he was the principal...he'd just actually *be* the principal.

Cory didn't know why that aroused him so much, the thought of actually being the school principal. He was a goof-off who liked dirty jokes, or at least he thought he was. But now, as he sat in his office feeling powerful and in control, he couldn't help but think that maybe there was more to him than just being the class clown. As principal, he could command respect from students and staff alike. Teachers would listen to his suggestions and praises instead of rolling their eyes at his jokes. And most importantly, no one would dare challenge him or write him off as a smarmy jokester.

Cory's hand moved lower down his body, grasping at his pants as he imagined himself in charge of everything. His breathing became heavier and more frantic as he pictured himself making decisions without hesitation or fear, knowing that everyone would follow his lead.

But then again, wasn't that what he was already doing? Sure, it was all just a joke to everyone else, but for Cory it felt different. He may have started this whole charade as a way to avoid getting bullied for being young and looking like a kid, but now it seemed like something more. He opened his eyes and took a deep breath, trying to shake off these thoughts and focus on work. But every time he tried to concentrate on anything other than himself as the principal, an image would pop into his head—him standing in front of the entire school with confidence radiating from every inch of his body, showing all the boys what a real man looks like: 6'4, 295 pounds, barely held by his dress clothes...not bad for a kid who was only—

"UNHHHH!!"

—54 years old—

The gigantic bodybuilder leaned back in his chair, pumping shot after shot of cum into a Kleenex. When he finally relaxed, panting, he fondled his giant pecs and grunted with happiness.

Curt wiped cum from his silver pubes and threw out the tissue he'd blasted into, grinning at his impressive emission. He stood up and re-tucked his shirt, making sure his belt was buckled just right. It took three attempts for his buttons to close over his chest. He hoped they didn't burst, because if they did, he would too.

After a few minutes of catching his breath and collecting his thoughts, though, he had to admit his tactic worked. Masturbating was a much healthier approach than abusing prescriptions to focus, which he'd heard worrisome reports about from the next generation of kids. Damn Adderall...he was glad it hadn't existed when he was in school. All the stimulation he needed was some pre-workout and his own body, he thought proudly as he looked at himself in the mirror.



Dr. Curt Sheridan stood in the wings of the auditorium, listening to the voices of his student body as they filed in for the assembly. It was a spur-of-the-moment assembly, but they'd needed ways to fill the days before summer. Introducing the new principal to the underclassmen made sense.

The word about the new administrator's appearance had already gotten out. Students of the female persuasion talked about his chiseled features and thick hair, while the boys were purely fixated on the body, astonished that a man as old as their dads could reach the size and strength of their Instagram heroes. Curt was anticipating lots of conversations about his weightlifting routines in the coming days.

When he strode onstage, resplendent in a white dress shirt and tailored gray trousers, he heard the murmurs of his students grow into a dull roar of voices as gasps rolled through the crowd. He flashed a charming smile at the microphone. *Look approachable*, he told himself. *They're intimidated by you if you don't look approachable.*

"Good morning, everyone," he said, in a voice so rich and deep that he didn't have to repeat himself. The room quieted down as he said, "If you haven't guessed by now, I am your new principal. My name is Dr. Curt Sheridan. I am so excited to be here, and I look forward to meeting all of you soon as we work together to make this school an even better place for us all! I have worked as an administrator for many years at various institutions throughout the county and I come from a long line of educators, so I am passionate about helping students reach their goals and dreams. If you have something to talk to me about, please find me in the coming days. My niece tells me I have something called 'RBF,' - the room began tittering at this - "so even if you think I *look* angry, please know that I am not."

"He gets all the anger out in the gym," a kid in the front row whispered, and the acoustics delivered it right into Curt's ears.

"That's right," Curt said, smiling as the kid turned beet red. After a few more announcements and a celebration of the seniors, Curt took a sheet of paper from Ms. Higgins. "What's this? Oh, the new athletic director? He hasn't started yet, but I know a lot of our student-athletes will appreciate knowing his name so you can run home and Google him."

The room laughed.

"Our new athletic director is..." Curt looked at the paper in his big hand. "...Gordon Little?"

To Curt's surprise, a spotlight landed on a mortified young man near the back of the auditorium. "Is that Mr. Little? Come on up here!" he gestured, and the kid did so, his face white as a sheet. Gordon was quite young, Curt noticed as he shook his hand. But that was no matter. He could grow into the role.