

Editors-in-Chief

A TIOS Story

Part Three

Somewhere – or more precisely, nowhere – Amanda Carpenter... wasn't.

Meanwhile, elsewhere, Heather Blake hopped out of bed with a sense of mild irritation at the need to stretch before she could get on with bounding into her day. With graduation mere weeks away, the senioritis was real. There was a widely embraced sense that school was functionally over, that everything school had to teach them had been taught, that if you were going to college you'd already been accepted or rejected – or that if you weren't, then who cared. Heather didn't disagree with any of that, but while Hayleigh and Olivia and Kirsten and the gang were giving her all sorts of flak for not partaking in senior ditch day today, she had competing priorities.

Berkeley. UC Berkeley, and its \$180,000 price tag. If she kept her nose the grindstone, pulled off those straight A's one last semester, the money would appear from the ethers. Her only challenges would be the academic ones, the way it ought to be. Let that 93% in calculus drop a single percent, though, and instead she'd be getting a mediocre scholarship to Lakeview and spending her 20's and 30's paying off loans for the rest – assuming she didn't implode from the agony of disappointment, which seemed more likely. Odds were that most of her classes would do little or nothing today, with a huge chunk of her classmates participating in the mass ditching. Still, they might not. There might even be extra credit! Every point was precious.

No telling if Miss C might try to screw her over again with some arbitrary penalties, but at least she could count on Conner. He basically ran the class, and no way he'd stand for that.

Most days, it felt lame to think she was cowering behind Conner for survival, grating harshly against her feminist principles. The last few days, though, had been so wonderful, that grades be damned – *Berkeley* be damned! – she wanted to go to school just to see her boyfriend. Ten-and-Two? How had she ever rated this boy's aggressiveness as a mere two?! The way he touched her, like he knew exactly how to get her off... Attraction had never been an issue for them, but ever since she'd given him that little pep talk last weekend, he didn't just do it for her, he made her goddamn *horny*. It was like she was a freshman all over again, besotted and dizzy and grinning at nothing at all.

After her necessities, she loaded the Pride app. A wonder, that. She was so proud (aptly) of those two sophomores for creating it. Daily inspirational quotes. A calendar to track and coordinate protest attire. A link to their discord so they could chat, seek out

support when it was needed. She read the few posts from overnight, then checked what outfit they'd committed to that day.

Oh right. Businessman day.

Heather fished the appropriate – or rather, appropriately inappropriate – attire from her wardrobe. Usually she laid it out the night before, but she'd been up sexting Conner until she'd fallen asleep, crashing hard after an especially massive orgasm. He'd almost ruined it, venting about all the girls popping by or trying to slide into his DMs, but then he'd dropped a hot *you're the only girl I want to text one handed*. Mmmm.

He was learning how to be sorta hot, slowly, and girls were noticing. Who could blame them? The guy was easy to love. To think, when she'd decided to date a boy like Conner who was well-liked by those who knew him, but kept so much of his merit on the down low, she'd figured her days of dealing with the drama of popular boyfriending were behind her. The last popular guy she'd had a thing for coincided with the interest of Kirsten, so Heather had backed off immediately – not a conflict she expected to survive – but then Kirsten ignored him anyway. Typical. Now, she had dibs, and those other girls were all beside themselves with envy at her good fortune.

Dressed and ready, she finally checked her notifications, and was immediately delighted that she had. He'd sent a few last messages after she'd crashed, ending with, *Guess you fell asleep, huh? Hope your dreams were sweet. See you tomorrow – unless you're ditching? But I'll be there if you'll be there. I hope you're there*. He really was so much sweeter than she deserved, as sweet as those dreams he'd wished upon her. Sweeter than she knew what to do with, so much of the time.

Why did she have to wait until the twilight hours of high school to fall in love? Why couldn't he have told her he'd fallen for her when it had first happened?

With so many of the school's prettiest girls being so deeply into him after that badass display he'd put on with her and Amanda (still nowhere but now dressed for the day, in clothes that weren't) at prom, it was such a thrill to have that distinction. Conner Fisher's girlfriend. She giggled at the thrill of it, then giggled harder at what a ditz she was being over him.

Heather checked her outfit in the mirror from every angle. Conner and his buddy Owen, two boys who could have their pick of Northside's cutest cuties, and he chose her. Not *only* her, but then again, she was the one who'd insisted that with her hopeful departure for the west coast this summer, exclusivity and promises and all that added pressure would only diminish what time they had together, preparing for a future they wouldn't get. As for his sordid little affair with their bitch yearbook teacher... Well, things were complicated. Those two had had a bond for years, and even then he'd only seduced her in order to secure the passing grade for Heather's first semester exam. The grade she'd *earned*. He swore it wasn't so... transactional. It was the only thing that

made sense though. If he wanted to apply the euphemism of romanticism to his admittedly heroic act of prostitution, she'd let him have it.

Not as if they had a future beyond graduation. She and Miss C, that was. Though, sadly, probably not her and Conner earlier. He'd talked some about following along after her, but it felt too gallant to be real. No, when life pulled the two of them off in their separate directions, it was Amanda – Amanda, near enough to somewhere now to be experiencing her considerable doubts that it would be she – who would be the recipient of Heather's jealousy.

As she ran her brush through her hair, Heather marveled once again that with Amanda around, she even got a taste of him. Those two were practically twins, made for one another. The Venn diagram of their shared interests was a circle – or maybe a Moebius strip, because one of those shared interests in their circles was each other. If Amanda had a reputation for displaying a bit of a temper, and Conner an equally merited if less celebrated reputation for swallowing his, well, she'd had to spend a lifetime fending off advances from creeps who looked right past her impressive intelligence and saw only a pair of legs that felt like they went up to Heather's neck. It was the same chip Heather had on her shoulder for all the shallow jerks who saw her as nothing but her breasts. Conner, bless his heart, had only had to start learning how to deal with that sort of superficial attention recently, as the women of Northside started looking for someone less conventional to amuse themselves with in their final days of high school.

“That's what you're wearing today, huh?” her mother asked as Heather settled into the passenger seat. Most days she rode to school with Hayleigh, but ditch day meant being treated to an evaluation of her wardrobe from her uptight mother. Heather loved her mom dearly, and they were close, but she supposed a lifetime of residual judgment from her late grandfather had rendered the woman far too conservative about matters of sexuality.

“First off, yes,” said Heather, attaching her seatbelt carefully so it didn't rub her chest too much. Safety first, but it would be really embarrassing to spontaneously climax right there in the car next to her mom. “We've been over this. I know it makes you uncomfortable, but I want my legacy at Northside to include pushing back against an administration that is entirely comfortable with the misogynist, often predatory treatment of young women.”

Heather smoothed her tie between her bare breasts. *Titties*, Conner had called them during that insane, incredibly hot moment yesterday. Yes. Aloud, she was a breast girl. In her head, though, or in private with Conner... Heather smoothed her tie between her big naked titties with a little smile for what her choice not to include a blouse in her businessgirl attire might entice him to do.

“For two,” she continued, “I didn’t pick today’s ensemble, and it’s not my favorite. This was sort of contrived, off-message, you know? Something about how men wearing men’s suits designed for male bodies are given all this free respect, but women’s suits, designed for women’s bodies, instead raise suspicions about whether a woman is papering over her inadequacies with fancy clothing.”

The car turned out of the long driveway leading up to their country home. “Lovely speech, kiddo, but I’m pretty sure a woman’s suit is supposed to come with a blouse and a jacket? And the skirt’s usually long enough to meet a set of thigh-high stockings, which, by the way, aren’t usually part of it either.”

Heather frowned. “This is just how it fits. I’m short, Mom.”

“Too short for a shirt?” Her mom rolled her eyes, but they’d gone round and round on this so many times that by now she was only teasing. This was an argument she’d lost but consoled herself for her defeat with prodding. When the school had first pretended to give up on dress code enforcement – a charade Heather had seen right through! – her mom had been apoplectic at the sight of her daughter in her protest garb. She’d insisted Heather change into her old clothes, like she was Principal Beckmann herself.

(Conner had been such a good friend to her, though, letting her vent. “Northside parents ought to support their children expressing themselves, even if they don’t always love how we do it!” she’d told him. She still wondered if he’d had a talk with her mom after that, because while the woman still chided her, she’d lightened up tremendously, and sometimes even praised her courage for opposing the patriarchy. Sometimes, the praise was for attributes Heather blushed to hear her mother point out, but admittedly, her Pride wardrobe showcased her body pretty damn well most days. Coincidentally.)

“No, I’m just...” Just what? Just going along with my clever boyfriend, who made me realize Monday that I could get away with flaunting my body for our own private sexual gratification without any of our teachers getting to complain? “You wouldn’t understand.”

“Right. I never tried to look cute for a boy before.” She elbowed Heather playfully.

“Mom!” Heather cheeks – and, she realized belatedly, her titties – colored. It was so annoying when the woman saw through her.

Senior ditch day. Probably more than half the class, quite possibly much more, would be out of school today. Meanwhile, her boyfriend was substituting for her sex ed class, leading a short unit on seduction.

It was wrong, Heather knew, to put him in the precarious position of using his position to indulge her fantasies. But how fucking *hot* was it to be able to make out with her boyfriend – to have sex with him, even! – and pretend like it was just some garden variety *assignment!* – right there in school, where all those other super pretty girls had to watch and envy...

Where she'd have to compete with Amanda – who could see the line of trees bordering the Northside parking lot up ahead, through a leafy fog of green nothing in lonely nowhere, her own lipstick brightly proclaiming her kissability, kisses that boy had damn well better pursue today – for attention.

“Do you have any lipstick in your purse, Mom?”

Graduation. The finishing touches on the yearbook. A best friend and half-sister locked into one another's genitals. Not one, not two, but *three* girlfriends to juggle. One of them a teacher! One of them the girl he'd dreamed about since forever, the clock swiftly running down on her time with him. One of them driving him positively up the wall with impossible demands.

Someone pinched his butt.

Conner whirled, missing the perpetrator as she breezed past him, thus necessitating that he whirl again. “Hey, Connerrrrr,” purred the sultry voice of Ashley LeBeau. No missing the strut in her step, a lush, soft booty doing what it did best. Those shorts never would have passed muster under the old dress code. The Pride girls would be, well, proud. Or upset? He never knew.

“Morning, Ashley,” Conner muttered in her wake. Ashley undulated her hips down the hall a ways before turning back to catch him staring, conveying her blessing with a girlish giggle.

So yeah, there was that, too.

Conner had a lot on his plate, so much that he'd forgotten ditch day until last night when Heather asked him if he was going. His whole gambit to win back Amanda – not that he'd lost her! – not that he thought he had, anyway – was this stunt with the sex ed girls. (Conner wasn't sure if that was a euphemism, or an even more explicit reference for them than “all the hottest girls in school.”) Only one class meeting in, and already he wasn't sure he could pull this off. He barely even knew what he was *trying* to pull off.

Why can't you be more like Jordan? she'd said. He still had no idea what to make of it. He'd barely slept this past week trying to make sense of it. All of Jordan's most defining traits, though, were ones that surely Amanda hated. Arrogance. Rudeness. Selfishness. Laziness. He was entitled. He bullied other kids, Conner among them. Then there was his attitude toward and treatment of women! Conner's fists clenched just

thinking of it. What was he supposed to do, slap her on the ass, tell her she was the hottest thing he'd seen in his life, then slam her up against the wall and ram his tongue down her throat? It was unthinkable!

Then he remembered how he'd taken advantage of Hailey last semester, and the dozen different ways he'd let his penis do his thinking in the months since. Ugh, the vulgar display in sex ed yesterday, making those girls throw themselves at him just to show Amanda he could be an alpha. Whatever an alpha was.

Maybe he was no better than Jordan. Though it sure hadn't seemed to impress her.

At least today, he could take the day off from "showing off" in sex ed. The class was all seniors. Just walking through the halls, his editor-in-chiefy senses were tingling at the conspicuous absence of his peers. There would be a few, girls whose parents would flip out over minor indiscretions, girls who had schoolwork they couldn't miss like Heather. Still, hopefully it would be a small, quiet group, and he could talk things through with Amanda and she'd help him figure out how to escape from this whole stupid situation he'd put himself in. She could tell him it was all right he wasn't some brash, swaggering chauvinist creep, that she liked him the way he was. Maybe she'd even apologize?

No, no, not even fantasies should be allowed to roam that far afield.

First period went by at a crawl. The whole class was Conner, Yuan the foreign exchange student, and five nerdy juniors taking senior level classes. Mrs. Cushing put on a video and passed out a worksheet, five points extra credit for completion. She offered it almost contemptuously, a badge of pitifulness for the kids not cool enough to be out cruising around town and... doing whatever cool kids did when they ditched school. Conner didn't know. He took his extra credit with Yuan and the rest and told Mrs. Cushing he thought it had been an interesting video. Kristy had helped him appreciate how unappreciated teachers often felt, so any more he found himself going out of his way to boost morale. Then he made his way to sex ed.

The otherwise disused room remained locked most of the day, though Conner had kept a copy of the key from when Jordan first put him up to subbing for him. Ashley was waiting outside the door when he rounded the corner.

"Morning again, Mr. Fishers," she cooed. Was this how girls talked to hot guys? Conner still wasn't sure what to make of that fawning tone, to say nothing of transitioning from "Conner" before first period to "Mr. Fishers" for sex ed.

"Morning, Ashley." He held the door open for her.

Her shorts were around her knees and falling fast by the time he extricated the key from the lock. It was such a display he didn't even initially notice the renovations he'd done for the room. "I love it when you sub for us, Mr. Fishers," she said, stepping out of them. That meaty, heart-shaped ass was on full display as she bent at the waist to

retrieve them. The left side of her rosy pink panties crept up there and stayed when she stood. “I feel like I learn so much better from you than Mr. Lyons. Have you ever thought about being a teacher? Or, like... I dunno, is there a sort of... not porn star? But like, someone who teaches sex? For money? Because I bet you’d be awesome at that.”

“Why would I be awesome at that?”

Ashley lifted her t-shirt off over her head. Two plump tits bounced happily in a bra that matched the panties as her arms came back down. “I dunno. Like, *I* like learning about sex from you. Like a lot. A whole lot. I think most of us do.”

“Well, unfortunately, it’s senior ditch day, so I think it’s probably only going to be a handful of us. No lesson today, sadly.”

“Oh. Boo.” Ashley’s lower lip stuck out. She was crowding the door, crowding Conner, and it was practically an invitation to kiss her. “Well, if we’re not doing anything, can we—”

Whatever lurid suggestion she’d been about to make was cut off by a new arrival. Amanda. Unlike Ashley, she made no move to disrobe. Unlike Conner, the renovation was the first thing her eyes seized.

“What in the *hell* is that.”

Ashley followed Amanda’s gaze to the back of the room. “What do you mean?”

Amanda gave her classmate an exasperated look. “There’s a *shower*. In the *classroom*.”

Ashley arched an eyebrow, puzzled. “Um, there’s eight showers. We couldn’t exactly do much with one shower for dozens of us.” *Duh*, her tone implied.

“What exactly are we supposed to do with a shower?”

Ashley giggled. “Wow, somebody hasn’t been paying attention this semester.”

“Conner. A word?” She seized his arm at the wrist, dragging him into the classroom’s new addition.

Until yesterday, this had been where the changing screens had stood, blocking off a narrow corridor along the wall so the girls could strip or change into the day’s assigned slutwear in privacy. By now nobody used them any more; jitters over donning a slutty schoolgirl outfit and forcing in a butt plug to cram for the day’s pop quiz was so last grading period. Now, it was a rather spacious shower area, even wider than the main room and the tiled area comprising it so expansive that there was minimal chance of splashing onto the carpet. A row of benches gave them a place to wait their turn, and there was even a table stacked high with fluffy white towels.

Amanda turned on one of the shower heads, then retreated to the far corner. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?” she demanded in a loud whisper. In the original classroom, there would be nowhere to have a conversation without being overheard, but the added space and background hiss of water granted them adequate privacy.

Conner grinned. He wanted to apologize, capitulate immediately and completely, but Jordan would grin. Grin like an asshole who'd installed showers so he could force girls to do pervy things. That was what she said she wanted. For some reason.

"Cool, right? Luis has this thing he found online that he uses to design D&D dungeons or whatever. I guess it does modern stuff, too, so I asked him if he could design a shower area, like a locker room. He did all the detail stuff, and then I just cleaned it up and spliced it into some of Jordan's photos of the sex ed room in TIOS. So... bada boom, plumbing done cheap."

She did not return his grin. "Good for Luis – his NPCs would be proud. Now let's leave aside how stupid this idea of yours was. Conner, perhaps it escaped your notice, but this whole area is *bigger than the classroom*."

"So?"

"So?! We're standing in an extradimensional space! That doesn't concern you?!"

"I dunno, felt like the class was pretty one-dimensional before, so maybe it needs a few extra."

Ashley had been drifting closer, shedding her underwear as she moved. She was down to her socks. "Are you guys talking about that new Harry Potter game? My little sister is *obsessed* with—"

"*Nobody is talking about Harry goddamn Potter!*" Amanda shrieked.

"One sec, Ashley, OK?" Conner held up a finger.

"Sure thing, Mr. Fishers!" she replied in her chipper tone. If Amanda's outburst put her off, she showed no sign of it. If the towering redhead was stupid enough to fuck up her relationship with the boy, Ashley was too happy to wait in the wings to scoop up her leavings.

Amanda picked right up on her point. "We should be in the middle of the hallway right now. Or, heck, all the way in the home ec room? This place is huge! Are you insane?!"

"Come on, it's TIOS. You really think TIOS is going to cause some space/time rift or something? It's always been really good about making things work nice and tidy."

"It's usually just making people not notice people acting a little weird, not drilling wormholes through reality!"

"It brought *you* through a wormhole in reality, and you seem to be doing OK."

Amanda drove a finger into his chest. "I promise you, Conner, I am *not* doing OK."

The door opened, and this time it was Heather. Unlike Ashley, she showed no hesitation traipsing over to Conner. No words, only a kiss that went right into his throat and straight down into his balls. She placed his hands right onto her breasts, whimpering into his mouth as they reflexively did what hands on breasts were intended to do. A few other girls straggled in; the bell rang; Conner heard none of it. He even

forgot the glowering redhead mere feet away. His hand dared to stray down her side and under her skimpy suit skirt, but Heather promptly caught it and brought it right back over her tits.

“Um, Mr. Fishers, are we supposed to be taking notes or something?” asked Ashley. “Because, um, I’d kind of like to try.”

Heather released him after a moment. At least, she relinquished her grip on the back of his head and gave him his mouth back. Then she made darn sure he didn’t let go of her newly evolved clit tits.

The class consisted solely of himself, Heather, Amanda, Ashley, Yuri, Courtney and Abby. Only Ashley had stripped (aside from her socks, which she seemed to have forgotten), though there was a pair of panties and a bra sitting conspicuously on Abby’s desk. “Hey everybody. So, as you can see, we’re down most of our number. So for today, no lesson. Use your phones, hang out, whatever. If you want to go to your lockers to get something to do, just grab a pass.” That was what cool teachers did in these circumstances, right?

Heather pressed her tits harder into his grip. He gave them a gentle squeeze. Teachers definitely didn’t do that, no matter how cool.

The girls grumbled at being denied the opportunity to mask their flirtations with their sexy substitute as education, which might have been flattering if their favor had been earned rather than solicited via TIOS. Jordan would have eaten it up though, watching even this substantially reduced bevy of hotties aching for his “instruction.” It was his own fault they didn’t like his teaching style; he’d bullied and cajoled the girls into gradually giving up the quotes he’d needed to create this little harem. It had made them tolerate him at best, or flat-out resent him in many cases. If he’d thought to focus on showing them a good time instead of focusing exclusively on his own appetites, who knows what they might have given him?

“Can we still have sex?” Heather whispered in his ear. Her lips were really, really red today, he noticed. New lipstick? Did she even usually wear any?

“I mean, everybody’s right there,” he whispered back. She was especially right there. Amanda had stood her ground, not two feet away, arms folded testily.

“Just... play with my titties then?” Conner’s cock nearly shredded through his pants to hear Heather Blake whisper those words. “Just tell them you’re tutoring me. They can’t yell at you for fooling around with your girlfriend if it’s on topic, right? Please?”

His eyes darted to Amanda. Her accusation of turning Heather into a “freak” echoed in his mind. “We probably shouldn’t,” he said with effort.

Her disappointment was plain, but she didn’t press him. A step back, and then another so his hands at last slid off her chest. That disappointment spiked visibly. “Yeah,

you're right. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to put you in an awkward position. I know this is a job for you, not just another class." Heather shuffled away before he could say more.

"Happy?" he asked Amanda.

"Why wouldn't I be happy, seeing you practice restraint with your brand new personal pleasure mutant? Hat's off to you. Bravo. You're the OG white knight." Amanda delivered an extensive sarcastic slow clap. It went on long enough some of the other girls started watching to see if they should be joining in.

"Amanda, come on. I'm trying to do what you said, aren't I? I'm obviously not doing a very good job. I'm sorry, OK? Just talk to me. Help me figure out what I'm doing wrong."

"Conner..." She leveled the full weight of her irate gaze on him. It was heavy. After a tense moment, she softened. "Look, I—"

"Mr. Fishers?"

With an irritated sigh, he turned to the class. It was Ashley again, a few paces away and creeping closer. "I'm in the middle of something, Ashley. What is it."

"Hmm? Oh dang! No, I'm sorry, I was just... It's only that, um—"

Conner forced a placating smile. "Sorry, I didn't mean to snap. I apologize. You didn't deserve that."

Her smile bloomed like a bed of tulips. "Aw, Mr. Fishers, you're seriously the nicest guy I've ever met." Never mind how curt he'd been with her seconds earlier. "So yeah, I was just wondering... Sometimes when Mr. Lyons forgets to plan material, he'll let us go back to old assignments and do do-overs."

"Practice all you want, Ashley. The room is yours."

"Practice...? Oh! No, I meant, like..."

"She means she wants you to fuck her, for points. So maybe if she earns enough points, you'll let her be your fourth girlfriend. Right, Ashley?"

Ashley gasped. "Who's the third?!"

"There's no third," Conner said quickly, shooting an exasperated look at Amanda

"Oh. But yeah, she's right. Not about the girlfriend thing – I mean, unless, you know, you're interested? But you can re-do stuff and he gives us the higher grade. So we improve, you know?" She took a step closer, voice dropping to a sultry murmur. "Mr. Lyons wants us to be the hottest, sexiest, most pleasing lovers a man could ever find in a girl. I think that's important in a relationship."

Never had a smile been so hard to maintain. "How nice of him."

She giggled, and suddenly Ashley was Ashley again. "Right? So anyway, yeah, I was wondering if maybe, if we're not doing anything else today, I could, like... do some do-overs. And you could give me notes. On what you like. From a girl." Her tongue slipped out, wetting her lips. It didn't go back in.

“Yeah, Conner. What *do* you like in a girl?” Amanda asked contemptuously. Ashley was plainly immune to her scorn, though.

Conner, however, turned back to Amanda. “So, did you want me to be more like your hero Jordan or should I make her figure it out on her own?”

It was the wrong thing to say, and he knew it before he said it. It was a lot easier to be smug, even for someone with minimal inclination towards smugness like Conner, when you had those piles of curves licking their lips and batting their lashes in your direction. Her eyes narrowed, a rebuke ready, but Ashley jumped in first.

“Oh! And I have some group stuff, if you wanted to bring in your girlfriend too. I don’t mind. It’s so weird pretending Mr. Lyons isn’t a student the rest of the day, you know? So like, if you want to just mess around with your squeeze and let me squeeeeeze on in with ya...?” She smiled hopefully.

Conner held his attention on Amanda. “Sure, Ashley,” he said quickly. “That sounds like good time management. My girlfriend and I would love to help you learn a few things.”

Amanda’s jaw quivered. “You’re not going to ask me if I even want to—”

“Heather?” Conner interjected. “Mind helping out me and Ashley?”

Amanda’s eyes widened, and if they were capable of firing laser beams, she would have melted a yearbook-sized hole through him. Heather was there in a flash. “What’s up?”

“You mother...”

“Ashley was hoping to redo an assignment, and she wondered if you would mind helping us out.”

“Us?” Heather asked. “As in, you and her...?”

“Yeah, if you’re up for it. I mean, if you’d rather do some reading or...”

She laughed and gave him a playful shove. “Oh shut up. If I have to be in school on ditch day, I at least want to have a little fun while I’m here. Let’s get our extra credit on, yo.”

“Great! So what’s the assignment, Ashley?”

“Blowjobs,” she said, cheeks coloring in embarrassment at her shame of having to redo such a seemingly simple assignment. “And don’t think I’m a sucky sucker or something. I did awesome on my solo project! Mr. Lyons even gave me a redo at a party a couple weeks ago, bumped my A- up to an A. You know, he’s not always the easiest teacher to get along with, but he was really cool about it. He even came on my boobs so my boyfriend wouldn’t notice the cum on my breath when I got back to him.”

“What a mensch.”

Ashley nodded earnestly, then bent to remove her socks. “Right? But yeah, anyway, I didn’t do so hot on my partner blowjob, though. I wound up in a group of

three, and there just wasn't an easy way to get in there. Or maybe I just didn't try hard enough, like he said."

"I'm sure you did your best, Ashley. And, sorry, not processing super fast, but did you say you had a boyfriend?"

"Yep. Scott Gallup – you know him, right?" Conner nodded. "It's cool, though. This is just class stuff. Besides, I, um, had a talk with him a couple weeks ago, told him I wanted to have a, um, open relationship. Like you and Heather and..." She looked to where the storm cloud lingered in the wake of Amanda's livid departure. "And, yeah. I, um, sort of have a thing for this other guy."

Conner had once had the good fortune to be in the same phys ed class as Ashley during the unit they did swimming. He hadn't forgotten the way that swimsuit hugged her body – or less fondly the way Owen, also in their class, had gone on and on about Ashley's tendency towards camel toe. He'd blathered on it until Conner couldn't help noticing it every day in class.

Presently, Ashley subconsciously gave that sparsely haired pussy a few gentle strokes as she gazed at him with such profound adoration that it left no doubt who this mysterious other guy might be. If she'd ever looked at him like that in swim class, he wouldn't have been able to get out of the pool until nobody was looking.

"OK. So, um, partner blowjob, you said?"

Heather loosened her tie and began wriggling out of her mini skirt. Speaking of pussies he'd been dreaming about since the onset of puberty. "Yeah! Did Mr. Lyons leave a copy of the rubric for you?"

"There was a rubric...?!"

The girls nodded. "He doesn't distribute them, which between us seems unprofessional of him, but he insists he has strict criteria from the state-approved curriculum."

Conner sighed. "Well, he didn't leave me a copy, either."

Ashley giggled. "Oh. Well don't worry, Mr. Fishers. It's pretty simple. Basically, one girl takes point, doing the bulk of the oral, and the others assist. They don't have to help suck the cock – though most do – as long as they're, you know, 'enhancing the eroticism.'" The phrase had the distinct cadence of one that had been used extensively in this so-called class.

The door swung open. There was Amanda, a conflicted look on her face, standing in the doorway. The expression was directed at Conner. Hard. He didn't know what it meant. How he wanted to run after her and apologize! But she'd said, be like Jordan, and no way Jordan would ever pretend he was sorry to be enjoying a tandem blowjob from Heather and Ashley – and maybe Yuri, who was drifting toward the new extra-dimensional shower area with a curious look.

“So what did you have in mind, then?” he asked Ashley. He was still looking past her toward Amanda, though. She wasn’t saying anything. She wasn’t coming near. Why was she making him do this? Not that it was an onerous task, but why wasn’t she here joining in? He couldn’t be more Jordan if he balanced a treat on his cock and made Ashley beg for it!

“I was thinking, you know, since we have the Booby Baroness herself here—”

“Ashley!” But Heather laughed. Across the room, Amanda didn’t. Two boys walked past her in the hallway, both with an easy line of sight to where Northside’s rack royalty stood in all her mammary majesty, but when it came to TIOS and “what happens in sex ed stays in sex ed,” it seemed either light waves or public interest was subject to it as well. More likely both. They walked past, though Conner did catch one of them scoping out the senior redhead’s butt. Hard to blame them.

Not asked, but likewise not inhibited, Ashley began removing Conner’s clothes for him. “I was thinking maybe... Well here, why don't I just show you instead of tell you? And if you have any feedback, anything you want me to do differently, like literally anything, I'd be totally happy to do anything you want, Conner, even if it's not class stuff, I'm up for whatever, or even out of school, if you—”

Heather cleared her throat pointedly, but it might have been Yuri who actually put an end to it. “Did you want a third, Ashley? Because I wouldn’t mind a redo, too. If that’s OK with you, Mr. Fishers.” She casually lifted her shirt over her head, revealing two pert, delectable breasts. No bra. None needed. “I keep flunking my ass fuck test. I guess I’m just really, really tight.”

Ashley was already guiding Heather to lie down on her back beneath the spray of water. “Um, yeah, I guess that’d be cool,” she said in a voice that made it clear the arrival of Northside’s Asian Sensation (Jordan’s official name for her in his gradebook, after Yuri had corrected his spelling – “Eury? Are you freaking kidding me?” – in the opening weeks of the course) was not cool. Still, if Mr. Fishers was willing to let Ashley horn in on his girlfriend’s girlfriending rights, she wasn’t going to be a hypocrite by denying Yuri the same. Plus, Conner seemed to be into swinging with lots of girlfriends at once, so if she signaled she was into it, too, it could only help her odds.

Abby and Courtney were beginning to look more than a little left out. The former turned to Amanda. “Um, hey, you and Mr. Fishers are going out, right?” Amanda’s silence offered several possible interpretations. “Because, you know, maybe once Ashley finishes her redo, it’d be fun, to like, do another? You know, like girlfriend plus two...? I could use some help with my face-fuck quiz.”

Courtney nodded, unzipping her fly and shimmying her skinny jeans over her skinny ass. “That sounds like fun. C’mon, Amanda – wanna?”

Meanwhile, Ashley was on her hands and knees, her tits hanging in Heather’s face, Heather’s jutting up on either side of Ashley’s. Yuri was still finishing undressing,

careful not to get her clothes wet. There wasn't a single hair on her body, not so much as a follicle. Amanda had long since realized Jordan had erased it all with a few simple tricks in TIOS's image editor; Conner was not far from recognizing the same.

Although the events transpiring on the shower floor were occupying a manly chunk of his emotional energy, more than that, more than anything, he wanted Amanda to come back in here. To kiss him, to have him do whatever jerkwad thing she evidently wanted so they could get back to being perfect for each other.

No room for sentimentality, though. If she wanted Jordanesque, she wouldn't like that.

He walked over to the trio on the shower floor, Yuri now positioned with one plump pink clit-nipple in her mouth. At Ashley's bidding, he knelt down straddling Heather's waist. She guided his cock between Heather's slippery wet titties. Her "public access" chest tattoo was, for the first time in Conner's eyes, apt. Ashley held the right tit firm against his shaft, and Yuri the right. Heather trembled at their touches, trembled in anticipation of what was to come. And come. And come.

"Yeah, Amanda." He gave Heather's exposed nipple a little pinch. Her body shivered, droplets of water trickling down the slopes of her tits every which way. "When we're done, I mean. Could be a bit, but I like you. I'll make time if you want a redo, too."

But he'd let himself be distracted by the acres of pleadingly fuckable flesh splayed out in front of him, if briefly, and when he looked up, Amanda was gone.

Ashley pulled Conner's cock through the canyon with two handfuls of his ass. As his tip emerged from the far side, she pressed her face into Heather's titties hard enough to give it a little suck. Heather's massive mounds didn't make it easy, but she was so very happy to have to work for it. Heather was already on the brink of orgasm. As Conner's cock began thrusting between her lips, Ashley appeared to be experiencing the emotional equivalent of one herself.

"So, um, can I suck her other nipple, Mr. Fishers?" asked Courtney.

"And I could eat out Ashley while she blows you," offered Abby. "I mean, unless you want me to do anything for you. Like, if you want to suck on my tits or slap my ass or finger me or eat me out or just make out or..."

Conner thrust. He came, and then it was Courtney's turn for a redo, and he came, and then Yuri pointed her ass at him, and he came, and, and, and. Jordan was due credit for his hasty refractory period, as was Ashley from a quote entered some months earlier. *"Man, I don't know how you keep up. A sex ed teacher covering stuff like this would have to be able to get off, like, whenever!" – Ashley LeBeau.*

Yuri asked if Conner was willing to help tutor her after school. Then so did the rest. He declined, which only started a bidding war, four of the sexiest girls at Northside throwing their parents' money at his feet to bribe him into teaching them how to pleasure him. He declined again, which only made Courtney swoon at the depth of his

integrity, refusing to let her buy time on his cock, which only made the other girls add this newest reason why they adored him so much to their private tallies. The bell rang as he was still insisting he wasn't looking for any more girlfriends, the girls giggling at how his rejection only made them want him more. He had to order them to move on to their third periods. While he did acquiesce to Heather's request to ditch her next class and keep titty-fucking in the empty sex ed room (she had a 99% in econ, and assurances today would be a free day), his heart wasn't in it as much as it once would have been.

None of it brought Amanda back, and none of it told him what he was still doing wrong.

Kristy's afternoon nap had been a regrettable necessity. Up at 5 to finish up the stack of assignments she'd fallen asleep grading the night before, then a full day of teaching. Yearbook was her only class with seniors so ditch day was no day off for her, especially when both of her editors-in-chief were taking advantage of the occasion. Then a quick workout in the school gym and a jog around the neighborhood once she was back home. There was more to grade (always more to grade), prep for tomorrow's lessons, a sister's phone call to return, and a lawn to mow if she could get herself out there before the light failed. Her across-the-street neighbor Donna was never shy on judgy looks for the overwrought teacher's perceived misprioritization of landscaping.

Yet as her eyes fluttered open, her mind was on the empty space on the bed beside her, and on her hopes that the person ringing the doorbell was the man she very much hoped had come to occupy it. For Conner, for a chance to make him smile, it could all wait. Fuck Donna.

She rose and allowed herself a moment to stretch. A mint. Definitely a mint. Back when she'd had a conventional boyfriend instead of this illicit, wonderful thing with her student, Kristy wouldn't have answered the door for an unknown person in her sports bra and leggings. She wasn't the type. The last couple years, she'd felt like she could see her future stretching out before her, slowly turning into one of those frumpy old school marms she'd pitied when she'd been a student. Her wardrobe was already markedly more conservative than it had been back in college. Farewell to twenty minutes every morning doing her makeup, bye bye sexy underwear. Early to bed, early to rise. The occasional "kids these days" grievance making it past her filter. Music ever louder, and once in a while, she even frowned reproachfully at the overgrown lawn herself.

Then along came Conner.

She teased at her hair a bit, then decided to simply throw it back in a ponytail. The hair tie was still around her wrist. Had he ever realized she'd started wearing one at all times so she could restrain her frizz in case of a spontaneous blowjob request? He'd never said it, but he plainly adored being able to lock eyes with her while she pleased him. No, he would not have noticed. If he'd even noticed the hair tie, that would not have been his assumption. She loved the boy, but for all his recent successes with the ladies, he still had a lot to learn.

As she glanced at herself in the hall mirror, smiling at the way her nipples were already poking out through the thin material of her sports bra, the youngest member of Northside's English department considered that she was all too happy to have this other body of knowledge to teach him.

She opened the front door, ready to greet her editor-in-chief with a kiss the moment she dragged him inside. Only, when the door opened, it wasn't the editor-in-chief she'd expected.

(She'd kissed this one, too, though only to appease the other.)

(Well, mostly only.)

"Amanda? Honey, what are you doing here? Are you OK?" It wasn't her way to greet another woman with a reminder that they looked frightful, but Amanda had to know how she looked. Kristy didn't waste a moment ushering the sobbing, red-faced girl into her house, a hand automatically coming to pat the poor dear's back.

The tenderness did what tenderness tended to do, exacerbating the tears for a while. Kristy sat the girl down in her living room, provided a box of tissues and put on a kettle of tea. By the time the girl's shaky hands had poured her cup down her throat, she finally seemed to be ready to complete a sentence.

"I'm so sorry to do this to you," she opened, sniffing.

Kristy patted her hand. "Don't be. You're obviously shaken up. I'm glad you reached out instead of trying to face whatever this is all on your own. Tell me what's up, and we'll figure out how I can help."

"It's Conner," she began, in the least shocking reveal Kristy had heard in quite a while.

Her teacher/mentor nodded. She'd known it was Conner even before his name had blubbered out between sobs. What else could send a teenage girl into such conniptions? The only other thing would be some personal tragedy, but Amanda was incredibly private about her home life. She'd never once mentioned her parents that Kristy could recall. They'd been working together all semester long, including evenings and the occasional weekend, but she didn't even know if Amanda had any siblings, or where she'd lived before coming to Northside. The silence around it all was so loud that Kristy had simply assumed Amanda's home life was a hard one.

Plus, she admitted to herself, the friction between her in-chiefs had been palpable since their fight last week, the one that had sent Conner to her in a state only marginally less pitiful than Amanda's. Worse, she knew she'd contributed, playing with Conner's dippy plan to win Amanda back. She'd only been trying to make Conner happy – that was the most important thing – but she knew it hadn't been entirely kind to Amanda.

Amanda went on. And on. Kristy listened patiently, murmuring apologies when her own misdeeds were tactfully referenced. After what turned out to be more than half an hour of anxiety-riddled ranting, she refilled their cups, which, when Amanda paused to sip, finally gave her a chance to get a word in edgewise.

“So if I'm understanding the situation, you two had a fight. You told him you wanted him to be more assertive and take more initiative,” she said, summarizing the myriad euphemisms Amanda had used for her desire for their mutual lover to fuck her more, and harder. “But you feel like that pushed him away, and now he's spending more time with Heather.”

“And you, and like thirty other girls,” Amanda mumbled glumly. “I'm sorry. That's not an accusation. I know things between the three of us – or four of us, or whatever – are... weird.”

“Weird' is one way to put it. But you're right. I know you know I couldn't stop being with him if I wanted to. We've talked and talked about it, and I don't think either of us need another go-around about it.”

That had been an awkward conversation, the first time, but productive. Kristy had no intention of establishing any sort of long-term relationship with Conner's third girlfriend, but this one, she hoped to keep in her life in some capacity long haul. She wasn't supposed to play favorites, but she couldn't help but love the girl. Not like Conner, though not entirely unlike Conner either. Yes, they were both in love with the same person, though. That made things trickier.

Still, Amanda knew about TIOS, and understood how it had started – a fig leaf for her unseemly teacher-student affair, but a broad one. Kristy knew that the most likely long-term outcome, though, was for her three students to graduate, after which Heather would leave for school, and Conner would choose Amanda. The scandal of a teacher dating a newly graduated student, one that too many people knew she'd worked with very closely in years past, would push him away. Worse, they wouldn't see each other every day any more. He'd do the logical, normal thing and hook up with this beautiful, wonderful young woman. Until then, Kristy got to have a piece of him. Maybe it was selfish of her, but she wasn't strong enough to deny herself that.

“No, it's all right. I get it. And I'm not upset with you. The other day, when you... when he...”

Kristy nodded. She knew what the girl meant. When she'd stripped in the editor's office and let Conner fuck her against the window blinds so the whole class would

assume it was Amanda taking it from behind. Like a lot of what Amanda had been complaining about, it was a familiar if thoroughly distorted version of the plan Conner had explained to her last weekend. He hadn't told her he intended do that specifically, but that he'd done it hadn't surprised her.

A fresh tear emerged on the faintly, befreckled cheeks, so faint Kristy had only first noticed them when they'd been jointly sucking off Conner after prom, lapping at the lubrication trickling down the bottom of his shaft while he plugged away at Heather. They'd paused to roll their eyes at one another at Heather's ridiculous, theatrical moaning, and Kristy saw those little specks. They were adorable. "Anyway, I didn't mean to take up so much of your time or anything, but—"

"Hey. I *always* have time for you. Understand?"

That brought a little smile back to her lips. "Yeah. I understand. And thank you. But, um, I really only came here tonight to tell you..." She took a deep breath, and let it out in a rush with, "I'm resigning as editor-in-chief."

Kristy blinked. "You're what?!"

"I can't keep sharing an office with him. He did most of the leg work last semester, and last spring, so he should be the one to finish it. I'll do my work along with everybody else, and... whatever he does in the editor's office is up to him. None of my business any more."

For a moment – for only a moment – Kristy's heart swelled. One less girl clamoring for Conner's attention. The editor's office, back to one desk; they could move the couch back in from the computer lab. She could fuck him in there whenever they wanted. All those months ago, when she'd found those panties wedged in the cushions, she'd been livid to think someone had been using her furniture, her classroom, for such vulgar purposes. She'd certainly never imagined Conner might have something to do with it. Now, she was fighting down a grin at the thought of how many pairs of her panties she could get him to tear off and cast aside in the couch's crevices.

That was her first reaction, though, and she was immediately ashamed of it. The rest of the implications caught up with her, and she stopped that wicked little smile just in time.

"I reject your resignation."

Amanda's sniffles, signaling the return of fresh histrionics, were cut short. "You... what?"

Kristy sat up straighter, her teacher voice sneaking into her living room. "I'm not going to let you quit. A few weeks left in the year, and you want to bail on me? Not happening. This yearbook is yours as much as it is his. It wouldn't be the masterpiece it is without you, and I won't let you cheat yourself out of seeing it through – especially not on account of some boy."

“But like you said, there’s only a few weeks left. It’s basically done at this point anyway. We have more to do to get prepped for next year’s than to finish off TIOS. You two don’t need me.”

“Well sure, at this point, since you’ve already been working your butt off knocking it out of the park all semester now. But I still *want* you, and as you know, I’m pretty good at getting what I want out of my editors-in-chief.”

“Gross!” Amanda snot-laughed. “Oh gosh, sorry.”

Kristy handed her another tissue. “So that settles the yearbook issue. Now let’s tackle—”

“But—”

Kristy used the teacher voice again. “I said, that settles it. You’re my editor-in-chief. Period. Now, let’s talk about Conner.”

Amanda shook her head. “That boy is yours. Yours, and Heather’s, and a hundred other girls’. I don’t want him. Take him.”

The yelp of pain and surprise when she reached out and pinched Amanda on her arm was satisfying indeed. “A hundred now? It was thirty last time, and a more accurate-sounding twenty-seven before that. First up, let’s be real and scale it back to three. Do you honestly think for a minute that Conner – *Conner Daniel Fishers* – is remotely interested in any of those other girls?”

“You didn’t see the look on his face when he was kicking off the orgy this morning in second period. He was plenty interested.”

Amanda had already explained the incident in great detail. “Yeah, well, some of that is on me.”

“On you...?”

With an embarrassed grimace, Kristy explained yesterday’s TIOS edit and the birth of Heather’s clit tits. “I’m not proud of it!” she finished.

“I mean, you should be. Those things look... incredible. Not that I’m jealous! Way too much for me. But... dang. If the teaching thing doesn’t work out, you could make it as a pervy digital artist.”

Kristy laughed. “All right, so maybe I’m a little proud of it. Still, like he wasn’t obsessed with those things enough as it was before they became an on/off switch for the girl’s pussy.”

“Ugh, tell me about it. Like, these things are pretty nice, right? And yours are...” Amanda’s cheeks flushed when she realized she was talking to her teacher like she was a friend, and an almost uncomfortably close one at that. “But... yeah. If he likes them so much, he can have them. I’m done fighting for his attention all the time. Fighting other girls, yeah, but I’m done trying to get him to just show some goddamn interest! I thought we were doing so well together, but I challenge him one time – just *once!* – and he basically dumps me so he can bang the entire cheerleading squad!”

(There were only three cheerleaders in sex ed, but still, Amanda stood by her rhetoric.)

“He didn’t even invite you to, you know...”

“He said I could wait in line. You know, for a turn. Once he finished with the first three. And then I could squeeze in between two other randos.”

“Ouch.”

When Conner explained his plan, to bully and dominate and cheat on and just be an all around slutty dickhead, Kristy had thought it sounded pretty stupid. Not that she’d tried to talk him out of it, not really. If it got him to see how very replaceable Heather’s big tits were, got him to live out some dormant fantasies and enjoy some incredible sex, got him to show Amanda how dumb she was also being... It was a solid plan, in its way. She simply hadn’t counted on how poorly Amanda would take it.

“I’m just done. I love him – or loved him? or I don’t know, maybe I don’t know what I’m talking about. I, um, don’t actually have much experience with guys.” (In fact, Conner was the first one she’d ever been alone in a room with, the first she’d ever talked to one-on-one.) “But I can’t let him treat me like this. Things have always been weird, me showing up right as he was getting with Heather, right as TIOS was, you know, um, hooking you two up.” She steadfastly preferred to frame the Kristy-Conner duo as magical yearbook shenanigans rather than two people making unconventional romantic choices, which was fine by Kristy. “I should have just stayed out of the way, let that boy fester and wish he could have a piece of this. God, I’m such a freaking idiot!”

With another bout of tears looming, Kristy scooted over and put an arm around her. “Hey. HEY. You are not an idiot. You’re just a person. Persons make mistakes. We slip up, miscommunicate, make the occasional bad choice, all that jazz. You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“But he...”

“Conner had a beautiful young woman whom he’s absolutely infatuated with tell him she wanted him to be like someone he doesn’t understand. You said ‘be more like Jordan’ and this is what that meant to him.”

“What?!” Amanda squeaked. “Nobody is stupid enough to think I wanted him to act like this. Not even Jordan himself could make himself think any girl *wants* a guy who acts like this!”

“Because we understand Jordan. Honey, when it comes to Conner and his timidity, you’re preaching to the choir. I feel the same way sometimes, and if it’s a weird thing to empathize with, sue me.” She grimaced. “Or better yet, don’t. I like having a job.”

Amanda snickered. “I think after what happened on prom night, I’m a witness for the defense. Plus the oolong makes for a good bribe.”

“It ought to for what they charge. But I’m trying to explain something. To you and me, Jordan’s not an anomaly. He’s lazy, entitled, good-looking but not as much as he thinks he is, unambitious and unmotivated except about sex, where he’s a bit too motivated. Or, OK, a lot too motivated. Sorry, I forget how messed up that class thing is. The webs we weave, you know? Anyway, Jordan’s a bully, but in the ‘nice haircut, fag, haw haw’ way, not some Stephen King murder-bully. But that’s it.”

“I know you were being funny, but it is really disturbing to hear you say that word.”

“I’ll take it as a compliment – but don’t sidetrack someone when they’re helping you, hon. My point is, to Conner, Jordan is... different. ‘Evil,’ maybe, to his mind.”

“Evil? That’s a bit much. Jordan’s an asshole, but he’s done worse to me than he has to Conner.”

“Bah, you’re missing the point. What Jordan’s done with you and those girls is yearbook magic. You’ve even told me that most of the time you barely recognize it’s wrong, same as the other girls. Right?”

“I guess...”

“But to Conner, it goes way back. Jordan got to be with the girl he was crushing on since forever, even though he’s a transparent jerk, even though he didn’t treat her as well as Conner would. It’s a boy who’s teased and ridiculed him for years, who got meaner about it when he saw Conner was inching up the social ladder this year as he’s starting to build up his confidence. What was it you said a ways back about your class? You said it really well, better than I’ll recap, but you said if you didn’t focus on it, it reminded you of an icky science lab assignment.”

Amanda grinned. “Rat dissection.” She hadn’t existed when her classmates did the assignment freshman year, but like all things Northside, she’d entered the universe with a sense of the thing.

“Right!” Kristy laughed. “To Conner, though, Jordan’s taking advantage of you, and Heather, and his sister, and a lot of other girls. Never mind how it feels to you; to Conner, you’re all hapless victims.”

Amanda snorted. “It’s a good thing that boy was born when he was, or he’d be strapping on plate mail and going full white knight. And probably getting himself killed in a very sweet hurry.”

“Agreed. Still, that’s sort of what I’m saying. When you say ‘be more like Jordan,’ we know you mean ‘push me up against a wall and shove a hand down my pants and make me come myself blind.’”

“Whoa. Graphic.”

“Honey, I’ve tasted you on his cock. I think we can dispense with squeamishness. But yeah, with Conner, saying what you said, regardless of how you meant it, came across like asking the Power Puff Girls to be more like Mojo Jojo. He... what?”

“Sorry,” Amanda said, letting out another giggle. “Just picturing Conner in Power Puff Girl cosplay. Do not recommend.”

With a giggle of her own, Kristy slugged her student with a couch pillow. “Focus! I’m trying to explain—”

As they returned to the topic at hand, Amanda was all serious again, though. “You’re trying to defend your favorite student for acting like a colossal jerk because that dumb boy didn’t stop and think for two freaking seconds.”

“Well, yeah. But I’m also trying to tell my other favorite student that she ought to stop and think for two seconds, too, before she throws away a good thing. Maybe a great thing.”

Amanda frowned. She’d come here hoping to be talked down, but she had hoped it would be more commiseration and less tough love. So be it, though. “So what am I supposed to do? Tell him never mind, go back to being the way he was?”

Kristy leaned in, lips spreading to reveal teeth. “Never ask me what you’re supposed to do unless you’re ready to hear what I really think.”

Conner had ordered a themed outfit day, and his students had obeyed.

Twenty-four girls in twenty-four swimsuits took their seats in their second period class. That left them four shy of capacity. Angelica was making out with Owen in an obscure nook of the library. Tracy Dunham was home, taking a day to fend off some especially severe period cramps. Tamara Neal was doing a college visit day with her twin sister Tori. Finally, Amanda was in school, but running late. She’d sent an excuse along with Jennica Barry, who was in her first period.

Twenty-four sexy sex ed girls. That made twenty-four vaginas slowly lubricating in hopes that today they would be chosen to fuck the man of their very recent dreams. Twenty-four hearts that fluttered a little faster whenever their instructor glanced in their direction. Forty-eight eyes riveted on the universally beloved high school boy turned substitute teacher at the front of the room. Forty-eight tits, some riding high despite the constraints of spandex, some looking ready to burst free from suits their maturing bodies were outgrowing. Forty-eight ass cheeks squeaking as they shifted on hard plastic desk chairs, or developing wrinkles from the carpet digging into tender young flesh. Seven hundred and sixty-eight teeth, most of them exposed by forty-eight lips that couldn’t seem to stop grinning in infatuation.

By sheer coincidence, there were an even twenty-four tattoos in the room, too, though on only three bodies. Leave out Heather's, and the number sank to a mere four between Neveah's comparatively scant collection and a little peace sign on MacKenzie's ankle.

Conner tried to look pleased by such admirable tallies on such admirable bodies. And he was! He was, in some way he wasn't very comfortable acknowledging. Here they were, the hottest girls Northside had to offer (sans Tracy, Amanda, and, he supposed, Hailey and Angelica). His pre-class pep talk was still holding. Thanks to Amanda, they were all crushing on him, and crushing hard. Whatever attention he gave them, they'd be elated to receive. Whatever opportunity he provided to please him, they'd thank him for offering. Everything on the table, nothing off limits.

He even had Heather here, someone to bolster his confidence and remind him that he wasn't actually hurting anyone. He'd confided his anxiety over today's "lesson" last night while they were fooling around in her greenhouse, where he'd retreated after the fourth attempt by a sex ed girl to lure him out of his house or trick her way in. She'd gushed about how hot that morning had been, preened that she had the most sought-after boy in school all to herself. She'd kissed him, told him he was a good teacher, and at least where she was concerned, an absolute Ten-and-Ten boyfriend. Then she'd buried his face back between her clit tits and motorboated him until she came. It hadn't taken long, but that only meant she could do it again sooner.

"So what're we doing today, Mr. Fishers?" asked MacKenzie Wolfe.

"The same thing we do every day, MacKenzie. Try to take on some cocks!" quipped Sarah Stewart. Crickets. "Really? Nobody? Sheesh."

"We finally gonna get some sex in our sex ed?" jibed Maggie Bray, high-fiving Hannah Cienfuegos.

"Can't wait to get my learn on," added Lindsay Koogan.

"Not learning to raise your hand, evidently," grumbled Mary Buchanan. She might have also muttered something homophobic at Lindsay's expense, but it was aptly lost in the class's other lesbian, Kirsten Vaughan, telling her pointedly to shut the fuck up.

"Go ahead, Conner," she said, boldly using their sub's first name in what the class conceded was a real power move.

He looked to the door. Waited a few more breaths. Still no sign of Amanda. Ah, well. He supposed he could get started without her.

She was only a few minutes late. A gust of steam hit her as she opened the door. All eight showers were running, a cluster of girls working on their group project beneath each. The steam was actually pretty unpleasant; Conner's edit hadn't included additional ventilation. Their teacher was pacing back and forth inspecting their work, but he turned to acknowledge the late-comer.

“You’re tardy.”

“I’ll do you a solid and not tell you what *you* are.”

“Har har. Get dressed and I’ll find you a group and fill you in.”

“I think you mean *undressed*, and I can figure it out, thanks. I have things to take care of first. I’ll join you when and if I feel like it.”

With that, Amanda sat down and unfolded the laptop she’d borrowed from Miss C’s room.

“I could soap these things for a fucking year,” purred Jennica Barry. “Don’t you just love Kirsten’s tits, Mr. Fishers? You have to feel them. They’re *perfect*.”

Her tone held all the right notes to keep on Kirsten’s good side. Awe, envy, lust, shame. It was over the top, but that was how you complimented Kirsten Vaughan. “He knows, Jen. Don’t you, Conner? Remember, in my pool, when you came over and you gave me the best fucking sex of my life? Gawd, I know I haven’t forgotten. I could never forget how fucking *full* you were inside me. Fuck me, Conner. You like memories, right, Mr. Yearbook guy? Owen told me all about it. Let’s make some new ones, you and me.”

“Ammd mmmeh,” garbled Oliva around a mouthful of Kirsten’s nipple, where she’d tugged the bikini to the side. As Conner watched, she switched breasts, then quickly popped back and spit. “Ew, gross. Your titty is all soapy, Kirsten. Why didn’t you guys warn me? Fuck me next, Mr. Connors?”

Amanda loaded the TIOS interface and input her editor-in-chief login. She began the search for the edited layout of the sex ed room.

“Harder,” pleaded Lauren Tommassini. “Harder. I can take it. Don’t stop. Harder. Freaking *harder!*”

Ashley LeBeau had opened their collaboration by teasing her and their other partner, Sydney Genovese, for missing out on the administration of an unbelievable blowjob the day before. It hadn’t taken them long to hit on a theme. Namely, the two who’d taken advantage of senior ditch day taking turns getting their asses smacked by the others.

“Oh my god, the swimsuit doesn’t do anything to pad it,” whined Sydney as Ashley laid into her tight cheerleader tushie.

“You guys are so *bad*,” said Ashley, giving both round asses a simultaneous clap. Beads of water sprayed every which way. Her own ass shook from the percussive force. “And you know what happens to bad, bad little girls, right Mr. Fishers? They get *fucked*. Fuck us, Mr. Fishers. Fuck me, then fuck these bad bitches good.”

Amanda’s edits didn’t take much talent. Finding a picture of a suitable vent for a large-scale shower like theirs only took a quick search. From there, it was a simple copy paste job. She blinked, and there they were, sucking the thick cloud of steam out of the room through whatever ductwork now existed to support them.

“Please fuck us, Mr. Fishers,” whimpered a needy Lindsay Koogan.

Conner remembered, as did her partners Stacy Culpepper and Courtney Wilborn, when Lindsay had outed herself sophomore year. In fact, Conner had been the one to convince that year's yearbook editor to let him approach her for an interview about what many at Northside considered a brave and inspiring story. They'd had good rapport, he'd felt, so much so he'd even cracked a joke to the effect of "there goes my shot at you, huh?" Lindsay had recognized the joke for what it was and replied gamely with, "what shot did you think you had yesterday?"

Stacy and Courtney had her pinned to the wall, the shower stream pouring directly into her hair and down that fantastically curvaceous body. Stacy had a tit in each hand, squeezing them covetously. There was no way she knew about that year's-old banter, but she said anyway, "You can't have her, Mr. Fishers. She's ours. This lezzie slut belongs to us. Don't you, you little rug-munching dyke whore."

Courtney squatted at Lindsay's feet, humping her leg and licking at the crotch of her partner's bikini bottoms like she meant to pry them aside with her tongue. "Yeah. If you want her, you'll have to go through us first. She's ours, and you can't fuck her until we're satisfied."

"Satisfy them, Mr. Fishers," panted Lindsay. "Fuck them, and then fuck me bi. Fuck me 'til I forget these two's hot, juicy cunts altogether."

Amanda navigated to her own personal yearbook entry. There it was, in all its emptiness. No home address, no contact info for parents or guardians, no social security number, no date of birth, no medical info. Only a name, a check mark in the box next to "female," her cell number, and a picture Jordan had clipped from the internet. She tried not to wonder about the girl in the picture as she opened the tab for yearbook-related data, activities and spreads and miscellaneous quotes, scrolling down to the bottom and typing a quick addition.

"You think you're ready to get fucked, you little bitches?"

Neveah Kinslan's palm cracked down on Sarah Stewart's slippery wet left tit hard enough that it went through it, then through the right tit, then on into Danielle Belle's. It evidently didn't strike the secondary target hard enough, because she gave Danielle's tits another smack, and then one for Elaine McCary's. Each sub – not sub like Conner, but in the sense they more commonly used in this classroom – moaned at the abuse as it became their turn.

"Thank you, mistress," murmured Danielle. As with Ashley's playmates and their gentle spanking game, the spandex did nothing to dampen the sting of Neveah's authentic abuse. She rubbed her sore breast until Neveah spanked her tit again, harder, a reminder that she was forbidden to defend or soothe herself. The pain wasn't enough that she looked up from her position, kneeling in the mist at Neveah's feet, putting her arms behind her back, her bright blue bikini showcasing tits offered freely for further assault.

After Sarah echoed her words, Elaine repeated them as well, adding, “Teach us to pleasure our instructor, mistress?”

“Your pussy has done what our worthless cunts can only dream of. Teach me to pleasure him as you pleased him, mistress,” implored Danielle. The formality of it came oddly naturally. It was an assignment, but none of them were roleplaying. They wanted to fuck Conner, and they would endure what needed enduring to learn how to do it right.

Sarah’s eyes squinted shut as she received a vicious twist to her nipple. It was so hard that her cheap swimsuit actually ripped slightly. “Thank you, mistress. Our mouths are yours. Our asses are yours. Our tits are yours. Our cunts are yours. Use them to pleasure our instructor, mistress.”

Neveah, in her black one-piece rife with metal chains and studs to hold its pieces together, loomed over them. “Kiss my fucking feet when you beg me, bitches.” She looked over her shoulder at Conner. “I’ll get them ready for you to fuck, Mr. Fishers.”

Her quote added, Amanda folded her laptop closed and removed her sandals. Her toenails sported a fresh coat of red paint.

“Oh god, oh god oh my god, I can’t breath, oh god, you’ve got to get in on this, Mr. Fishers!” The peals of Stephanie Margulies’ giggles cut through all the moans and sighs and slaps and sprays and pleas echoing around the room. Even if half the room was still classroom, the acoustics were pure shower.

Joanna Pedretti’s giggles were quieter, almost silent, as the tickle attack of MacKenzie Wolfe made it past her arms once again. Her tummy was the most ticklish in the class, long since established, so the group’s theme had been obvious from the start. Joanna was out of air, her chest heaving but unable to stop laughing long enough to inhale. The distraction was just enough for Stephanie to breach MacKenzie’s defenses, but that only gave Joanna the chance to suck in a couple lungfuls and go after her. In moments, the group was sinking to the tile floor in a writhing, tittering heap of giddy, hysterical girls.

“Come play with us, Mr. Fishers!” entreated Joanna. “Fuck our brains out!”

“What’s left of them!” Stephanie giggled hysterically as she sat on Joanna’s face and pinned down the girl’s arms. MacKenzie crawled between Joanna’s legs, pulled her bikini bottoms out of the way, and chowed down on her friend and classmate’s wet, hungry pussy. She tickled her while she ate, but Stephanie didn’t mind. Joanna licked better when she was laughing.

“I bet she’d keep licking if you put your cock in me, Mr. Fishers,” Stephanie suggested. “Fuck me?”

Joanna and MacKenzie tried to echo her request, but their mouths were full of giggly girl pussy.

Amanda took off her shirt, folded it neatly, and set it on her desk.

“FUCK ME, MR. FISHERS!”

Yuri’s hand clenched into a fist. “You don’t talk to him until I say you’re worthy to talk to him. I told you what to say, now say it!”

“I’m a whore,” whimpered Mary.

“Like you mean it, bitch! Say it again!”

“I’M A WHORE!” wailed Mary Buchanan. Her swimsuit was the most demure in the class, a little skirt giving her tightly wound bottom some cover and the upper half going almost up to her neck. That’s how it had looked when she’d changed into it, at least. Now it was shredded, what was left of it gathered in an ugly tangle around her knees.

“That’s right. You are a little whore, aren’t you, Hairy Cuntcannon,” grunted Miranda Whitehall as her fingers pounded in and out of Mary’s holes. Two in the cunt, one in the ass – the shocker, as Mr. Lyons had taught them to call it.

“Don’t call me that,” begged Mary. “I’m not–”

“You’re a whore. Say it,” Yuri interjected firmly.

“I’m a whore.”

“That’s right. Now tell Mr. Fishers what a whore like you needs. Tell him what you need, you little gutterslut,” growled Yuri, twisting her classmate’s nipples harder than looked pleasant. “Tell him what a drippy little whore like you needs.”

Mary, eyes wide with frantic denial of the pleasure building up to yet another orgasm, directed them at their substitute teacher. “M-make an honest w-woman out of me, s-sir,” she sobbed. “M-make me Mrs. Fishers? Please, sir?”

Miranda laughed mockingly as Mary’s juices added to the water pouring down her legs. “Why would he want a whore like you, Mary? Little virgin Mary, a fucking whore.”

Mary shot a severe look at the girl whose pinky was stampeding in and out of her asshole. “Don’t bring the virgin Mary into this!” she hissed.

Yuri gave her another twist. “Say it again.”

After a moment, Mary’s eyes slid closed, resigned. “I’m a wh-hore.”

Yuri smiled at Conner. “Why don’t you come here and show the whore what kind of girl you really go for, Mr. Fishers? Fuck her, Mr. Fishers.”

Amanda took off her shorts.

“Fuck me, Mr. Fishers.” Hannah Cienfuegos held onto her ankles, waving her ass in the air. The left side of her swimsuit had crept into her ass, but the right held.

“No, fuck *me*, Mr. Fishers.” Seated on the shower floor, the spray from Hannah’s body misting her, Kirara deBartolo’s hips bucked in time with her fingers, thighs wide, pussy exposed and hairless and glistening.

“Fuck *me*, Mr. Fishers!” Maggie Bray peeled the cups of her bikini top to expose her tits. They weren’t her best selling point, and they were damn nice tits. She beckoned him with a finger.

“Fuck us, Mr. Fishers.”

“Please fuck us, Mr. Fishers?”

“Fuck us, Mr. Fishers, pretty pretty please fuck us, we need to get fucked, please, please fuck us, just fuck us and fuck us and never stop fucking us...”

Amanda adjusted the straps of her bikini. It fit perfectly.

Heather and Abby were no longer verbal. The latter was on her back atop one of the drains, the puddle around her growing slowly deeper. The former hovered over her, tattooed titties hanging over her face as she sucked Abby’s needily.

“I dunno, I guess I have kind of a hair trigger [orgasmic reflex] or something?” – *Abby Couch*. Jordan had hit her with that months ago, and though she wasn’t one of his favorites, sometimes he just liked to watch a girl writhe with minimal effort. Heather had merely wanted a partner who was as sensitive as she was so she didn’t have to feel bad when her technique suffered each time her clit tits went ballistic.

They didn’t need to say a word. Lost in a world of pleasure, anyone with eyes could see they were ready to be fucked by anybody who took a mind to fuck them. Their classmates were horny and infatuated, but most were play-acting. This much pleasure had turned Heather and Abby into authentic sluts. Right then, what was left of Heather’s Berkeley caliber brain was consumed by the thought that maybe Conner taking on a couple dozen more girlfriends would actually be pretty fun.

If they had energy, or available mouths, or any brainpower not committed to giving and receiving more pleasure, though, they would indubitably have said, “Fuck us, Mr. Fishers.”

Amanda stepped over where the pair were trembling on the floor and aimed their shower head at herself. They weren’t using it. Her thick wave of red hair darkened as it soaked in water until it looked nearly, but not quite, black. She smoothed it down her pale shoulders, the stream running down her back in thick rivulets.

Conner had been so transfixed by it all that he hadn’t seen her changing. He had thought she’d meant to sit by and work on TIOS and judge him for doing exactly what she’d proven she wanted him to do weeks back with Nevaeh. Suddenly there she was, top of the class. He would have stared just to marvel that she’d decided to join in, but then there was the bikini. He’d assigned swimsuits via the class’s group chat the night before as a concession to his guilt at telling a bunch of girls what sexy thing to wear for his bemusement.

(Heather had pressed Send for him, beaming proudly for being such a good feminist, then asked him if it was OK to put his shaft back between her big fat cum-soaked titties and give her some more orgasms, please.)

The message had assured the girls that any style was fine, and the girls' choices demonstrated they'd mostly taken him at his word. There were some really sexy ones – or, well, they were all sexy, especially considering who was wearing them. Some took it to the next level, though. Neveah's goth girl look, Lindsay's undersized top digging into her breasts, Kiara's sheer white number that grew sheerer when wet, showcasing the beautiful brown beneath. For most of the class, though, these were normal swimwear, what they'd put on for a beach day with family.

Amanda did not have a family. It was a good damn thing, because her bikini wouldn't pass muster at any non-nude beach on any ocean, sea, lake, pond or kiddie pool in the world. (Especially the last one, Conner reflected as he studied her.) The fabric was... well, it pretty much wasn't. It was straps, mostly, practically ribbons where it wasn't merely string. One was slung around her neck and beneath her breasts, giving them a little lift Conner would have sworn was unnecessary on Amanda's pert bust before seeing it in action. Yes, there were wisps of pastel fabric, but they were so thin they looked like they'd burst off of her if she sneezed. They concealed her nipples and the flesh of her breasts the way a window screen concealed a lightning storm.

Then there were the bottoms. Her legs were doing the bikini as much a favor as it was doing her, a country mile of smooth, glistening wet thighs and calves. They ended in two plump, jiggly cheeks that had no business being as bouncy as they were. Was she doing that, or did her butt somehow do that on its own? It was mesmerizing. In time, he remembered he'd meant to inspect the bikini and not just the ass, but there was no separating the two. Literally. It had a claim to superior coverage compared to, say, dental floss, but not much else. It rode high on the sides like it was afraid to get in the way of her full hips. As if it hid anything.

She pivoted, returning Conner's stare challengingly, but his was focused on the front of the ensemble. It was so low, so scant, that the wisps of scarlet pubic hair crowning her slit were entirely visible, as was the little beauty mark of a mole that Conner had always sort of associated as an unofficial part of her pussy, like an echo of her clit. Her vulva had sucked in what little bikini there was; if she bent over, it might well be possible to think she wasn't wearing it at all unless one really squinted.

It was Eastery, he thought. What there was to it was pink and pale blue and yellow, pretty and pastel. On top of which, the sight of it clinging to Amanda Carpenter's wet naked body would have stopped Jesus' heart in his chest if he saw her in it, then brought him back from the dead for more.

"Happy Easter," he heard himself mumble.

The rest of the girls, watching his reaction to the arrival of their teacher's second girlfriend closely, fell silent. "Did he say 'happy Easter...?'" asked Mary. "It's a Thursday."

Nevaeh took a break from abusing her partners to aid Yuri and Miranda with a brutal slap to the girl's ass. "If your master says it's Easter, than happy fucking Easter, whore."

Amanda turned again, this time placing her hands on the wall, back arched, ass thrust back lewdly, mesmerizingly. Her hips cocked to the right. Her ass followed, perhaps grudgingly, because her cheeks clapped back and forth like they were arguing about it. They were still bickering when she jerked them to the left.

"Daaaamn," mumbled Lindsay, every bit as transfixed as Conner.

Soon so was everyone else as Amanda began to dance.

She had Jordan to thank for it, really. Amanda might have the slender build and long legs of a dancer, but she'd neither studied nor practiced. Her grace had generally been esteemed as being more of the verbal variety. Not that this had stopped the class's regular teacher from musing aloud, the first time he'd managed to get her naked some months earlier, "*Fucking hell, [Amanda] Carpenter. You could be a world class stripper with that bod, if you wanted.*" – Jordan Lyons.

His words were now a permanent part of her Northside legacy, enshrined in TIOS forever.

If these simple girls knew the caliber of talent they were observing, they would have been even more impressed. Instead, they merely stared in awe as she... somethinged? No one present had the vocabulary to describe what they were witnessing.

It wasn't twirling. Nobody's hair flew like that, a corona of steamy hot water exploding around them, from mere twirling. If Amanda's gyrations sent water spraying around the room, wetting their clothes, so what? They were already going to be wet all day on account of her anyway.

It wasn't twerking, either. These girls had been to high school dances and middle school slumber parties; they'd most of them tried to twerk. Their asses had never thumped, pumped, humped and bumped like that. They hadn't known an ass *could* shake like that. *Theirs* couldn't, they knew.

Was she getting nasty? Their teacher used that term sometimes when somebody was being especially slutty. Closer, maybe, but Mr. Lyons had taught them all to get nasty. He had never shown them how to move like that, to get so hot it turned cocks into molten steel. They'd never seen a girl dance so sensually that anybody who looked at Kirsten would have seen through all her layers of bluster at the cunt-thirsty lesbian she really was. Not that anybody could pry their eyes away from Amanda to do it. The most they could do was shuffle aside to give her all the space she might want, so nothing could get in her way. Every movement heightened their libidos and lowered their inhibitions.

Somebody turned on music. Nobody knew who. Amanda's rhythm adjusted automatically, new moves appearing in her arsenal as the track suggested. Some part of Conner – some very very small, very quiet part – worried she might slip on the wet tile

and hurt herself. He kept poised to dive to her rescue, but if she ever came close to needing it, he couldn't tell. Somehow, she even managed to keep her eyes on him, those smoldering orbs pouring out more heat than the eight shower nozzles combined. Even more than the twenty-four soupy, scorching hot pussies of the girls watching with building envy.

Then the track ended, and Amanda stopped. Her chest rose and fell with her breathing, but she was hardly more out of breath from her routine than Conner was from watching it. She stopped right where she'd begun, her back to her audience under a shower head, water running hot and steady down her back, ass back, tits forward. That unbelievable butt swayed from side to side, but only just.

"No fucking wonder he's hitting that."

"You have *got* to fuck her, Mr. Fishers."

"No joke. That's the fucking hottest thing I've ever seen."

"Fuck her, Mr. Fishers."

"If you don't fuck her, I will."

"Not if I get there first."

"Fuck her."

"Please fuck her. I kind of need to see it now."

"Fuck Amanda. Like, right the fudge now."

"Fuck her, Mr. Fishers."

"Fuck her."

"Fuck her."

"Fuck her."

It wasn't a chant so much as people unanimously agreeing with the same idea and arriving at the conclusion around the same time. At least, it wasn't a chant until the cheerleaders got involved. Whoever it was who'd played the music started up another tune, one that the girls, if not their substitute teacher, recognized as one of the tracks on Jordan's Sexytime Fuckfun McTittyBooty playlist, built out of some of his own favorites to have sex to as well as pickings from a homework assignment he'd given the girls back in February. (He'd still been a bit over-excited about his good fortune back then, and had named the playlist in that spirit.)

Conner spread his arms, moved his feet shoulder width apart. Unasked, a swarm of Northside's most nubile seniors surrounded him, and off went his clothes. The girls lingered, pawing at him, fondling his balls, stroking his shaft, kissing his body, licking whatever they could get in range of their tongues. Conner looked right through them toward Amanda, who held her place, her back mostly to him, tilted just enough he could see part of one side of her face.

"I'm sorry, I know I should say... something, but I've *got* to fuck you," he apologized.

“No you don’t.”

“I really do. That was... You’re... You’re so...” He shook his head, awkwardly, with Jennica and Lauren kissing either cheek. “I’ve got to. Please.”

“That’s not what you said yesterday. Yesterday, you told me to wait in line. You told me to find a group, so I could be worth your cock’s precious time.”

The girls watched, enthralled as much by their desire to get fucked as their desire to see him fuck Amanda. On top of that, it was some especially juicy drama. They might be graduating shortly, but for now they were still high school girls, and gossip was gossip.

“I was wrong, OK? I was wrong, and I was stupid, and I’m sorry. I was trying to...” No shaking his head, not with two girls whose identities he knew by tongue texture alone sucking on his ears. “Never mind what I was trying to do. I don’t care. I just need you, Amanda. OK? I need you.”

She carefully kept her smile to the side of her face he couldn’t see. “Need me? You *want* me, maybe.”

“No. I mean it. I’ve... I’ve never wanted you like this before. Want was when you brought Nevaeh to the roof by the lake and double-teamed me.” Nevaeh grinned smugly. “Want was post-prom.” Heather nodded, thumbs rubbing her nipples at the memory of her first extracurricular foursome.

Conner took a cautious step forward. The swarm followed, but not wholly. “Want was that day Miss C told me to show you around town. Remember? The heater was busted in my car and we were freezing but you said you were fine, and I said I was too. You acted like you resented the tour, and I acted like I had better things to do, but you let me talk your ear off, and I realized I liked you, and I was so scared to say anything because you had this little smile sometimes when you didn’t think I was looking like maybe you liked me too and I didn’t want to risk rushing it and ruining it by trying to kiss you.”

“You are the sweetest freaking dork on the planet, Conner,” Amanda grumbled with a little laugh. “I just gave you all *that*, and your cock is like a tree limb. If tree limbs had veins. But you want to get nostalgic about when we still hated each other.”

“I never hated you.” His response was swift, as firm as the grip of whoever’s lips those were on the end of his cock. “Never. Did you hate me?”

“I’m still deciding.” Her smile was spreading, though, betraying the truth of the matter. “But you don’t need me. You have... them.” One arm briefly left its post on the wall to gesture at the cloud of girls competing for the opportunity to fluff him for his girlfriend.

His heart ached from missing her. His cock ached from wanting her. “What do I have to do to make you believe me?”

Amanda said nothing.

“Fuck her, Mr. Fishers,” whispered a voice in his ear.

“Fuck her,” came another from behind. Maybe one of the girls massaging his ass.

“Fmm hmm,” echoed a girl whose voice was compromised by the testicle in her mouth.

“Mmhmm,” agreed the girl sucking the other.

“Fuck her, Mr. Fishers,” said the two licking his shaft. The one blowing him didn’t stop, but it felt like she might be nodding.

Then someone pulled his lips to hers, and kissed him. He knew those lips by name, not merely by technique. “She needs it, too, Conner. Give her a little bit of the Ten-and-Ten, yeah? Make *me* jealous this time.”

Conner took a step. He was blind to the scattered legs and hands and lips and tongues and tits and pussies of twenty-four girls who would give their souls to have him – to have *anyone*, but especially their beloved Conner – look at them the way he was looking at Amanda. They made way for him, the sea parting, and he was one person again. He walked up behind Amanda. She didn’t move aside from that delectable, rhythmless swaying. He halted that with two hands clamped firmly on her hips. She let him, and then she let him pull the string bikini down her legs. A sharp jerk on the knot behind her neck, and the top fell beside it.

“I’m going to fuck you.”

“Mm.” Not a savoring “mm,” but a neutral “mm.” An I’m-giving-you-nothing “mm.”

“But first,” he said, lining up his shaft with her pussy, the water running down her dribbling along its length, “you’re going to tell me you need it too.”

“I am, am I?”

Conner thrust forth, and he didn’t stop until he’d driven her body flat against the wall. Amanda gasped as he filled her, the whole of her pinned to him, inescapable. Not that she had any desire to escape. Conner spoke softly into her ear, but he made sure the girls could hear him. He didn’t have any wish for another girlfriend, much less two dozen of them, but these girls at least deserved a finale to the show they’d helped him put on.

“That one was free. The rest, you need to give me what I asked. Tell me you need this as much as I do.”

His cock throbbed inside her, his heartbeat pounding through it, through her, like a drum. She tossed her hair, and it whipped over Conner’s shoulder and flat against his back. Then she leaned her head back until it rested softly against her boyfriend’s neck. If he could see how broadly she was smiling now, so be it.

“Say it one more time, Conner?”

The sounds of wet hands in wetter pussies echoed around the room as they watched their substitute teacher and the girl with the lowest grade in sex ed, their

classmates, their would-be lover and his will-be lover, come together. He wrapped his arms around his girlfriend. The way she melted into his embrace, it looked like that might be the only thing holding her up.

“Tell me you need me as much as I need you,” Conner commanded. Then, in his real voice, “And, to be clear, I do need you. I always will.”

To his surprise, Amanda barked a laugh. “You are so gosh darn corny I could die, you know that? My god, yes, I need you, OK? Now just fuck me already before I—”

Conner fucked her. He helped himself to her lithe, sumptuous body in every way that struck him. If a class member called out a good idea – “if you don’t give that booty at least a couple slaps, I’m coming over to do it myself,” roared Lindsay around three fingers storming the gates of her cunt – he acted on it.

They came, each of them, and then it was a free-for-all. He never lost sight of Amanda, but beyond that, the other girls came and went, sucking and licking and squeezing and humping as they could until public pressure demanded they make space for someone else. For a time, the two simply lay on the floor making out while girls took turns going down on them, usually two or three at a time on each editor-in-chief’s genitals. He made sure to give Heather some attention as well, fucking Amanda standing up, from behind, while Heather stood in front of her so he could massage her clit tits. Amanda wasn’t ready to retract her accusation that transforming the blonde’s body into some kind of hentai toy made flesh was pretty messed up, but as she indulged in a little pinching and teasing herself, she had to admit it was at least a little hot. On someone else, at least.

The bell rang while the orgy was still raging on.

“Do we have to...?” asked Joanna. Her pout was mirrored on every face.

“They’ll never take us alive!” roared Amanda, climbing atop Conner and igniting a fresh chorus of cheers, a fresh chorus of cum.

They could not, for soon the Northside yearbook, *This Is Our Story*, was off to the printers. The inscription beneath the title on the first page was one familiar to Amanda and Conner, from the motto of the American Scholastic Annual League. It hadn’t been their decision to include it, but their teacher had snuck it in. *That our youth may grow old within us, that these precious days may live forever, that our beginnings may never end.*

Friday morning, the door to the sex ed classroom swung open, and the teacher strode in. “God damnit, I forgot my fucking sunglasses in my desk. The fuck good is a week off when you gotta squint to fucking see anything?”

Jordan froze in the doorway. An orgy the likes of which he’d never orchestrated was playing out before him. Class hadn’t even started yet, but already there was a frenzied dog pile of squealing, giggling, moaning girls rolling around with and on one another while a few stragglers hurriedly threw off the last of their clothes to join in.

And was that a shower? Where the fuck had a *shower* come from? And why was the room twice the size it used to be? He’d come around that corner moments earlier, and everything in him said that he’d just walked through the space the shower now occupied in the hallway. He forced the thought away before it made his brain turn into plasma and fairy dust, considering that TIOS might not be so generous with his brain as it was with the true editors-in-chief.

Speaking of, there in the middle of it all was none other than Fishers himself. Jordan almost didn’t recognize a male presence, except the way Heather was rocking her hips could only be a cock’s doing, and the face Amanda was riding as she made out with the blonde bitch’s boobage could only be one man. Neither of those two grinned like that for anybody but their limpdick – well, usually limpdick – boyfriend.

Except every other girl present had some semblance of that same grin, too. All of them were beaming in sheer infatuation at Conner. In an instant, Jordan recognized TIOS behind it. There was no other way. No guy was that lovable. The little bitch finally went and did like Jordan had suggested ages ago and took advantage of his station.

Somebody replaced Amanda on Heather’s tit, and then somebody pulled Amanda’s lips into their own little sector of the fuck scrum. Conner’s face emerged, gasping for air, drenched in fresh Carpenter cum. After a moment – then a few more moments as Tamara and Lauren took a few sucks on his tongue – he noticed Jordan standing at the front of the room.

Jordan folded his arms across his chest. “Having a little fun with the harem, eh? Guess we’re not so different after all, Fishdick.”

Conner shrugged, but Amanda extricated her face from between Nevaeh’s legs to answer. “He’s nothing like you. Go take a long weekend, Jordan. You’re neither needed, nor wanted.”

“Uh, how about fuck no? That’s *my* batch of sluts. You two can go make your own.” Then there was a hand on his shoulder, spinning him around roughly. “Uh, what the fuck are *you* doing in here, Kristy?”

Miss C’s shirt was already off, joining the pile of randomly discarded clothing littering the floor. His head tilted sideways in shock and awe as her bra followed. “Mr. Fishers notified the office yesterday that your class was being rather unruly, and asked

for some support from another faculty member. I volunteered. Principal Beckmann asked that you cover my freshman English class this period.”

“What? No fucking way! I’m not—”

“Render unto Caesar, Mr. Lyons. Or start looking for a new job.” Kristy let her breasts brush him as she breezed by, skirt unclasped and falling to the floor as she passed. Because fuck him. “Lesson plan’s on my desk. Have fun teaching vocab and reading Romeo and fucking Juliet.”

Jordan stared, and not only for the obvious reason, as his yearbook teacher kicked off her thong and leapt into the orgy. “Let’s see a real professional show ‘em how it’s done, Miss C!” roared Conner as he pulled her to him. If Heather looked annoyed, her glower faded as their teacher’s mouth fastened itself to a clit tit and pulled their boyfriend’s after her. The true teacher of sex ed frowned, then pouted, then finally shuffled to the door.

“You suck, fag!” he yelled behind him as he left.

“*That’s* who you wanted me to be more like, Amanda?”

“Just shut up and fuck me, OK?”

“OK.”