

## Wesley Plunkett's Pep Rally

"Hey Wes man! How's it hangin'?"

Wesley Plunkett smiled politely at the lovely, looming giantess falling in beside him as he made the long walk to the school from his parking spot. "Hi, Lizzie. It's... hanging, I guess."

"I'll bet. Can you believe this heat wave bullshit?" Eastern Township High School's starting center fanned herself with the hem of her shirt, heedless of the fact that it repeatedly flashed her bra to every other student in the parking lot. "It's not even 8 AM and my tits are already sweating through my damn bra, you feel me?"

Wesley nodded as she fanned herself with her shirt – confirming that indeed, there was a bit of sweat starting to soak through her bra, coating her brown tits in a sheen of perspiration. What few guys she'd been with were always surprised at how big and perky her tits were, considering the stereotype of athlete bodies and her efforts to smush them down so they didn't hurt like hell after practice or a game.

She was supposed to have had a workout this morning for track (a sport to which she was far less devoted and not nearly as successful, in no small part on account of her added twenty pounds of boobage). However, when asked, Coach Magrich had reluctantly assured her she was "probably at least an 8," at which point he had no choice but to concede she had more important things to do than lift weights and run around.

Lizzie had been standing out here in the student lot on the 130 degree asphalt for over an hour waiting for Wesley to arrive. Even at this early hour, it was hot out. "Yeah, I'll bet. Supposed to be another scorcher."

Lizzie groaned in commiseration, but suddenly adopted a perkier tone. "Hey, speaking of scorchers – and speaking of my tits, right? ha! – have we fucked? Like, ever? I party pretty hard sometimes, but I don't think..."

Wesley, who had never been invited to any of the same parties as Lizzie, shook his head. "We have not, actually."

"For serious? Man, that's weak ass." She drew her phone from her shorts. On most girls, they would have been brief, almost scandalous. On Lizzie's body those shorts may as well have been underwear. She was built for basketball, tall and lanky with legs up to her neck. They glistened with a thin sheen of perspiration from the oppressive heat – and while she was only semi-aware, from the steady trickle of the moisture that had soaked through her panties and begun to dribble down her thighs as she thought about Wesley, and how... how *Wesley* he was.

"I don't know, Lizzie, your ass has always looked pretty strong to me," he joked awkwardly.

She laughed, nudging him with an elbow. It wasn't a hard nudge, but she was a head taller and far stronger. It was enough to knock the shorter boy into a nearby SUV. Lizzie dove after him, babbling apologies and inspecting him for injury, though it was mostly an excuse to put her hands on him and study his unremarkable, unbelievable body.

"I'm fine, really. Thanks, though. I know you didn't mean to."

Lizzie was still mortified. If she hurt him, she would die. He was everything to her. Everything. Nothing else mattered. Only Wesley. Everything else was less than, irrelevant. Only Wesley. He was her everything.

"Still. You wanna shove me back? You can. Free hit – wherever you want. I won't defend myself at all."

Wesley's turn to laugh. "I'm not going to hit you! Geez, Lizzie. Besides, even if I thought you did it on purpose and was silently raging, pretty sure you'd kick my ass in a fight."

"No way, Wes brah, 'cause if a fight broke out, I'd be on your side. Back to back, you and me baby!" She grinned, then darted a few paces ahead. "Tell you what though. Just so you know I'm serious."

Lizzie bent over the hood of a car, arching her back. She was careful to keep her hands on the windshield rather than place them on the searing metal. When Wes only looked puzzled, she rolled her eyes. "You know. You were just saying you liked my ass, remember? And I was hoping to get roughed up a little, tits for tat, you know? But on the ass, since you say you like it. You and half the damn school. The male half, I mean, right?" She laughed proudly, but it suited her. A girl who did reps on the bench press with more than his body weight had a right to be cocky. "C'mon and give it a few smacks, Wes man."

Wesley stared at this girl he'd never before had a conversation with. "You want me to take off your shorts, and spank you. That's what you're telling me?"

"Yeah. Or... here." She stood, fiddled with the tight fastening on her shorts until finally the zipper and button gave way. With that, she turned back around and, with not a little effort from her powerful forearms, forced the tight denim down over her bottom, not stopping until her shorts were down around her knees. There it was, Lizzie's ass, concealed only by a pair of white boxers covered in adorable ducklings. They were more in her ass than out. "There ya go, that way I'll really feel you."

Fellow students squeezed between her protruding ass and the car opposite her, or simply went around. They made it a point not to interrupt, save for a few girls – pretty ones – who waved shyly at Wes as they went by.

Wes shook his head. "Come on, I'm not going to spank you. You're being ridiculous."

“One swat. Try it out, see if you like it. My boyfriend got like *crazy* horny for it when he hit it. I told that lil bitch though, nuh, uh, you try that shit again and I’ll break your damn hand. But I know he liked it. I mean, dat ass, right? Go on, just one.” She gave her butt a shake. It jiggled enticingly.

“It’s really OK. I should—”

Lizzie began twerking, shaking her ass for him, imagining that each sharp clap was Welsey Plunkett raining the spanks on that thing. Why else had she worked out twenty-some hours a week for the past four years if not to sculpt an ass worthy of being punished by this boy? “Please? Please, Wesley, I’m beggin’ you for real. Sorry, it’s just now that you got me thinking about how we never got our fuck on, it’s all I can think about. You guys been chasing this tail since forever. Well now I’m ready to be caught. By you. Only you. Go on and smack me, bud. Please.”

When Wesley still didn’t take advantage of her slutty offer, Lizzie inched backward, trying to force her butt into his grasp, into his crotch, whatever. It was desperate, shameless, completely uninhibited. Chelsea, point guard for the basketball team and a long-time rival, shot her an irritated look as she was forced to deviate her course. “Way to take up half the freaking lot with that fat ass, Liz, Jesus.”

(Chelsea was hot enough to talk near Wesley, she esteemed, if not hot enough to add her ass to his toy box with Lizzie’s. Her ex-boyfriend Rick had rated her a 6 only last week, and while the other boys she’d asked had mostly gone with 7’s, they hadn’t seen her naked.)

“Hey you forgot to kiss it, bitch!”

“Only after you eat mine, bitch. Hi, Wesley!”

“Hey, Chelsea.”

She hurried by. She had no business risking disrupting Wesley from what could well be a very satisfying doggy style dicking.

Wesley danced back, keeping Lizzie from forcing her ass onto him. “I’m gonna head inside, Lizzie. But I’ll see you around.”

She jerked down her boxers, wiggling as she fought to extricate them from her crack and slit. “No wait, check this shit out. Hot, right? As hot as you thought it’d be, right? Only thing gonna make it hotter is you spanking it.” Wesley was squeezing past her now. She hurriedly redoubled her pleas. “Or fucking it! You wanna fuck it? Yeah, you been holding out for me to invite you to fuck it, haven’t you, bud?”

“I barely know you,” he stated.

“So? What’s that got to do with you sticking it in my box?”

“I’m just saying, we’re not buds, Lizzie. It’s sweet of you to offer, but no thanks.”

The anxious center staggered along in his wake, her underwear and shorts making it possible to attempt anything but awkward little steps, her ass quaking along behind her without even the sense of purpose that would have come if Wesley were

watching it. “No I know. I know. But we oughta be. I figure, how better to make it up to you, not even once making you make me make you take me, all these years.”

“No apology necessary,” he said without looking back.

“You sure you don’t wanna butt-fuck this thing? I’d be so good to you, brah. Or, no, you’re not an ass man? Well pick a hole, bud, your choice, you know I’m game for whatever!” She was yelling after him as he entered the school.

“Bye, Lizzie!” he called without looking back.

“Yeah, you’re right, you’re right! But I’ll see you at the pep rally this afternoon, yeah?”

She received no reply. With an irritated shrug, she pulled her clothes back into place and went back for wherever she’d dropped her backpack. Ah, well.

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“Well, well, well. If it isn’t Wesley Plunkett himself.”

“Oh. Um, hi Sasha.”

The school’s most notorious goth folded her arms imperiously beneath a pair of breasts that would have been mouth-watering if he, or indeed anyone at Eastern Township High School, had ever been permitted even the briefest glimpse of cleavage. Today was no exception to her insistence on concealing them behind a solid black t-shirt (complete with fishnet sleeves) that merely hinted at their size while concealing all their other many virtues. The only colors on her were the inky blackness of her wardrobe, the pallid cast of what little skin emerged from beneath it, and the magenta dye job of her hair.

(It had been black since 8<sup>th</sup> grade, but word had it that a teacher, trying to connect with Sasha, had paid the dye job a compliment, and she’d come to school the next day with the first in her rotation of punker shades.)

“Ready for that quiz today?” she asked casually. She was bad at casual. Even Sasha didn’t think she sounded interested, despite her best effort.

“Uh, quiz?”

“You know, in Austin’s class. Old fuckin’ pervert.”

Wesley frowned. “Um, you’re kinda in the way of...” He gestured to his locker, which she was leaning against. She only knew where it was because hers was right across the hall.

Sasha took Wesley’s hands and put them on her plump tits. “I guess you’ll have to move me.” She leaned, then leaned closer, until her lips were brushing against his.

“Don’t be gentle.”

He chuckled. "First Lizzie and her spanking thing, then this. You girls are off to a pushy start." He sounded like that pleased him somehow, though annoyingly, not in the way Sasha meant to please him.

"Lizzie? Jock moron? Please tell me you didn't waste any of that sweet manna in your balls on her."

Left with no apparent alternative, Wes squeezed down on the handles Sasha had provided and tried to nudge her aside. She didn't budge. "You're still blocking me."

"I guess I didn't give you a good enough handle." Sasha brushed his hands aside, then casually lifted her t-shirt over her head and wrapped it around his neck. For the first time, a fellow student got a glimpse, and his mouth indeed watered. Massive, so massive they were struggling to be contained by Sasha's solid black bra. Then that was gone, too, tossed at but not in a trashcan down the hall. Impressively, they drooped hardly at all once released. Two broad pink areolae greeted him, both capped by big puffy nipples so hard they looked fake.

Rumor had it that junior year, an underclassmen boy named Morgan had dared to pretend to fall into her, copping a feel, and that Sasha had kicked him in the balls so hard he'd had to have one removed. He was a quiet kid; that was generally the one tidbit anybody knew about him, and if they weren't sure, it was much more fun to believe than play skeptic. Sasha certainly said and did nothing to dispel public suspicion that she'd nearly castrated someone for touching her.

She threw his hands back on them so firmly they clapped. Her nipples jutted into his palms aggressively. "Go on. Don't be a fucking pussy. Put me where you fucking want me."

With a sigh, Wesley shifted his grip to two firm pinches on her nipples and dragged her aside. With a groan of pleasure, Sasha let herself be moved. She tried using her shirt to pull his face into her titties, but he resisted, and she wasn't about to force him. Not Wesley Plunkett. She was plenty hot to invite him to use her – "Twist. Fucking twist, Wesley, make me squeal like a little fucking cunt!" Instead, she pawed at her pussy through black jeans. It looked ineffective, but she did seem determined.

Wesley released them immediately and proceeded to spin the combination on his locker. "Sorry, Sasha. It's nothing personal. I'm honestly just not into goths. I've got my eyes on... never mind. Seriously though, nothing at all against it. You're very pretty."

She took over, working her nipples with gritted teeth at the roughness of her tweaking. "You... you don't? What, um, what do you like? Whores like Lizzie? Or little Disney Princess bitches like that prep cunt Flannery? Syphilitic skank. Unless that's what you're into." She grabbed each nipple between thumb and forefinger, twisting hard. "I could whore so good for you, Wesley. You don't even know what a little fucking slut I'd be for you."

Wesley quickly grabbed his materials for his morning classes and put them in his backpack. “Flannery is insanely hot, but no. Really, you’re fine. I’ll see you in Mr. Austin’s class, yeah?”

“Do... do you want to maybe study a little at lunch? I could sit with you, cram a little. Or you could tittyfuck me, if you want.”

“I feel pretty OK about the quiz, but thanks.”

Wesley was already on his way down the hallway, her shirt still draped around his shoulders. “See you in class!” she called after him. “I love you!” A bit much, but... god.  
*Wesley Plunkett.*

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“Good morning, everyone,” Ms. Quinn said once the morning announcements had concluded. The PA system cut off with a jarring *crack-HISS* that soon trailed off to faint white noise, as it had been doing in recent weeks. It had annoyed people at first, but now the steady stream of barely audible static was like a welcome friend.

A couple students muttered a “good morning” back at her. This late in the year, with seniors, it was surprising she got any, and a testament to how well-liked the pretty teacher was by her students. “And a special good morning to you, Wesley.”

Wesley glanced side to side. Nobody seemed to be noticing the intensity of the teacher’s smile. “Good morning, Ms. Quinn.”

She strode slowly down the aisle towards his desk, her eyes locked on him and only him. “Sleep well? Off to a good start today, I hope?”

“Me? Or, you know, us?”

She laughed. “You, of course.”

It was only natural he’d wonder if she were addressing the entire class or only her very very favorite pupil. For some reason, she seldom checked in on him. The poor dear received far less special attention from her than he deserved. Well, as they say, teachers learned more from their students than their students learned from them, and from Wesley, she’d learned so, so much.

“Yeah, I guess it’s off to a good start.”

“Big day, huh? I hope you’re not nervous. I’m sure it’s going to go so well.” Ms. Quinn didn’t know what the big day was about, only that it was.

“I hope so.” The poor dear sounded anxious. Ms. Quinn could have hugged the boy. Or sucked his dick. Whatever helped ease his nerves. “Ah, how about you?”

Ms. Quinn perched her petite frame on the side of his desk. She’d worn one of her usual dresses today, so while she couldn’t invite him to admire her pussy like this – not yet – she could still make sure her calves brushed against his. Close, physical, intimate,

worshipful contact was important between teachers and special students like Wesley. His hands were folded on his desktop; she wriggled over to rest her hip against them.

“You know, it’s so nice of you to ask? I try not to bore you – and the rest of the class, I suppose – with details of my life, but maybe you’re right. Maybe I’ve been too closed off.”

“I wasn’t actually trying to be intrusive, I just–”

Ms. Quinn booped his nose, which had the side effect of silencing him. “My husband woke up in *quite* the mood this morning. I wasn’t even fully awake yet and he was nestling up behind me, hard as can be. But even though I must confess I’m feeling particularly aroused this morning, for some reason it didn’t really feel that way until I came in and saw my little teacher’s pet.” She snickered. “Unless you’d rather I be *your* pet.”

Most of the rest of the class was already checked out, on their phones or chatting with friends. A couple kids in the back row looked to be falling back asleep. There were a couple notably hot girls in class, Jayne and Harper, who were watching Ms. Quinn and Wesley – especially Wesley – quite closely, but otherwise they minded their business.

“So, did, you know, you and he...?” Wesley asked, cheeks flushing. Far too personal a question for a student to ask a teacher, but it was Wesley, and in fairness, she was the one who’d broached the subject.

“Well, since we were just talking about showing not telling for our creative writing unit, why don’t I...” Ms. Quinn gracefully threw a leg over Wesley’s head, sandwiching his body between her thighs, careful not to let her heel graze him. She hiked up her blue denim dress until he had clear access to her panties, then slid over so that her crotch was riding the back of his hand. “... show you.”

“Whoa.”

“Yeah, whoa,” echoed Jayne, who was now watching matters intently. Wesley blinked, but no, his eyes weren’t deceiving him. Jayne had taken her shirt off at some point. Her overalls had their work cut out for them, containing two proud, round boobies with no support from shirt or bra.

Ms. Quinn studied her most beloved, most belusted pupil. “What do you feel?”

“Um, kind of embarrassed...?” he answered nervously. She had too much weight on her hand to remove it, so he had no choice but to let her continue to sit on him.

She threw her head back and the English teacher’s petite frame shook with laughter. “Very good. I mean on my cunt, Wesley. What do you feel from my cunt?”

Wesley wiggled his fingers, studied the white cotton panties sitting astride them. “Heat?”

“Very good. But do you feel wetness?”

“Um, no,” he decided after a moment’s consideration. “A little, maybe, but... I’m not sure. It’s hard to tell.”

“Well, sure.” She smiled patiently. “Obviously when I sit my slutty pussy on your big strong hand I’m going to get a little wet. But believe you me, if Mr. Quinn and I had fucked this morning, you’d feel it. We’ve been trying to conceive, but his sperm count’s on the low side. They’ve given him these pills, and... Well, to avoid TMI, suffice to say that they work. He cums like a firehose every time we have sex, and since I’m leaving it all in there, you’d feel the cum sloshing out of me.”

“Gross, Ms. Quinn!” exclaimed Jayne. Then, in a less scandalized tone, “I mean, you know, unless you’re into that, Wesley.”

Their teacher nodded. “That’s fair. But, in the spirit of getting on with today’s lesson, do you think you’d like to fuck a baby in me? I’d be lying if I said I didn’t want you to. I’ve wanted children of my own for years, but I had to wait until my career was in a good place, and, well, that career has brought me to you. Clearly I couldn’t hope for a better man to father my children – not that I’m asking you to raise them! Just put them in me is all.” She laughed, looking around her at the class. “One of these days I’m going to learn to think before I speak, huh gang?”

Harper studied him for a reaction. “Are you into that? Do you like the idea of breeding us?”

Ms. Quinn wagged a stern finger at the girl. Until today, Harper had been her golden child. She was every teacher’s golden child. The courteous, attentive, studious girl was the definition of pleasure to have in class. (Aside from the sort of pleasure they all desperately craved to provide Wesley, that is.) For her male teachers, there was no denying that the young Asian honor’s student was also stunningly beautiful, petite and generous in exactly the right respective places. Mr. Krstansky had answered her inquiry earlier this week by assuring Harper she was unquestionably an 8, and that he was partial to soft-spoken Asian girls, making her an easy 9 in his spank bank. He’d told her so in front of the whole class, so she knew he meant it.

Ms. Quinn addressed Wesley. “You don’t have to answer that, Wesley. You know you can fuck anyone you want any time you want, and if we get knocked up, well then, that’s not your problem unless you want it to be.” Ms. Quinn humped his hand a few times supportively.

Jayne tilted her head questioningly. “I’m on the pill. Should I be on the pill? Like, I can stop whenever I want.” Then she cackled at her own half-joke.

She was at the other end of the spectrum from Harper, a slacker whose enthusiasm for marijuana was obvious at a glance. It was a wonder she was still in school, she tried so little. Her classmates were generally glad she was, though, both because she had a calming way about her, and for the boys, because she was in the habit of falling asleep in class with her legs spread, regardless of whether she was wearing pants or skirts. Hell of an ass on that slender body, too, a tiny little frame that made her medium-sized tits dominate her tiny torso.



Ms. Quinn shook her head. She was less enamored of Jayne than her male students. “That’s between you and your doctor, dear. Now come on, we’re almost ten minutes into the period and we’re all still fully dressed. Wesley didn’t come to class today to have us tease him by not providing him total access to your boobs and your holes.”

Harper cocked her head to one side. “Um, I don’t think you’re supposed to tell students to take their clothes off, Ms. Quinn.”

Jayne was already undoing one strap on her overalls. “Yeah, like, that’s against the law, innit?”

Harper’s lips twisted, but she began unbuttoning her blouse. Just because what Ms. Quinn said was wrong didn’t mean it wasn’t right. “I think we finally found a law Jayne agrees with, everybody.”

A few students laughed, but not many were paying them any heed as the two girls – and Ms. Quinn – stood up so they could more easily take their clothes off. Jayne rose and shook her overalls down to her ankles with a “woo!” and a little shimmying of her hips. She kicked them off. When she got to her panties, she used the elastic to fire them at Wesley’s face, laughing her awkwardly low-pitched giggle.

Jayne folded each item on her desk as it was removed. “Underwear too, Wesley?” No sense lending credence to any misperception that she was stripping because her teacher said so. That would be so screwed up. No, this was all for Wesley, the boy who sat two rows back and three over, with whom she’d not engaged in conversation since they’d collaborated on a group project in 10<sup>th</sup> grade.

Ms. Quinn looked her over. “I think you actually look more fuckable in your panties, Harper. Boys?” Nobody was paying attention. “Ahem. *BOYS*.” Dull heads turned. Hot chicks were taking their clothes off for Wesley. Why did they have to pay attention? Not like any of it was for them. “I asked how Harper looked in her panties.”

“Those panties are pretty hot. 9,” said one boy.

“Totally a 9,” echoed another.

“Eh. Looks like she’s hiding a weird pussy or something. Super pretty face though, and big fucking titties. I give her an 8,” said another, who then turned back to his phone.

Ms. Quinn warned him about coarse language, then waited for Harper to thank them for their evaluations before proceeding with the lesson. “Sounds like the 9-in-underwear’s have it. The panties stay. Remove your bra, though. Big fat titties like yours could help stimulate him.”

“Aw snap, am I too flat for him, you think?”

Their teacher gave a pitying look at the stoner girl. “Tits don’t need to be massive to please a man, Jayne. Right boys?”

“8.”

“8.”

“She looks like she doesn’t own a hairbrush. 7.”

“You know, you’re right. Change mine to a 7, too.”

She’d come into the room as an 8 from the boys she’d previously polled – a 9 from her boyfriend, but she’d just sucked him off so he was probably biased – but so long as Wesley didn’t object, a 7 would do. Poor 6’s.

Ms. Quinn nodded. “There you have it, acceptable.” It was rare for Jayne to receive acceptable scores in this class. “So, as a 7, why don’t you kneel down under Wesley’s desk and orally pleasure him? You don’t need huge hot honkers like Harpers for that.” She addressed the class. “And what do we call that use of figurative language?”

When no one else answered, Harper spoke up from beneath Wesley’s desk. “Alliteration,” she said. “Though with the H, you could almost make a case for assonance.”

Jayne, however, was responding to the first part of that message. “Can I for reals? Oh shit, yo, I knew you weren’t a frigging–” Jayne stopped short, wisely, as she leapt out of her seat, then just as quickly threw herself to her knees under her classmate’s desk, twisting her head sideways almost painfully to fit.

Wesley patted her hair. “I think you have really cute tits, Jayne, for what it’s worth. But I’m not really looking for a blowjob this morning.”

“What about a tandem blowjob? I’d be more than happy to help,” offered Harper, sniffing deeply at his crotch in the hopes of catching a hint of Wesley’s musk. All she smelled was Jayne’s vape, though.

“Really, I’m fine. It’s OK. It’s really nice of you to offer, though.”

Ms. Quinn finally finished removing her own underwear, stopping shy of full nudity only on the technicality of her heels. “Well I hate to see such a sweet offer go to waste. Is it an issue of their inexperience, Wesley? I’d be more than happy – ecstatic, really – beyond ecstatic! – to show them the ropes. I’m quite the proficient cocksucker, even if all the attempted baby-making means I’ve gotten less practice of late.”

“Ms. Quinn, can I go to the bathroom?” asked a girl in the front of the room. She kept her voice timid, small, in case Wesley was busy using her body for his satisfaction. She had a big butt and bad skin, and thus had no business getting in the way of him savoring every scrap of pleasure imaginable.

“Take the pass.”

“More like, ‘take my ass,’” quipped Jayne, grabbing a handful of Ms. Quinn’s impressively tight, bare butt and jiggling it. “For serious, Ms. Quinn, you got a hell of a lil’ dumper back here.”

Wesley laughed self-consciously. “I promise, no need for blowjobs, and no need to offer me your asses. I’m not interested – not because of you all, you’re great! But I’m just... not. I’m sorry.”

Ms. Quinn frowned. She prided herself on her ability to stimulate student engagement. She bent forward and spread her ass cheeks wide. "If you're nervous about cucking my husband, don't be. I promise you, Mr. Quinn isn't a hundredth of the man you are, and I'd be honored to mother your child. Or, if you'd rather..." She released her butt cheeks, which clapped together enticingly, and patted the hot girls' shoulders. "Why don't you two tongue my asshole in case Wesley would prefer to fuck my butt? Stupid me not having lube in my classroom, but I'll run out after school and pick some up for what few days we have left in here together. I'm really going to miss this class."

After a glance at Wesley – and a twin caress of the bulge in his shorts – the young women acquiesced. It was entirely inappropriate, students performing sex acts on their teacher, but if it pleased him to see them lick their teacher's asshole in preparation for what would hopefully be only the first of several holes to get stuffed by Wesley's dick, well...

Ms. Quinn straddled Wesley's desk with impressive flexibility, nearly doing the splits right there above his lap, shaking her ass for him as the girls pawed and licked and sucked and squeezed and slapped it for his amusement. "Go on, Wesley," she said after a few minutes of this. "It's wet enough."

"And like, if it's chill with you, we'll keep licking while you fuck her, so she stays good and ready for ya, dude," said Jayne, grinning around a mouthful of her English teacher's buttock.

"Please," added Harper simply.

With a resigned sigh, Wesley once more insisted, and again until finally Ms. Quinn gave up on her assertion that she wouldn't be doing her job if she allowed him to receive a diploma without even experiencing the satisfaction of bending his teacher over his desk and fucking a baby into her.

"It's not fair, Ms. Quinn. You said we needed to lick your asshole so Wesley could fuck you, but now you're talking like you want him to fuck your pussy, and he won't even do that. Now my mouth tastes like your butt and I don't even have any gum." Somehow, she managed to sound perfectly polite even with all that whining. Small wonder teachers liked her.

"I think Wesley means it when he says he appreciates us, but isn't interested. Sounds to me like he's saving himself for someone special," she said, dragging her dribbling wet pussy off his desk. "And I admire that."

Wesley blushed.

"You two, stay down there in case he changes his mind. A blowjob isn't cheating, after all, plus if he decides he'd like to cheat, you'll be right there. I won't have the pride of Eastern Township sit around with his big hard dick unsucked if he wants it sucked."

“You’re officially my favorite teacher, Ms. Quinn,” said Harper dreamily as she wriggled back under Wesley’s desk, resting her cheek against the prominent bulge in his lap.

“Totes,” agreed Jayne as she licked his cock through his shorts.

Ms. Quinn strutted up to the front of her classroom, still nude apart from her heels. “Well then, shall we get started, class?”

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“Hi, Wesley. Or do you go by Wes? I’m so so sorry I don’t know. I’m sorry.”

“Hi, Adrienne. Either’s fine, though my friends call me Wesley.”

“Wesley, right. Good. Awesome. Look, I know – I mean, I realize I’m not really... I mean, not quite... you know. Enough to talk to you. I know.”

“It’s OK. What’s up?”

Adrienne knelt. It muted a little of her anxiety, resting on the dirty carpet of their second period classroom. Not only was it less presumptuous – her, averaging a paltry 6.16 as of Monday, talking directly to Wesley Plunkett! – but also down here, she could hide behind the two girls massaging his feet. He deserved to gaze down and see beauty, sexiness, servility, not some meh like her.

“I, um, just wanted to say, I know you have your hands full with all the hot girls. I so get it and I am not trying to get in the way.”

Wesley held up his hands, empty. “I have a couple left over for you. Go ahead and say your piece. Try not to be nervous. I’m as human as the next guy.”

She smiled and tried not to come. He was so incredible. What would his toes taste like, she wondered, eyeing gorgeous Maria with her legendarily dramatic eyeliner technique squinting those rich dark eyes shut as she savored each wet, lengthy suckle on them.

No matter. Adrienne wasn’t worthy to keep distracting him. 6 was the cutoff. 6’s and below should stay out of the way. Nothing below a 7. 6 was the cutoff. She should stay out of the way.

“It’s just, I know I’m not–” She grimaced. Repeating herself. God, she was such a useless waste of his attention span. “But I was thinking, we have *three* classes together. That feels like a lot, right?”

“Yeah, I guess it is.”

The girl glanced behind her at Mrs. Englert, giving notes at the front of the room in a low voice so as not to annoy Wesley or sully his tongue-bath with gloomy lessons about the Vietnam War. Adrienne ought not be nervous considering who she was, whose daughter she was, but still, this was *Wesley Plunkett*. “I was thinking, I’m not, you know, on your level, but I’m maybe not the ugliest girl in class?”

“You’re definitely not. You’re really pretty.”

Her heart fluttered. Her voice squeaked. Her tits and her ass remained entirely flat, though. “Thank you! Thank you. Thank you thank you. You have no idea how much that means coming from you. So much.” She tried not to come. It was so hard, being this close to him.

“So, um, I was thinking, I bet if I asked him, my daddy would let me talk to a cosmetic surgeon and get my tits done? And my nose – I am *very* sorry about my nose – and maybe, you know, once I have big hot fuckable titties, we could talk about what else I need to fix...? I know they take time to heal, and I am very very sorry I didn’t do this months – no, *years* ago. But I bet we could buy my way to a solid 7, make myself presentable for you, amusing to you, acceptable.” She finally took a breath. “If, um, you wanted.”

Wesley’s eyes bulged wider by the word. Even Maria, deliriously enjoying her toe-suckling, gazed up, embarrassed for Adrienne. “Sorry. I know it’s... But geez. Richest girl in school offering to... wow.” He leaned down, tucked his feet back and ignored the distraught whimpers of Maria and some other girl too poor for Adrienne to know her name. Lucky hot bitch. “Adrienne, you’re fine the way you are. Truly.”

She shook her head. “No, I assure you I am not. I mean, look at me. Even I don’t want to see you waste your time fucking me, and I want to fuck you more than I’ve ever wanted anything in my whole stupid life.” Adrienne clapped two ornately manicured hands (one wrist enclosed in a \$9000 smart watch, the other in a bracelet worth more than a year’s rent on either of his foot massagers’ homes) over her mouth. “And I am so sorry I said that. You shouldn’t have to worry about what *I* want from *you*, gawd.”

Wesley petted her hair, the way one would a scruffy dog. It was so fucking hot. Adrienne knew in an instant that she’d be imagining that moment for years whenever she tried to come, wishing her boyfriend’s cock in her pussy was Wesley’s hand patronizingly fuzzing her head, like she was some stupid little dog crying because it had kicked its favorite toy under some furniture.

“Don’t get a nose job on my account, Adrienne. We’re not friends and I’m not into you, and that’s OK. You weren’t interested in me yesterday either, and that was fine. It’s not worth trying to buy yourself some kind of porn star body over just to entertain me. You’re fine the way you are.”

She nodded vigorously. “Right. I mean, wrong, I’m not, but... right.”

Adrienne hurriedly stood as the girls resumed their foot massage/tongue baths. To think he’d sworn he didn’t even want to see two smoking hot chicks worshiping his feet! Such a gentleman. Still, all she could think about was what he’d said. Don’t bother with a nose job, but if she had some kind of porn star body, she might entertain him.

She was already planning how she’d sell it to her father. Maybe she should just sell her car.

“Adrienne, what on earth do you think you’re doing?” snapped a shrill voice from the front of the room.

Adrienne had never been yelled at by a teacher before. They all knew whose home she went back to after school. The rebuke felt... bad. “Sorry, I was just—”

“You leave that boy alone, *right now*, you hear me?” thundered Mrs. Englert. “You know what? No. You crossed the line. In-school suspension, the rest of the week.”

Adrienne’s jaw dropped – which reminded her, she should see her dentist, get her teeth whitened, Wesley should only see perfect teeth in the mouths of any woman lucky enough to get to suck his cock. “What?! Mrs. Englert...!”

Their teacher had rendered her verdict, though, and was already using her as an object lesson. “And the next time one of you girls thinks you can just walk right up to that boy, even if you’re chubby, acne-prone, flat-chested, or otherwise undeserving, you think twice about it.”

Adrienne sniffled. “But... Wesley said I’m... He said I’m not...”

Their teacher shook her head. She’d built up a reputation for not tolerating student nonsense over her decades in the profession. Lest that reputation prove false, she picked up a red dry erase marker and walked right up to Adrienne and put it right on her forehead.

*HOMELY*, it said.

Then, on her chest, where the narrow panel showcasing her trivial cleavage left little room, she had to break her critique into three lines. *UNRE-MARK-ABLE*.

“Now go on to ISS, unless you want me to strip you down and jot some notes on where else you have room for improvement.”

*Sorry*, mouthed Wesley sympathetically. But he couldn’t be as sorry as Adrienne. Homely, unremarkable Adrienne. She made her way to the ISS room, already researching the best plastic surgeons in porn as she hustled. Tragic her new Wesley-worthy body wouldn’t be ready by graduation, though.

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“Wesley!”

“Wesley!”

“WESLEY!”

“You guys, shut up! Wesley’s here!”

The Eastern Township High School senior cheerleaders descended on their classmate as he entered the cafeteria for senior lunch period, bouncing and giggling and shaking their pompoms. Before Wesley seemed to comprehend what was happening, half a dozen of the school’s most frequently jerked-off-to girls were surrounding him,

raining kisses on his cheeks and not being the least bit subtle about brushing their breasts against him.

The group surrounded him as he made his way into the lunch line, giggling and falling right back into chitchat as if they did this every day. Lucy linked her arm through Wesley's at the elbow, beaming proudly, as if she were escorting royalty.

"You look so sexy today, you know? I mean, of course you know, but still, I wanted to say it. You deserve to hear it all the time from every girl in school."

"Thanks, Tracy. I didn't really do anything different, but that's sweet of you to say."

Lucy laughed. "I'm Lucy, not Tracy!"

"Oh, whoops, that's so embarrassing. I'm sorry, I knew that, I've just got a lot on my... Sorry."

"Don't be sorry! I get it. You want them tig ol' bitties on your arm, not my stupid little C cups." Before he could reassure her that the tits pressing into his tricep were more than adequate, she withdrew and issued a firm slap to her co-cheerleader's ass. "Pay attention, Trace! Wesley wants to feel your tits!"

Emma and Maryanne squealed in excitement for their friend as the busty brunette turned to face Wesley. Without hesitation, she peeled her cheer top up over her chest. There was no bra underneath, not even a sports bra. In fact, once that fact became apparent, it fast became obvious that none of these girls were wearing one. She backpedaled in front of Lucy and Wesley in a jaunty gait that made those things bounce up like she was trying to tit-slap herself in the chin.

"You're so bad, Tracy!"

"*Such* a little Wesley-slut."

"I know, right?!"

Marjorie skipped along on Wesley's other side. The dark-skinned girl might not be blessed with Tracy's tits, but what she had sloshed around inside that top giddily. "Do you mind if we sit with you at lunch today, Wesley?"

"Do you mind if we sit *on* you at lunch?" asked Lilli, just behind her, with a sultry giggle.

"Do you mind eating *us* for lunch?" asked Maryanne, at which the lot of them burst into hysterical giggles together.

"Um, you don't really need to... I mean, it's nice of you to offer, but like... I don't know. We don't really know each other. If that makes sense."

"So? Come on, we're *cheerleaders*! What kind of dreamy, gorgeous, perfect hunk doesn't want to have a pack of cheerleaders hanging off of him, ready to service his every perverted whim?" She giggled playfully, patting his arm. "We're a total fetish."

"Not every guy loses their heads over cheerleaders, you know." His tone made it clear he had some other – indubitably less cheerful – type of girl he preferred. None of

them could imagine it was a specific individual girl, though. No man with hundreds of pretty pouty pussies – between the thighs of 7’s and 8’s and 9’s and even 10’s! – available to him night and day for anything he could possibly dream up could want to settle for merely one cunt. That was just math.

The cheerleaders giggled at his silly-billyness. “But why not? We’re just as hot as the other hot girls, and we’re already dressed pretty slutty just wearing our uniforms!”

“Plus we coordinate. Like, Emma and I could suck your dick while you suck on Tracy’s titties and Lucy licks your balls and Marjorie and Lilli keep your fingers warm in their tight wet snatches. Just for instance!” said Maryanne, keenly aware that her seemingly spontaneous example was clearly premeditated.

Wesley sighed. “Um, sure, if you guys – I mean, girls – want, we can sit together.”

Ahead of them, students were unable to avoid noticing the exuberant procession of slutty cheerleaders, one of them prancing along bare-chested. When the other seniors saw who the team was escorting, they waved them ahead until soon they were in the front of the line.

Wesley was frustratingly gentlemanly as he picked out his lunch, which were pretty much the same foods he’d picked out almost every day for most of the past four years. His tray featured a rectangular pizza slice, a carton of chocolate milk, and a jello square. Marjorie, who defied stereotypes with her presence on the school’s Science Olympiad team, looked it over as the checker waved them by. (The woman might not be fit to so much as look at Wesley, but she could at least give him and his tasty little fucktoys free lunch.)

“That’s a lot of right angles you got there, Wesley. You almost got me worried you prefer corners to curves.”

“Oh em gee, you are such a fucking dork, Marjorie!” giggled Emma.

“Yeah seriously, stick a cock in it before you make Wesley think we’re *all* dorks!” giggled Maryanne.

“Did someone say ‘stick a cock in it?’” asked Lucy, stopping in front of Wesley so abruptly he almost knocked her over. She bent down, setting her lunch tray on the cafeteria floor, then flipped her skirt over her butt. No panties either, and her top sunk down to reveal her tits. They were perfect. They’d always *seemed* perfect, but now Wesley *knew*. So did the rest of the senior class – which suited her just fine. They should all know that when it came to titties, Wesley Plunkett only got the best of the best.

Lucy had already known her tits were perfect, but ever since she’d started hanging out with Wesley – almost four minutes ago now – her definition of “perfection” was becoming much more fluid. Maybe her tits were merely better-than-every-other-girl-in-school-but-still-not-that-big-of-a-deal. She’d let Wesley decide their true merit.



Wesley decided not to stick his cock in her at that time. Instead, after he squeezed around Lucy's friendly volunteer cunt, the group followed him to a table near the center of the enormous room. Lilli hastily offered her services to cut his pizza and hand feed it to him. (Although he insisted he was more than capable, she begged until he relented, luxuriating in every brush of his lips against the tips of her fingers as he sucked the pizza sauce off of them.)

The group had been seated for only a few minutes when they were interrupted by Joanne, the cheerleading squad's captain. She considered herself a respectable 7, a respectably fuckable body but with low grade butterface. (In fact, she'd asked no fewer than ten boys to rate her ahead of today's pep rally, and all but one of them had agreed with her. Her little brother was the only standout; she was still processing what it meant for her little brother to give her a straight 10.)

On her own, Joanne might try to score a few minutes trying to persuade Wesley to spin her around and fuck her from behind so her wide set jaw and narrow set eyes didn't distract him from how hard she could nevertheless make him spray her insides with cum. However, with all the 9's and 10's on the team surrounding him, trying to join in simply didn't make sense. There was only so much Wesley to go around. Nevertheless, the display quickly pushed her past her limits, and she confronted the table of horny, adoring girls with hands planted imperiously on her hips.

"Hi, Wesley!" she chirped giddily, then narrowed her eyes at her squad. "What in the serious fuck do you all think you're doing?"

"Eating lunch with Wesley."

"Feeding Wesley."

"Playing with ourselves while we watch her feed Wesley."

"Well you're embarrassing the squad, OK?" Joanne shook her head. "You stuck-up cunts didn't ever so much as introduce yourselves? That's right, I saw you in line, where you hadn't even made enough of an impression that he knew your goddamn name, Lucy, and you're the hottest we gottest. Gawd."

"But he does now! I think. It doesn't matter! He can call us whatever he wants – and you know you aren't hot enough to sit with him anyway!" Lucy protested.

"Do you see me sitting? Look at yourselves. Sitting there thinking only about your own stinky freaking cunts, when you could be taking advantage of this opportunity to use all of our training to be proper ambassadors to the most incredible man in school!"

"Oh yeah? How?" demanded Emma, though some authentic curiosity entered her otherwise disdainful tone. Joanne was such a waste of Wesley's time, but if she had ideas...

Indeed she did. At their captain's direction, the girls put their training to use.

Lilli remained on feeding duty, though now using Marjorie's scrumptious black butt as a tray. It was melting the jello, but that was simply a good excuse for puns about

the hotness of her ass. Lilli sat astride her back, legs spread, tits bared, seizing each morsel of pizza off her squadmate's butt with her teeth and kissing it into Wesley's mouth. Emma and Maryanne knelt beneath the table, vigorously making out with each other and with his cock through his pants. Tracy stood behind him, his head nestled between those mammoth titties of hers, while Lucy stood on the table behind Lilli and danced a slow, sexy – and oh yeah, naked – dance for his amusement.

Well, more stood there wiggling her naked body, but it was close enough to a dance. She'd been taking dance lessons since 1<sup>st</sup> grade; to think that she'd once resented it when here she was, using that learning to entertain Wesley Plunkett himself. Maybe her guidance counselor was wrong about studying medicine. Maybe she ought to bail on college and learn to be a stripper instead, so she could learn to be a more amusing plaything for Wesley.

“And I am so sorry to have distracted you, Wesley, but I hope us cheerleaders are a more pleasing accessory for you now,” Joanne said. “I'll get out of your hair, but looking forward to seeing you at the pep rally!” She blew a kiss and excused herself to let him be entertained by her betters.

Wesley finished his lunch one nibble at a time. Lilli snuck a few empty-mouthed kisses, but was firmly asked not to on pain of becoming his new tray-ass-holder while Marjorie pecked his food for him. She apologized, slapped her tits for some reason, and fed him the remainder of his meal dutifully and without taking any further advantage. Wesley, noticing the reddened skin from her tit-slap, generously told her it had been an interesting experience, and thanked her. She came.

The meal concluded with the cheerleaders forming a human pyramid next to his table, each girl on her hands and knees atop or beneath another. They raised their skirts and bared their cunts, led by Lucy atop the stack. Wesley didn't seem to understand the point of it, aside from a weird slutty spectacle – which was part of it, true. Yet it was also an ideal formation, Lucy had decided, as it forced them to hold perfectly still.

Stackable cheerleader dolls. Motionless. Lifeless apart from their smiles and their eyes, just waiting to be played with.

“Gimme a D!” she chanted.

“D!” yelled some nearby students. Not many. Wesley was doing his thing; they didn't want to be a nuisance.

“No, give *me* a D!” whined Lilli. In the middle row, she was at almost exactly the right height to get fucked, waving her glistening snatch enticingly, but very carefully. If Maryanne toppled from the uppermost level, she'd no doubt think it was a worthy sacrifice to titillate Wesley with cheer cunt.

“No give *me* a D!” cried Maryanne.

“No me!” Emma.

“Please give me a D, Wesley?” Someone.

“Give me a D?” Someone desperate.

“Give us your D!” Everyone.

“Give us your D!” Every single one.

“D! D! Deeeeee!” they begged together as Wesley excused himself for fifth period.

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“All right, all right, let’s pipe down. That includes you, Phil. Come on, settle in settle down. Hey! *Hey*. We got a quiz, gang, up to you how much time you leave yourselves to finish it.”

The class gradually quieted down, taking their seats. As Mr. Austin started going over the previous night’s homework, Rose meekly murmured an apology and made her way to Wesley’s table. The school didn’t have a uniform, though to look at her one wouldn’t know it. Her knee-length tartan skirt and pale blue blouse, buttoned to the neck, made the girl whom last week’s senior superlatives had voted “most likely to become a nun” look the part.

She placed a gentle hand on the back of Tony, seated in the chair beside Wesley. “Tony, do you mind if I sit here? I need to speak with Wesley, if that’s all right with you. It’s OK. I’m a 10.” She smiled sweetly. A perfect, perfect smile. No one – *no one* – had rated her anything less. Her looks had never mattered to her before today. They’d had nothing to do with God’s plan for her. Still, what a relief now that they suddenly did matter, mattered more than anything else about her, that every single boy in youth group Sunday had given her a perfect score, as perfect as God’s grace.

Tony shrugged, grabbed his things and shifted over to Rose’s space at her table. Rose settled into the desk beside. She smiled beatifically at her new tablemate. “Hello, Wesley.”

Wesley was trying to listen to the homework, but he nodded to her. “Hi, Rose,” he whispered.

She spoke softly, but didn’t bother whispering. Speaking clearly and engaging completely with Wesley was much more important than any non-Wesley consideration. “You know, ever since I saw you in the parking lot with Lizzie, I’ve been thinking.”

Wesley sighed. “About how you want to sleep with me, I know. But you don’t–”

“It occurred to me that there’s nothing a young woman like myself shouldn’t freely offer you. I know that. In my heart of hearts, I *know* it.” She gently took Wesley’s hand on their table, squeezing softly. “To be clear, I don’t mean only earthly possessions – though those, too, of course – but also of myself. My time, my energy, my compassion, my cunt. And so on.”

“Thanks. I’m doing OK, though, and, um, you’re wearing a purity ring, so…”

“This old thing?” Rose laughed, then gave it a tug. She hadn’t ever taken it off, not since middle school. It was on there good. It took some grunting – enough that Mr. Austin had to stop and wait for her to finish – but at last it came off with a sudden jerk. She casually glided to the front of the room and threw in the trash atop a pile of recyclable paper and old wads of dried up gum. With that, she returned to Wesley. “My sincere apologies. I’m sorry you had to see that.”

Wesley seemed unsure if she meant the ring or the indelicate display of ape-like force it had taken to remove it, so he stayed silent. Besides, he actually needed the answers on the homework.

“I’m so glad to hear your sexual needs aren’t taxing you, though. Still, it occurred to me that I wanted to demonstrate to you how much you mean to me, what you’ve done to enrich and fulfill my life, to give me purpose... Only, so many of the ways I want to show you, to thank you, that immediately sprang to mind...” She looked down, ashamed. “They were all of them sinful. I couldn’t regret the notion of giving you every single one of my virginities, obviously, but that it placed me in a no-win scenario of denying you my asshole and my pussy and my tits and my mouth and my hands and–”

“Your body parts, got it.” He squinted, trying to follow the equation Mr. Austin was drawing on the board.

“Or no less wickedly, acting on those desires with you, which would of course only condemn you to sin, death and eternal damnation,” she continued, beginning to undo the buttons on her blouse. “It put in a bit of a pickle, you could say. A no-win scenario. Either deny the commands of God, or deny the desires of Wesley Plunkett. Which, the more I thought about it, all through second and third period, it made me think that of course, there could be no just and good god who would create the universe in which its inhabitants would be condemned to hell by default. Ergo,” she concluded, shrugging her blouse off her shoulders, “there is no god and my entire faith was a lie.”

A simple white satin bra supported her breasts, which she promptly removed as well. They were unreal, perfectly round, perfectly pert, perfectly smooth apart from a tiny mole beneath her left nipple. “So from now, I thought, I would instead worship you. It only makes sense, doesn’t it? Why else have this sinfully attractive vessel if not to service the idol of my idolatry?”

Wesley’s hand reached for one breast – then hastily recoiled. She thought she heard him murmur something under his breath. *Floral*, was it? *Moral*? Either could make sense, as she was named for a flower and was engaged in a sacred act. Maybe she’d misheard, though. *Laurel*? Wasn’t there a Laurel in her fourth period?

Her introspection was disrupted when Wesley spoke again, this time clearly. “You can’t give up your religion for me, Rose.”

“No, never. I couldn’t, you see, since you *are* my religion. Can I worship your cock with my mouth, my Lord? I’m ashamed to say I haven’t developed a talent for it yet, but I would very much like to begin. Perhaps it could be a new sacrament.”

“You’re... Oh shit. You’re insane. Maybe I overdid it.”

Rose laughed. Her laughter was pure childlike innocence. In a horror movie. “Come to think, my Lord, should I retrieve the purity ring? Maybe it would be more exciting for you to have a token of my old god’s commandments to violate while you rip my steamy wet cunt in half.”

Wesley was still trying to convince Rose she should talk things over with her priest come Sunday when the door opened, and in strode Sasha. Or something very like her, genetically speaking. Her black attire was gone, as was all the black nail polish, makeup, and her myriad piercings. In their place was a beautiful young woman, smiling only with her lips, eyes seething at her prison of a pink and pastel blue dress. Knee-high white socks ended not in a pair of clunky black combat boots, but a pair gleaming white leather shoes with red bows. Sasha’s hair was in long pigtails, dropping down the front of her shoulders to showcase a broad and dick-hardening expanse of massive white titties.

“Got a pass?” asked Mr. Austin by reflex.

“No, but I was doing something for Wesley.”

“Eh. Take a seat, if you got the assignment get it out. So on number four...”

Sasha crossed the room to stand before Wesley, who was gaping as much in shock at how hot she looked as the betrayal of her long-established aesthetic. “Sasha, what the heck...?”

“Better? I’ll dye my hair after school, but I didn’t have time.”

“Where’d you even get this?”

“I ditched fourth period, went to Target. Is it OK? Can you fuck my ass now or fucking what?”

Rose peered out from under the table. Sasha had been so focused on Wesley she hadn’t noticed her down there and jumped back, startled. “FUCK!”

Sasha disregarded her profanity, then considered she should probably learn to employ such words herself, considering how many applied to her new religion. “Would you like me to help lubricate her, my Lord? I give to you my tongue as a vessel to prepare your other fucksluts for service.”

“Sasha, gosh. I didn’t say no because of all the black stuff. What you wear has nothing to do with it. I’m waiting for... There’s someone...” Wesley shook his head. “Look, you can ditch class if you want and go change back out of that. Honestly, it’s freaking me out a little.”

Sasha’s nostrils flared, but her smile held. “Fine. I’ll go change. Again.”

“The Lord loves you for trying!” called Rose after her as she stormed past Mr. Austin.

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“I have to get to class, Juliana.”

“No you don’t. What are they gonna do, write *you* up?” She laughed richly. Juliana did everything richly. It was as if her every interaction was phoned in, a game or a role. It was why most people found her so annoying.

“I still want to be in class. I didn’t come to school today to have a hundred girls propositioning me. I came here the same reason we all come here every day.”

“To scope out my ass?” She wagged her eyebrows flirtatiously, spinning around and cocking it out at him. In her black leggings, it looked positively edible. It was why most people tolerated how annoying she was.

“It’s great. Now can I go?”

“Aw, did your lunch orgy with the cheerleaders getcha down?” she asked in a deep, patronizing voice.

“It wasn’t an orgy. They were just... I didn’t do anything with them, did I?”

“Did my eyes deceive me, or were you eating your lunch out of their mouths and off their asses?”

“They... They *made* me. I’m not that kind of guy. I’m not, OK? I didn’t have a choice.”

Juliana had played the lead role in as many ETHS theater troupe as the drama teacher dared permit without having the other theater kids instigate a coup against him for favoritism. Whether it was delusional or not, Juliana took his opinion to heart and had dreams of studying acting in college. She might have the right looks for her Hollywood dreams, but her talent had a ways to go. She was serious about the craft, though. It had engendered in her a keen eye for studying human emotion, and of exploring roles to respond to them.

Which, again, was what made her company such a goddamn chore.

“Oh wow. I’m sorry – I can see I struck a nerve. Being sexualized all the time can be pretty stressful, huh. Believe me, I know.” She pointed her ass at him again for a second. “My boyfriend – sorry, ex-boyfriend, as of second period – goes nuts for the thing, and Scott had standards like you wouldn’t believe. Though he did rate me a 9.5 even so. Would’ve had the 10 if I’d given in and shaved my snatch. Which I’d be more than happy to do for you, if you like.”

Wesley focused on the attempt at commiseration. “Thanks. Yeah, it’s been a bit much. I guess I asked for it when I... But yeah. Anyway, I–”

Juliana could see he was trying to sneak off again, so she tried a new tactic. “So I tell you what. You’re tired of having to say no, being the rejector all the time. So how about I let you off easy. No rejection necessary. I’ll just act like I don’t want you, either.”

He peered around her. The halls were almost empty. The bell would ring any second. One period to go before the pep rally. “Um... what?”

“Yeah, a little roleplay. You were on stage crew last year, right? Yeah, I remember you. We danced one time at that party a couple months back, at Jeremiah’s, remember? Before you ran off with whatsherface, Rebecca Nurse from *The Crucible*. See? I paid attention to you before it was cool.”

“I... I guess we did. I drank a lot that night. It was... Yeah. But you don’t have to—”

“You know how I do. Watch. I’ll *act* like I don’t want you to rip a whole in these leggings and fuck me until my legs won’t close. Like... here.” She suddenly grabbed his hand, pulled him in and put it on her ass. No signs of any underwear underneath.

Wesley wasn’t keeping up well, so he was still grasping it when she whirled, and suddenly her visage was a portrait of indignation. “Wesley Plunkett! Did you just grab my tight round booty?”

“You made me!” he protested.

“I ‘made you?’ What, like one of those cheerleaders who ‘made you’ strip them naked and feed you off their butts? You have some nerve. I realize you might want to tear off my clothes and fuck me in front of my loser ex-boyfriend, show him what I look like when I *really* come. But I’m telling you, *no!*”

“I wasn’t—”

Juliana held his hand on her ass. “You can grab it, fine. I suppose I can’t stop you from doing that. No doubt you can feel how wet you’ve made my innocent, tight virgin pussy,” she said, sliding his hand between her thighs. She was, it seemed, a method actress, though he’d been around enough theater kids to know Juliana was definitely not a virgin. “So there’s no point pretending I don’t like it. But I won’t be just another notch on your bedpost. Another weak-willed teen fuck-slut too blinded by her libido to keep her legs closed around you.”

“Wow, you actually feel super w—”

“No! Don’t say it. You might make me feel like a slut, a wanton whore, a defenseless sex object just waiting to be taken and used and used and used however you want to use me, for as long as you want. But I refuse to allow it! Have your hole to my holes,” she said, working her finger into a tiny slit in the back of her leggings that must have already been there. A second finger from her other hand and a sharp tug later, her pussy was accessible. “But leave me at least a pretense of feminine dignity.”

Juliana pressed her ass backwards into his palm, guiding his fingers directly onto the entrance to her pussy. Her eyes sparkled even as she adopted a resigned, bitter face. “Or... don’t.”

Wesley slid a couple fingers inside her and used them to gently steer her out of his way. She was moaning and gasping in seconds, her role and its feigned resolve shattering on contact. He left her on hands and knees panting and reflexively shaking her ass in his wake, and headed to sixth period.

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“Hi, Wesley! Remember when we used to ride the bus together in elementary school? So yeah, do you wanna ride home with me, then, like, ride me? For old times’ sake!”

“No thanks, Bri.”

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“Wes, hey! Can’t wait for the pep rally!”

“Same, um, Anjali right?”

“Close enough. You know, if you want me to go by something easier to say, I’m happy to change my name for you.”

“Oh, no way, Anjali is a great name.”

“Aw, thanks! Oh and hey, while I got ya, have you ever wanted to see the inside of the gymnastic team locker room? Me and some of the other girls thought you could help us stretch our—”

“Maybe some other time.”

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“Not supposed to be roaming the halls without a pass, Mr. Plunkett.”

“Oh! I’m sorry, Mrs. Marsella. I wanted to go to the bathroom so I’d be fine for the pep rally and Mr. Ghazarian—”

“I’m joking! You should have seen your face, boy. I’m not always such a tight-ass. In fact, if you like, I could follow you into your stall and you could help me loosen—”

“I just need to pee, thanks.”

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“Hhii WWeesslleeyy!!”

“Hi Katy. Hi Phoebe.”

“We were thinking—”

“And we were talking—”



“About how we always wanted to give you a hot sloppy double-twin makeout blowjob!”

“Yeah, pretty much ever since this morning.”

“Which doesn’t sound like long–”

“But it’s been all we can think about.”

“So can we?”

“Yeah, can we?”

“Pleeease?”

“Pretty, with sugar on top.”

“It’s sweet of you, and sweet of you, but I have to get ready for the assembly.”

“Aw, but put together, we’re a 15!”

“I’m the 8.”

“I had a pimple!”

“Sure you didn’t have... seven? Ya 7.”

“You’re such a bitch!”

“I know, right?”

“So can we? Think how fun it’d be to facial us at the same time!”

“We could share your cum!”

“Seriously, I have to get going.”

“Boo.”

“Boo!”

“Bye Katy. Bye Phoebe.”

“Bbyyee WWeeesslleeyy!”

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Wesley waited outside the gymnasium alongside Principal Massie. It was obvious it made her anxious being alone with him. Weeks of being brainwashed all the school day long – and she often worked late, too – had left her with the same preoccupation so many of the young women had, a sense of acute inadequacy triggered by their own lack of conventional sex appeal. He had been relieved to see that part of the programming didn’t seem to be upsetting anybody today. No manic outbursts, no waves of anxiety attacks. Just girls who, with the help of his programming the boys to provide objective, candid ratings, knew where they stood. Normally the pecking order could occur in the background, but today was no normal day.

Launch Day. The day of his big gesture. He hadn’t set out to make any of them feel bad; it was only a means of restricting all the lustful behavior confined to girls that the boys of ETHS actually lusted after. A necessary evil.

Meanwhile, inside the gym, the senior class was being sorted and arranged. The boys were to be seated on one side, girls on the other. Ordinarily they'd sit together with their classes so the teachers could more easily keep an eye on them, but there was no real need for that. Nobody could be rude to Wesley any more, act up and clown around and make a mess of things. Even the kids who'd had some absences since the project started a couple months back had been subjected to more than enough to make sure they played along. Everybody was well and thoroughly conditioned to play their part.

Almost everybody, anyway.

The girls, however, were being further subdivided. Laurel had complained more than once about the despicable and misogynistic practice of rating girls by numbers, but it was the easiest way. Individual opinions were variegated, and self-perception was never perfect. Still, everyone who took a look at a Lucy or a Lizzie or a Rose would concede they were hot, whether a 7 or a 10 or somewhere in between. Now, they all knew exactly where they stood – or if there was any dissent, they could be marched into the middle of the gym floor and scored by the entirety of the male student body for placement. Hence, each time he peeked in through the windows in the gym doors, the girls were coming closer to being sorted. 10's on the left with the hottest few girls in school seated along the edge by the railing. Then came the slightly more robust ranks of the 9's, and so on. Once it hit 5, they were free to just sit by their < 5 friends. No need to embarrass anybody over what was for them little more than a sorting mechanism for what was to come.

From down the empty corridor, Wesley saw Laurel coming from the main office. She was wearing her hair down today. It looked nice. She looked nice. She also didn't look at Wesley except a curt nod of acknowledgment.

He kept his eyes on the floor during the brief exchange. She'd been dispatched along with the rest of her second period on a field trip today, to keep her from witnessing today's hullabaloo. Per the plan, their teacher had waylaid her upon their return to discuss some missing assignments which she'd in fact turned in. Laurel was a good student. It should have culminated moments ago with Mr. Garrel conceding that she'd never been dishonest with him before and offering her full credit and an apology – then straight to the pep rally, where her classmates already were.

Laurel explained this to the principal, who waved it off and told her to hurry in and have a seat. “And be quick about it, Laurel. We're about to begin.”

“Yeah.” Laurel paused for only a moment near Wesley. “You in trouble?”

“Not yet,” he said with a nervous smile.

“Alllll right then,” she said with a shrug.

That was it. She went in, and a moment later Vice Principal Marsella exited the gym and confirmed everything was ready. The din that followed her out was rowdy, but as the principal and vice principal flanked him on his way up to the podium, it grew

unnaturally quiet unnaturally quickly. In spite of all the evidence, he was still surprised his app had worked at all, much less as effectively as the day's events had played out. The school PA system had probably been installed decades ago, but it had been up to the task nevertheless.

How far could Wesley press things, if he wanted? Could he just walk up to Holt Looney, the state-ranked heavyweight wrestler, and slap him in the face? And live? Plainly he could do as he liked with the girls, at least the hot ones, but that had been where the heaviest reinforcement had gone. His confidence had been boosted by the behavior of the hot girls today, but one never knew if there was some weak link. His app should have spared Laurel, but had it? He'd tried his best. She'd certainly seemed like good old Laurel out there in the hall.

Oh well. Too late to back out now.

"Senior Kodiaks, thanks for your patience settling in. Now welcome to your final assembly before graduation!" exclaimed Principal Massie excitedly. The students had fallen silent for Wesley, but her announcement roused some cheers (once they saw Wesley politely applauding, that is).

Wesley had invited the principal to take some time going over information about finals, commencement, that sort of thing. What he'd come for wouldn't take long, and while she hadn't been permitted to have any say about this gathering existing, she'd been very supportive once she'd been made to. He stood by patiently as Principal Massie said her piece, trying not to notice the puzzled look on Laurel's face. Thankfully she was looking forward, wondering why he was standing with the principal on the podium, rather than looking where he was looking – namely at the nonstop distraction of his hot classmates spreading their legs to flash him their naked pussies, or raising their tops to flash him their naked tits. Or both. Lots of both.

Lizzie had written in what he surmised was lipstick, *I [heart] WES* up one lengthy thigh and down the other. He'd never seen those incredible legs of hers in a skirt before. It looked like she'd borrowed it from one of the cheerleaders, in fact. The heart framed her pussy like a bullseye. She winked when she caught him reading it, waving exuberantly with the other 8's.

Wesley tried to look gracious about it, as he tried to be all day. They were about to do him a favor, so it was the least he could do to smile back and be polite about their excesses.

Soon the business portion of the assembly was done. "And with that, I'm going to hand the mic over to someone we all know and love. Let's give a warm Kodiak welcome to my favorite, *your* favorite, the one, the only, Wesley Plunkett!"

The crowd, moments ago lulled half to sleep by the tedious instructions of their principal, leapt to their feet and roared their love for Wesley. He accepted the mic, waving, not sure how to handle this much adulation. They cheered. They hooted. They

flashed. He waved, and when they didn't stop cheering and hooting and flashing, he finally raised the mic to his lips.

"Hi everybody."

They fell silent instantly. The entire senior class and a sizable portion of the faculty sat by silently, eager to absorb anything he had to say. Not the only thing they'd be excited to absorb if it came from Wesley Plunkett.

Wesley remembered his preparation at the last moment and fished his note cards out of his pocket. Sophomore year, his speech teacher had rebuked him repeatedly for writing his speech verbatim on his cards, but for something as big as today, it had been the only way he'd felt confident. The crowd watching him unblinkingly, he double checked that they were still in order, and that he didn't accidentally make eye contact with Laurel before it was time. Then he began.

"Hi everybody. Um, again. You, um, don't have to be totally quiet. I'm actually sort of nervous." Still nobody made a sound. He frowned. *Don't stray from the script*, he scolded himself. Precise verbiage had been essential to crafting the subliminals that had made this all happen, and it was still essential now.

"We love you Wesley!" yelled a feminine voice.

The cry of devotion helped. "My name is Wesley Plunkett." His note card hadn't included an instruction to pause for applause, but he was left with little choice. They didn't stop until he resumed speaking, at which point they again shut their mouths so quickly he could practically hear jaws clacking shut.

"I know many of you think a great deal of me, but I am just another Eastern Township student like you. Believe it or not, I put my pants on one leg at a time, the same as everyone else."

This time, his note card told him to pause for laughter. Nobody laughed. Somebody – he thought maybe Juliana, channeling her improv comedy class – yelled out, "Feel free to take 'em back off, Wesley! *Ow ow!*"

He chuckled. That was nice. They loved him. False love, love he'd written and crafted and stitched into every wrinkle of their brains, but the brainwashing he'd subjected himself to prevented him from feeling guilt or shame over it. It had put an end to all his doubts and self-recriminations that had so plagued him after uploading the app on the principal's computer. Before long, they'd done their work and given him peace with this whole affair. Once committed, no sense hog-tying himself.

"Like all of you, I am only human. I do my best, and while sometimes that's enough, sometimes things unfortunately do not work out."

"You want a workout? I told you, stop by the girl's gymnastics locker room after school!" yelled out Anjali, high-fiving a couple of her teammates seated near her and the rest of the 9's. Principal Massie laughed, shaking her head at the forwardness of the girls.

What would it feel like to have sex with a girl while she did the splits?

No. Laurel. Focus.

He flipped to the next card. “Recently, I am sorry to say, I experienced one of those times. Those times when things, unfortunately, do not work out.” His eyes darted unbidden to Emma and Maryanne, who were each holding one leg vertically over their heads, raising their skirts to bare their pussies. A dozen or more rows up in the bleachers, it looked worryingly dangerous, but they were grinning ear to ear. Wesley hurried on. “I have always thought of myself as a romantic. In fact, I... I, um...”

Myriad girls were responding in a gushing affirmative to his self-assessment, but there was one voice that suddenly undercut the rest. Laurel. There she was, right in the middle of the girls side of the gym, down near the front with a couple of her friends.

“Um, what are you doing, Wesley?” She was frowning, eyes wide, haunting. His heart thundered at the sight of her.

“I, um, I made a bid for the heart of a very, um, very special girl. I told her—”

“Wesley!” she shouted. It was not a happy shout. Even with his microphone, there was no missing that tone. All across the gym, female eyes narrowed at her impetuous interruption. The more clever among them were piecing together this micro-exchange. Their eyes narrowed further.

“Um, hi Laurel.” Her name echoed around the gym.

She stood up, looking around nervously. Unlike him, she hadn’t had weeks to prepare herself for this moment. “Can we go somewhere and talk? Alone?” She looked perplexed in the extreme, no doubt on account of the *how* of all this, but the *why* was forcing some major consternation into those beautiful brown eyes of hers.

He shook his head. “This is better. I... I wanted to show you. I meant what I said after prom, at Jeremiah’s party.”

Her hands went to her hips as her eyes darted around in miserable self-consciousness. “Do you seriously think this is the time or the place?”

“It’s the only way you’d believe me,” he called back. Nobody was interrupting now. Laurel, uniquely exempted from all the subliminals, looked around anxiously, sensing something off but lacking any insight that might allow her to guess what it was.

“Believe what? Wesley, I...” She looked around, mortified. “I believed you when you said... When you told me how you... Yeah. That wasn’t the problem.”

“But now you know how much,” Wesley said, his voice threatening to break. “I told you, if I could have my pick of every girl in the world, I’d choose you. Do you remember?”

“I... Can we please—”

His notecards tumbled from his fingers. “And now I can. Don’t you see? I could have my pick of any girl in school, and I choose you.”

“I don’t know what you’re doing, or how you’re doing it, but please, *please* don’t do this.”

“Look! Look.” Wesley scurried down the podium steps, past where Laurel was standing arms folded, stopping in front of the 6’s. Some of these girls he’d known since kindergarten. Some before that, even. Now, he gestured and called out to them sans microphone, “Do you want me?”

The 6’s made it rather plain that they did. Tops flew off, scattering around the gym. Shorts, skirts, pants and leggings soon followed. Underwear did in some cases, most cases, but some of them knew they looked more fuckable in their panties than out. Beakish noses, muffin-topped shorts and bad skin warred with toned bottoms and proud tits; where misshapen boobs and hail-damaged asses presented themselves, they were complemented by faces that were more than pretty.

Laurel gaped.

Wesley backed up, keeping his face aimed at Laurel, down to the 7’s. Some of these young women had felt bold enough to make a move on him today – and with good reason. The bell curve of hotness placed these girls at the precipice of the real decline in population. Many of them would spend a good portion of the next few decades as the hottest women in their dorms, apartment complexes, PTA meetings, workplaces. For now though, they were young, and their tits didn’t sag, and their tushies were cute as could be. Their skin was smooth and their eyes bright, their pussies wet and their spirits willing and eager to be violated in any way Wesley could desire.

He knew, because they told him so. Along with the 6’s, they were begging him to ascend the bleachers. To take his cock out and feed it to them, all of them, to instigate a riot for first rights at being deflowered or to cuck their boyfriends. Boyfriends who, across the gym, were cheering on the spectacle with a fervor, welcoming Wesley to fuck their girlfriends as an honor. They’d been programmed to support Wesley, and while during the school day that had meant staying out of the way and ignoring his depredations, now it was a standing ovation for the crowned king of ETHS.

Laurel was stepping out from her space in the bleachers. Thanks to her late arrival, she’d rushed to her seat, and so the concentrations of hotness had presented themselves as usual high school cliquishness. Once seated at the assembly, she simply hadn’t had a reason to turn around and study the crowd. Now that she could see it, though, the shock was growing by the moment.

Wesley locked eyes with her as he back-pedaled to the next section, more sparsely populated still. “Do you want me?!” he called out, shocked by his own confidence. He’d felt very little of it lately. Since that night after prom. Since that long, lonely drive home.

“*Give us your D!*” cried the cheerleaders he’d spent lunch with, aggregated across the same row in order of ascending fuckability, Lilli in the 7’s, across to Lucy with the few 10’s. As one, the dozens of 8’s picked up on it quickly, and soon it spread to the

entire hot girl stands. Then the regular girls joined in, and by the time this new group was stripped – completely nude now, nothing to hide at their level – the boys had chimed in, modifying “us” to “them.”

“What the fuck, Wesley...?!” exclaimed Laurel. She was only audible because his ears were straining to hear her.

He back-pedaled further, projecting his love for her across the floor between them in his broadest, most adoring smile. The 9’s rose to their feet as if choreographed for perfect unity. Incredible tits bared themselves, demanding to be acknowledged. Unbelievable asses and pouty pretty pussies emerged, wet and willing. Unbidden, the eleven girls judged worthy of their denomination walked down the bleachers and surrounded Wesley. They pawed at him, kissed him, caressed him, licked, groped and offered their souls with their eyes.

“I told you, I want *you*,” he called out to the gentleman’s 6.5 he’d set his heart on months ago after they’d gotten drunk and hooked up at a party at a mutual friend-of-a-friend’s house.

Watching this impromptu barely legal gang bang porn unfold before them, the student body was united in their elation. To think they’d once wasted this sort of occasion on the sectional champ basketball team or a motivational speaker. This was what it was all about. Coming together to celebrate one man brainwashing all of them into showing off how magnanimous he was in settling for someone like whoever that was over there, Lauren or Laurie, something like that (hard to hear). Most of them didn’t know her. They only knew they didn’t like that look on her face as this romantic gesture for the ages unfolded. The only thing sparing her the full force of their contempt was the look on Wesley’s.

A throng of tits and ass flooded around him. Every girl hot enough to believe they might have a chance at providing Wesley Plunkett an ounce of pleasure wormed their way in to offer a handful of titty, a confirmation of how gushy wet their pussies were for him, a slathering of their tongue to promise that it was his pleasure they sought, not their own.

Suddenly, as *give us/them your D* reached a thunderous roar, the girls surrounding Wesley parted. The 10’s, tired of waiting for him to push his way down to them, had come for him. There were only three, Rose and Lucy and Flannery, a blonde bombshell whom Wesley was sad not to have had any classes with this semester, even if he’d have been forced to reject her advances like the others. Frankly Lucy probably should have been with the 9’s by his estimation, but good on her for feeling proud of that incredible body of hers, he thought. They were, each in their own way, perfect. They were too hot, if there could be such a thing, only venturing into ETHS’s little world to provide a vision of what could be. Girls that many of the boys in this gym would fantasize about for the rest of their lives.

The three of them formed a tight inner circle, their bodies pressed tight against him, squirming and nuzzling and rubbing themselves on him to the extent that it was pretty much just humping.

Wesley raised a fist. Around him, scores of naked hotties fell to their knees, gazing up at him in enraptured reverence. *Wesley Plunkett*, the name rippled through them.

The chanting finally stopped. The whole gym fell silent. Wesley spun in place, looking them over.

“Yes or no: do you want me?” he asked.

“*YES!*” came a thunderous response of female voices.

Wesley nodded. “Well, you can’t have me.” He looked over at Laurel. His dream girl. “I told you, Laurel. I only want you.”

The girl’s face was blank. Perhaps a bit awestruck. Understandably. She wended through the crowd, girls grudgingly parting for her. She shoved her way between Lucy and Flannery. Laurel had a full inch on Wesley, and she loomed as she was able.

“And I told you,” she said, her voice carrying surprisingly well despite the massive chamber and her frosty tone. “You’re a weird little creep. And whatever the hell all this is, you’re an idiot, too, if you think I’d ever hook up with you again.”

Wesley’s heart stopped, he was pretty sure. “But... When we... I thought we, you know, had fun?”

“We were drunk, and once it was done and I sobered up I didn’t want to hurt your stupid feelings. Now I wish I had. Now tell me how the fuck you did this.” She looked at the naked, glowering girls surrounding them. “Did he pay you? Or...?”

Wesley grimaced. Oh god. This wasn’t how it was supposed to go. Oh no. “I... I made an app, used the PA system. I, um, sort of... I guess ‘brainwashed’ them? Kind of? But—”

Laurel looked positively disgusted. “You what? I wouldn’t believe you if I wasn’t seeing it. God, you really are a little freak, you know? This is—”

Her tirade was cut off in its infancy as Marjorie launched to her feet and shoved Laurel back with both hands. She toppled over the back of Lilli, who’d maneuvered into position to assist the timeless prank.

Marjorie glared daggers down at the girl, this wretched, awful creature who’d been offered the sun and spurned it. “If you don’t want him, then first off, fuck you! And second off, fuck *me*, Wesley.” She grasped him by the back of his neck and drew his lips to hers, kissing him deeply.

“Yeah, fuck you, bitch!” yelled someone else.

“Fuck you!”

“Laurel sucks! Laurel sucks!” The chant didn’t take, but the boys trying it were persistent.



The riot was quelled only once Wesley managed to find the microphone he'd dropped and command his classmates into obeisance. He'd managed to shield Laurel with his body to stop them spitting on her and to keep them from simply tearing her limb from limb as their anger built to a fever pitch. Vice Principal Marsella rushed Laurel out before they took another shot at it, Wesley covering their escape.

As he sunk to the floor weeping in self-pity, Principal Massie watched him sorrowfully, then dismissed the gathering. The seniors were sent back to their last period classes, all of them save the hot girls, whom she instructed in no uncertain terms to take extra special care of Mr. Wesley Plunkett.

"Don't cry, Wesley."

"She doesn't deserve you, Wesley."

"Take your shorts off, Wesley."

"You still have us, Wesley."

Wesley sniffled, shaking his head, his shoes blurred by tears. "You're only saying that because I made you."

"You did make us!"

"You made us *so good*, Wesley."

Lizzie clasped his forearm in her strong hand and lifted him to his feet, holding him gently, speaking even more gently. "Seriously, Wes brah, you brainwashed the fuck outta all us. Wouldn't have thought a little dude like you had such big badass dreams in him."

"You're the best brainwasher ever, Wesley."

"My brain's never felt cleaner."

"I've never felt so clearly about what I have to do."

"*Who* I have to do."

"Whom."

"Your shorts, sweetie."

"Thank you, Wesley."

"Please don't cry, Wesley."

As he squirmed free from Lizzie's embrace (why, he didn't know exactly), Wesley was dimly aware of a dozen or so hands depriving him of his shirt. There were other hands on his shorts, which he haphazardly swatted away when they got too close to buttons and zippers.

"You guys, seriously. I... I gotta go upload the next round of subliminals. Start getting everybody back to normal," Wesley told them.

"No!"

"No, Wesley!"

"You can't!"

"Please don't take you away from us!"

“I love you, Wesley.”

“Your shorts, please, please, just let me...”

“We *love* you, Wesley.”

“Don’t brainwash us out of loving you!”

Wesley wiped his tears on his sleeve. Finally able to see again, all around him was the sight of girl after teenage girl sitting bare-assed on the gym floor, legs spread wide, most of them feverishly masturbating. They looked terrified, and if the expression was at odds with their behavior, everyone understood why. Someone had threatened to take away the truest, purest, most essential part of themselves: their devotion to pleasuring Wesley Plunkett. If anyone else had tried it, they’d never have allowed it. It was Wesley, though, so the only thing to do was the natural thing.

Beg.

“I have to. Trust me, OK? You can’t stay like this – for a lot of reasons,” he said, trying to find a way through them. All around, girls twisted, squirmed and writhed to keep him penned in by their pounding pussies.

“We can make it work, Wesley!”

“Yeah, you figured out how to brainwash all of us. How hard can it be to brainwash our families?”

“Oh my god, I would brainwash the *fuck* out of my family for you. So you could stay over whenever you want, fuck me whenever you want? Mmm!”

“My mom is *such* a cunt! I would *love* to brainwash that bitch for you.”

“And I bet you’d have so much fun fucking my big sister! She just got home from college and thinks she’s such hot shit. I can just imagine her *crawling* to your feet, *begging* you to take her away from her fiancé.”

“Oh yeah, my sister is so hot. You should totally brainwash her!”

“I wanna see my mom and dad thank you for fucking a baby into their baby, Wesley!”

“Oh *god*, knock us all the fuck up, Wesley!”

“Brain-wash! Brain-wash! Brain-wash!” chanted Emma. It didn’t spread beyond the cheerleaders, and the way they were whining with irrepressible Wesley-lust, it didn’t last long.

Someone got his zipper down, but he was still making his case. “It’s not just a matter of brainwashing everybody! It’s... It’s... wrong.” He’d had the foresight to prepare the un-brainwashing subliminals before brainwashing himself to accept the ethical lapse of brainwashing everyone. Now, it was hard to be more emphatic about the necessity than that.

Still, he had to switch them back. Didn’t he?

“How can it be wrong if it feels so *good*?”

“*So good.*”

“That fugly bitch broke your heart. You’re not thinking clearly.”

“Let us cheer you up, Wesley.”

“Did someone say ‘cheer?’”

“Yeah! I saw you guys do that pyramid thing at lunch. He liked that, it looked like!”

“Yeah, do it again! How could you not be happy with your own personal stack of cheerleader pussies, Wesley?”

The cheerleaders were already on the job. As the senior sluts continued pleading for Wesley to fuck them and swearing he’d feel better once he availed himself of their tight wet fuck tunnels, Marjorie and Lilli dashed away to grab a mat from the stack under the north scoreboard. Once it was in place, they carefully but urgently re-formed the stack they’d done in the lunch room.

“Oh gosh, that must have been so rough on your knees in the cafeteria!” Wesley observed, his mind wandering from the more pressing concern of this accidental sex slave cult he’d fomented to win Laurel’s heart. “You guys, promise me you won’t do anything that would hurt you on my account.”

“We promise!”

“Whatever you want.”

“Anything you want.”

“Anyone you want.”

“I want you so freaking bad.”

“Let me get your button, Wesley.”

“Give them a D, Wesley.”

Wesley eyed the pyramid. They’d done it differently this time, half facing one way and half the other. Lucy, at the pinnacle of the stack, saw him take notice, and smiled reassuringly. “So if you want to kiss someone while you’re fucking one of us, you can. You always can.” Carefully, she raised one arm, wobbling for just a moment but steadying herself as quickly. She crooked a finger, beckoning him.

“What you did today was so romantic. So thoughtful. If you hadn’t brainwashed me to adore you, I bet I’d have fallen in love with you anyway. We’d all be lucky to be the girlfriend-fuck-sluts of a boy like you.”

“Not that there’s any other boys like you.”

“Polytheism? No thank you.”

“But there’s so many girls like us. And we’re all yours.”

“Completely.”

“Fuck them, Wesley. Try us out.”

“Suck our titties off, Wesley.”

“Yeah! If you don’t like fucking your pick of the hottest cheerleaders in a big sweaty cummy pile, then unbrainwash us. But see how you like it first.”

Suddenly the gym door swung open. On the other side was Sasha.

On her hands and knees.

Her clothes were gone. All of them. All she had on now were two black knee pads, a pair of black leather gloves, and a choker with a little tag dangling down, jingling as she crawled forward. The assembly watched her approach, sensing it meant something even if they couldn't comprehend what. She stopped on her knees in front of Wesley, hands planted on the gym floor in front of her, biceps squashing her massive milky white titties together. She gazed up at him with a sulk.

"I got rid of the Barbie shit, like you said. Happy? Figure a living thing can't be a toy, technically, so I guess I'm just your pet now. So, yeah, whatever. Woof woof, I guess. I hope this is finally fucking good enough." From somewhere beneath her, heaven only knew where, she produced a slender black cord.

A leash.

Sasha clipped one end around her neck and tucked the other into the waist of his pants.

"Sasha, what the...?!"

"What? Somebody said you told Ms. Quinn you wanted a pet. I'll be a better pet than that skinny bitch ever could be. I'm hella fuckin' cuddly."

"That is *not* what I said, and certainly not what I meant!"

"You're awfully indignant for a dude who brainwashed the whole school into being his stupid whore-ass fucktoys, man." Sasha, neck straining to look up at her master, and sprouted a one-sided grin. "Hey. I'm kidding. Obviously I'm stoked you brainwashed us. Don't be a dickhead about it."

"I... You... We can't... I shouldn't... I never meant to..." Wesley was babbling.

"Tug if I'm slowing you down," Sasha requested. "Choke me if you want. Oh, and let me just..." His pet reached up with one paw and undid the button on his shorts. They fell in an instant. Eight other hands appeared out of nowhere in a rush to deprive him of his shoes and his underwear. The human end of the leash clattered to the floor; Sasha picked it up in her teeth and awaited her master's command.

Wesley's achingly red cock sprung forth into the open air of the gym. Each and every last girl gazing upon it gasped in reverence. It was surprising that even so spacious a room had enough air for it. Dozens of them came on the spot. Jayne, who'd been hitting a blunt in the girls restroom during the initial boring part of the pep rally, toppled over from her feet to her knees and squirted all over the floor, giggling like the horny little idiot she was.

Lucy's finger somehow found Wesley's chin. He must have moved closer, somehow, without realizing it. She guided him right to her, lips meeting, tongues clashing as high priestess Rose helped guide the Lord's dick into Emma's tight wet fuckhole. Her muscles locked tight from the blast of ecstasy at being penetrated for the

first time, and by what would officially be the man of her dreams once she had a chance to sleep. Worried the throes of passion would be too much for her, Lizzie put her big muscles to work and helped hold Emma steady. The way the ETHS starting center's pussy humped her face didn't help, but other girls were already rushing to reinforce the pyramid, so Wesley could bang the shit out of those cheer whores as hard as he felt like banging. Soon every bottom girl had another girl beneath her on their backs, sucking their tits or leaning up to eat their pussies if their neck was feeling up to the task. It was important that they be properly wet and ready for when Wesley gave them their turn.

Which he did. One by one, the hottest hotties of the Eastern Township's cheer squad thrashed like they were being electrocuted as Wesley put his inexperienced dick in them and did his best to thrust a bit while a dozen other babes fawned over him with hands and mouths and tits and cunts.

The high-pitched squeals, grunts and moans of girls too turned on by the sight of *the* Wesley Plunkett taking turns stuffing cheerleader cunts was so loud he could hardly hear himself think. "Shhh," was all he said. In an instant, the gym fell silent apart from the noises of well-lubricated friction, busy tongues, and the whines of Maryanne, whose pussy was currently the elated recipient of Wesley's cock.

She caught herself violating his command. "I'm sorry. Oh god. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I can't. Can't stop. I'm sorry. I'm sorry." Maryanne proceeded to apologize between ragged breaths for continuing to apologize with every gentle thrust.

Wesley proceeded down each of the three layers of his pussy pyramid – to be fair to each of these selfishly selfless cheerleaders. Lucy, on the top row, was too high up, but he was all to happy to eat her out while he fucked Emma beneath her.

The remaining attendees of his pep rally stared in rapt fascination, imagining their fingers were Wesley's cock. Or the fingers of the girls next to them. Fingers just seemed to sort of go places. Nobody cared; Wesley was enjoying himself, so the orgy would proceed until he wasn't. Some of the girls were so overwrought from it all that they'd stumbled back to the bleachers and bent over with their hands on the bottom bench. They shook their asses, fucking phantom Wesleys as they imagined what it would be like if they'd been smart enough to join cheerleading – or stupid enough, or slutty enough, or whatever it was that meant those girls got to be used by Wesley Plunkett while they just stood around pretending.

Adrienne, who'd been lurking just outside the gym watching through a window, teasing her gushing slit through her jeans, meekly suggested that if people wanted, they could have a big orgy slumber party at her giant house tonight – she had a pool, too – while her dad was out of town on business. She was told to shut the fuck up and get her weird lopsided flapjack titties the fuck out of Wesley's eyeline before they dragged her out of it. (They did concede that it sounded like fun, though.)

Friends – old friends, and brand literally spanking new friends – joined the fray, caressing distraught pussies soothingly, rubbing their tits together for reasons they didn't fully understand. Rose seemed to be wandering around, whispering suggestions, such slutty suggestions, helping them break down their tattered reservations and build up fresh new vigor for their new lives as vessels for pleasure of her Lord. Was she doing it to give them practice for some kind of double titty-fuck fantasy they didn't know if he might have? Or just making sure it was plain that they were all such shameless fucking sluts on the off chance he got bored of leering at his pile of cheerleader cherries and wanted to see something else excessively whorish? Or nothing more than instilling simple unquestioning obedience to her new god's will in anyone even vaguely suited to providing Wesley Plunkett pleasure?

It didn't matter. It was a pep rally, after all. The whole point of a pep rally was to be enthusiastic. As the PA system softly pumped out noise that quite unnecessarily cemented their descent into depravity, the hot girls of ETHS were very, very enthusiastic.

Principal Massie sent Miss Hersey, one of the main office secretaries – the cute one with the freckles and the hot nerdy glasses, the closest thing she had to a hottie worthy of speaking to Wesley – with a message. It informed him that Laurel was still throwing a temper tantrum, and that they'd duck taped her to a desk and gagged her with her own panties pending his intervention to properly brainwash her as he saw fit. To avoid an incident, considering her unfortunate clear-headed state.

The girls studied Wesley closely. The ones who weren't coming so hard they were panting held their collective breath.

"Thanks. Tell her I'll be down to get something done about her in a while," Wesley said at last. "For now, I'm busy with these girls."

The girls whooped and hollered with such delight that the whole pyramid collapsed into a tangled heap of sweaty, horny, submissive brainwashed teenage fuck slaves. Sasha dutifully lapped at Wesley's cheerleader-cum-dribbling cock like a good bitch, barking cheerful high-pitched barks as this girl or that petted her or told her what a good girl she was. A coyly smiling Harper took Wesley's hands and dragged him down into the pile. Juliana stood back recording the event for posterity: the hour when Wesley Plunkett took full ownership of his harem.

The bell rang. School let out.

"I, um, guess I should go check on her," Wesley muttered. It was hard to think about something depressing and hurtful like Laurel with three different girls sucking on the fingers of each hand, a girl massaging each foot and each calf, and Rose riding his cock and speaking in tongues at a shout. Rose was concealed by another girl, he thought perhaps his neighbor Bri from the shape of the ass, sucking Rose's darling titties not because either of them desired it, but because Wesley deserved to see it.

“Or,” said Anjali, grinning as she talked around full a dribble of his cum she’d managed to suck out of someone’s pussy, “you could ignore her and come see what happens in the gymnastics locker room.”

Lizzie raised a hand. “I’m flexible. Can I come?”

“Of course you can come! If Wesley says so.”

Wesley sighed and sought out Harper. She was lying on her back on the scuffed up floor of the gym, hair splayed around her head, mouth wide open as she daydreamed about Wesley mounted her face and skull-fucked her. She seemed reliable, he thought. “Go tell Principal Massie to run the app titled ‘loveconquersnone’ in the ‘Old Files’ folder on her computer. Then slap some headphones on Laurel and make sure she stays hydrated for the next few days.”

The comely Asian giggled. “Looks like somebody was smart enough to prepare for the off chance that a ton of hot horny slut-toys would prove a little tempting, huh?” She hopped up and darted toward the main office, heedless of her nudity.

With Sasha ambling along on her hands and knees at his side, leash slack, Wesley followed Lizzie and the gymnastics team to the nearby girls locker room. Someone had gone ahead and gotten the showers going. Steam filled the room. Steam filled their hot slutty pussies. Steam filled their empty, obedient heads.

Lizzie’s big tits sandwiched the back of Wesley’s head as her powerful arms helped hold Anjali vertical, upside-down, doing the splits, so they could sixty-nine standing up. Sasha assisted by lapping doggedly at his balls. Ms. Quinn, whom he’d forgotten was the school’s gymnastics trainer, watched them through the window in the coach’s office, deliriously diddling her clit and waiting for her star athlete to catch enough of his cum in her mouth that Anjali could spit it into her coach’s crotch so she could start a family. The English teacher couldn’t wait to tell her husband – he’d been praying for this day to come. She should probably get Wesley to help brainwash the man before she informed him. She loved him, and even if it was a pathetic nothing of a relationship compared to what she had with her new favorite student, it was still love.

Like that sweet boy preparing to take her team and his new goth dog bitch slut into the showers and butt-fuck them one by one until they all shit cum for a week, she considered herself a bit of a romantic, too.