

The Grand Prize

A TIOS Tale

Part Five: Long, and Full of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Always interesting to see how TIOS carried out a script. Some things ran like the McManus/McKnight situation, where nobody seemed the wiser except Conner; then there was her little payback for his prom night foursome fiasco; there the senior editor-in-chief was completely caught off-guard by all the sudden romantic interest. As

near as she could tell, the person who entered the quote retained recollection of the original state of things. It made some sense (as much as any of this made sense), considering they were, after all, the editors. Only it seemed to work that way for Jordan, too, whether he'd used Conner's login or Amanda's, so... who knew.

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

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

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

“You *what?*!”

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

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

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

“Was it good?” she blurted.

“The sex?”

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

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

“So it was.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Amanda?"

She focused. What had he been saying? Whatever. "Conner?"

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

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

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

"So, do you think you'll ever forgive me?"

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

"Should I?"

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

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

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

"Let's have sex, right now."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You had me at 'I have this thing,' Conner," she replied. "We still have Amanda, right?"

"Yeah, I won't need her for this."

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

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

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

What exactly constituted elite? she wondered.

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

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

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

Wait a sec. Those screams were...

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

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

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

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

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

"What the fuck, Mary?" he demanded.

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

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

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

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

"That really is what happened," Hannah chimed in. "She didn't do anything, Mr. Lyons."

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

Mary shook her head. "I'll be OK. Thanks, Mr. Lyons."

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

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

"What happens at five?" asked Lindsay.

Jordan didn't have an answer for that. Could he even assign detentions? "Three. Four."

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh please, like you have a shot.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’ll show you a punch, bitch!”

“Bring it, bitch!”

“Me first, bitches!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What the mother fuck.”

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

“What, Heather.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He could see the resentment in both girlfriends’ eyes, their reflexive need to defend that spineless turd. Jordan smacked one of Heather’s swinging udders, knocking it into Amanda’s head so hard that she nearly fell over. She grumbled something under

her breath, as if the blonde brainiac couldn't pay for that expensive education she was aiming for by selling the opportunity to be knocked about with those things.

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

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

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

"Not... my..." She frowned, unable to read the part on her belly past her titties. "What's the rest say?"

"BF's cum," supplied Amanda sourly, reading the letters off Heather's stomach.

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

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

"What? I can't wear this out of the room, Mr. Lyons!" Her hand swept to the poster on the wall. "What happens in—"

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

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

“Amanda!” squeaked Heather at the blasphemous act.

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

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

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

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

Meanwhile, Amanda was still kneeling, glaring.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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