

Editors-in-Chief

A TIOS Story

Part Two

Shannon Buck gingerly put an arm around her favorite guy's shoulder. When he didn't object, she less gingerly gave him a squeeze. "I've missed you, Conner. We haven't gotten to hang out much lately."

"I missed you too, Mom. You want to pick the tunes tonight?"

"Sure. Classics?"

"They call them that for a reason, yeah."

Shannon started up the playlist. *For the Longest Time* led off, a song from harder, albeit simpler times. Conner's dad had been a big Billy Joel fan, Shannon less so, but if it kept her fussy toddler unfussed, she was up for any music he felt like playing. She still pretended an enjoyment of the 80's rock her ex-husband had been so enamored of. For Conner, those were the songs of his childhood. For her, they were at least the songs of those early days, watching Conner take his first steps into the world. As an homage to that, she sang along with him as they passed the scrapbooking materials back and forth.

"I'm sorry I haven't been, you know, available for this for a while," said Conner, trimming a picture of him and Angelica at her twenty-second birthday party last month. A posed shot, something they tried to avoid, but he and Angelica weren't the sort of step-siblings that wound up in many unposed shots. Better to compromise style for inclusion than not. "I've missed it. Really."

"Honey, it's OK," she answered, laughing off words that melted her heart. She was the luckiest mother in the world. "I get it. It's your senior year. You're editor-in-chief of your own yearbook, and I know how hard you work at it. Plus you're dating..."

"I... um, yeah. You knew about that?"

Shannon laughed, no mere cover this time. "I do your laundry, Conner. Either there's a girl, or you've started wearing perfume and rubbing women's makeup off on your shirts."

"Oh geez. Right. Um, I'm sorry. I should have said something, but... it's complicated."

"You tell me what you're comfortable telling me. If you want my advice, you know you just have to ask, but I trust you to handle things. You're mature, responsible, and kind. Whoever this girl is, she's lucky you've given her a shot."

“It’s just... weird,” he said after a minute. “You feel like you know what you want, and then you get it, and suddenly...”

Shannon carefully scissored the central portion of the doily away, leaving only the outer fringe. It would be a perfect frame for the picture of their visit to her mother back in February. Meemaw only had so many years left in her, so every time they could see her it was a gift, and she still had enough marbles rolling around to gift her grandson a story or two.

“Suddenly what?” she pressed when Conner didn’t elaborate.

“Complicated. Like, I *really* like this girl. I’ve liked her since forever, and now we’re finally dating. Only now there’s this other girl who’s, like... man. We have *perfect* chemistry. And then this *other* girl who was right there in front of me the whole time but I always thought it was some dumb crush on my part that couldn’t go anywhere. Ugh, or this other girl who I thought I liked, who’s a super nice person but then she had to go and hook up with that jerk Jordan...”

Shannon arched an eyebrow at her son. “Honey, I think you just described Heather Blake four times.” He looked up, eyes wide. “Oh don’t look so surprised. A mother doesn’t need to snoop on her son’s smartphone to find out he has a crush on the girl he’s had a crush on since elementary school.”

Conner blushed, embarrassed. Adorably so. She filled the awkward silence to spare him. “Do you by any chance remember going to Chris Haynes’ birthday party in... I want to say second grade? No, first. Pretty sure it was first. It’s in a scrapbook somewhere.”

Conner shrugged. “Sort of. Dang, I haven’t thought of him in forever. The Haynes moved down south in middle school. Why do you mention it?”

“Oh, I remembered how nervous you were about going, because you and Chris weren’t friends and you were afraid everyone else there would be friends but you. But then you found out *Heather Blake* was also invited, and you... oh my word, Conner, it was the most precious thing in the world. You got off the school bus and marched right up to me and told me you needed a haircut, and a new toothbrush, and a brand new suit. Oh! And some stickers, so you and Heather could have matching stickers so people would know you were boyfriend/girlfriend.”

Conner laughed. “Oh my gosh, really?”

“Really. I took care of the first two, but your dad and I weren’t about to let you try the suit. I made sure my baby looked handsome, though. Heather didn’t wind up showing, though. Pinkeye or something? I forget what. I just remember how sad you looked when Mrs. Haynes dropped you off after the party. I know it’s been ten years, but whenever I hear that name, I still think about that spark in your eye. I’m not sure it ever went away.”

The two worked diligently, harmoniously, passing glue sticks and pinking shears and contact paper back and forth with their unspoken understanding of the others' needs. Their first scrapbook together had been before he'd even gone to kindergarten. Little Conner had learned how to hold scissors for that project. Learned to never, ever run with them, she'd made sure.

"So, what about you?"

"What about me, sweetie?"

"Did you date much in high school?"

"Oh, the courtiers were many, but none made it past the gauntlet of Papaw's protective eye."

"Courtship? Really? Man, I..." He caught the joke. "Very funny, Mom."

"I couldn't help myself. And sure, I dated. Some considered me to be quite the catch."

Conner smiled. "I bet they did. Half my genes are yours, you know."

"Oh, you." She let the memories flood back to her for a few moments as she watched Conner's delicate movements. "There was Ronny – he went to state for wrestling. Tiny, littler than me even, but *built*. We're facebook friends now, actually. And Arthur Kettle, we went to three...? Three, maybe four school dances together but never dated aside from those. Very good dancer, though. Oh! Henry Gaylord... Oh, I had a thing for him. We were still officially dating when I met your father. I didn't plan on going back home when I finished school, so I told myself to go with the man in front of me, but... there was a time..."

"Are you saying I was almost born Conner *Gaylord*...?"

"Oh don't be like that. He had a very nice family. His dad ran the local paper – you might be editor-in-chief of the journalism class instead of yearbook. Wouldn't that be something?"

"Bah. News is sensationalism and fear-mongering. Yearbook is what *is*. *Was*. What *matters*, long haul." Conner must have noticed the nostalgic look on her face, because he pursued it. "Do you ever regret breaking up with him? Since, um, you and Dad..."

Shannon processed. Conner took matters of history and memory seriously, and a glib answer wouldn't do. She filled a page, then two, and finally ventured a response.

"The great thing about young love is that it never really dies, Conner. I think we move on, grow up, do some 'adulging' as you kids say, but... even when you're an old fart like me, some part of us is always that girl we were when we were young. That love never really goes away."

Conner reached out a hand across the kitchen table. Shannon took it, and gave her baby boy a little squeeze. "That said, it feels like an awful lot of perfume and makeup I'm finding in your laundry..."

“But *Heather!*” He batted his eyelashes dramatically. “See these sparks? Come on, Mom, my heart is filled to bursting!”

Shannon swatted at him playfully, Conner deflecting her half-heartedly. “I knew I never should have taught you not to run with scissors!”

“Ha! Your hubris will be your undoing!”

Mother and son scrapbooked late into the night, and on towards morning.

“Good morning, Mr. Fishers,” Heather said with a laugh as she entered second period. “Mr. Lyons out sick today?”

“Hell, take your favorite girl with you, ya know? I promise you, no one would complain if you took a week off.” – Conner Fishers. This one had been added by Jordan mere minutes after their talk the prior afternoon. It was the only part of this whole messed-up plan Conner hadn’t input himself, though it had been his doing. That had been the whole reason he’d pulled the jerk out of class, to bait him with that line. He hadn’t made it difficult.

Conner leaned back on his palms on Jordan’s desk/sex table. “Nah, he’s out for the rest of the week, actually. You look incredible, by the way.”

Heather glanced at her outfit. A black skirt, brief but not as slutty as usual, though the fact that her “top” was a pair of suspenders keeping the waist almost up to her underboobs, thus revealing half her ass, made up for it. “Oh, this? Thanks. It’s about mutual support, see? The suspenders symbolize...” She stopped herself, wincing in embarrassment. “Sorry. Preaching to the converted again.”

“Bah, I like a good righteous rant. Especially from the most righteous chick at Northside.”

Heather casually slipped off the suspenders with what Conner recognized as the exact same disregard for her modesty she would have applied if she’d been removing an actual shirt. In here, nudity was nothing. She stopped herself with her thumbs in the waistband of her skirt. “So, what’s on the agenda today? Did he leave us a movie to watch?”

“Just his pornhub login,” quipped Conner. “But no, he bailed on short notice, so it’s on me to come up with lesson plans for the week.”

“It’s Mr. Fishers!” exclaimed Joanna as she entered the room, waving excitedly.

Conner nodded, but kept his eyes on Heather even with Joanna slipping out of her shorts and t-shirt behind her. There were those who said Joanna Pedretti’s were the true pride of Northside, though Conner would die before conceding. “Oh yeah? That doesn’t seem fair. You already have to miss out on your own second period to be here. That’s... physics?”

“Nope, just phys ed. Coach Conrad said, and I quote, ‘You’ll get more than enough workout in there if you run things the way Lyons does, haw haw!’”

“He said ‘haw haw,’ did he.”

“Mr. Fishers!” squealed Olivia, bouncing over and planting a kiss on his cheek.

“He did. Hi, Olivia.”

“And here I was going to be the hot nerd girl girlfriend and offer to get notes for you. Then I was thinking you could come over, and we could... study.” Her shoulders delivered an innocent shrug. Her tits delivered a sinful bounce.

“I’m sorry, ‘hot nerd girl?’ You say that like it’s a thing.”

The dozen or so girls so far arrived in class interjected in perfect unison, like they'd been rehearsing it. "Everything's a thing!" Then followed a chorus of merry greetings to their sub.

"You can stay clothed for today, class," Conner said a little too late for some girls, accustomed to disrobing the moment they were out of sight of the doorway. Some even before then – Neveah's shirt was halfway off by the time she even stepped in the room. As it so happened, his stepsister entered the room midway through that utterance. "And Angelica, I wrote you a pass to the library, good for the week. Yep, taped right there by the—" And she was gone, her grossed out eyeroll departing only moments later.

He and Heather were still chatting when Amanda entered. She looked pretty cute herself in a blue and white striped denim dress. It wasn't unheard of for her to put on something cute to get a rise out of him, but considering how pissed off she'd been after his stunt in yearbook yesterday, he very much doubted this was for his admiration.

She said nothing, only took a seat in the back corner.

The bell rang; the girls of Jordan's sex ed class settled into desks, and when they ran out of desks, the floor. Distractingly, there were a handful of students who'd gone ahead and remained naked. Multiple handfuls, all. He tried not to leer, despite all evidence that they weren't embarrassed to be looked at.

"Morning, everybody. Mr. Ly—"

"Good morning, Mr. Fishers!" the class belted out, giggling delightedly.

"Right, and like last time, you can keep on calling me Conner like you did last period and will again next. Anyway, Mr. Lyons is out this week, so until he's back you're stuck with me."

"Booooo!" boomed someone, setting off a chorus.

"I hope he never comes back!" hoped someone.

"We want Mr. Fishers!" connered someone.

"Fishers! Fishers! Fishers!" chanted everyone.

Grudgingly, Conner permitted the exuberant assortment of the hottest girls in his class to chant their elation for his presence and oversight for a few more moments. His forbearance ended right around the moment he saw that telltale narrowing of Amanda's eyes.

"So what are you going to teach us, Mr. Fishers?"

"Do you do any 'private tutoring,' Mr. Fishers?"

"I learn better... one-on-one, Mr. Fishers."

Conner took a deep breath. He could do this. He and Kristy had talked about it for hours last night – patience of a saint, Miss C, hearing him whine and drag his feet about his own plan. She hadn't succeeded in making him feel much better about it, but whatever she'd said, it had been enough to get him to go through with it.

Or maybe Amanda was due that credit. After all, *“But it’s not actually hurting them. Us.”* – Amanda Carpenter. The risk to innocent by-standers was his biggest misgiving. Her line was assisted by *“I hardly think knowing how to conduct and enjoy one of life’s most important and consequential activities is ‘messed up stuff,’ Conner. It’s just sex.”* – Heather Blake.

Just sex. Not hurting them. He could do this.

Conner turned to the dry erase board and uncapped the closest marker. Red. It seemed appropriate. Conner wrote a single word, then pivoted to remove his body from their field of view.

“Seh... seh-doo...” Olivia cocked her head to the side. “Sedookio? Mr. Fishers, I’m a warn you, I’m so dumb at math, let alone Japanese puzzle math.”

Conner took one more step to the side, as apparently he hadn’t pivoted hard enough. “Oh. Sorry.”

“Could’ve stopped before the ‘math’ part, ya dimwit,” muttered Olivia’s best friend. Kirsten rolled her eyes contemptuously, and looked fabulous doing it.

“Seduction? You’re going to try to seduce us, Mr. Fishers?” asked an intrigued Hannah Cienfuegos.

“Done! Come collect your prize,” beckoned Tamara Neal, palming her big brown tits.

“Other way around, gang. I’m going to teach *you* how to seduce others.”

“Do we get to practice on you?!” blurted a cringily over-eager Stephanie Margulies.

It was overshadowed, mercifully, by the overshadower in chief Kirsten Vaughan, rhetorically inquiring, “Do we seriously have to? Oh my fucking gawd, the shit they have in this curriculum. Even the uggos in this class are at least halfway hot. What a waste of my time. All of our time, really.”

“See? That’s the attitude we’re looking to fix, everybody. Sure, us high school boys aren’t always hard to reel in. Though sometimes...?”

Their sub made deliberate eye contact with the girls who’d been especially overt in trying to fuck him a few weeks back under Amanda’s playful *“I must be the only girl in this class who’s not head over heels infatuated with [Conner Fishers] this week!”* – Angelica Buck. All but the shyest girls in here had pursued him, some of them to absurd degrees.

For those who’d displayed a little more dignity and decorum, Conner elaborated. “Sometimes, you’re not the only one interested, right? Sometimes, you need to set yourself apart, or even above, right? Sometimes, I bet most of you have tried your darndest to get that special someone to notice you, and still he keeps noticing someone else instead. Right?” Increasingly, the girls felt comfortable murmuring their agreement.

“And Kirsten’s spot on. You’re all of you very pretty. Not a one of you who can’t turn heads.”

Conner paused for some response; instead, it was at that moment his nostrils caught the scent of the thick fog of female arousal permeating the room.

“Prettiness helps, but it’s not always the most important thing, though. Take a guy like Jordan. Good-looking, sure, but the charm and sophistication of a rabid skunk.” He paused for laughter, but was mostly met with sheepish agreement. “So this week, we’re going to work on refining your flirt game. That means looking the part, acting the part, and really, about letting the awesome person that you are *be* the part. Help that special guy you’ve got your eye on see that you’re worth his time.”

He delivered the entire opening monologue with his eyes on Amanda. She was by then absorbed in the laptop she’d borrowed from Miss C’s room, loading the TIOS software and trying to figure out why every last girl in class was hanging on their temporary teacher’s every word. He wasn’t smirking, quite. She wasn’t glaring. Quite.

“Amanda.”

Now she was glaring.

“Yes, ‘Mr. Fishers?’” She laid it on thick.

“Come on up here. We’re going to do a roleplay.”

“No thanks, I’m way too busy playing an actual role as an actual person.”

Conner nodded. “Sure, sure. I’ll just make a note you refused to participate and let Mr. Lyons give you the zero.”

Amanda’s body stiffened at the threat. She had to hand it to him, he’d blindsided her good. Jordan had been using the TIOS-sourced cudgel of needing an A for so long she’d almost forgotten that surge of fear at *not* earning a perfect grade. Amanda could fight it, sure, but at some point her concentration would slip and it could wind up worse than if she just went with the flow.

“Fine,” she grumbled, making for the front of the room. Then doubling back to snap her laptop shut. The last thing the world needed was both a Jordan *and* a Kirsten with that kind of influence.

“For this, we’re going to keep it really simple. I’ll be playing the role of Conner Fishers, local high school boy. Amanda will be playing Amanda Carpenter, local high school girl. In this scenario, we’re at a party, and Amanda wants me to go into a room and make out with her. I, on the other hand, want to leave my options open, as I can see there are a *lot* of pretty girls at this ‘party.’”

Most of the class either chuckled or giggled at the thinly veiled compliment. Mary Buchanan, however, shook her head. “Excuse me, but respectfully? How is this fair. She’s your *girlfriend*, Mr. Fishers. You two are probably already having premarital sex. If the people supposedly running this school are too bad at their jobs to put even one male student in this class and we have to learn everything from the instructor, it’s not

fair if he uses class time to flirt with his girlfriend when we *all* need to learn! The Bible says that's the responsibility of a teacher. Matthew 4:19, 'Follow me and I will teach you to be fishers of men.' Mr. Fishers."

Mary folded her arms beneath her bare, scrumptious tits. She'd been the first one to undress. "Respectfully. Sir."

Not many liked being seen agreeing with Mary Buchanan in public, but her basic argument seemed to resonate. As the mutters mounted, from girls fearful that the teacher might play favorites with his girlfriend and deny them a chance to persuade him to fuck them, Conner raised a cautioning hand. "Don't worry, Mary. I promise you, everyone in here will get the chance to show up Amanda. You all have my word. OK?"

This oath mollified everyone but Amanda, as had been its intention. "So, Amanda, whenever you're ready, go ahead. Convince me."

Amanda nodded. She turned away from him, eyes closing in apparent contemplation. She teased up her hair a little, tugged down her neckline a little, adjusted her bra a little. Then she turned, a friendly smile on her face.

"Hey, Conner Fishers, right?"

Conner, who had been affecting a bore expression, turned to the source of the touch on his shoulder. "Uh, yeah. That's me."

Amanda nodded. "I thought I recognized you. So hey, I was thinking, since I'm your girlfriend, maybe if you try to hook up with anybody else here I'll just, I don't know, turn her inside out? So come on, let's get out of here – and if you're lucky, maybe I'll think about letting you touch me ever again?"

The girls ooo-ed and gasped. Conner forced a lighthearted chuckle, then gestured his permission for her to retake her seat. "Amanda Carpenter, ladies and... well, ladies. So, does anybody have thoughts on how she could have handled that better?"

The peanut gallery was on hand with ways in which Conner's girlfriend was undeserving of his affections.

"She never told you her name?"

"Her smile felt really fake."

"She's dressed like she's on her way to a baby shower."

"She's too tall."

"Um, how about how she threatened to kill us...?"

Conner nodded. "All valid criticisms. Now who thinks they could do better?"

Aside from Conner and Amanda, every hand in the room went up.

“Hey, Conner. I like that shirt. Is it new?” asked Lauren, sidling up beside him. Courtney went a step farther, running her long, electric blue fingernails along the fabric. “It looks good on you.”

“Nope, had it since forever. I see you went another route, shirt-wise, Miranda.” Miranda giggled. “Same old tits. Do you, um, like them?”

Conner eyed Abby askance. “You don’t think that’s a little forward, inviting a guy you hardly know to ogle your chest?”

Tamara winced at her misstep. “I’m not a slut or anything, if that’s what you were worried about.”

“I wasn’t.”

“Unless you like sluts? Because I can be a huge slut sometimes. If I really like a guy, I mean.” Stacy chewed anxiously on her lower lip.

“And I like you so much!” Oliva bounced, her adorable perky tits bouncing with her. “Remember last time you fucked me? I know my pussy hasn’t forgotten. We could find a room and you could totally fuck the shit out of me!”

“You know I’m not one to slut-shame, Maggie, but I’m not sure I’m comfortable being propositioned quite so bluntly by someone I don’t know all that well. I am flattered, though. Really.”

“Flattered? I’d think a boy like you wouldn’t waste his time on flatter girls,” Heather said, laughing as she pressed her breasts against her boyfriend’s chest.

“Though some boys actually like a nice couple of handfuls,” said Sarah, forming what cleavage she could. “Hands like yours... I’d love to fill them.”

“To overflow them,” amended Neveah. “My tits will fucking own both those big hands, Conner, with room left over for dick. You know how hard they make you come. So let’s ditch these bitches and go fuck already.”

“Awfully presumptuous of you,” Conner rebuked gently, never mind that he agreed with her on their merits.

“Do you not like sex?” asked MacKenzie, her pussy pressed into her substitute teacher’s leg. “I mean I’m not some kind of nympho or anything. You know, like some of the girls at this... party. But I do *like* sex. And, ah, between you and me? I’m pretty good at it.”

“Solid A’s in my sex ed class all semester,” added Kiara seriously. “You name the position, and I could rock your world in it.”

“Doggy style,” suggested Joanna. Conner had first met Joanna the summer after fifth grade at an ASL class at the Y. She signed the words at him as a reminder of their shared history.

“Cowgirl’s the best, so you – I mean, not necessarily *you* you, but him, the guy fucking me? – so he can play with my titties while I ride him,” shared Tracy.

Sydney twirled, shook her toned butt side to side. “Me, I’m all about the *reverse* cowgirl. I mean, booty like this, right? Do you like my butt? It looks even better when it’s jiggling over your cock. Wanna see?”

“Missionary is my favorite,” said Mary, assuming the pose atop Jordan’s desk. “Not just because of all the missionary work I’ve done, which has been extensive, and I’ve even saved souls in some truly god awful countries. But because it’s the best sex position to hold in all of a man’s cum, and I really want to have a big family so I need to get going. How many kids do you want to have, Conner?”

“That’s definitely rushing into things a little,” Conner warned her.

Ashley nodded gravely. “Oh, I know, right? Me, I like to keep things casual. I’m not thinking about my five year plan when I’m with a guy. All I care about is *pleasure*. I want him to feel my pussy so tight around him it curls his toes up, you know? Have you ever had a girl make you feel like that?”

“Not that I recall,” said Conner.

“I beg to fucking differ,” grumbled Amanda from the corner of the room.

“Can I try?” offered Stephanie anxiously. “I mean, date me, don’t date me. I don’t care. But I like you, and I want to make you feel good. Please? It doesn’t even have to be sex. I could just go down on you, if you want.”

“Yeah, a blowjob. Just let me give you a blowjob,” requested Danielle. “That’s all I’m asking.”

Elaine squatted at Conner’s feet. “Did you know I have a tongue ring? My boyfriend – ex-boyfriend, I don’t even like that guy, not compared to you – but he always said it was the best feeling in the world. Can I show you?”

“Let me show you,” pleaded Elaine, licking at his zipper. “Just one blowjob. Please? So you can see if we have chemistry.”

“My pussy is on motherfucking fire, looking at you up there, that big purple demon in my fucking face,” rumbled Hannah, sucking in two nostrils full of air wafting from Conner’s crotch. “You gotta let me suck you off. Please. I’ll do anything.”

“I suck cock like you wouldn’t believe,” purred Yuri, tugging plaintively at Conner’s pants. “I want you in my mouth so fucking good. I want you. Oh fuck, I want you.”

“I don’t even like men, but I want you.” Lindsay pulled Conner’s face down between her plump, pillowy lesbian tits. “Teach me how fucking wrong I am. I’m begging you. Hole. By hole. By hole.”

With minutes to the bell, Kirsten finally made her way to the front of the room where their sweaty, red-faced substitute stood looking like a billboard for blueballs. Without lead-in or fanfare, she removed her top. Not only removed, but threw it to the floor. Her skirt followed. She left the heels. She left the thigh-high socks. Even in a room

full of girls who'd seen her naked five days a week all semester, the sex appeal oozing off that body turned every last girl a little bit more gay.

She took Conner's face in a two-handed grip that was not gentle, and pulled his ear to her lips, her body pressed against his. "You can do anything you want to me," she whispered exactly loud enough that his bitchy redheaded girltoy wouldn't miss it. "And I'll do anything you want."

Then suddenly he was released, yet still so lightheaded he nearly fell over. Kirsten beamed, as innocently as the last time she'd lured him into her pussy. "How was that, Mr. Fishers? Did I do OK?"

"You did... wow." Conner shook his head, shaking loose the endorphins. Reminded himself this was the same woman who'd seduced his best friend as a status boost and only ever got enthused about putting out if he shared his real girlfriend with her. "Great work, from a lot of you. Hopefully some of you picked up some tips and techniques! We'll review some highlights at the start of class tomorrow. For now, there's only a couple minutes to the bell, so go ahead and get dressed. Really impressive stuff today, by almost everybody."

"No homework?" asked Lauren, looking for where she'd discarded her panties. Going first as she did, she'd wanted to be able to properly masturbate once her turn was over.

"No homework."

This time, Kirsten kept her voice genuinely low. "You're sure you can't think of anything I could work on at home? Anyone at all?"

"Any *thing*," Conner corrected her.

"No, I think she meant she wants you to come over to her house and fuck her again. Which I would be *so* down for if you guys wanna?. That was so fun. You're pretty much my favorite fuck of all time, Mr. Fishers."

"Thanks, Olivia."

"Any time!" She giggled. "Seriously. *Any* time."

"Can I sit with you at lunch, Mr. Fishers?"

"Can I sit *on* you at lunch, Mr. Fishers?"

"Can I sit on your fucking face, Mr. Fishers? Doesn't gotta be lunch."

The bell rang.

"See you in the halls, ladies." Two dozen of the hottest girls at Northside patted, pinched, squeezed, kissed and frenched Mr. Fishers farewell until tomorrow.

Conner in fact kept busy during his lunch period that day, to the lamentation of the girls of Jordan's sex ed harem. Graphic design was not his forte. While he could tweak a picture with sufficient finesse to be fit for print in the yearbook, redesigning a whole room was more than he'd ever needed to attempt. The closest he'd done was photoshopping a couple senior baseball players into the class picture when they were away at the all-state game, cropping heads from other shots and wedging them between their peers. This didn't require the same finesse, but it also didn't have the signal to noise ratio that covered up the falsehood of it.

Ah, well. He knew someone he could turn to for assistance if he needed it. She'd be only too happy to help. The sex ed room, formerly the school's printing lab, was long overdue for some improvements to its infrastructure. Doodling them in with TIOS was a lot faster and cheaper than the alternative.

As for his plans for that day, it was mostly a waiting game. Almost as impressive as that whole insane stunt had been second period was his success at evading Amanda in the interim. Right up until seventh period, when there was no more helping it.

She was waiting in the doorway to their office, arms folded, expression severe. He held up a finger. Though Amanda looked like she wanted to snap it off, she gave a curt nod and retreated into the office. She was still watching through the slightly up-turned blinds when Heather arrived. Her slew of whorish tattoos bobbed in ahead of her, painting almost every inch of her torso and a good amount of her arms, thighs and, should she turn around, her back. Her suspenders performed the same worthless job of concealing the art show that they had that morning in sex ed.

"Hey, you," she said, smiling pleasantly at her boyfriend.

"Hey, you," he answered, grabbing what he could fit of each enormous boob in each outmatched hand.

"Conner!" she squeaked, embarrassed. She didn't pull away, but if the door hadn't been in the way, her evasive wriggling said she might have.

He hesitated, stopped teasing her nipples, but didn't relinquish his grip. "Is this OK...?"

"What? I mean, I guess it's OK, ish, or whatever. Just a new side of you is all." She pressed her legendary tits into his palms. "I wasn't expecting you to take my advice so literally."

"Huh." Conner wasn't used to anyone acknowledging so directly what he'd input, but the conversation had been only a few days ago. If he hadn't entered "*If you want to... start being the guy who honks my boobs to say hello, you're the only one who can make it happen.*" – Heather Blake, the results would have probably been quite different.

Probably. She'd let him get away with quite a bit the day before, too, before he'd decided to go all-in trying to be more Jordan-esque for Amanda. Clearly, he had plenty to learn about girls.

In the meantime he brushed her suspenders aside and fondled and groped to his heart's content. Heather shook her head, amused and a bit taken aback. "Look at you go, my little Ten-and-Two. You are trouble, buster."

The bell rang. Conner had a nipple in his mouth by then. Most of one. His mouth only opened so wide. "Hey tiger, you wanna get class going?" came a voice from the front of the room.

Reluctantly, Conner released the tit. Something about playing with those things here, where he'd been rejected and ridiculed, made them even more appealing. As he nodded in acknowledgment to Miss C's request, Heather seized his head and pulled him back in.

"He'll start class when he's ready – unless you have something to say about that?" Heather challenged the older woman smugly.

Their teacher merely rolled her eyes and let her lover and his girlfriend – the one who wasn't livid with him at the moment – and permitted them their fun while she erased her notes from her sixth period discussion from the board.

Conner took his time slurping those wonderful boobs. So many years dreaming about a moment like this, and he simply couldn't get enough. Meanwhile, the class waited, and Heather with them. Not that she was opposed to a little boob-sucking, but she hadn't been kidding about being a hot nerd girl. There was a part of her anxious to get on with class. Some of the pervier elements watched enviously, and some of the not-so-pervy ones watched impatiently. There was nothing else to do, thanks to a line from their teacher, "*Everyone knows you [Conner Fishers] run that class.*" The editor-in-chief ought to have stopped there, but trying to humor Kristy's desire to be less constrained in showing her affection for him, he'd extended it to include "*You're not even a teacher's pet. If anything, they all think I'm your pet. And very pleased to be petted.*" – Kristina Coszic-Lewandoski. With that thought in mind, he finally detached himself from Heather's nipples and made his way to the front of the room, nudging Kristy to her desk with a few slow pats on her rear. It made him feel extremely self-conscious in a way that even sucking Heather's boobs didn't. Still, he knew she'd get a kick out of it.

A few faces shook their heads in consternation at Conner's brazen pawing of the woman who was, if only technically, their teacher, but who was there to complain to? The man misbehaving so flagrantly was the very same man who ran the class.

The quote was TIOS's way of rendering it official, but as it so happened, Conner was quite capable of setting the class to their tasks. This had been one of the focal points for their talks the night before. She had insisted that there was a distinction between his limited supervisory role and teaching the class. Conner thought it might help take some of the pressure off of her, however, and his secretly relieved teacher granted that it wasn't like she couldn't pitch in if he grew to be overwhelmed.

He took his time seeing to his newly assumed responsibilities. All the while, Amanda lurked in the office. When he was finally finished redistributing Jordan's projects for the week, he turned to face her.

Seething. That was the only word for the look on her face. Conner nodded.

Then, "Hey, Miss C, come talk with me in the lab for a bit, yeah? I could use a hand. Mouth, too, maybe."

She laughed. "Conner, you're incorrigible." What else was his pet to say? With that, she preceded him into the curtained off lab. As she secured their privacy, ushering out the few who were working there instead of using laptops in the main room, Conner pulled the curtain shut. Amanda's gaze was so hot that the thing was nearly smoking.

"Having fun with your little project so far?" she asked, taking a seat at the work station beside him. "Doesn't look like it's going over great with Amanda, I have to say."

"You're only saying that because she's been giving me that melty death stare all day now. First she says she wants me to be more like Jordan, but when I go out and basically become the guy, now she's all pissed off. She makes all those girls go crazy for me, and it's all some big joke. I do the exact same thing and it's like I'm cheating on her. Which I'm not!"

"Speaking as your third girlfriend, I'm not sure I agree with your detective work."

"You know what I mean! I didn't touch any of those girls – and I won't. The whole point was to let her get jealous and then show her I'd take her over them any day. None of those girls have any choice in the matter. It would be barbaric."

Kristy had only learned the full extent of Jordan's depredations the night before while talking Conner through this – which was mostly her passively encouraging his every self-serving whim. She'd been shocked at how much worse it was than what she'd realized, but not so shocked. Moreover, she was as bound by the edict regarding discussions of sex ed outside of sex ed as anybody else at Northside, and her advice reflected it. The proper steps to woo Amanda had been a much more productive topic.

"You really think she'd be so offended if you picked some of them alongside her...? You said, last time... Neveah Kinslan, I believe it was?" She kept her voice low. Whatever else her students might think of her canoodling with Conner back here, she didn't want to tarnish anyone's reputation by starting a rumor. (Especially a psychopath like Neveah.)

"I won't. I can be more like Jordan, but I won't become him. No way. Keeping my hands to myself this week, and then happily stepping down from harem maintenance."

Kristy arched a neatly tweezed eyebrow. "Do you doubt for a second that those girls are better off in your hands than in Mr. Lyons'?"

"I mean, no, but–"

"And you used that quote from Amanda to make sure nobody gets hurt?"

"I did, although–"

“And this is all going to wear off after our license for the software expires after graduation? That’s, what, a few weeks, right?”

“I mean yes, probably. I just—”

“Then do it if you want to do it. You can’t save the other girls so you can at least give them a week of fun chasing a cute boy. As for Amanda, she asked for this. Either she’ll thank you for it or she’ll eat a little crow.” Kristy put a soft hand on Conner’s shoulder. “I love the girl dearly. I do. There comes a time, though, when entitled hot girls who demand the world have to be put in check.”

“Speaking from experience?”

“I’m not entitled.” She grinned impishly. “Now, if memory serves, you said you were going to give me a present today? So gimme already.”

A login later, the monitor in front of Kristy was pointed at the editor-in-chief screen of TIOS. Conner clicked into the student photo menu, then the senior portraits, and brought one up.

“Here you go. One present, as requested.”

“If you wanted to sit around leering at your little blonde girlfriend’s boobs, Conner, we could sit in the classroom and do that.”

He shook his head. “You get to give her fresh ink.”

The look on Kristy’s face was something out of a Grinch movie. He was nervous for what he’d authorized immediately, praying that her craving to make him happy would keep him from doing anything horrible. Heather had an insane rationale for every slutty one of them, and everybody else took them on those merits. He wasn’t worried about Heather. But Amanda had said to be more like Jordan, and nothing could be more like Jordan than branding one of his chosen sluts from a place of spite. Conner couldn’t bring himself to do it, but he’d known Kristy would.

That was Conner’s seventh period, sitting with his back to the monitor, talking with Kristy (and occasionally sliding a hand up her dress) while she redecorated her boy toy’s gal pal. He wasn’t proud about monitoring the reflection in her glasses. It was a bit like looking the wrong direction through a peephole, far too small to make out details but enough to know if there was anything going on. Whatever images were on the screen, he could be sure of nothing except that they weren’t the plain white spread backgrounds where she might input a quote. Conner knew she wasn’t the sort of person to abuse the software the way Jordan had, but considering how steadfastly Kristy was devoted to pleasing him, he wanted to make sure she didn’t try to sneak anything past him. She’d been there for that post-prom orgy, and it would be easy to wind up with another Angelica-Owen situation from any number of utterances in a passionate moment.

To his relief, she did not. Instead, the yearbook teacher dug deep, dredging up graphic design functions she hadn’t used since learning them in college. She even asked

Conner to stop teasing her pussy so she could focus at one point, which she could hardly believe she said. It would be worth it, though, she told herself. Conner was really going to love this.

“You ready?” she asked with a few minutes to go in the period.

“Oh yeah. I can turn around?”

Kristy rolled her eyes and stopped him before he could spin to face her monitor. “Would you really rather see it on the screen instead of going out there and... Yep, you’re welcome, have fun,” she finished to Conner’s hustling backside as it darted through the curtain and into the classroom.

The class was hanging out near the room’s exit, mostly, save for a few studious types working to the bell and Amanda, still working in the editor’s office. A few seemed to have left class early, in fact, which Conner promised himself he would think about once he was done with titties. (Was he supposed to prevent that? Punish it? Murky waters.) Naturally, Heather was one of those still working. Thanks to her issues with their teacher, this was hands down her least favorite class. Would that change, now that Conner was nominally in charge?

He pulled up a chair facing her as she tapped away at the keys of her laptop. It obstructed his gaze; not slamming it closed took real effort. What had Kristy done? She’d been smug about it, that was for damn sure, giggling at nobody all period long as she adjusted this and that.

“Whatcha working on? Class is almost over.”

She glanced up, barely. “Eh, just emailing my admissions officer at Berkeley. Trying to keep my enrollment soft until I have confirmation on funding. I need at least a notarized letter explaining the stipulations laid out in my grandfather’s will, only they won’t take the will for some stupid reason, so I have to...” She stopped herself. “You know what, this is not interesting and I apologize. What have *you* been working on?”

“Just letting Kristy work on her blowjob technique. She’s got a lot of catching up to do.”

Heather laughed. “Gross. I wish you weren’t kidding. I’m so glad they finally wised up and let the editor-in-chief be the actual in-chief. No more looking over my back worrying my life might be ruined because my yearbook teacher has a crush on my boyfriend, you know?”

Conner fought not to crane his neck. A how-do-you-do booby honk had been fun, but being obvious about leering made him uneasy. It made no sense, but so little about his relationships with women did these days. “I never would have let her. Anyway, don’t let me interrupt.”

With a hastily muttered promise not to be long, Heather returned to her email and Conner found something to distract himself with. His imagination was playing a drum roll, though he told himself not to get over-excited. Would it be some fresh

degradation like what Jordan had done? A Kristy original artwork? Some inside joke for her and Conner?

The bell rang while she was still finishing up. Conner caught Kristy peeking from behind the curtain, awaiting his reaction. She didn't emerge, though, letting him get his reveal without interruption.

Amanda, however, evidently felt no such compunction.

"Conner? You mind hanging out for a minute so I can have a word with you?" Her tone promised consequences if he minded.

"Sure. I'll be in in a few."

"Good. It shouldn't take long, but after this morning I wanted to *OH MY HOLY FREAKING GOD.*"

Heather and Conner looked up at her in unison. In fact, they were both so alarmed by her outburst and that wide-eyed look on her face that they leapt to their feet. "What is it? Is it a spider on me? Conner, get it off!" Heather slapped at her chest, where the junior editor-in-chief was staring wide-eyed.

It was not a spider. It was a set of huge, mouth-watering, drool-inspiring titties.

Heather Blake had been a legend for her boobs as far back as middle school. When other girls were gradually ascending the cup sizes, she'd promptly found her way into letters many of them didn't think existed. Conner had reflected that Hailey – the real Hailey, that is – had ones nearly as big, as she'd pointed out in desperation one day. Some other big girls, too, she'd told him, trying to make a case for Heather not being the premier set of tits at Northside. It was futile. Slapping those huge suckers on a frame as short and slight as Heather's made them something beyond impressive.

Conner had seen plenty of tits in recent months, so he had a broad frame of reference for their merits and demerits. With all that was filling them, was the skin encasing Heather's tits as smooth and perfect as Danielle Belle's or MacKenzie Wolfe's? Was their impressive mass as perky as girls like Lauren Tommassini or Stacy Culpepper? As hemispherically round as girls like Ashley LeBeau or Kirsten Vaughan? As gravity-defying as an Abby Couch or Tracey Dunham? Her nipples as tight and suckable and pink as Maggie Bray or Olivia Snyder?

Yes. Yes they were. As of a few moments earlier, when Kristy had hit the save button in TIOS, yes. Everything Jordan had done was still done, adjusted to the new perfect shape of Heather's Titties 2.0. They looked so perfect that it wouldn't have surprised him to see pixels when he got in close, betraying their falsehood.

Her worries about spiders fell on deaf ears. Conner slid her suspenders off her shoulders and sucked one of those things into his mouth. There was nothing else he could do. Not a pixel in sight.

Even her reaction to having her nipple sucked on was new and distinct. Improved. She gasped in surprise, but there was no rebuke for slurping on her tits in the

classroom, even if the only ones around were others who'd sucked them alongside her boyfriend in the past. Heather's gasp was pure delight, and then there were two hands holding his mouth in place.

"What did you do, Conner?" Amanda demanded, staring. There was no helping it. Already Conner felt bad that likely no one but the two of them, and maybe Kristy, would ever notice the upgrade. Would Jordan? Conner hoped not. That would help even things out a bit, maybe.

Conner didn't answer. He couldn't answer. There was one of Heather's tits in his mouth, and he never wanted to do anything to risk it leaving.

"Oh my god, Conner... You're... oh *shit*..." Heather whispered. "Don't stop. Don't... oh god, please... please don't... please keep... oh *god*..." Even without activating her vocal cords, her voice had shot up octaves, plaintive and girlish.

"We need the office for a few," Conner announced decisively, grudgingly forming words instead of tracing the alphabet with his tongue on the tiny pink pebbles that were Heather's new nipples. He'd seen that advice in movies, although for oral sex, but it seemed like it had been working. Amanda said... something? Conner dragged Heather into the editor's office with two handfuls of booty, then plopped her down on his lap on his and Amanda's couch and sucked. And sucked.

And sucked.

And *sucked*.

Heather came. Came, flooding her panties and right through the leg of Conner's pants. Time wasn't anything he was processing, but he still knew it hadn't been long, nowhere near enough to eke out an orgasm with tit play alone. If he even could. Heather's nipples had always been sensitive, thank god for excuses to do what he wanted to do anyway, but coming? *That* hard? *That fast*? From *tit play*?

He switched nipples, moved his hand to the newly released moistened tit. Heather's body trembled like he was shooting electricity into it through his tongue. Her noises weren't coherent. They were some guttural, prelingual thing her ancestors had lost ten million years in the past. She came again. Was she trying to talk? Some babbled apology for coming so intensely, so fucking wet, that only made his tongue work faster.

A neck cramp formed. His tongue and jaw *ought* to be cramped, Conner knew, but they were being directly rewarded with Heather titties and soldiered on merrily. His neck finally convinced him he should rest. How long had it even been? Hours, it felt like. The classroom was dark. One neck cramp long, that's how long they'd been at it.

The pause was just long enough for Heather to form words. She'd forgotten how, literally coming so hard it had rendered her subverbal. "C-can you... would you mind, um—"

"Lay down," Conner said. He knew what she wanted. He wanted the same thing.

She was on her back, fondling her tits frantically when he returned from a six-second field trip to retrieve Amanda's lotion from her desk. "Oh," she said as he squirted a huge blob across her chest. "I was gonna use my mouth, to—"

"Do you want it in your mouth or do you want it between your titties?"

"Titties." Her reply was instant, unthinking, as certain as she'd ever been about anything else in her life. "For sure titties. Fuck my titties. God, that sounds so slutty to say, but... please. Please, Conner, you have to *OH FUUUUUUUUUUCK*," she groaned, eyes squeezing shut.

Conner squeezed clumsily as Heather rubbed in the lotion. Or, no, she was just playing with her tits, and lotion was spread as a consequence. She whimpered when he got too rough, but she also whimpered if he got too gentle. In the end he just did whatever he felt like doing. She came, he thought. It was hard to tell; the sounds and faces she usually made during climax were coming so close together it was hard to believe it was that. Conner came, too. After the heady experience of second period, he was primed, and the splash into Heather's neck and chink was thick and copious.

"Do you have to stop? Please don't— Here, let me—" Heather lunged down and sucked the end of his cock into her lips, jerking him off with her tits as she sucked. If she minded the taste of Amanda's lotion, if or the cum all over her, or the manic need to suck her boyfriend off so he would never ever stop fucking her titties, she didn't so much as frown, much less hesitate.

Conner never softened. She didn't give him the chance.

"Oh thank you, thank you thank you, you wonderful man you, mmm, can you, mmm, can you call them titties again? That was, mmm god, that was so hot. You... you never... never call them..."

"Shut up and let me tittyfuck your big, perfect titties, tittyslut," Conner snapped. He wasn't sure what had come over him. No less mind-blowing than the feeling he'd had coming over Heather's titties, for damn sure.

"Fuck my titties, fuck my titties, don't stop fucking my big titties, oh god, fuck my titties titties tittyfuck my big fucking fuckable titties!" she whined. Or moaned. Howled? Conner would process later. For now, he complied. Jordan's imposition of a tattoo depicting a cock spurting between those monstrous mammaries had never been more apt.

"H-hold on, let me..." Heather managed to sit up, somehow. Conner must be getting tired, because he sure didn't want to slow for an instant. Then the buxom blonde grabbed his cock and planted it back where they both wanted it. Where it *belonged*, somehow.

She didn't need her hands. Somehow, her tits now hung *together*, a natural tunnel beneath those round rolls that fit him perfectly. By instinct, she rocked her body

up and down, gravity and Kristy's edits doing all the work for them. Heather's new and improved tits were literally made to get fucked.

"Why..." That was as far as Heather made it on her first try. "Why don't—" and the even more robust "Why don't we... every..." were her second and third, and by then, there was no more need to finish it. They knew what she was trying to say, and they knew that talking was less pleasurable than fucking her big juicy titties. So that's what they did.

Conner came on them yet again, this time with Heather pumping his shaft with one arm and propping up her tits as cum targets with the other. Heather rubbed his spunk into her soft, wet skin, cooing insensibly at the final waves of delirious joy such rubbing inspired.

Then he shoved his cock back in her mouth, helped her rub her tits, and when he was ready, resumed fucking. Only twice? Not nearly enough. Not ever, ever, ever enough.

By the time they let themselves leave the editor's office, Amanda was gone. Kristy was sitting calmly at her desk grading papers, not twenty feet from their titfuckathon, and nodded curtly to the blonde as she breathlessly kissed Conner goodnight and promised to text later.

After watching her go, he glanced at the clock.

Fourteen minutes. Class had been out for fourteen goddamn minutes.

He slumped down to the floor, staring up at the ceiling, exhausted but delighted. "What in the hell did you *do*, woman?" he asked dazedly.

Kristy glanced over the edge of her desk, her self-satisfaction obvious. "Whatever do you mean?"

"They were... those things, they... I mean, we, she, or I mean, they were..."

"Perfect? Yeah." She shrugged. "If you're into that kind of thing. Which, obviously, you are. So I did good?"

"You said it yourself. You did perfect. I mean, the way she reacted. How did you ever...?"

"I googled big perfect tits. Then I steered the browser around Northside's porn filters, a trick I actually learned from Jordan I'm sorry to say, and used the results to... yeah. I thought they'd make you happy."

"They did. Oh god, so happy. And good god, you should've seen Heather! She was *losing* it. Did you sneak in some kind of titfuck fetish quote somehow when I wasn't looking?"

She smirked. "It sounded like she... yeah. So it worked?"

Conner folded his arms behind his head, used the leverage to gaze up at her. "It worked, but what is 'it?'"

"I, um, wasn't sure it'd... Oh, whatever." Kristy snickered. "They're her clit."

Conner blinked. “Uh, what?”

“What what? I told you. They’re clit tits.”

“I understood the individual words, but... not together, not in that context. What the heck are ‘clit tits?’”

“Her folder had a bunch of shots of her, and the way she dresses, it wasn’t too hard to find a nice explicit shot of her pussy – which, by the way, would not kill her to groom a little. Blonde muff is not the same as cute muff. Anyway, I thought... what would happen if I...”

“If you what? You... Are you saying what I think you’re saying?”

“It took some work. Just because clits and tits are round doesn’t mean they look similar, no matter how you zoom or spin. Had to cut out the labia – there’s a phrase I hate hearing myself say – and then blur out the texture, merge their color with her broader skin tone, add a second clit for each nipple, snip snip blur blur, and voila. Two perfectly identical clit tits, complete with clit nipples. Clipples?”

“You *what?! Do you even know what could have happened? What if they were clit-sensitive! I don’t know if you’re aware, but the female clitoris is insanely sensitive!*”

“You don’t say.”

“I was–”

“I know.” Kristy let herself smile. “I figured, worst case scenario, she goes through life with clit tits and can’t ever wear a shirt again. She gets a B+ on her report card, loses her scholarship and from there I’d just be doing the guidance office’s job for them, steering her where she belongs.”

“Kristy...”

She let her smile grow. “I’m teasing. Come on, you haven’t noticed that TIOS has a way of interpreting your work the way you’d want it interpreted? Of course clit tits worked.”

“What? No! It put my stepsister back in high school! It body-swapped the Haileys! It... It...”

“It... did a bunch of stuff you liked? Come on, Conner. Do we really need to go over this? Let’s start with your examples. It turned a girl crushing on you, one you weren’t attracted to, into one you very much were. The ‘victim’ on the other end of the swap is a young woman who called Mrs. Byron a ‘fat cunt’ to her face and got off with a Saturday class. Boohoo for her.”

“Ugh, she did?”

“She’s done worse, too. Or take Angelica. Your sister is back in high school, where she’s getting closer to her brother and getting to spend big chunks of her day with her boyfriend. Take your own case. TIOS helped you land the girl of your dreams. It even helped you realize that dream girl is me, not Heather.”

Conner laughed in spite of his best efforts. “It made you obsessed with my happiness. I’m sure that’s not how you wanted your year to go.”

Tired of talking down to him on the floor, Kristy offered her hands and helped haul her favorite student back to his feet. “Of course not. People want lots of things that have nothing to do with being happy. You bring up a fine example, though. Conner, I believe you when you say you put that quote about your happiness being my most important thing as a keepsake of a sweet moment and nothing more. I do. I even believe that if you could have chosen to have things go the way they did, or a less headline-worthy interpretation where I just tried super hard to be an awesome teacher for you, you would have chosen the latter.”

“I would have.”

“I said I believed you.” Kristy patted her desk, and Conner grudgingly sat down. “Still, TIOS decided you’d get more of a kick out of it if your pretty, hopefully not too creepily aged yearbook teacher got off on getting you off. I might be biased where you’re concerned, but I don’t think I’m necessarily inaccurate, am I? Look at your life now compared to your life this time a year ago. You have three girlfriends, Conner. Hot ones, thanks twice over to yours truly. You have a closer relationship with your sister. You have a best friend who will be grateful to you until the day you die. You have mixed feelings about being sex ed king for a week – and you should – but those young women are still better off chasing you than spending another week as Jordan’s whores. You have worked literal *miracles* for some of your classmates, Conner.”

“So that makes it OK? I can have my fun with all these girls because I also did something nice?”

“Having your fun with girls can be nice, too! Jesus, no wonder Amanda wants you to be more Jordany!” She caught herself too late and winced. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to say that, and it wasn’t fair.”

“Thanks to TIOS, I spent my morning watching girls I’ve known for years take turns begging for a chance to sleep with me, and my afternoon letting you use it to turn Heather into a clit-titted freak for my amusement. You don’t need to apologize to me.”

“From the sounds you two were making, I don’t need to apologize to the so-called freak. I won’t hold my breath for a thank you card, though.” Kristy took his hand. “Honestly, I figured it’d help get rid of that sexist shit Jordan put on her chest, too, but as soon as I hit save it all jumped back where it was. Sorry. I tried.”

Conner narrowed his eyes. “Did you try to replace them with mean tattoos of your own devising?”

“Noooo,” Kristy said guiltily. “Well whatever. It was nicer than what was there. ‘Public access?’ Crude.”

Conner thought back on the incident and squeezed the hand holding his. “They are... pretty insane. If we ever get too obvious and you get fired, you’ve got a calling in digital boobage.”

“I’ve got a calling in regular boobage, thanks.” Her smile crept back into place. “I guess no point in asking if you want to walk an old lady home after all that, huh?”

“Yeesh, sorry. I mean I would, but—”

Kristy waved it off. “Eh, no worries, stud. You’ve got yourself a busy week lined up playing the king cock nighthawk to impress your other girlfriend. I can wait my turn. Hey, speaking of, you better call her. I convinced her to leave you to your fun, but she did not look happy when she stormed out. And ‘storm’ is probably putting it mildly.”

Conner sighed. This still didn’t feel right. *Be more like Jordan*, she’d said. He was sure doing his best, and so far she’d given him nothing but dirty looks for trying. Conner was really trying to enjoy it, like he’d *thought* she’d want him to. Thanks to Kristy, he’d even succeeded somewhat. Conner gave his teacher a lengthy goodnight kiss, then headed for his car. Owen and Angelica were waiting for him, the former annoyed and the latter livid over his delay.

“Sorry. Heather and I, um... We had to talk about something.”

Angelica fastened her seatbelt and irritably jerked Owen’s out of the way so she could get at his zipper. “Talk my ass. If you need a few minutes to have a quickie with your girlfriend, just say so. You’re not the only one with needs, you know.”

“Was it a good ‘talk?’” Owen asked. Conner adjusted the rear view mirror as he so often did to avoid seeing his stepsister jack off and suck off his friend. He did it so often any more that it was another driving habit, but he couldn’t make sure he could safely see the road behind him yet also miss Owen’s shit-eating grin.

“The best. I’ll tell you later.”

Angelica bent over and greedily inhaled Owen’s shaft. The line of cars waiting to leave the lot was gone on account of his delay, but there were still plenty of people in the lot. Owen draped his jacket over Angelica’s back to conceal her – to be gentlemanly – and the two waved at a trio of girls from sex ed. Theirs was the coolest ride in town: Owen, the guy who could have his pick of any girl at Northside, and Conner, the man every gorgeous babe in their class had fallen head over heels for thanks to *“I must be the only girl in this class who’s not head over heels infatuated with [Conner Fishers] this week!”* – Angelica Buck. The week had expired, but *“Some part of us is always that girl we were when we were young. That love never really goes away.”* – Shannon Buck had succeeded in reviving it.

Only when they got home, where Angelica and Owen immediately sneaked off to scratch her indefatigable itch, did Conner pick up his phone to contact Amanda.

Can we meet up? Or can I at least call you?

*Why, you have some ideas about turning me into a sex monster like you did Heather?
You like my legs, right
Maybe stretch me 10 ft. tall so you can eat my ass standing up
Fuck off*

Please? Come on, you're the one who said to be more like him.

I'm only trying to do what you asked.

Obviously I'm not doing a great job so would you please just TALK to me?

*Enter a quote in TIOS where I told you I was looking for our four-way relationship,
which I thought was generous on my part, to expand into a thirty-way or it didn't
happen*

Conner hurriedly brought up Amanda's quotes he'd recently entered into TIOS with the others. *Brian Moore-Like.tios* wasn't his most clever bit of file masking, but it wasn't like he could be engaging in so many shenanigans without her noticing anyway.

You want quotes? All right...

"Do us all a favor, be a freaking dude for once in your life and be a little more Jordan for us!" - you

Or how about "But it's not actually hurting them. Us." - also you

So which is it? Are you hurt by it, or is it not actually hurting anyone?

*brb sorry the football team is here to run a train on me
but I'll see you in class tomorrow I guess
if I can walk after I'm done fucking the whole universe
Oh, and if you ever quote me again in TIOS without my permission I will "I'm only trying to do what you asked" - Conner you into being my bitch for the rest of fucking eternity*

Conner flopped down on his bed. His phone buzzed after a few minutes and he hastily swiped it open, praying Amanda was ready to be reasonable.

I know I sort of acted like it weirded me out when you grabbed my “titties” (SO. HOT) at the start of class this afternoon, but I wanted to make sure you know I hope you keep doing it.

It was so, so hot. I am LOVING Conner Ten-and-Ten.

What we did in the office today was the greatest pleasure I have ever felt, and I can't wait for you to do it again.

*I'm free tonight, actually, if you want to come over.
(lol too eager? but srsly)*

His fist clenched down around his phone. Heather... she'd never asked him to be someone he wasn't. Kristy, either. He could just... Just...

No. Alone in his room, with his thoughts, he shook his head. No. Amanda wasn't just some cute redhead who shared his passion for embracing nostalgia as an ethos. She was *Amanda*. Whatever this issue was, he would figure it out and make things right with her, not run away and drown his frustrations in—

“Conner, sweetie, there's someone here to see you!” called his mom from the downstairs landing.

There was? “Who is it?” he called back.

A minute later his bedroom door opened. Standing there – no, make that *entering* there – was Lauren Tommassini, Joanna Pedretti, and Yuri Andersen. They let themselves in and closed the door behind them.

Conner hastily sat up in bed, but Lauren plopped down beside him and laid him prone with the pressure of a fingertip. “Hi, Conner. Your mom said we should just come up to talk.”

“She did? I'm, um, not supposed to have girls in my room. Not with the door closed.” Oh fuck, did he really just say that aloud?

Yuri sat by his feet, unperturbed. “She probably didn't think her baby boy was apt to seduce three girls at the same time.” As she spoke, she worked on removing his socks.

“Three...! Whoa, hey, I, um...”

Joanna squeezed in beside Lauren, stroking his hair softly. “We were thinking about today's lesson, and had some ideas about how to do better. Would that be OK? Will you give us a little extra tutoring, Mr. Fishers?”

“Actually I—”

Lauren Tommassini removed her shirt in one swift, fluid motion. No bra. Two cute little tits with cute little nipples that had been driving him nuts jutting out into her shirts since they'd sprouted. She then crawled across his prone body, curled up beside him in his bed with one leg over his, and put her lips at his ear.

“Please fuck us, Conner.”

In the meantime, Yuri was removing her own top as well, dark nipples tantalizingly hard. She interposed herself between Conner and Joanna and put her mouth at his other ear. "Please fuck us, Conner." She hooked one slender thigh over Joanna's pinning him in place.

Joanna had already removed her shirt, her so-called "budget Blake" tits bouncing in the cool air of his bedroom. She settled down straddling his lap, the heat of her pussy palpable in that skirt. In the absence of an ear, she signed for him. *Please love us Conner.*

She giggled. "Sorry, I don't know how to sign..." Glancing anxious at the door, her hand hastily spelled *f-u-c-k*. "But I'll learn, I promise."

"I... I shouldn't..."

"Please fuck us, Conner."

"Fuck us, Conner. Please?"

Please. Doggy style?

"You don't have to do anything. Just let us be good to you, OK?"

"So good. So good. I want you so bad, Conner. Just... don't say no."

Please, please, please. Very wet. Very love you.

"That's it, play with my tits. Mmm."

"Play with all of our tits, Conner."

Big s-i-s-s-i-e-t. Play. Very fun. "Oh shit, you guys, I think I misspelled titties. You knew what I meant though, I bet."

"Teach us, Conner."

"Seduce us, Conner."

T-i-t-s, Conner.

"Fuck us, Conner."

"Fuck us, Conner?"

"Please fuck us, Conner." *Please please please.*

A couple hours later, after the spontaneous +3 joined the Fishers/Bucks for the most awkward family dinner of his life, Conner managed to text Heather that he'd get to her tomorrow.

The rest of the night was given to drafting an apology for Amanda, though he never did press send.