

The Grand Prize

A TIOS Tale

Part Seven: Disney Love

“Don’t you dare fucking touch me, Jordan,” Amanda warned, fist cocked.

“What? You didn’t mind so much all those other times,” the jerk responded, hands splayed innocently in the yearbook computer lab. If she’d known he was still back here, she would have waited until he left. Class was over, which meant the school day was over, which meant the week was over. If only the same were true for that hell of second period. “Shit, if I remember right, you were begging for it.”

“Because your so-called lesson was in begging for it,” she snapped, teeth gritted. She should *not* be talking about such things here, she knew that, but that wasn’t real. She could do it.

“And you passed with flying colors, babe. You know, I can never decide if it’s more fun for the slutbags like Sydney who get off on it, or the dry cunts like you who really hate it. Shit, maybe I like ‘em all,” he laughed.

“Get the fuck out of the lab right now, Jordan. I mean it. You might be able to bully me around in your stupid class, but here, I will rule your punk-ass universe if you toe the line with me.”

“Mandykins, why all the hostility? I haven’t done you wrong. I only reached out because... you dropped this.” He opened his palm, wherein she saw her keys. It was only the keys to Miss C’s room, but that was all the keys she had. Looking for where she’d misplaced them was why she’d come through the curtain into the computer lab to begin with.

“Dropped my ass. You taking my things? Shall we see what Miss C thinks about you stealing a set of keys to her classroom?”

“Stealing? Yeesh, see if I ever help you find something you lost again. First your virginity, now your keys.”

“Yeah, haha, except I wasn’t a virgin our first time, and your whole stupid joke doesn’t even make sense. You gonna help me find my virginity? Was that what you meant?”

Jordan frowned. “God, you can be such a bitch sometimes. Now come on, walk with me. We got shit to talk about.”

Amanda scoffed. “You’re kidding me, right? I don’t have much of a choice second period, but I’ll be damned if I’m going to spend another minute more than I have to in your skeezy, piggish, limpdick presence than I have to.”

“Well whose insults are missing the mark now, Mandy? You know better than anybody that this shit ain’t limp for you.” He stood. Somehow, even if being a big closer to her was repulsive, it felt better seeing him off the couch. That was a special place. A her and Conner place. He had no right to it.

“Whatever. I’m gone, Jordan. See you for more of your demented fuck-fest Monday.” She turned to leave, but suddenly his hand was in her back pocket, grabbing her. She turned back, knocking him right back down to the couch with both hands.

“Whoa, baby, easy! Damn, you’re even more keyed up than normal. I only wanted to tell you about a little opportunity for you and only you for class.”

“I’m not interested. No, that’s not quite it. I’m actively disinterested. Whatever it is, the answer is – as always – no, never, screw you, and goodbye.”

She was almost through the curtain when he stopped her in her tracks. “It’s a whole week without me in your hair.”

Out in the classroom, Miss C was wiping down the whiteboard. Through the blinds, she could see Conner still chugging away at his search for her little quote from earlier in the week. Poor guy. All she had to do was look over his shoulder to see which spreads he’d already checked and relocate the quote. Sweet as could be, but he clearly hadn’t considered the possibility Jordan might do that, no more than he’d considered that Jordan was, for once, innocent.

She turned. “A week. You mean a whole week without second period?”

He nodded. “We’d see each other in yearbook and in the halls, but that’s it.”

She glanced back at Conner. He was utterly engrossed. “Fine. Wait thirty seconds, then meet me in the hall.” Just in case her guy looked up.

Jordan waited most of twenty, which was good enough. The two of them strode down the thinning corridors of NHS. Amanda loved how quiet the school got when it was empty. Those rare weekends where she had enough work to do to come into the lab, the whole building solemnly silent. Those were her favorite times in this building. It was a reminder that Northside itself was a character in their story.

“First, can I just say, your ass looks amazing in those pants,” he began.

Amanda thrust her elbow into his ribs, though he mostly dodged it. “Try again.”

“Fine, fine. This isn’t a very good convo for public space. Let’s get in my ride, talk there. Cool?”

“I dunno, my parents taught me to never get in cars with serial rapists.”

“First off, not rape, they all consented, so don’t be a cunt, and second off, what the fuck parents?”

“I was being funny. You wouldn’t understand.”

“Bitch, I’m hilarious.”

“Looks aren’t everything.”

“Wow, so it’s grade school rules, huh.”

They left it at that as the two made their way to the parking lot. Up ahead, she could see his flashy pearlescent SUV, gleaming as ever. It really was a nice ride, too nice for a prick like Jordan Lyons. She climbed in the passenger's seat and was about to ask if she needed a seatbelt or if they could resolve whatever this was here and now when a voice from the back seat nearly made her leap out of her skin.

"Um, hi," said Hailey McManus's gratingly smooth voice. "I'm sorry, I didn't know if I should say something or not, but I thought it'd be worse if I didn't and you looked back and saw me and thought I was like a murderer or something."

Amanda pressed a hand to her chest, taking a breath as Jordan hopped into the driver's seat. "Hi, Hailey." She looked back with an awkward smile. It always felt strange seeing Hailey or Hayleigh. She knew her eyes were playing games with her. If she studied the girl, she could see through the smokescreen of TIOS weirdness that told her that Hailey's hair was too straight, her teeth too white. Her breasts were offensively perky, like they had something to prove and couldn't wait for an appropriate time. The lack of blemishes in her skin was unnatural, jarring, as were the two obnoxiously sexy legs flowing out of her simple dress.

Amanda focused. The girl was beautiful. Hauntingly so. The redhead spent five hours a week surrounded by gorgeous naked women, yet Hailey still would stand out even in that company. Few did. She could see why Conner gave in, had indulged himself. That Hailey had had him all to herself for a whole semester... dammit, there was that jealousy again. The last thing she needed was to start getting horny in front of Conner's ex-girlfriend and their mutual nemesis. Her concentration slipped, and there was Homely Hailey again.

"I thought I told you I was gonna pick you up later, Hailey," said Jordan with an uncomfortable glare into the back seat.

"You did, but I didn't know you were gonna have one of your students with you. I thought I would surprise you. You remember that time I... that we..." Hailey glanced at Amanda. "I'm sorry. This was stupid. I'll go. I can walk home. God knows I need the exercise."

Jordan almost let her, but as the back door swung open, he gritted his teeth and relented. "Stay. We'll drop you off at your place and you can change into something halfway presentable for me, all right?"

The car made its way out of the school lot. Meanwhile, Amanda drummed her fingers on the dash. "So, you had something to talk to me about?"

"Stuff it. Like I said, this is alone talk, teacher/student shit. Let me drop her off, OK? Relax. You two got so much in common."

Amanda didn't have a retort for that, since their commonality was that they'd both had sex with exactly two men, and their two men were the same. Very different circumstances, but she wasn't looking to have a nuanced discussion of sex life choices.

“I really like your hair,” Hailey said after a couple blocks. “Is that your real color? It’s so red, it looks like it’d have to be dyed, but it looks so right on you.”

“No, it’s real. Thank you. I like yours too.”

Hailey scrunched her nose. “I don’t. But J– That is, one of my friends says I shouldn’t always be so down on myself over my appearance. I think they’re just being nice, though.”

“Maybe. Then again, sometimes people are opportunistic assholes who just want something from you, so they’ll say anything to get it,” Amanda answered, looking at Jordan pointedly out of the corner of her eye.

Hailey let it slide, as if Amanda had referred to some theoretical nobody instead of the person in the driver’s seat. “So how do you like Northside?”

It had been months since Amanda had needed to field that one. “I really like it, actually,” she answered simply. That she did. Nothing like working on yearbook to get a firsthand look at all the personality and nuance and wonder in a school. Northside was full of it all. Best move of her life, coming here from wherever she’d been before.

“How’s it compare to your old school? I’ve only ever gone to our school system. Is it weird? My cousin goes to one of those schools where they do forty-five days on and fifteen off, but they do it all year, which sounds so weird but she says she likes it. You know, it makes you wonder how the brain is really hard-wired, like if you could live a hundred different lifetimes, or I dunno, clone yourself and subject them all to the same materials but in different presentations and time frames, what would work best, ya know?”

Amanda meant to offer a monosyllabic reply, but the girl was off to the races. Fine by her. The speculative babble was safe, kept her from thinking so intently about how many times Conner had fucked the girl. How many ways. A girl like that would let a boy do *anything* to her. Hell, she’d probably begged him to. Her eyes gradually closed, Amanda’s imagination ran amok. Perversely, she inserted Hayleigh McKnight’s body in place of Hailey’s, but only so the thought didn’t reflexively trigger some mild and admittedly catty ill ease. Hayleigh’s broad, well-padded hips were a lot easier on her mind’s eye than Hailey’s scrawny, fatless waist.

It wasn’t fair. All these other girls, they’d had years for a chance at that boy. Sure, most of them hadn’t wanted one until this week, and only because she’d made them, but not all of them. Heather, Miss C, Hailey... they’d all ignored him until Amanda showed up and suddenly, he was awash in the admiration of beautiful women.

She wished all these other girls didn’t have such huge advantages over her. Miss C had her own house, a place they could be as loud and wild as they wanted. She was the anti-Jordan, a teacher who generously gave in to her student’s urges rather than forcefully imposing himself. She was a Real Adult, and Amanda knew full well Conner

looked to her for advice, went to her when he was down. Heck, so did Amanda, they simply didn't exchange oral sex after.

Or take Heather. Yes, yes, the boobs, the fucking boobs, but Amanda wasn't exactly flat. Still, Heather wasn't an NHS legend merely for her cup size. There were girls bigger than her. It was that those other girls didn't also have the the blonde-haired blue-eyed faces of angels. Wasn't hard to see why Conner had fallen for her. Beauty aside – and that was no small aside – she was ambitious, intelligent, and kind. It took a special sort to be able to befriend the likes of Hayleigh and Olivia while also popping by a party with Jacqui and Owen.

And Hailey? Not exactly Amanda's type even if she swung that way, but she was any guy's. Gorgeous to the point of being intimidating, at least when you filtered her through Conner's eyes. Shy, sweet, affectionate, full of holes poked by a decade of bullying for all her self-esteem to drain right out of her. There was no telling how or if a person's public persona translated into their private bedroom persona, but even from what little Amanda knew of her, it was hard to imagine Hailey being anything but desperate to please.

These thoughts were nothing new. A lot of it she'd been aware of even before she'd made a move on Conner. (Finding out about Miss C had definitely been a shocker, she granted.) Still, Amanda had choked it down, swallowed, and resolved to power through. It wasn't easy, sharing your boyfriend three ways and trying not to blow up at the other two, but she was managing.

Then that boy had gone and turned all that jealousy into a kink, and she'd hardly been able to function since. So why not take it to the next level and try to enjoy it? At the time she'd entered Angelica's quote into TIOS, some small part of her had even dared to think that with all the pussy in the world being tossed in his lap, he might choose hers out of the pile. Which he sort of had. Poor guy, stressing his brains out fighting to keep his lovers to their pre-existing number. It was valiant, after a fashion. Sweet enough she'd used his slip of the tongue about the so-called elites to at least let him take in a few thrills. If she happened to get off on the thought of him being with other women now, at least she wasn't being entirely selfish.

Hopefully he wouldn't be too grumpy when she told him about her little prank. That boy had hangups for days about the weirdest things, sometimes. If he was tormented by guilt over sleeping with Mary or whoever, that was a nice little bonus for her. Conner was cute when he squirmed.

Before she knew it, they were at Hailey's. The girl cut herself off mid-sentence and unceremoniously hopped out of the car, scampering off into the house. Jordan leered after her. Why, once he'd seen through the phantasm, he saw the real (unreal? surreal?) Hailey and she still saw what everyone else saw, she couldn't guess. Maybe he just wanted it more.

“So do I ever get to find out what this is about, or do you have other errands for me to ride along on?”

The car didn't move. Apparently she would be coming back. “Fine, fine. For starters, why don't you tell me why you did this stupid crush bullshit for Fishers?”

Amanda started. “I don't know what you mean.”

He rolled his eyes. “Right, because it's totally normal for my bitches to tear each other apart over some dickless nobody.”

“He happens to have a hell of a dick,” she said coolly. “And girls fight over boys. It happens.”

“Right. Which explains why, when I booted you this morning, the whole class came their bimbo brains out when we did morning warm-ups with that doucher's picture projected on the screen. Never seen anything like it. You'd've thought they were all being blasted with a Hitachi, the way they carried on. I took it down, and no lie, Ashley started to fucking cry.”

“All right, so maybe something's up. Doesn't mean it was me.”

“Of course it means it was you. I'm not an idiot. Only three people who could have done it. Obviously I didn't, and if that moron did it for himself he'd have fucked more than Mary and Olivia by now.”

“Conner did not have sex with Olivia.”

“Not what I hear. Either way, that leaves you. You got some she-cuck fantasy or something? What the hell gives?”

“OK, fine. You're Sherlock freaking Holmes, Jordan.”

“I think of myself as more of an Archer.”

“Either way, it's not your business. We stay out of your hair even with every awful thing you've done, so do yourself a favor and stay out of ours.”

“Hey. I'm asking nicely. You wanna wait until class Monday and have me ask you hard, paddle it out of you until you can't sit down for a week, we can go that route. I'd rather be civilized about it, have a conversation.”

Amanda fumed. He was right, obviously. Individual commands – like this morning, when he'd told her to pull her shorts as far up her crack as they'd go and parade herself heel-toe through the halls – she could handle. She hadn't gone more than a few hundred feet before she'd fixed her clothes, and then walked normal. Mostly normal. Even sat down for a few minutes. Still, if he really dug in, TIOS did not like her editing on the fly.

“Fine. I get jealous sometimes, OK? And Conner made it a thing, a TIOS thing, and so I thought I'd have a little fun teasing him about it, giving myself something to be jealous over. That's it. Mystery solved. So I get a week off now?”

“But how? How’d you do it? Took me months to get you all where I got you. At the beginning, I caught shit for looking too hard at you bitches. Wasn’t until halfway through third quarter before I even got my dick wet.”

His phone buzzed. Amanda read the text along with him, one from Hailey. *Do you want me to wear the black leather one that makes my fat slutty titties look bigger and more fuckable, or the pink one that wraps your fuck toy up like a present so you can unwrap her and fuck her like she was a cunt Christmas morning?*

Jesus. Her pussy throbbed in spite of itself, eyes retreating before she had to see the pics that followed. *That* was what Conner had been getting from the hottest girl in school. (There was debate over the Kirsten v. Hayleigh issue, but Amanda fell firmly in the latter camp. There was such a thing as too generically perfect.)

Jordan responded and returned his attention to her. “So you were explaining the how of it to me.”

“Who cares? Something his sister said the other day. We were recapping our prom nights, and she said something about how everybody in class was in love with Conner because Heather and I had danced with him. Nothing sneaky. I thought it’d be fun. What’s the point in having a magical yearbook if you don’t do some magic once in a while, right?”

“Hermione fucking Granger here, eh.”

“Big Harry Potter fan, are you? I didn’t know you could read.”

“Emma Watson was the first chick I ever beat off to. Before she turned into a giant cunt.”

“How do you still find new ways to TMI at me?”

“Whatever. Look. I don’t know how TIOS let you get away with that, what its bullshit rules are, if the dumbass thing even has any. But you want your week out of class... you gotta do it again.”

“Do what? Make the class fall in love with Conner even harder? Why?” Her eyes narrowed. “Wait, you want me to make them fall in love with *you*? Was fucking them at your convenience not enough, you need those poor deluded women to actually bat their eyelashes and—”

“No, you hateful firecrotch cunt,” he snapped with anger that was more intense than his usual disdain. “*Her*.”

She let her disgust show. “I’m sorry, you want me to make your secret girlfriend fall in love with you? She seems pretty infatuated already, man. God knows why.”

“Like you don’t love my cock. But I mean it. That shit you did for Conner? That’s the hottest goddamn thing I’ve ever seen, the way those bimbos fall all over themselves, twats drooling puddles on the floor. My Hailey, she has shit self-esteem, still starstruck by me, but that won’t last forever. She won’t even change her college plans for me, the fucking brat. I need her all in.”

“Have you considered, I dunno, being *nice* to her? Maybe not fucking dozens of other women every week? Heck, I don’t want to go crazy or anything, but maybe you could even show her some kindness and respect?”

“Feh, Hailey gets off on being treated like shit.” He grinned, but it faded fast. “I’ve tried to do it myself, reel her in. Fuck knows she gives me enough choice wordage. It won’t take though, same error as when I tried to quote myself. I have no goddamn clue why, but it won’t. You, though... you got it to work for your boy toy. Make it work for me. Do that, and I’ll give you the rest of the year off.”

“The year’s almost over. Also, you are one evil fuck, you know that?”

“Look, call me names or whatever, but I love her. OK? Maybe it’s not your Disney version, happily ever after under a shooting star or whatever, but I do. She loves me too. So you can get off your high horse, do me a solid and take second period for the rest of the year to sort your sock drawer or whatever dork shit gets you off. Or I can fuck you in the ass three times a day five times a week from here to graduation. Your choice.”

“Who knew you were so sentimental,” she said dryly. “The answer’s no. I’m not making some innocent girl your love slave just to get out of some homework. If you were going to try to bully me, you should’ve tried a more realistic threat. You don’t even like anal, and I know you don’t have the resolve to ignore the rest of your harem week on end.”

“What if I said please?”

“I’m pretty sure your hair would burst into flames.”

“Fine. God, you can be such a dickhole sometimes. Get out of my car. I’ll figure it out myself.”

For once, Amanda obeyed him without hesitation. She turned and asked into the open door, “Where even are we?”

“You’ll figure it out. Fuck you Monday, bitch.”

“Oh, you’ll let me practice for Conner, too?” she gushed with heavy sarcasm, parroting her peers from the other day. It had annoyed him then; it annoyed him now.

Hailey exited her house as Amanda was consulting her GPS for a route back to school. She was wearing a heavy duty rubber band around her chest, like one of the ones she’d seen people working out with in the school gym. It was bright pink. Two more were around her hips, a thin gap in between that she almost certainly hadn’t intended to reveal her bare shaven pussy.

“Um, hi,” she said awkwardly, hurrying toward the car.

“Yeah. Hi.”

“Hey, tell Conner I said hi, OK? If you see him.” Hailey hopped into the passenger seat. Jordan hit the gas, the door slamming shut from acceleration alone.

She would tell Conner. One hand found its way to her breast and teased softly at a suddenly swollen nipple. She would so tell Conner.

“You look tired, hon.” Kristy Coszic-Lewandoski smoothed back her star pupil’s hair. It was silent in the computer lab, quiet and cozy on their little sofa. Kids cleared out fast on Fridays, and this late in the year most extracurriculars were done. Calling him “tired” was putting it mildly, really. That face in her lap gazing up at her looking positively haggard. Poor dear.

“It’s been a heck of a week.” His eyes slipped shut. Was he going to fall asleep? She was supposed to head out to drinks with some teacher pals after school, but Kristy supposed she could be late. Might be better that way. Last time, someone was careless with the invites and the new sex ed teacher found out and there was this whole awkward scene confronting a colleague who was obviously using a fake ID. She wouldn’t mind dodging that kind of drama. She blurred the teacher/student line enough with Conner.

They opened soon enough, though, but when he didn’t talk she prompted him. “Yeah? I haven’t seen much of you. I’d hoped things were going well.” After easily the best sex of her life last weekend after prom, she’d missed him for sure, but when your lover was a high school student and had at least two girlfriends, no sense getting clingy. If he wanted to be out playing with Amanda or Heather, she could hardly begrudge him. She’d even heard he’d been caught making out with some other senior in the hall a couple days back, so maybe his star was rising. Good for him.

“They haven’t been going *badly*,” he said, face twisting. “Just... weird.”

“Weird how?” she asked, patiently taking his bait.

“It’s a TIOS thing,” he began with a long sigh. “Some stupid quote got in there, screwing around with reality again. Made all these girls hit on me for some reason. I don’t know why, probably to ruin things with me and Heather – or Amanda – or maybe to just make me feel like the big hypocrite I am.”

“Why would you try to sabotage yourself like that?” she asked, concerned. “Or are you saying Amanda did it?”

“What? No, it was–” Conner sighed. “Don’t worry about it. Whoever did it, it’s been exhausting. All week, dozens of girls have been flirting with me like crazy, trying to get me to...” There was that twist again.

“So... your problem is, every girl in the senior class wants to have sex with you?” she asked, unable to keep some measure of incredulity from her voice.

He looked up. “Not *every* girl. Just, um... the cute ones. It seems like.”

Kristy weighed several responses before settling on a kind one. “Can’t say as I blame them.” She trailed a finger up his chest. “Why are you so sure it’s TIOS? People can glomp onto trends like you wouldn’t believe, Conner. High schoolers more so than most. Remember fidget spinners?”

“It’s more than that. Trust me. There have been... things. Things have happened.”

“Ooooh, things. What kind of things?”

Conner sighed. “All right, so I’ll walk you through my day. I woke up and peeked outside to check the weather. Some girl was sitting in her car staring at my house, and her phone snapped up the second she saw me. Like she was taking a picture. I don’t even know who. Brown hair, I think? But the windows were tinted.”

“That’s... OK, I see how that’s not great.”

“My locker had three anonymous love notes in it when I opened it. That’s down one from yesterday. One of them misspelled my name, then went on at length about how she kept dreaming about, um, going down on me, and now she couldn’t sleep because she couldn’t stop wondering what my stuff tasted like.”

“Not that I’m some cum connoisseur or anything, but it tastes pretty typical to me,” Kristy supplied. “In case you get the chance to write back.”

Conner went on. “First period, Sarah Stewart came into my class – I guess she’s an office aid or something. She said I was being called down to the vice principal’s office, but once we were out of the room, she threw herself at me in the middle of the atrium. Started *crying* when I told her I wasn’t interested. I practically ran back to class.

“Second period, Tracy Dunham came over to my desk to ask for help with a math problem, and she bent over my desk while I was showing her, and I saw, like, *everything*. Then when I packed up I found another note saying if I wanted a better look to give her a call. The handwriting matched up with the cum flavor note, I’m pretty sure.”

“Case closed. Did you at least tell her how to spell your name?”

“Third went smooth, but I could tell Jordan was, like, *watching* me. Creepy like. But then in fourth, we were watching a video in physics. We have assigned seats but Dr. Laugherty doesn’t really care, and Elaine McCary stole my friend Owen’s seat next to me at our table, then she kept trying to play with my, you know, thingy.”

“If you can’t at least say the word I can’t put it in my mouth again, honey. I have to draw the line somewhere.” How she wanted to take his troubles seriously, but he wasn’t doing much to tug at her heartstrings so far. Stalker incident aside.

“My cock then, fine, happy? Anyway I kept trying to swat her away, but she’d scoot closer and try again. Then she tried putting *my* hand between *her* legs. Banged my knuckles on the table snatching it back. I finally whispered that if she kept it up I was going to tell Dr. Laugherty, so instead she sat there, looking at me, while she played with herself. She was not wearing underwear, I found out that much when she...” He shuddered. “Anyway, in fifth–”

“I think I get the picture,” Kristy interjected. “Unless you’re having fun with your trip down memory lane. Though if you want to finger girls and look at boobs, I mean... look no further.”

“I don’t! I mean, I do, and thank you of course. But like... Did you hear about Olivia? She kissed me, right in the middle of the hallway, then practically threw herself at me after we got out of ISS. It was nuts!”

“Yeah, wouldn’t want to make out with a troll like that again,” Kristy teased, fuzzing his hair.

“I mean, it was kinda neat and all, and she’s definitely really good-looking. But there’s Heather. And Amanda. And you!” He added the last one a bit too emphatically, but that was all right by her. She wasn’t a possessive type in any relationship, least of all whatever this weird TIOS-inspired thing with her protégé and his other lovers. It made him happy, and that made her happy. Keeping a grin from her face watching him pretend to be distressed by all those flirting ladies had been difficult. Hopefully one of them stole Heather’s place on the roster and helped unburden him of some of those quant romantic notions and learn to enjoy himself a little.

“So it’s OK if you cheat on Heather with Amanda and I, and Amanda with Heather and I, and me with Heather and Amanda, but that’s where you draw the line?” She nodded, eyes twinkling in mirth. “Look at you, bringing back the chivalric code. Sir Gawain in the flesh.”

Conner sighed. “I know. And you may as well know I already slept with Mary Buchanan, and sorta slept with Neveah Kinslan.”

“Neveah... isn’t she that little goth chick who spells her name wrong?”

“It’s heaven backwards.”

“It’s haeven backwards. How does that not drive you crazy?”

“Huh. I never actually noticed. Anyway, yeah, her. And I still might with some of the others, I think, some of the best of the best. I’d be stupid not to, right?”

“I think I speak on behalf of all boys at NHS when I say yes, you absolutely would. Though don’t tell the school board we said that.”

“I’ll put it on the very long list of things we’re not telling the school board about.” He pinched her nipple playfully where it had been jutting out into her sweater.

“Look, I know you weren’t asking for advice, but I’m giving you some as a bonus, OK?”

“Oh god, thank you. Tell me what on earth I’m supposed to do with this mess!”

“Enjoy yourself. So you’re having some good fortune. So what? You don’t have to feel guilty because something good happened to you. When you find yourself holding the winning lottery ticket, cash that sucker in.”

He frowned. “So you’re saying, what, sleep with every girl who wants to sleep with me?”

“Not at all. If I was saying that, I’d already have my pants off, Conner. I’m saying, do things that make you happy. That make you feel good. If nailing this Olivia girl would

put a smile on your face, do it. You're not married, and I think it's safe to say monogamy's not your jam, at least not yet."

She poked his chest reprovingly, making sure he was listening before adding, "Don't be a jerk about it either, mind you. If you're only looking to have fun, be up front about it and let them decide if they're OK with that. Don't pit friends against one another, and don't do anything you're not comfortable doing just to avoid hurting someone's feelings. Be honest, be considerate – in other words, be yourself. But don't forget you're allowed to have fun, too."

"But... I didn't *earn* this. It's TIOS."

"If you want to go through life denying every advantage you feel like you didn't earn, best throw in the towel now, bud. We're all of us coasting on luck and favors. See these?" She gave her breasts a brief lift. "Grew in summer after sixth grade. I was the first girl with more than a couple raspberries on her chest. Boys noticed, and let me tell you, I had some fun being noticed. Used to call me Kristy Cozy for a while there." His eyes didn't register comprehension. "Coszic-Lewandoski. My last name? Anyway, it was all just a fluke of genetics, and soon enough I had competition and more than that I had self-esteem and a very watchful mother. But you bet when Bobby Carver asked me to make out with him at his best friend's beach party, I didn't say no just because my boobs were unearned."

"It wasn't only the boobs, you know. I've seen your old yearbooks. You were really pretty. Still are." Her heart thumped a little bit harder seeing that sweet Conner smile return to his face.

"What about J... I mean, what about the quote? What do I do about that?"

"Is there anything that can be done? You haven't been able to reverse any of your other edits, have you?"

"What? *My* edits? You're suggesting *I* would do something like this?"

"Right, because you've never let TIOS put a girl in your bed," she retorted dryly, tapping where a moderately enthused erection was bulging up. "But no, there's two people with editor-in-chief access, aren't there?"

Conner made a face like it was the most ridiculous suggestion he'd ever heard. "Are you accusing *Amanda* of this?!"

"I'm not accusing anybody of anything. But never underestimate the flexibility of a jealous lover's mental gymnastics when they see you eyeing another woman. Much less two other women, much less two other naked women jointly sucking your cock while she plays with herself by her lonesome at the foot of my bed."

Conner shook his head. "So she'd go and make it even worse? I don't think so."

"And maybe you're right. But either way, worry about you first, and the motives of whoever's throwing pussy at you second. You're the only person you have complete control over, Conner. Not even TIOS can change that."

He nodded, then craned up his neck to demand a kiss. It was awkward at this angle, and brief, but she did what she could. Recognizing the oddity of it, he made a second lunge to kiss the underside of one of the boobs hanging in his face.

“All right, Conner, you know the old saying. Once is coincidence, twice is happenstance, but three times? That’s enemy action,” Kristy laughed. “Come on. You wanna have a platonic night out, let’s swing by my place and I’ll drain those balls dry. Go out with your head on straight, yeah?”

She helped him sit up, at which point he gave her a more proper kiss. They tried to be careful in the classroom when there was still staff or custodial or whatnot in the building, but the curtain around the computer lab would give them time to separate before anybody could walk in.

Two hours later, as they helped one another wash their sweat and spit and cum off of one another in her shower, Kristy rested her head on his shoulder as her arms reached around, caressing his soap-slicked chest. Her curls were nearly flattened by the water, and flattened further by the pressure between her breasts and his back. He’d come quickly the first time. The second and third had given her time to catch up and then some.

“Sure you don’t wanna stay and hang out tonight?” she asked, only just realizing she’d missed her teacher outing to ride the cock of her favorite student. She already knew his answer, but it was good to remind him he was always welcome here. A copy of her house key waited for him in her junk drawer in the kitchen, waiting for the day when she thought he might be ready to consider it.

“I mean I do.” He groaned as her hands found their way down to his cock, stroking it gingerly. “But I told my friends I’d come out, and... I dunno. It’s this whole thing.”

“Yeah? What’re you crazy kids up to?”

“No, it’s nothing exciting, just hanging out, but that’s kind of what I need tonight. Just me, my friend Owen, his girlfriend Kirsten – do you know Kirsten Vaughan?”

“Conner, I work at NHS. I knew the name Kirsten Vaughan when she was still in middle school.”

“Oh. Well yeah, her, and she’s good friends with Angelica. She swore to me no Olivia, no anybody else. Just the four of us. Pretty much the one group of people who I can absolutely trust won’t try to seduce me.”

“That sounds relaxing. Though if you change your mind about wanting to be seduced, I’ll probably be up grading spreads pretty late.”

“Thanks, Kristy.”

“And Conner?”

“Yeah?”

“I know you didn’t ask for advice, but remember, I never would have slept with you without TIOS.”

“I... I’m not sure I...” He frowned. “Should I apologize?”

“No,” she laughed, planting a soft kiss on his pouty lower lip. “Hell no. Just remember, OK?”