

The Grand Prize

A TIOS Tale

Part Three: Behind the Coke Machine

In-school suspension, the dreaded ISS. Conner had always regarded it as a purgatory for misfits and delinquents, a holding area for kids who weren't bad enough for expulsion but weren't properly socialized for Northside society. Tucked away in a forgotten nook of Northside High behind the food service business office and the day care, it was as if the school itself were trying to pretend it didn't exist. A Coke machine sat next to the door, as if to make it seem like this obscure niche was part of the rest of the world.

It was real, though. As Conner stepped into the room for the first time of his four year stay at NHS, he was forced to accept that it was very, very real.

Olivia was already waiting for him, the reason for his presence. He might have gotten away with a warning, but when she threw herself into his lap on the bench outside Principal Beckmann's office and started making out with him again, the woman had wasted no time in assuming he was a voluntary participant. He could hardly blame her. Olivia might not be one of the nicer students, but she wasn't a troublemaker, and she certainly didn't have a reputation as being easy. The idea that Conner wouldn't be an eager recipient of her affection was a tough sell, and Mrs. Beckmann hadn't been looking to conduct an investigation. The simple version of the story was plenty for her: kids make out in hallway, kids get caught, kids *keep* making out outside her office, kids go to ISS. Conner had never been in any significant trouble in his life, but incorrigibility was widely known to be a capital offense around Northside.

He could already imagine the scandalized look on his mother's face when she found out. The sly grin on Angelica's dad's when he saw the babe he'd been caught with.

"Fishers?" asked the bleary-eyed woman at the desk in the front of the room, looking briefly up from her phone. Conner had seen her in the building before, but he'd always assumed she worked for the district or something. Now he knew. Conner nodded, and she casually gestured to a desk in the back of the room, at the farthest corner from Olivia. His fellow inmate glared at their oppressor as the woman recited the expectations by rote. Basically sit there, do homework, and a list of don'ts so thorough that it would have saved lots of time if delivered as "don't do anything else at all."

The room was mostly empty, only himself, Olivia, and two younger boys he didn't know by name. Freshman, he thought. Those two were both too busy staring at Olivia's ass, beautifully displayed in beige leggings that matched her skin tone so nearly that if he hadn't seen them at lunch, he might have briefly thought she was naked from the

waist down. They looked more like nylons than leggings. Students were inured to TIOS's alterations to the dress code, but leering at a hot senior's ass was a purely natural instinct.

Once Olivia finally gave up trying to mouth lewd invitations to him on threat of having her in-school suspension upgraded to regular suspension, he finally gained the peace of mind to contemplate his circumstances.

Whatever this was, TIOS was involved. So far, all the girls acting weird were members of Jordan's "class." Maybe it was some weird homework assignment he'd given them, a continuation of his efforts to seduce Conner into letting this whole mess slide. He'd already relented on that after he'd subbed for the jerk, though, so why? It could likewise be a quote the guy had entered, but again, the rationale was opaque. Lord knew Jordan wasn't generous, especially not with his supply of babes, least of all with Conner.

Could Conner himself have done it? He'd certainly bungled into changing people before. It had only begun this morning, though if he'd accidentally done something in Miss C's yearbook class seventh period yesterday, the alterations might not have become apparent until then. He'd have to review his work when he got the chance to be sure, but off the top of his head, he'd be surprised if this had been from his write-up of the spring musical.

He chuckled to himself. Amanda could have done it, he supposed. Then he out and out laughed, though he was quickly rebuked by the ISS drone.

Neveah Kinslan entered the room. Apparently a common enough sight here, she was spared the rules lecture. It was shortly after noon when she arrived. The reason Conner remembered the time was because it was around 12:15 when he tried to discern how long she'd been staring at him.

It was almost one before he took to his feet and demanded, "What the hell are you staring at?!"

Neveah arched a black eyebrow. "What are you even on about, man."

The woman in the front, whose name he was only now realizing he had not learned, glanced up tiredly. "You, sit down, pipe down, watch your language. You, quit staring." With that, she was back to her doom scrolling.

The staring continued. For a while, Conner tried staring back. It proved an ineffective riposte, however, because not only did she not show any sign that it bothered her, but also, Neveah seemed to have no problem keeping her eyes on his. Meanwhile, the view in the other direction was... distracting.

Conner remembered Neveah from grade school. She'd had long, honey blonde hair with ribbons tied in it. She'd worn dresses. She'd even smiled occasionally. Neveah had been pretty, in that far less specific way one noticed it before puberty adjusted perception.

That wasn't to say she wasn't attractive now. The opposite, in fact. From the neck down, she was almost a standard hottie, the sort who ought to be palling around with Kirsten and Olivia. Hers was a deeply accentuated hourglass figure, almost unnaturally so, skinny and pinched inwards at the stomach so pronouncedly that if you fixated on it for a moment, the flaring hips and enormous breasts seemed like they had been copy/pasted from another woman. If Conner didn't know better, he might have guessed someone with less subtlety and more testosterone had modified her in TIOS to swell the parts they favored and leave the rest skinny.

At least he thought he knew better. TIOS was a fickle thing when it came to what you could be sure of.

Today, that body was stuffed into a fairly typical outfit for her. A fairly normal outfit for anyone, really. Tight black jeans and a tight black sleeveless t-shirt with black tennis shoes. It was complemented by her black nail polish, black-dyed hair, and heavy eye shadow. She had a tattoo visible on the back of her bicep as well, also solid black, a leafless tree with gnarly roots snaking down towards her elbow. The only non-black on her was her porcelain-white skin, a thin strip of blue socks (striped with black), and her lipstick, which was the red of his stepdad's favorite wine. Which was to say, dark. Almost black.

Whatever her game was, it was unnerving. Neveah was unnerving in general, but to have her gloom directed fully at him was almost disturbing. It was too strange, too pointed, to be disconnected from whatever was going on with Olivia and the rest. Wasn't it? Olivia, who was only somewhat more subtle in her staring, though on her it was more of a leer. After all, Neveah was part of Jordan's harem, too, if one of the more surprising conclusions given his oh so conventional tastes in women. But if she was trying to seduce him, that unblinking, expressionless stare of hers was not doing it for him. That she clearly noticed his eyes roving to the profound swelling of her chest resting on her desktop, or the deep line of her thighs on the seat, yet flashed nothing condemning, nothing judgmental in her eyes... it only confirmed she was in on it.

Whatever "it" was.

The freshman only looked in her direction briefly after her arrival. The fidgeting of Olivia's splendid backside was far more entertaining, and Olivia seemed far less likely to dump their corpses in the corner behind the Coke machine after dismissal. By the time he ought to have been in Miss C's class, Neveah seemed confident enough that nobody else was looking to take another step.

YOU

That one word, written on her lower belly in the same red as her lipstick – in fact, it *was* her lipstick – the *O* circling her navel. It revealed itself as she slowly dragged up the hem of her shirt. That was it. When had she put that there? He'd given up on their match of stare-eye an hour or more ago. Had she really drawn that without him

noticing? It was like the dinosaurs in Jurassic Park; she hadn't moved in so long that his eyes had lost track of her. She was still staring, still expressionless, but now she was showing him that word. One of the freshman boys was asleep. The other was surreptitiously playing a game on his phone under his desk. Their jailer's eyes were so heavy she might herself be asleep. Only Olivia still looked alert, sighing quietly with inexpressible longing in Conner's direction. If she saw Neveah's odd display, she wasn't reacting to it.

FUCK

Several minutes later, Conner found he had looked away long enough to be surprised to see the shirt had crept up another few inches, showing most of Neveah's flat white tummy. Was that a smile? Maybe? Not a *smile* smile, only enough of a shift at one corner of her mouth that he thought he might detect one. Maybe not. Still, that was pretty on brand. Catch a guy checking her out – as if it wasn't the most natural response in the world to a body like hers – and there it was, *FUCK YOU* in all caps.

Maybe she wasn't in on it after all.

Still, it did make it harder not to stare. Skin was skin, and more likely it was for a given patch of skin to be covered by clothes, the more appealing it became to see. It was all happening just below the level of her desktop, right where she could remove her hand, let the hem fall and deny it had ever happened. Still, he got the message, and tried not to glance back. Not too often, at least. Conner hadn't gotten off since prom night, so his libido was starting to assert itself. Olivia's kiss hadn't helped, nor the obvious adoration on her face.

The bell rang. Sleepy eyes blinked open. The freshman boys were gone in a flash, fleeing from the potential ire of a popular senior who might resent their merely semi-surreptitious ogling. The instructor wasn't far behind, murmuring a command to “make sure the door gets shut” before showing herself out. Conner almost winced at the woman's apathy towards her job. Neveah's shirt was in place over her stomach before he could blink, and now that her freedom was at hand, she followed out the door without a second glance in Conner's direction.

Which left Olivia.

With surprising agility, she hopped atop his desk, one leg on either side of him. Her chest was exactly at eye level. Her broad smile was only visible at the top of his peripheral vision.

He supposed he could look up, though she didn't seem to mind.

“I'm so sorry I got us sent here today. Are you mad at me?” She sucked in her lip.

“No, Olivia. Frustrated, maybe, but not mad.”

Her hair hung down across her breasts, and suddenly lengthened on one boob and shortened on the other; this made Conner aware that she'd cocked her to the side. “Frustrated? Oh no! Because of me?”

“Because of... lots of things.”

Her hands wafted out and landed on his shoulders, fingers kneading softly. “Can I make it better? I never want my man to be frustrated. Not when I’m here to help de-frustrate him. I know all kinds of ways to help you relax, boo.”

“Olivia, we’re in school.”

“Nobody’s here, though. You heard that old bitch.” She replied right as he was realizing that his objection was rooted in their location, not the three other women he’d been very happily sleeping with. Meanwhile, Olivia leaned down, thrusting her face in his, voice soft and sultry. “The door’s locked. It’s just you and me, and nobody to hear us scream.”

His eyes widened, then narrowed, then widened again as he processed her words. “We can’t. It’s... not right.” It would be easier if he could say he was seeing somebody, but nobody he was seeing wanted that known, and the surest way to make it known was to tell Olivia Snyder. Worse, she’d blab to Kirsten. He’d never forgive himself if he brought *that* down on Heather and Amanda.

“But... please? Here, let me...” Before he knew what was happening, she’d lifted her shirt over her head and pitched it across the room, her hair rippling back down behind her shoulders. Olivia was wearing a bra, a simple black cotton one that squeezed her modest bust quite enticingly. Conner, meanwhile, tried to scramble away, but her leg pinned him into the seat, eliciting a mere giggle at his feeble efforts to escape.

“There. That’s better. You want me to keep going? Because I would love to keep going.”

Right at that moment, his phone, set to end silent mode in time with the dismissal bell, gave a recognizable jingle. The Amanda jingle.

“Um, hang on one sec, Olivia...” He fumbled around in his pocket, trying not to notice the way she was rubbing her calf against his arm while he fished out the device.

“Sure. I got nowhere to be, boo.”

His notifications were replete with texts. One from an unknown number that he deduced was Maggie, asking if he needed a ride to the pet shop; two from Sydney assuring him she didn’t care if he was banging Olivia, she still wanted to have their workout date; a series of updates from Owen, first informing him of Kirsten’s address and the time for their movie night later, then during sixth period an update that somehow his mom had found out he was still sleeping with Kirsten and had grounded him again so he was out, then during early seventh a followup to say that his girlfriend still wanted to have that movie night even without him, and Owen would appreciate it if Conner played ball because he didn’t want to piss Kirsten off; finally, one from his mom that simply read *ISS? Call me.*

While he read, Olivia idly fiddled with her bra, a display he mostly ignored even if it was obviously for his amusement. Finally, he got to Amanda's, sent only minutes ago. *We missed you in class today... everything OK?*

Conner tapped out a response, though as Olivia wriggled closer, soon there was no way to do it without his arms at least partially resting on her thighs. *Yeah, nothing to worry about. What'd I miss?*

"You have such nice hands, Conner. Can I...?" As he finished typing, she seized the free hand not holding his phone and clutched it between both of hers, caressing it softly as she inspected it. By the time Amanda answered, she was just pressing her lips to a single fingertip. She let him pull back to use the phone, humming contentedly at her brief taste.

Renamed the yearbook, nominated Siobhan to fill the eic vacancy, cured stomach cancer, the usual. but seriously, how was ISS?

So much for deflection.

About what you'd expect, tedium and more tedium, he typed as Olivia reached behind herself to undo her bra clasp. As it slid down her shoulders, revealing those mouth-wateringly pert tits he'd first seen in Jordan's class but without these massively engorged nipples, he forced his eyes on his screen and continued. *Wait until I tell you about how weird Neveah K was being... can I call you later?*

"Do you like them, Conner? I know they're not, like, huge, but... what do you think?" She arched her back, thrusting them at his face.

He couldn't tell if she was being coy or not. They were incredible. There wasn't a man alive who could lay eyes on them and not want to at least try to suck those nipples off. She had to know that, right? Or was the "size is everything" mentality as ingrained in her as its equivalent seemed to be in his own kind? Dang, he had a lot to learn about girls.

Olivia looked only too ready to teach him.

"They're... um, I mean, you're really, um, hot," he managed. What did one say to that? *Amazing boobs, but please let me go* or something? Still, Olivia beamed down at him like his answer was poetry.

His phone jingled. *Why, you still busy with Olivia?*

Oh shit!

Conner might have dropped his phone, might have thrust it away in terror. He wasn't sure. Either way, the case clattered across the tile floor. "Oopsie!" Olivia giggled. "Want me to get that for you?"

"I can get it," he insisted. At least, he could if she let him. Not that he couldn't push past her, but he didn't push girls. Especially not ones this hot, or this connected. This topless.

"I don't mind, boo. Just... promise you won't get up?"

He winced. Maybe this was his opportunity. “Actually, Olivia, I should probably be—”

A nipple entered his mouth. Conner hadn’t put it there, and once it was there, he did *not* suck it. For a moment, yes, his lips did close, so yes, the nipple was between them. And sure, he was salivating, if only a little. But he did not suck Olivia’s tit. Not technically.

“Promise?”

“Uh fwuhmuth,” he answered. It was the only way to get her nipple out of his mouth. Which he wanted. For some reason.

Oh, right. Other nipples. Err, girls.

Throwing one leg over his head, Olivia hopped off his desk and went to his phone. She bent entirely at the waist, treating him to the sight of her divinely inspired ass in those skin-toned leggings. Oh god, there was... was that a wet spot? Had he made Olivia Snyder... *horny*?! He and Owen had spent most of the last seven years or so being driven crazy by girls like Olivia, so the realization that these apex predators could have the same kinds of urges they did...

Well, his first instinct was to think what a pervert Olivia must be.

“Looks like it didn’t break,” she said, still bent over, inspecting it inches from the ground. He could see her boobs hanging down through the space between her legs. God, had she practiced that pose? It was one of the most fuckable poses he’d ever seen – and he wasn’t sure he’d ever even thought that word before. Maybe with Hailey? She’d always brought out the filth in him.

Conner was so entranced by that ass, and then those breasts again as she finally stood and returned to him, that he forgot he should have stood up. He *had* given her his word, he consoled himself.

“Amanda... is that Amanda Carpenter?” she asked as she handed it back to him. In a flash, she was perched on his desktop, legs fencing him in once more. Oops. So much for escape.

“Did you read my texts?” Conner managed to sound a bit testy as he began typing out a reply.

“Only a little. I didn’t answer for you though. Oh my gosh, Kirsten *so* would have. You can *never* leave your phone unprotected around her. Don’t tell her I told you this, but this one time junior year, I got drunk at this beach party at Bear Lake and I passed out, and she used my thumb print to break into my phone.”

Conner was barely listening as he typed. *Nothing happened, I swear. There’s something weird going on. I think Jordan’s up to something again.* He held his phone up in the scant inches between his face and Olivia’s bare chest, a shield both against snooping and another nipple invasion.

The girl on his desk prattled on. “So she sent herself copies of all these, um, yeah, kinda photos I’d taken for my boyfriend – ex-boyfriend now, I totally don’t have a boyfriend any more, unless you wanna be my boyfriend? – but yeah. And I was like ‘why’d you do that’ and she said it was so I’d know what it felt like if those pics leaked to anybody, so I wouldn’t do anything stupid with them. Like it was a favor. Ugh, she is so mean sometimes. But it did work. I deleted them all right after.”

So you didn’t make out with Olivia in the B hallway? Because we heard you got caught making out with Olivia in the B hallway.

God, Amanda was toying with him. He supposed it made sense. A relative nobody caught making out with the right hand woman of Kirsten Vaughan... that was some good gossip.

“That’s um, really mean, yeah,” he mumbled, trying to think what to write back. For Pete’s sakes, Olivia was sitting here half naked, so horny he could *smell* the arousal at this range, and he was saying “*nothing happened*”? He needed to nip this in the–

“Can we have sex?” she asked. She was so casual about it, like she’d asked him if he wanted her to pick him up some chicken nuggets.

“Um, hang on, I have to...”

Olivia nodded, watching him closely but not impatiently while he formulated another response. **she* was the one who kissed *me*, and it came out of nowhere. But it’s not only her. Lots of Jordan’s girls in that class are flirting w me today and I don’t know why.*

NOT cheating on you!!! he quickly added.

“Right, so where were we...” he muttered awkwardly, trying to look anywhere but at her bared torso.

Olivia giggled. “I asked if you would have sex with me. I really, *really* want to. I’m super good at it, I promise. You won’t regret it. We can do whatever position you want. I’m pretty flexible, and I don’t care if you wanna get rough with me. I’m up for whatevs.”

Hmm. Is it cheating on me if you’re already sleeping with 2 other women...? Ow. But fair.

“Olivia, I really can’t. I mean, I wish I could, I really do, but...”

She peered down, and only when she replied did he realize he’d let his screen show. “But you’re sleeping with two women?” Her jaw dropped, but the twinkle in her eyes was one that bespoke a love of juicy gossip. “Who? C’mon, you gotta tell me. Who’re these lucky bitches? Amanda and who else?”

He opted not to point out that the text she’d eavesdropped on referenced two *other* women, which meant a minimum of three, but this was Olivia Snyder. No sense overwhelming her with math. “I’d really rather not talk about it,” he answered diplomatically, then went back to typing.

Well I'm not going to sleep with his whole freaking sex ed class, OK? Hopefully the text carried the intended humor.

“Is it Heather Carpenter? Or Blake, or whatever? Is that it? Oh man, I bet that’s it. How have I not heard about this? Heather used to be tight with us but she’d been such a blah about her stupid college crap lately that Kirsten got tired of dealing with her superiority complex so we don’t see her as much.”

“I don’t think it’s a superiority complex when she’s actually the probable valedictorian,” Conner said defensively. “It’s literal, measurable superiority.”

“Yeah, true. Plus her boobs,” Olivia said, missing the frost in his tone as she nodded seriously. “Measurable superiority there too. Do you like big boobs, Conner? I know mine aren’t huge, but they’re cute, yeah? You could fuck me from behind and pretend I have giant boobs, if you want. I don’t mind.”

Well I hope you're going to sleep with some of them, Amanda replied, adding a winky face.

Olivia used the window during his reading and responding to once again pivot off his desk. This time, when he dared to look up, he found she was bending over the desk in front of him, ass pointed at him.

No. First reply, then you can look. For a moment. But not touch.

A small but elite handful, yes, he answered, relieved at least that she didn’t seem angry.

Fingers in the waistband, the leggings slowly peeled down. First there was a plumber’s crack. Then a half-moon. Then an ass. They finally stopped mid-thigh, and with a bit of wriggling, Olivia managed to spread her feet apart enough that he could see her pussy – *smell* her pussy – in between them. It gleamed. Hell, it had made a gleaming mess of her upper thighs as well.

“I’m so glad I didn’t wear panties today,” she said with a giggle. “You can touch it if you want.”

Conner had seen more than his share of asses and pussies this past year. Hailey’s, Kristy’s, Heather’s, Amanda’s... hell, he’d seen Olivia’s technically, even if he hadn’t spent much time focusing on hers specifically in the chaos of sex ed. Still, he was nowhere near jaded enough not to have his breath taken away by this sight. “Your, um, your pussy?” he squeaked.

I better be part of that handful, buster, Amanda wrote.

“Or whatever. I actually really like being touched, so grab anything you want.”

Olivia turned and faced forward, seemingly content to stand there, tits pressed into a desktop, her butt and pussy a visual offering for a boy she barely knew but was nevertheless infatuated with. A thin droplet of fluid trickled out from somewhere. Conner leered, mouth open and mesmerized, as it slowly trailed down the remaining

length of her slit. Which way would it split after? Left thigh, right? Down the middle and lose itself in her ass crack?

Of course you will be. I said eklite didn't o? he answered, barely looking at his phone.

Left. It went left, where it slowly made its way down her upper thigh until merging with a few beads of what he thought might be sweat and soon ran down into where her leggings were bunched above her knees.

His hand was almost to her pussy, so close that the warmth pulsing from it was palpable, when Amanda's jingle sounded. *I better be. *muah* have fun, call me later.*

"I have to go," he said, rising suddenly and bolting for the door.

Neveah Kinslan drummed her fingers impatiently. Jesus, what the fuck was taking them so long in there? It was Olivia gutterslut Snyder, for fuck's sake. This had to be the longest she'd ever taken to put out for a guy. Or so Neveah assumed.

"Take your time, slag," she grumbled after another sip from Mr. Pibb from the nearby vending machine. "I got places to be, and I know you got other dicks to suck."

Across the hall from the ISS room, the food service office opened. An adult in a tie stepped out, did a double take at her and scowled. Neveah was used to men doing double takes. Usually it was because they saw the goth vibe, dismissed it as too challenging for their cookie cutter views of the world, then looked back when they realized this goth had titties. By then, she had a finger waiting for them.

This guy, she granted, at least had cause. For one, she'd used the combat knife in her handbag to slice off the bottom of her shirt and tossed it in the trash; she'd cut a bit high, and the undersides of her boobs were showing, especially on the left. For two, it meant that the *FUCK YOU* was showing, and while not her original purpose in putting the words there, it served as a concise manifesto of her thoughts about his shitty corporate scheme to scam hungry kids out of money in exchange for the kinds of food they foisted off on convicts.

She made sure her eyes conveyed that she meant it for him specifically before he left. Fucking capitalist.

At long last, the door to the ISS room opened, and out came Conner. He looked flustered. He caught her looking at him and froze mid-stride as the door swung shut behind him. Through the crack, she made out a half-naked Olivia scurrying after a wad of cloth on the floor. "Neveah? Geez, did you not get enough of a look in the two hours you—"

She pounced.

Neveah barely weighed a hundred pounds. Nevertheless, a solid chunk of her meager mass was in those previously useless sacks hanging from her chest. They provided plenty of momentum to drive Conner behind the vending machine, where the two disappeared into an unexpected darkness.

It was one of her favorite places in the world. Certainly her favorite in school. There was a strange little recess back here behind the vending machine that one wouldn't expect unless one walked past it and peered around. There were no doors back here, no reason for anyone to ever even glance back here. Like Northside itself, it was a useless dead end, devoid of sentient life except when she happened to come along. The alcove wasn't big – probably meant to be a utility closet or something and just nobody ever put up a door over it. Whatever it was, there were no passers-by, no cameras. She'd spent an entire weekend back here once without alerting a soul. If she ever went over the edge and actually used her knife on someone, this would be where she'd leave the body.

Not like those asshole food service corporate dickwads around the corner seemed to object to the stench of putrefaction. If they did, they'd go out of business.

She released her can, clattering only briefly amongst the others she'd littered here, and clamped a hand over Conner's mouth.

His eyes bulged in alarm, but he didn't struggle. Was he simply surprised? Frightened? Maybe hopeful? Whatever the case, a few moments later, she heard the ISS room open, footsteps that could only be Olivia's emerge and recede, and then the door clicking shut.

Neveah held a finger to her lips, then slowly removed her hand from his mouth. In the narrow space, it still left her chest pressed against his, her mouth only inches away, and that only because he was a little bit taller. To his credit, the boy didn't make a sound. He eyed the sliver of light penetrating the dim alcove as if measuring whether he could escape, but didn't make a run for it.

"Are you afraid of me?" she asked softly.

"Um, sort of," he whispered. "Why are you so mad at me? Did I say something to upset you?"

Neveah tilted her head one way, then the other, studying him, enjoying the quickening in his breath as he squirmed. "Why? Did you do something that would upset me?"

"Oh god, I hope not," he murmured, eyes squeezing shut for a moment. She made sure her smile vanished before they opened.

"So then why are you afraid, Conner?"

"Because you stared at me like a lion at a gazelle for two and a half freaking hours? Because you have 'F you' written on your stomach? And what the heck happened to your shirt by the way?"

This time, she let him see the smile, though it wasn't her pleased one. That was private. It didn't seem to do anything to make him feel more at ease. That was good. This was better if he felt imperiled.

Neveah took off what was left of her shirt.

Conner didn't look down. Not at first. Good. Lord knew she'd given him his eyeful all afternoon long. Still, curiosity got the better of him, as she'd known it would. Small-minded boys – which was almost all boys – liked to talk shit about the weird goth girl, but she knew deep down that those boys wouldn't hesitate for a second to fuck her if she so much as hinted at her availability.

Hence the knife.

"Is that..." He squinted at her fat white titties. "It's too dark. I can't..."

Neveah fished her lighter out of her purse. It was one of her most treasured possessions (to the extent she could make herself treasure possessions), a silver-plated lighter with a skull framed in orchids etched on one side. The symbols of all four of her

great loves – death, sensuality, fire, and, at least implicitly, marijuana. (God, if not for that last one, this alcove really would be stacked high with actual skulls.)

With a flick and a spark, the lighter ignited. Its wan light more than filled the small space between them. She made sure to keep it closer to herself, since her tits weren't flammable, but Conner's shirt was. It was too close, too hot, even a little bit painful, but that was good, too. Pain awakened the nerves.

Conner studied what was now revealed. He couldn't see her belly for her tits, but he'd seen that already. Slowly, he made out the words she'd painted on her body, drawn in lipstick right after she'd heard people talking about the scandal in B hallway. Right after she'd walked out of class and assigned herself to ISS. The first word began just beneath where the neck of her shirt had covered, and then the broad canvas of her chest held the rest.

"I'm... going... to..." he read.

His eyes widened.

The lighter snapped shut.