

## The New Normal at GHS

It began like any other day at Granite Hills Senior High School – GHS, as it was known shorthand, even if there was no real consensus on what precisely the acronym stood for. Miss Gagnon, the fresh-faced new biology teacher, was in the midst of reviewing yesterday’s vocabulary lesson. Just when she was in the midst of making a point, as a few students were beginning to tune in and actually learn something, the piercing beep of the intercom cut her off mid-word.

“Typical,” she muttered under her breath.

Except it wasn’t typical. Instead of the sound of the principal’s voice, there was just a buzzing sound. Low at first, then building and building until Miss Gagnon could feel it vibrating in her very bones. The students felt it too. Cheeks resting on desks looked up at the PA speaker; conversations cut short to listen for what was the matter. Still it built. Miss Gagnon was too transfixed by the sound to notice that knick-knacks on her desk were skittering around, animated only by the pulse from the PA.

Then it ended, just as suddenly as it had begun. Miss Gagnon blinked, her head clearing as Principal O’Shaughnessy’s reedy voice spoke. There was a strange sound in the background, like someone was breathing heavily.

“Good morning, GHS Wildcats and Wildkits! I’d like to apologize for that noise you just heard. That was the activation of our new participation booster system; it will remain on during school hours and during after-school events at a subsonic level. All females on campus will henceforth comply with all orders given to them by all males on campus – that includes you, faculty and staff.”

Students and staff alike were looking around in utter bafflement, all the more so as it was increasingly clear the heavy breathing they’d heard was now intermixed with the high-pitched whimpers of a woman in the throes of passion. Especially keen ears could pick out the sound of a woman rhythmically gagging. The principal then concluded the bizarre announcement in a more customary fashion. “And remember: What lies behind you and what lies in front of you pales in comparison to what lies inside of you. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Have a great Wildcat day!”

The room was silent for a moment as the class tried to make sense of what they’d heard. Miss Gagnon decided the best thing was just to move on. “All right everybody, we were on item six, mitochondria. Now let’s... yes, Dylan?”

Dylan had never before raised his hand in her class; he was usually too busy doodling pictures of marijuana leaves and busty cartoon sluts to pay attention. “Sorry, but like... did Mr. O’Shaughnessy just order all the chicks to obey all the boys?”

“Yes, I believe he did.”

“So like, um... will you?”

“Obviously, Dylan. Now can we move on with the lesson? We have a lot to cover today.”

“Hang on, hang on. Let’s do a little, like, experiment, eh? See what’s what.”

“Please be quick about it.” Miss Gagnon folded her arms across her perky breasts impatiently.

“So, would you like... stand on one foot?”

“If a male ordered it, of course.”

“So like... do it.”

The boys were watching in breathless anticipation; the girls were mostly rolling their eyes at Dylan's denseness. Brittany mumbled to her friend Cassandra, "Don't these morons listen to the announcements? They *just* covered this."

Miss Gagnon lifted her right foot. Boys gasped. "Satisfied?"

"Not yet," replied Dylan. The other guys were all looking on, too shocked to intervene. If this was some kind of prank, they didn't want to be on the hook for it. "Take off your top."

Every other boy nearly died of shock at Dylan's boldness – then died indeed as Miss Gagnon, their two-years-out-of-college biology teacher, untucked her blouse and set it gently on top of her desk.

"Holy shit!"

"Check out her bra!"

"Miss Gagnon's boobs!"

"And just last week she sent *me* to the office for showing the teensiest bit of cleavage!"

The whispered exclamations rippled around the room. Finally someone – Mark, one of the laziest kids in school – got bold enough to try for himself. "Give all the guys A's!" As the half-exposed teacher meekly made her way to her laptop to obey, every guy in striking range took a swing at him.

"Really, we have her stripping, and you want her to sit behind a screen updating her gradebook?"

"Ow, sorry!" he said, shielding himself.

Meanwhile Dylan re-asserted himself. "Strip naked for us, Miss Gagnon."

"I'll be done with this shortly, Dylan. Be patient."

"Fuck that, baby – I wanna see those titties!"

"Language!" she snapped, standing up and shedding her bra. There they were, Miss Gagnon's cute little tits out in the open. But she didn't stop there – she continued with her pencil skirt, and (after Dylan told her to leave her stockings on), her panties.

"Hey boys – what say we give Miss 'Gagnon' here something worth gaggin' on?"

Nervous male laughter echoed throughout the room even as Stephanie complained that the spelling was nothing close to that pronunciation.

Miss Gagnon, however, scowled reprovingly at Dylan's jest. "That is wildly inappropriate, young man!"

"Hell, we've all been thinkin' of stuffin' somethin' in your mouth since we first heard you open it, baby. So c'mon, I could really use a blowjob."

"I don't doubt it, but that is no way to speak to a—"

"Sorry, what I meant to say was: suck my dick, Gagnon."

She paused, then nodded curtly. "Now that's more like it. And here I thought you were going to learn nothing today."

Miss Gagnon crawled down underneath Dylan's lab table, wrinkling her nose and making a note to complain to custodial about the cleanliness of the floor. His cock was already out and waiting. "All right everyone," she called out, trying to be heard despite her humble vantage point, "just partner up and go over the vocab yourselves while I suck Dylan's cock."

The directions may as well not have been given. All throughout GHS, partnering up was already taking place, but nobody was studying any vocab.

Almost nobody, anyways.

“Titties,” Margaret answered.

“That’s right,” said Eli, his fingers still poking into the valley of her cleavage. His lucky day, banished to in-school suspension with this tasty little bitch. Mrs. Barstowe, the heavy-set ISS monitor, let her wards interact as long as it was academic. “Definition?”

“Titties are what a girl has to please a man when he’s not fucking her...?” she said, sounding unsure, nervous. Each wrong answer was costing her an article of clothing.

“Close – now the pants,” he said.

She frowned at her denseness, but complied. She was a miserable studier, and Eli’s material was totally new. “Oh wait!” she said as her jeans sunk down to her knees. “When he’s not fucking her *from behind!*”

Eli patted her head. “Atta girl – still, gotta get it right on the first try. Let’s see if you can do synonyms.”

She thought. “Tits.”

“Don’t stop at one – brainstorm,” Eli prompted.

“Boobs, boobies. Jugs. Knockers... Let’s see. Ta-tas. Sweater puppies. Hooters.” She paused, struggling. “Um, jumblies? Maybe... breasts?”

“Oh, had it until the last one. Shirt now.”

The redhead sighed – she was never going to learn all this, and she didn’t even know when she’d use it. Ah well, a boy had told her to take her shirt off, and that was that. “Now how about this?” Eli asked, slipping a hand between her legs.

“Hands to yourselves,” droned Mrs. Barstowe.

“Crawl under your desk and don’t come out until I tell you to,” he snapped. She obeyed, grumbling about how kids these days had no respect at all. Then he turned back to Margaret, grinding his index finger into her sex through her panties. “Well?”

“Um, my pussy?” She’d already learned clinical terms like “vagina” and “labia” were never right; Eli had told her those words were antiquated thinking, like worrying about getting pregnant.

“Oh, close – we were looking for cunt. Would also have accepted snatch. Lose the panties, and then see if you can’t tell me what it’s for.”

“It’s for getting fucked,” she said, kicking her panties off onto the dingy carpet.

“Looks like you get to keep your bra!” Eli said, and she smiled at finally getting something right. “Now show me you really understand.”

“I don’t understand,” Kacee whined. “We were so good together! Why would you, ungh, cheat on me? And with *her* of all people!”

The all-state linebacker just rolled his eyes – then they rolled back in his head for an entirely different reason as shy little Janet attempted her first ever deep throat. It was her first blowjob period, for that matter, and per Kenny’s instructions she was trying to apply the same level of studiousness to this that she did to everything else she learned in school. “Kacee, we had a good thing going, yeah, and yeah... mmm... fuck yeah, geek-bitch whatever your name is, yeah...”

“Kenny!” Kacee scolded. It was hard, sounding firm with some chubby freshman bending her over the stairwell railing and pumping in and out of her ass like he owned it. Harder still as she was jacking off two of his friends while they waited their turn at her tight little butt. The pink flowers on her blouse were already thoroughly coated in cum stains she hadn’t had time to wipe off.

“Sorry. Anyway, I was just thinking, you know, we’ve been growing apart for a while now,” Kenny replied, pulling Janet’s face into his crotch, her glasses fogging as he buried her face in his pubes.

“What! You just, ungh, fuck, fuck, yes, fuck, fuck fuck fuuUUUUUCK!” Kacee trailed off as another involuntary orgasm crashed into her, once more shattering her concentration. She’d never had sex before, certainly never been butt-fucked, and especially not had a line of horny boys nail her increasingly loose back door one after another after another. She was fast learning how sensitive she was to anal orgasms.

“Anyway, you were just told me UNNGGGHODAMNIT YOU’RE BIG... told me, mm, that you loved me, ohfuckgodyesgodYES, last weekend! You said you could see us getting married someday!” She tried to relax as the first boy blew his load and was replaced by his evidently much girthier friend.

“Well sure, prom king and queen, probably the hottest girl in school, or at least hottest Asian girl and top three overall...” She glared at him even as she wondered who the other two were. “It made sense. Then. But now... I’m not saying never, just that I want to fuck other girls. Lots and lots of other girls.” He laughed, looking down to Janet. “Don’t think I didn’t notice that booty, geek-bitch – it’s up next.”

“But I only want to be with you!” she cried out, yelping as the new boy, rougher than the last, tugged hard on her lustrous mane of hair.

“And I’m sure you will be sometimes, just not how you were. And hey, for what it’s worth, remember: it’s not you,” Kenny said, squeezing her tit reassuringly as he blasted his load into Janet’s mouth and gestured for her to get on her hands and knees. “It’s me.”

“It’s me. Mr. Walton,” he said, knocking even more firmly. He’d been “Waldo” under the old regime, but the new administration had insisted on formality, even for custodial staff.

“Um, Mr. Walton, this is the *girls* locker room,” said the voice from the other side.

“I know. Now invite me in”

In response to his command, the door immediately swung open. “Would you like to come inside?” On the other side were easily fifty girls packed into the locker room like sardines – sardines who didn’t want to offer themselves up to the fish market taking over the halls of GHS. Standing at the forefront was Mrs. Lewis, hands on wide hips.

“Good morning, ladies,” Mr. Walton said, then glanced at the clock hung behind a wire cage to prevent tampering. “Yep, still morning.”

“You don’t belong here, Mr. Walton,” said the gym teacher imperiously. Her daughter Melanie was planted right behind her, every bit as disapproving.

“Oh I know – but I had to be somewhere, and I must say, it’s getting pretty wild out there.” This was true. It had started as a free-for-all game of grab-ass; some of the hottest girls had lines forming to use them. Some girls had fled into hiding as boys, fresh off their first

orgasm, were beginning to use their imaginations and not just dive right into their peers' pussies, but find more creative tasks for them.

"So you thought you'd hide out in the girls locker room?"

Mr. Walton ignored her jibe, walking right up to her then, untucking her tennis shirt from her frumpy pastel shorts and lifting the hem up over her boobs. Hands still on hips, she made no move to resist. A boy doing something to her was an unspoken command. "Now this goes for all y'all, and I'm saying the same to all the girls I see. I don't want you hiding out no more. Go about your schedule same as you would other days, hear?"

The girls mumbled that they would, many of them frowning at what that would mean for them. "Good. Coach Lewis, I want you to..." He caught himself; like most of the GHS men, he'd already learned that many girls would evade requests, but had no choice with direct orders. "Ask me to stay for a spell."

"Would you please stay for a spell, Mr. Walton?" she asked in a neutral tone.

"Naw, not like that. Ask me to stay like you mean it."

She nodded. "Mr. Walton, please. It's a jungle out there – I really must insist you stay here with us. The students and I would be very grateful if you would."

"Tell you what – I don't need so many young fillies all to myself. Girls, head on to class, or if you're a'sposed to be in gym, just roam the halls until next period." He caught Melanie Lewis by the wrist. "Cept you, sweetheart."

She stopped instantly, and in moments the girl was alone in the locker room with her mother and the custodian. She and her mother were spitting images of one another – same miniature height, same slender build, same toned asses. If the mother had a cup size on her daughter, Melanie still had the glow of youth.

"Now, Coach Lewis. I want you to use your daughter to convince me to stay." He grinned. Perhaps he was just a wee touch vengeful after all.

"Please stay. Did I tell you my daughter Melanie is going to college in the fall on a gymnastics scholarship? Honey, tell him."

"Never did go to college myself – don't much care to hear about it," he said, turning to leave.

The coach rushed out in front of him, dragging her daughter along. "Wait. Um, Waldo, would you like to... you know, look at her?"

"Mom!" Melanie whined, blushing.

"Girl, do as your mama says. Now Coach, I'm not too keen on *looking*, but..."

"Oh. I see. Would you..." She closed her eyes, steeling herself for the question. "Would you like to... touch her?"

"Oh? Now you got my attention. Touch her... where? C'mon now, pimp out your daughter to me."

"Touch her wherever you want. She's a quality piece of ass, isn't she?" She turned to her daughter. "Come on, Melanie, show Mr. Walton how fuckable you are."

The teenager shot a pouty look at her mother. "FINE," she exclaimed sullenly. "Don't see why I should have to obey you – not like you're a boy," she grumbled as, hesitantly, she began to strip off her clothes in front of her mom and the custodian.

"Those are some nice little tits your girl has on her, Coach."

"Melanie, thank the man when he compliments you," her mother scolded.

"Thank you, Mr. Walton," the girl said through gritted teeth.

“Would you like to play with them? Her father loves to play with my tits, and hers are at least as nice as mine.”

“Mom, gross!”

“Don’t mind if I do,” he said, helping himself to two half-handfuls. “Don’t suppose you’d mind if I helped myself to a little of *this*, do ya?” One hand slipped between Melanie’s legs and fingered her slit. It was shaved smooth – waxed even, to stay presentable in her leotard when she went sans leggings.

“Make yourself right at home – that’s what the bitch has a cunt for,” she said, smiling pleasantly even as her daughter’s jaw dropped in horror. The custodian laughed at how literally she’d taken his pinging command.

“Mom – I’m... I’m not, you know... *protected*...”

“Aw heck, you don’t mind if I put a baby in your baby. Do ya, Cheryl?”

“Not at all. She’s got to grow up sometime!”

“But Mom...!”

“Well if she don’t want it, I can just head on out...”

“No no no!” The gym teacher moved in a blur, dragging her reluctant daughter to a nearby bench and shoving her down to hands and knees, her pink pussy a bullseye between the two tightest ass cheeks the man had ever seen. “Now Melanie, I want you to stop being such a cunt and fuck Waldo – that’s Mr. Walton to you – like I raised you to. Understand?”

“Yes, Mother,” she mumbled. She allowed herself one deep sigh, then turned to smile over her shoulder. “So, ready to knock me up, Mr. Walton? Please? Please fuck me?”

“Oh, if you insist,” he said, lowering his coveralls.

Mrs. Lewis smiled as he mounted her daughter. “And I do.”

“And you think I do? Go find one of the guttersluts on the cheerleading squad, I’m sure their well-fucked cunts would lube up at your pathetic compliments,” Stephanie said with all the scorn she could. Blake was actually a pretty good-looking guy; she wasn’t used to being flirted with by moron dude-bros like him. He ought to stick to his own kind. Stephanie had spent a lifetime convincing boys to look elsewhere.

“Steph, you *so* are. C’mon, I know you’re not a traditional hottie like Kacee over there.” They looked to where the prom queen was bent over the teacher’s desk, one cock in her mouth and another in either her ass or her pussy, hard to say. There were six more guys waiting their turn. Her hair was disheveled, as the room had run out of tissues earlier and the boys were using her hair to wipe off their cocks. Her boyfriend (ex-boyfriend?) Kenny was selling the rights to cut in line, enforced by his own heavy muscles.

“Still,” he continued, “you’ve got a great body, and you’ve kinda got that whole hot nerd girl thing going on.”

“Last year Shelby told me you said I was a ‘goth freak’ who ‘just needed a good deep fucking to get her mind right.’” She sneered.

“Well, you gotta admit you’d look better with a little makeup.”

She considered her lifelong contempt for girls who wore makeup in light of his words. “Yeah, you’re right. I should wear more. I’ll find somebody to borrow some from.”

“Atta girl, Stephie baby. While you’re at it, you should start to dress a bit more flatteringly. Show off that body of yours – give it the attention it deserves.”

After a moment’s hesitation, Stephanie lifted off her thick, long-sleeve black shirt, revealing the tight gray tank top she wore underneath. It was lowcut and perhaps a bit small, so the lack of bra was immediately obvious. “Is that better?”

“Very good, Steph. And you’ve been putting out kind of an ice princess vibe. You need to make yourself more... accessible.”

“You mean... my pussy?” She frowned. She didn’t want people accessing that – unless Blake had told her to want that. Then she did.

He laughed. “No, not quite. Just... you know, make it clear how much you like male attention, and do what it takes to get more of it.”

Stephanie squeezed her boobs together with her arms, thinking of how many times she’d seen skanks whose self-esteem was best summarized by their cup size do just that. “Sure, no problem. And you know, you can look if you like. I know I’ve played hard to get, but... I actually kind of like it.”

“Thanks, don’t mind if I do. By the way, get some nicer clothes when you get the chance – tight, skimpy... lots of pink. Bleach your hair while you’re at it.” He ogled her rather blatantly. Nearby a few heads turned, taken aback to find the normally menacing Stephanie showing off a surprisingly impressive rack. Nobody interfered; after a few scuffles early on, the guys had quickly adopted a policy of waiting their turn. Every girl would be accessible eventually, after all.

Stephanie’s family wasn’t well-to-do; she definitely couldn’t afford a chic new wardrobe to show off her body like she now wanted to. She’d been ordered to, though. Maybe she could find a boy who would make one of the hot slutty girls share with her. Or maybe she could whore out her body at boutiques at the mall in exchange for merchandise. That would be fun, all that male attention, right on her naked body where she liked it.

“I really like that you’re checking out my breasts,” she said. “It’s always nice to be objectified by the patriarchy.” It was the kind of thing she might’ve once said sarcastically, but was now entirely sincere. It felt great having men’s eyes on her – maybe those stupid skanks were onto something after all?

“Oh, and that’s another thing,” Blake said, shaking his head. “You’ve been intimidating guys with that brain of yours. Try thinking as little as possible, except about how to make boys happy.”

Stephanie, an honor roll student every semester since the start of middle school, giggled and tried to blank out all those thoughts at the fringes of her mind. That she was being changed into something degrading. That she should try to see if her teachers would let her keep her old grades from before Blake turned her into a dummy. That she’d never get to find out how her book ended.

She took off her pants. May as well – the dress code was obviously no longer being enforced. Guys all around the room began checking her out, and she smiled back at them, bouncing and wiggling and giggling at nothing. One boy – the cute boy right in front of her – was getting his cock out. Stephanie liked that. She wanted to make boys happy, and pleasing cocks always did that.

“Can I, like blow you? I super duper love giving blowies!” she said, clapping her hands giddily. To make sure he knew she was serious – as serious as a fluff-brained slut like her could be, anyway – she took her top off and shook her big titties for him.

“Sure, Steph. See? I told you that you could be a babe if you just put in a little effort.”

“I can’t believe you’re not even going to try to sleep with me,” said Gina with a small laugh.

“C’mon, Gina, you’re my best friend. I’m not some chauvinist prick like the rest,” Kurt said, squeezing her hand.

“Seriously though, thanks. Once everybody got their first few orgasms in this morning, it started becoming fetish time down there. Not sure I wanna know how much yellow fever’s lurking out there...” She shuddered. “I owe you.”

The two sat by in relative silence, hidden away in the school’s AV booth overlooking the auditorium. (Relative silence, because the guys in the theater department were acting out their favorite pornos onstage with the actresses and some help from the pretty young director, Mrs. Fletcher.) The door to their room was barricaded, and every now and then another one of those scumbags came by trying to look for hotties in hiding; Kurt was on-hand to countermand any orders she was given and assure them she was spoken for.

Platonically. Of course.

It was harder than usual for Kurt not to think of sex with the goings-on below, and it was always a little hard around Gina. Tall, leggy, gorgeous (and if he was being honest, he shared a predilection for the Asians himself)... plus she was Gina. Warm-hearted, sweet, good-natured Gina. His best friend.

For the hundredth time, he silently congratulated himself for not fucking her. It was already after lunch, and he still hadn’t touched her. Except to hold her hand. He’d had to order her to do it, and then order her to like it when she’d said it made her uncomfortable. A tiny, harmless perk for him.

Not that it would be so bad if he went further. He cared about her, after all. He wasn’t going to just use her like some other guy would. He’d be attentive. Thorough. Concerned with her pleasure even more than his own. An experience she could treasure in the years to come.

If he did it, that is. Which he wouldn’t.

From outside the room, the cries of one of the actresses reached a peak as they “rehearsed” the scene in which she was spanked brutally for being a naughty little slut who didn’t smile enough when she was obeying boys. Gina looked nervous. “Maybe we should try to leave the school,” she said. “This is insane.”

“No, you want to stay here,” he said a little too quickly. Instantly, she relaxed, leaning her head on his shoulder. “You feel totally safe and comfortable right where you are.”

There. That hadn’t been selfish, he told himself. He’d just been helping ease her anxieties. She was lucky to have a friend – no, a man – like him.

From her new position, Kurt realized he had a decent view down her neckline. What a nice guy he was, not taking advantage of her like this. He deserved a little reward. It was just looking, after all. He let himself stare.



“Are you looking down my shirt?” Gina asked. She didn’t move, didn’t try to restrict his view. When he sputtered nonsense instead of answering, she just squeezed his hand again. “I don’t mind. I feel totally safe and comfortable.”

Hearing his own words echo back to him, he realized what he’d done – and just how easy it would be to... to do the thing he wouldn’t do. She wouldn’t even mind. It wasn’t a bad thing to be looking after all – she was totally fine with it. And if she was fine with it...

“Take your shirt off,” he said.

She frowned. “I thought you said you wouldn’t...”

“It’s OK – you like exposing yourself to me.”

Gina nodded as her shirt hit the floor. God, there they were. Gina’s tits. He’d whacked off to the mental image a thousand times. As she took off her bra unbidden, he saw they were better even than he’d imagined.

Then she started on her pants.

“Gina, what’re you doing?!” he stammered.

“Did I do something wrong? Sorry, I like exposing myself to you so much, and you’re such a good friend...” she smiled apologetically, leaving them around her hips, pink panties visible over the waistband.

There it was, that word. The dreaded friend zone. He could fix it with just a few spoken words. He wasn’t going to take it farther than that...

Ten minutes later, the auditorium applauded wildly at the sight of Gina’s naked torso leaning out the window of the AV room, eyes closed in bliss as some guy plowed her from behind. They couldn’t make out who it was from down there, but she clarified the point for them.

“Oh thank you for giving me a chance to prove my worth to you, Master! You’re the smartest, sexiest, most interesting and powerful man I’ve ever met! I’m so grateful you’re willing to use my lowly cunt, Master! My tits and ass belong to you! Please fuck me harder! You deserve it!”

Kurt couldn’t have agreed more.

“I couldn’t disagree more, Cassandra,” Mr. Powell was saying. While his English classroom had more space than usual, it was easily the most occupied room in his hall. Word had gotten out that he’d insisted his room was to be a “normal” space, and with only two periods to go in the day, there were actually a fair number of students happy to have some normalcy.

Cassandra, the school’s starting center on the girls basketball team, was not one of them. “I don’t see why you’re being so difficult about this, Mr. Powell. I’ve already been fucked by, like, ten guys today. Maybe more. I figured I may as well try to get something out of it. I know you’re trying to be Mr. Nice Guy and all, but c’mon. Let me earn some... extra credit.” She waggled her eyebrows, leaning over her teacher’s desk. She’d been told not to wear clothes for the rest of the day, so there was no avoiding seeing the surprisingly massive tits on the jock girl’s body. Her height made them seem less pronounced – unless she was naked. Like now.

“I’m not trying to be anything, Cassandra. Take a seat now.” He was considered handsome, and while he was old enough to be Cassandra’s father (barely), he’d had to be firm against flirtatious impulses more than a few times in his career.

She giggled as she skipped around the desk and right into her teacher's lap. "Here I am, sir. Teach me."

His cock twitched in his pants as the toned ass of his student squirmed in his lap. "This is not behavior I am going to reward. Now please go and sit in *your own* seat."

She ignored the glares of her classmates as she made her way back to her desk. They were just haters – people who had somehow gotten tired of what was easily the coolest thing that had ever happened at this school. Cassandra didn't love being the plaything of any male with a voice, but it beat stupid, boring lectures by a mile.

So she obeyed – of course – and plopped down at her seat. Then, as Mr. Powell composed himself and came around the front of his desk, she snuck a hand between her legs and started to play with herself. Mr. Powell resumed a lecture about *Of Mice and Men*, these dorkwads actually taking notes as he blathered on about accusations of sexism against Steinbeck.

"He was right though, wasn't he?" Cassandra asked, fondling a heavy tit in one hand as she continued masturbating with the other. She wondered if something someone had said had turned her full nymphomaniac, or if she was just horny and had run out of fucks to give. "Women are nothing but pushy, slutty little teases. You just have to fuck them and then ignore them when you're done with them. I know that's the case for me."

"Can you please shut her up?" asked one boy. "Some of us are actually trying to learn." Many other students echoed his sentiments.

"Seriously, none of us will judge if you... you know. Give in. Everyone's guilty of something today," said another.

"I even saw Mr. Bertram butt-fucking Sasha in his office."

"Sasha – wait, student-president-of-the-FCA Sasha? Mr. *Bertram*? Didn't he used to be a minister or something?"

"I definitely think you should fuck Cassandra," called out Cassandra in a fake voice, half-heartedly trying to blend her suggestion into the din.

"OK, OK, that's enough. Cassandra, get your butt up here."

With a cry of glee she released her hold on her pussy and pranced up to the front of the room, pony tail bobbing behind her. At Mr. Powell's command, she bent over his desk, shaking her butt enticingly. Here it was – a good fuck from her hot teacher, and a chance to score an easy A. No way he could fuck her on his desk and then not give her an A. Here it came.

Only instead of a cock to the pussy, she felt the hard strike of a flat palm on her bare butt.

"Ow! Mr. Powell, what are you—"

A second one, this time on the other cheek. "Katrina? Give me your panties."

His star pupil perked up; she'd been relatively unmolested today other than some opportunistic groping, and a couple tit-fucks during lunch. Two blowjobs in the hallway. A third in the boy's room. Fucking one of the male substitutes whose name she couldn't recall. Way less action than a lot of girls.

For her favorite teacher, she took her capri pants off in a blur, rushing him up and handing him her panties as her ass colored bright red in embarrassment. She didn't know whether to dress herself again, so she just sat back down bottomless. A boy would tell her if she needed to do more.

Mr. Powell turned back to his problem child, stuffing Katrina's panties into the girl's mouth. "That ought to shut you up, Cassandra. You've been a useless, mooching cock tease in my class all year, and I am sick to death of it. Sick. To. Death. Understand? So let's make some

changes. You're going to stay bent over, and the only sound you are to make is to thank anyone who shows you the discipline you need."

He turned to address the rest of the class. "All right. I'd like to invite anyone who ever feels like Cassandra has wronged them, used them, wasted their time, or otherwise contributed to degrading their education – come on up here and teach her the only lesson she seems capable of learning."

It took no more coaxing than that. Cassandra lay there, tears welling up in her eyes as one by one, her classmates joined in a line to smack her bare ass. Many of them mocked her as well, making sure she understood her new situation.

"Loudmouth cunt."

"Dumb jock bitch."

"This is for cheating off my calc quiz last week." Two spanks from Arthur, then he lifted her by her hair and smacked each of her tits once as well.

The dismissal bell rang before they'd burned out on punishing her; by that point, her ass was so red and tender she doubted she'd be able to sit right for a week. The room emptied as students moved to their final class of the day. Cassandra, not having been given permission to move and too humiliated by far to ask, just waited.

"What are you still doing in my classroom?" he asked when he returned from hall duty. "You can take the panties out," he added when she tried to speak with them in.

"I'm sorry I tried to seduce you for grades, Mr. Powell." She sniffled.

"What, that? Cassandra, I get it. You and I both know you were never going to go far on the merits of your intellect. So c'mon, let's get you that extra credit."

She brightened. "I can still get an A?"

He took one of her heaving tits in each hand. "Oh please. These look more like D's to me. Now get on your knees and see if you can figure out how to use them."

As he settled into his chair, casually ditching his slacks, she knelt before him. "So all that stuff about punishing me, disciplining me... that was all bullshit?"

He shook his head as she began licking his shaft for lubrication. "Please. You are a stupid jock slut who can only get by using her body to please men. You have no self-esteem, which is why you throw yourself at men – every single one of whom you know is smarter and better than you. You're grateful for the opportunity."

She blinked. "You're right, sir. Of course, sir. Let me pleasure you, sir? Please. Please let me titty-fuck you. I'll titty-fuck you so good, sir. I can't wait to earn my D, sir."

He smiled and patted her head. "Go ahead, Cassandra. I'll always help students willing to put in the effort."

## EPILOGUE

By the last period of the day, the school resembled a school once again. Students were in classes, at least enough that attendance could be taken. If half the students were naked and half of the rest were missing clothes, that was just a new dress code for a new GHS. Here and there, boys with especially active libidos continued to solicit blowjobs under their desks; guys who had patiently waited their turn for a particular high-demand girl finally got their shot.

All throughout the school, boys were smiling and admiring the new atmosphere with real passion. For many it was the first time that school was a place they couldn't wait to come to. The girls were more of a mixed bag, but for each girl who'd been gang-banged or actively punished, there were two who had enjoyed themselves more than they had any day before. Regardless, they had done what they were supposed to do – obey men. Dignity was a distant second.

Teachers resumed classes for relaxed and receptive students, many of them aided by the tongues, tits and twats of the senior girls. Miss Gagnon and some of the sexier faculty members' lessons were little more than modeling blowjob techniques on and for students. All were grateful. All felt like they had learned something.

People were so absorbed in their classes that they were surprised when the PA system buzzed – a normal buzz this time – to alert them to the afternoon announcements. Mr. O'Shaugnessy's voice came through loud and clear, even over the sounds of his secretary and one of the bus drivers 69ing on his desk.

“Good afternoon, students and staff! I just wanted to congratulate everyone on their hard work today. We're aware this announcement may have caught some of you off guard, but please let me thank our Wildcats for their tireless ingenuity today, and our Wildkits for their mindless obedience. That's the kind of school spirit I expected from you, and you didn't disappoint.

“Aside from that, let me just remind everyone that all school days and events are henceforth clothing optional, though ladies are cordially invited to wear something inappropriate for a learning environment. Have a great afternoon, and we'll look forward to seeing you in the halls tomorrow!”

Miss Gagnon stayed late to offer one-on-one help, though now her biology lessons centered exclusively on anatomy. Many of her colleagues were offering after-school help, too, from Ms. Temple's home ec lessons on adapting your wardrobe to look sluttier to Mr. Donovan's “After-School Funportunities!” – where the girls, who now all had F's, could suck and fuck him to boost their grades back up. (Janet butt-fucked her way into a D+ by the end of her first day.)

The cheerleaders were co-opted by the Science Olympiad for their new event, seeing whose invention could bounce a quarter off their asses and have it go the furthest. (After that, they were off to the boy's basketball game to strip tease for the crowd at half-time while the girls team sucked the fatigue out of the boys in the locker room.)

Detention ran like usual, except instead of sitting in boredom, the girls had to grab their ankles and convince the boys to give them a hundred spankings, at which point they were dismissed.

Kenny let Kacee have the afternoon off, for old time's sake. Kurt walked Gina home on a leash so he could use the bitch as a footstool while he raided with his clan.

And some... just went home. After all, why rush things? This was the new normal.



