

The Grand Prize

A TIOS Tale

Part Six: The Third Thing

Can I ask what this is about?

Just come? Please.

That had been enough. Somehow, that simple “please” had been enough.

Heather Blake was not prone to pacing. Plenty of high achievers might have that deep vein of anxiety in them, but not her. When they were medicating (or self-medicating), Heather was studying. When they were in therapy for their hardships in the trials of getting smarter, Heather was out with her friends, enjoying what time she had with them before the fall came, and her life up-ended forever. She’d always prided herself on her level-headedness and pragmatism.

Tonight, however, she paced. Still no sign of Conner through the blinds in her bedroom. They were going to bend if she kept peeking through them like that. Still, it meant she still had time to change. Again. What was she doing in this outfit anyway? Jeans and a sweater? Was she on her way to choir practice or preparing to have what could be the most consequential meeting of her life with the man of her dreams?

She changed. There were half a dozen outfits scattered on the floor of her usually tidy bedroom, pants and tops and leggings and blouses and dresses and sweaters and more. Nearly as many sets of underwear, as if that mattered. If it came to the point of Conner seeing her in her underwear, it was probably well on the way to Conner seeing her *out* of her underwear.

But what if it *did* matter? This time, a dress. Not a short one like the second ensemble. No, this one hung to her knees and then some. Plain black, with white patterns embroidered across the chest and skirt, but a splash of cleavage. He saw far more in her Pride protests, but Conner understood the gulf between sexy cleavage and political cleavage, and appreciated the former without pressuring or expecting, while applauding the latter for what it was meant to be. Not that he had never come out and said he was into her for her breast size, but he was a guy. *So much* a guy, more than she ever would have guessed. He had to like them. No sense not giving him a little peek at the peaks, not when there was this much on the line.

Back to the window. Still no sign of—

A pair of headlights slowed near the winding gravel driveway and turned in. That was as much as she could see, but her mother was at her pottery class (and probably drinks with the girls after), so who else could it be? Her heart suddenly thundered in her chest. He was here, like he’d promised. This was happening. It was *real*.

This dress was so stupid. How trappy would it be to bring him here and shove her boobs in his face to seduce him into... No. The fabric slapped against the wall as she threw it off, fluttering down to the floor as her fingers rifled through her closet for a replacement. Her mind raced as well.

What was wrong with wanting to look sexy for your boyfriend?

He's not your boyfriend.

But sort of, right? After spring break, after prom night... those weren't things a girl did with some random guy.

Only you thought he wasn't the sort to do those things with some random girl, and now he's had sex with that horrid Mary Buchanan. Maybe you're some random girl.

No. No! He asked me out last semester and he *fainted* when I said no. I'm not just another warm body.

Another, after Miss C, and Amanda, and Olivia, and Mary?

All right, fine! So Conner's a guy! What guy wouldn't sleep with a bunch of beautiful women if he could? So she needed to show him she was special.

A special woman, or a special pair of titties?

I can be both!

So be both.

The car was at the house now. Stalling for time, she sent a hasty text. *The front door's open.* There. Now down the hall into the bathroom, a few more seconds in front of the mirror, tug everything into place...

"Heather?" came a voice from the doorway. Heather stepped into the hallway, allowing herself a moment to admire her guy's backside before clearing her throat to alert his attention.

"Heather...?"

She walked right up to him and wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. It wasn't until she felt his tongue in her mouth that she fully appreciated how much she'd needed this after the day she'd had. Having an ex-boyfriend as a teacher, especially with that misogynist sex ed curriculum they'd given him, was a trial any day. Having to wear his cum and his words on her body all day, the looks, the whispers... it had been the low point in the campaign against that sexist relic of a dress code. Thank goodness Conner hadn't been in class during yearbook to see it.

"Hi, Conner. Thank you for coming over."

He looked her over again – more than fine by her – and then finally pried his eyes off her body and looked back into her bedroom. "What happened in here? It's like a tornado went through your closet."

"Oh, just doing a little reorganizing," she lied. "We can go in, if it doesn't bother you."

“Um, maybe... maybe we should talk downstairs?”

Heather hadn't planned on throwing him into her bed and fucking him. Definitely not. Still, she was disappointed to learn that this wouldn't be a happening that occurred organically. Her other plans could have been delayed, if he'd wanted. Oh well.

“Sure, if that would be more comfortable for you. Whatever you want.”

She led him downstairs, keenly aware of his eyes on her backside. Who could blame him? He hadn't seen her in school today; she couldn't find him at lunch, and then his absence seventh period. To see her now, wearing her Pride wear at home... it had never happened. Her mother would never let her out of the house in those clothes, and she wasn't about to let creeps on the street see her so close to naked when they had no context for the message those clothes (and lack of clothes) were meant to send. Heather had showered after school, the very moment she got in the door in fact, to finally remove the dry cum flakes from her face and scrub off that blue marker. *Not my BF's cum*. Ugh! Sometimes she felt like Jordan was abusing his position as teacher to embarrass her. Not that she could complain to anyone. Sex ed problems required sex ed solutions. Which usually meant kowtowing to whatever degrading thing he demanded of her. If she could handle that smug bitch Miss C, she could handle a comparative kitten like Jordan.

In any event, for the first time, she was wearing her Pride wear outside of school, in front of another person. (Technically she'd worn it at home before since she did have to try the stuff on, after all. Wouldn't send much of a message about the objectification of the swim team if her string bikini wouldn't cover her nipples.)

Today, it was a short, pleated skirt, held a little above its intended place by a pair of red suspenders. A horizontal elastic strap wrapped around the midsection, holding them tight against her body so that they even ran down the lower slope of her breasts and then held flat against her stomach. It was as if they were glued to her skin. Much more stable this way than in her trial run without the strap. It even kept the suspenders aligned over her nipples, except when she walked. Or coughed. It couldn't cover the entire areolae, of course, but areolae sent a message, both to administrators. Presently, it also sent one to Conner. She hadn't had time to put the stockings back on, but she'd managed to give her breasts a fresh glitter dusting to make sure they caught the eye.

In fact...

Heather turned around and walked him down the stairs backwards. His eyes were riveted on her chest. Good thing, because she had next to no grace like this. Best he fixate on her strengths and not how she was tottering around like one of the cows Jordan liked to compared her to. Sweet Conner didn't seem to mind.

She took him to the living room and offered him a spot on the loveseat, then curled up beside him, legs tucked under her body. She had so much she wanted to say,

but the way he was ogling her, Heather wasn't about to interrupt that. Her smarts weren't only good for the classroom.

It was strange how the same outfit she'd felt so empowered in all day – aside from the cum and the malicious lies on her skin – now made her feel so vulnerable. It was almost objectifying, looking at it this way. She could almost see how having 95% of her titties hanging out, to say nothing of her thighs exposed all the way up to her pussy, could distract boys from learning.

"You can touch me, if you want," she offered softly.

What? That's NOT what you invited him–

"Is that what you invited me over for?" Conner asked, suddenly sounding guarded. He squirmed in his seat, putting a couple more gloomy inches between them, all the more the narrow seating allowed. "To make out, or whatever?"

"Well, not *only* that," she said playfully. *Not that at all! Right? Stick to the plan!* "But I couldn't help but notice somebody's eyes have been glued to my boobs since he showed up."

"Well sure, but I mean..." For a moment, her temper flared when she heard the lead-in to that sad, tired "but look what she was wearing, she was asking for it," but this was Conner. He knew better. He *was* better. If he was unable to resist the temptation to ogle her body, it was because he loved Heather Blake the person, not Heather Blake the big-titted blonde. "You sounded in your text like you wanted to talk. Not... that."

"Well I do. I, um, I think we might have kind of a lot to talk about."

Conner sighed. "The rumors."

Heather winced. So he'd heard. Not surprising. Heather wasn't the most popular girl in school, not by a long shot, but she was Hayleigh- and Kirsten-adjacent enough that people talked sometimes. "Yeah, I guess that's a good place to start. Look, I'm not supposed to say this, but... it was Jordan."

Flirting with that line, aren't you? That was a sex ed assignment.

It was all right, though, right? The assignment had been to wear the markings and the cum without explanation, but... this was Conner. She hadn't explicitly defended her honor, and not like Conner was going to blab that she was setting her record straight. Her grade wasn't in jeopardy. At least Jordan's grading system was fair, however brutal, not dropping her score because she'd rejected his favorite student. Though in hindsight, maybe she'd deserved it. Conner. Mm.

"It... it was?" Conner suddenly whooped and threw a triumphant fist in the air. The noise was unexpected, sudden; she snapped back so fast her left boob bobbed out of the suspender. She tucked the nipple back in quickly. Quickly ish. "I knew it! I fucking knew that son of a bitch was behind it!"

Thank god he understood! She supposed it wasn't *that* surprising, considering he'd subbed for the class briefly. It was weird to think of Conner, her classmate, as a

substitute, especially since she'd been put on other projects during his short tenure and hadn't actually been in the classroom. Still, he knew how that class was.

Heather let out a sigh of relief and explained what she could. "Of course he was! I didn't want to get into it, 'cause you know, but... I'm so glad you get it. You have to understand I would never walk around all day with a guy's cum on my face or those awful words on my body if not for—"

"Wait, you *what*!?"

"I... you know. Like you said, the rumors."

"I meant the rumors about me and Olivia and Mary. What rumors were *you* talking about?"

"The rumors about... look, it's from you-know-where. I mean, you understand, right? I know you understand. It was just a really dumb assignment, that's all."

Conner's eyes narrowed, but after a moment, he gave her a soft nod that reassured Heather that he did indeed understand. She wondered if her classmates' boyfriends were as understanding about them having sex with their teacher all the time. Did any of them still have boyfriends? Her hands didn't have enough fingers to track all the girls who'd dumped their significant others this morning so they could have a chance at Conner.

Tamara Neal had been dating Simon Heine since middle school, and Heather had listened in quiet dread during third period as she told him that she was over him, that she'd fallen in love with another man. No faulting her taste, she supposed, but still. Cold.

"Well if it's an assignment, then... you were just doing what you had to. I'm sorry you had to go through that."

Heather sighed a bit too dramatically. *God* she loved this boy. Her whole life she'd told herself that her dreams came first, with boys a distant second. Fifth, more like it. She never knew she could love a boy this much. "Thank you for understanding."

Conner's smile was mild, and short-lived. "Um, so about my rumor... Something tells me you already heard, since you didn't, you know, hit me."

"I'm not going to hit you."

His smile was still nervous. "That's a relief. Look, I know things have been, you know, weird. Intense. I wish I knew what to say to you, but..."

Heather put her hands over his. They were so cold, the poor thing. Hers felt like they were on fire. Everything felt that way, come to think of it, ever since he'd reminded her about the other women he'd been fooling around with. Something about knowing how easily he could have another woman in his arms, it drove her absolutely *wild*. That foursome must have knocked something loose.

"It's all right, Conner. Actually, if it's OK, I had a few things I wanted to say to you. Sort of related to that."

He winced. “Oh. Um, if you’re breaking up our non-official relationship or whatever, you can do your speech and all, but... just tell me up front? So I don’t faint in front of you. Again.”

“Breaking up with...?!” She slapped his chilly fingers.

“You said you weren’t going to hit me!”

Nice going. Assault the guy before you–

“I’m sorry. It’s just... god, Conner, of course I’m not going to break up with you. I was worried *you* were going to break up with *me*!”

“What? You mean because of Mary?”

“And Olivia, and Amanda, and I guess now maybe Miss freaking C of all people for some reason...”

“No. Heather, that wasn’t... Mary and Olivia mean *nothing* to me. I didn’t even do anything with Olivia, besides. She kissed me and I guess because of who she’s friends with everybody assumed I initiated, but I didn’t.”

“I believe you,” she assured him. How Conner had gone from anonymous nice guy to the dream boy of half the girls at Northside overnight, she had no idea. Well, no, she got it exactly. She just didn’t know how they had all realized together what she’d been afraid to admit to herself all along.

“As for Amanda and Kristy... that’s more complicated. I’m not sure I have a satisfactory explanation for what happened after prom, but I promise you, it was a one-time thing. I will never take advantage of–”

“I want to do it again,” she blurted. It was breaking her heart to hear him try to apologize when she wasn’t even mad. “All right, that’s not where I wanted to start this, but here we are. Can I, um, talk now?”

“Oh. Yeah. You can... you know. Talk.”

“Thank you. Look, it’s been a weird ride for us this past school year for sure. But I’ve finally had some time to think things over, or maybe I finally made myself stop putting it off. Whyever it is, I... well, I have three things I want to ask from you. And you can say yes or no to any or all of them, think things over if you need time, whatever. OK?”

Conner held his tongue, simply nodding for her to go on.

“OK. Cool. So... here goes.” She smoothed the skirt across the few inches of her lap that it covered. More a couple than a few, really. “First thing. So, earlier this year, you asked me out, and at the time, I... well, I was caught off guard and I didn’t know what to say in the moment and I said the wrong thing. And you paid the price for it. What Jordan did to you that day, all that... I feel awful about it.”

“That wasn’t your–”

“I know,” she said softly, putting a finger to his lips. “But I still feel awful that it happened. So the first thing, I want you to let me come to you tomorrow during seventh

period and set the record right. Let me ask you... No. Let me *beg* you to go out with me. Let everyone see how badly I want to be with you. All those ignorant jerks who laughed at you because they thought my indecision meant you weren't the awesome person who you are, let them see how much I need you."

She waited a moment to at last pull back her finger, and finally he responded. "Um, I'm not sure Kristy will want us making a, uh, scene. Like that."

Good ol' Conner. Pouring her heart out, and there he was worried about disturbing that arrogant asshole Miss C's class. She could kiss him. She *would* kiss him. Not yet – but soon.

"I feel like she owes me a favor or two for not telling everyone she slept with three of her students. I have a picture of her lipstick on my pussy." The lipstick itself didn't prove anything, of course, but the fact that it was a recognizable shot of Miss C's master bathroom with a timestamp from two hours after the prom probably did. That had been around the time she'd begun to suspect that Miss C's sexual relationship with Conner might not be *completely* coerced. She'd been so fucking jealous, she'd raced back to the bedroom and made out with Amanda until he couldn't not fuck her again.

"Heather, if you want me to say we're officially a couple, you don't need to do all *that*."

"That's not what I'm asking for. Tomorrow, when I plead for you to be my boyfriend in front of everybody, you can say yes or no or whatever. What I'm asking you for now is to let me ask."

"You really, *really* don't need to do that."

"I think I can decide what my own needs are, Conner."

He grimaced. "Is it OK if I say I'd rather you didn't?"

Ow. That stung worse than she'd wanted it to. Fair, after how she'd humiliated him, and then how dismissive she'd been of that humiliation since. Still, if he'd said no to that...

Conner sensed the mood, and allowed her some minutes of sullen silence. For a moment, she'd curled her knees up to her chest, though as soon as she realized what a sulky childish gesture it was, she forced them back down. Plus, they'd been hiding her boobs. You didn't plead with one arm tied behind your back, not when the stakes were this high.

Think he'd like you better with your arms tied behind your back?

"You said there were other things?" he prompted gently at last.

Heather forced a smile and dared to look up at him. "Yeah. There... well, there was going to be a second question, but... maybe I should skip to the third thing beforehand. You'll probably like that better. Yeah no, forget thing two."

"Heather... it's OK. You can ask. Whatever it is, I want to hear it."

"No really, the third one is way better. Trust me. Let's—"

He squeezed her hands firmly, and she fell silent. “Heather. What’s thing two.”

She took a deep breath, and when that betrayed a tremble in her jaw, she took a few more until she had regained a little trust in her voicebox. Here went nothing.

“So, this is kind of nebulous, so let me kind of babble this out, OK? All right. So... I want to be with you. I know we talked about how it could be temporary, because in the fall and everything. But here it is. If I get to Berkeley, I want you to come with me. If I don’t, then I want to apply wherever you decide to go. If you don’t want to go to Berkeley, then I want to do that anyway. Wherever you’re going to be, I want us to be there together..”

She saw he was going to interject, but she held up the finger again, this time only as a warning, before continuing. “I know I’m asking a lot, but I don’t want you to feel pressured, OK? I know you’re... well, you’re not the kind of guy who settles down with just one woman. I get that – and I’m OK with it. If you want to keep having fun with Amanda or Mary or whoever, that’s fine. If you want me to join you guys, that’s fine too. Even...” She took a deep breath. “Even Miss C. If that’s what you want.”

Please don’t let him want that again.

Unable to read his expression, she stumbled onward through her pitch. It had been so much more cogent in her rehearsals! “I know at Berkeley, you wouldn’t really know anybody else, but don’t worry. I’m really out-going, and I’ve always been pretty good at making friends. I’ll help you find more women, introduce you to people so you can still, like, live your life or whatever. They have sororities, so I figured maybe I could join one – I was going to do an academic one, but I could do one of the ones with all the hot party girls. It might be easier that way, help you find a social life, sexual life to your standard.

“Or I’ll go with you to state school, and I can do the same there. Or if girls you know from Northside are going there, we can, you know, whatever, with them. I’ll help. I just want you to be happy, and to be with you as much as I can for as long as you’ll let me. And if someday you want to settle down with just me, then awesome, and if you want to keep living large, then I’ll... adjust. Because you’re someone worth making adjustments for. And I hate that it’s taken me this long to realize it, but I’m here now, for you. With you. For as long as you’ll let me.”

She stopped herself. That had been pretty decent, right? She thought she was being pretty reasonable, meeting him halfway like that. There were plenty of concessions she was willing to make if her initial offer wasn’t satisfactory. She could try to get Jordan to let him do some more subbing (or maybe get him sick or injured on purpose, if needs be). That was the easiest way to prove her openness to a new relationship paradigm. Sure, there would be lesson plans he’d have to follow, but if it went anything like Jordan’s usual classes, it would consist of Conner getting to fuck any

hot girl he wanted, so it would still serve her purpose in addition to the broader educational mission.

Not that she thought it was all sexual. Maybe he felt threatened by her success? She didn't think so; Conner was a decent feminist himself. Still, if she needed to drop out of school altogether for a while, take care of him full-time, then she would. If he needed that more than for a while, like forever, she could consider that, too.

Consider, like you haven't already fantasized about it.

Whatever he needed from her, she was going to provide it, like he had for her. It wasn't his fault if her only need from him was his love. He'd always given her that, though, even before she'd been ready for it. Now, she'd do anything to keep it.

Anything.

"I... I'm flattered, first of all," he said after taking a moment to consider. "Yes, I do want to be with you. Long-term. Gosh, Heather, I've wanted to be with you since as long as I can remember, and that hasn't changed one bit. We can talk about the where and how of it, but you are *not* not doing Berkeley for me, understand? Once you nail valedictorian – which I know you will – you're going."

"So you'll come with?"

"I... I don't know. I think I could? But... it's complicated. I'm not sure what life will be like after graduation. Not sure anybody is, honestly. Still, even if it means we have to take a break, I would wait for you. I promise, I would. Heck, I waited through all of high school to be with you, no way I'm giving up now."

"Take a break? You mean, like, for all of college?"

"Or maybe I could transfer close by after a year or so, you know, to keep the bills down? Out of state tuition, even at other schools in the area..."

A year. A whole *year* without him. A year in which Amanda and probably that treacherous hag Miss C would have carte blanche to sink their hooks into him and take him away from her! No way. But he was still talking.

"But I promise, we will be together. So yes. Thing two, yes. As long as you want to be with me, I want to be with you. We can fine tune details sometime – sometime soon – but for now, yes."

Heather threw herself at him. His lips had never been so soft, his body so warm, his essence so satisfying to be pressed against. God, she never wanted to leave this place, this moment. His hands on her waist, his tongue in her mouth, it was suddenly much easier to imagine being satisfied abandoning her old dream to focus full-time on her new one. To think that less than a day ago the cock she now felt pressing into the fabric between them had been buried inside of Mary Buchanan... god, she was horny. And lucky.

Unfortunately they made out for only a short while, before, as she was about to take off her very limited clothes, he finally pulled away long enough to get a word in.

“Um, wasn’t there a third thing? Not that I don’t want to keep... but I am dying of curiosity here.”

Damn. You were almost enough for him.

Heather forced a smile. “Well we can’t have that.”

Neveah Kinslan shivered, again, but still couldn't have said if it was the chill in this place, or just nerves.

Mary Buchanan. If there were a girl in the whole world she could have made last in line to get to fuck Conner, it would be Mary Jesus-fucking Buchanan. Neveah almost wished that bitch's cult was right, just so she could be there to see the look on Mary's face when her god sent her lying, scheming, whore ass straight to hell.

To say nothing of Olivia. God, *Olivia*? That ditzzy moron minion? At least her mistress knew how to take what she wanted. Shit, Neveah respected Kirsten, even if she still hated her. Thank god the alpha bitch was buried mothball deep in the closet, or this competition for Conner cock would be over before it started. She'd feigned interest, of course, because a trend couldn't be trending that loudly without Kirsten attaching her name to it, but no worries there. How nobody in class had noticed how much louder she came during partner practice than any of the guided instructions was beyond her.

Fuck it was cold. Well, no. It was just that it was fifty-something, and far enough into the spring that the fifties didn't feel like the seventies any more. She normally liked to be cold. It was her aesthetic, and in her own way, she was as invested in her aesthetic as the blandly hot girls like Kirsten or Olivia were in theirs. Still, cold was cold, and mistress of the dark or no, her pussy wasn't going to work right if it was freezing its lips off. The blanket that had been left for her mocked her with its offer of warmth.

But no. No covering all this up.

It was, to be sure, a good look. Deep purple vinyl pants, for starters. She'd gotten them for a rave she went to last fall, but this semester Mr. Lyons had put her on a stricter diet. It hadn't been enough to be thin with big boobs and a big ass, no, the misogynist prick had needed the legs to go with the waist. The asshole couldn't handle the look of a real woman's body among all those waifs and their buck twenty bods. Physically, all the legwork had made her feel healthier, but knowing it was all for gratification of the male gaze had taken away any joy in it. At least until she had a male she wanted to gratify. The pants still looked pretty hot, though. She'd gotten matching boots to go with them, too.

As for the top... well, that was more of a middle. As in, it was a black vinyl corset, only there was nothing across the bust. Barely anything, anyway, merely a small support under her girls that gave them a little extra heft. She looked even bigger than Heather in this thing, and with her petite build was naturally perkier even without the help. Her tits were out and proud, completely uncovered, decorated with a band of thin silver chains suspended between two clamps on her nipples. They weren't full hard core S&M type shit, quite. The clamps were padded a bit so it only hurt in the long-term while not chewing up her nips.

All that plus some extra studs, every piercing filled with something, including a silver septum piercing with a few blue studs in it. Fake, but only because she was saving

for more ink first. Her tattoos were doing their work as well. The cobra on her left shoulder, the leafless tree on her left arm, the dagger on her thigh as a memento of her cutting days. The girls in second period thought it was just another goth thing. Barbie bitches.

Neveah resisted the impulse to sneak a cigarette. Not that she gave two shits if this stupid shed burned down, but a little research had confirmed that Conner didn't like smoking. She could quit, she supposed. Or better yet, get him started. Nothing like a good ciggy after sex. She couldn't wait to show him that.

At long last, she heard voices outside. She recognized both of them, heart quickening at the sound of Conner's voice.

Hard to believe she'd agreed to this. She never would've figured she'd require the assist. Cornered in her little alcove behind the Coke machine, she'd figure it'd be no trouble getting Conner's pants off and enticing him to rock her world. He was a boy, for fuck's sake. A high school boy. They got hard zipping up their pants and they came when they sneezed too hard. For the first time in her life, she'd been grateful for the presence of a white cis hetero male to fetishize and objectify the shit out of her – and instead he'd practically sprinted away.

She wasn't going to make him pay for that, though only because she was fucking obsessed with him. What else would she be doing freezing her tits off in this stupid third-rate greenhouse in the middle of BFE?

The door swung open at last. Heather entered first, but she was leading in Conner by the hand. His eyes were closed. A guessing game, then, or some such white bread bullshit. Whatever. Heather looked to her classmate and put a finger to her lips; Neveah nodded. This was her show. She had her pride, but sometimes a girl had to acknowledge when she was being tossed some scraps and wolf them down. Fight when you were stronger.

Frankly, she'd been suspicious of this whole thing. Heather Blake had always seemed like one of those bitches who found Hallmark movies inspirational, but you never really knew. She swam with some sharks on occasion, after all, so knives out was not the way. Heather's friends Kirsten and Hayleigh might be royal cunts, but getting on their radar was one of the fastest ways to make the shitshow that was high school a true nightmare. Still, try as she might, she couldn't avoid hearing some of the omnipresent second period gossip. Heather had been tight with Conner for a while now, so if she was willing to share, Neveah wasn't about to say no. Why the busty blonde had sought her out, she had no idea, but if it was a trick... well, knives out was still an option.

Heather led Conner nearby. God he was so fucking hot. She wanted to burn his clothes off and ride his naked flaming dick.

"Now watch your step, OK? It's pretty clean in here, but the floorboards aren't totally level," Heather was saying.

“Noted. Now what are we... hey, where are you going?”

Heather released her grip on his hand and kicked off her flip-flops, padding silently over to where Neveah was standing. “Now come toward my voice, nice and careful.” Heather placed herself right behind her guest, who quickly understood the game. Neveah placed her hands on her hips, thrusting her chest forward.

“Are you... all right, I’ll...” He stumbled in his first step, but after that, Conner planted his feet carefully one after the other. Like any blind man, he reached out instinctively with his hands to feel for obstacles. Neveah braced herself, step by step, for his touch. They were at the right level. It was perfect. She was going to get felt up by this weirdo bitch’s boyfriend, and once she showed him what she had to offer, he’d be hers. Getting felt up had never been so goddamn hot before.

Heather’s chest, covered only in a pair of suspenders, pressed into her bare back. Neveah had a couple inches on the blonde, though neither were tall. Heather rested her chin on Neveah’s shoulder; she accommodated by tilting her head to the side. When Heather spoke, the voice would be coming from where Neveah was standing.

“Almost there. Good, keep your hands out like that. A few more steps. Closer... closer...”

His hands at long last made contact. Neveah steered her chest into the correct place, bending slightly, so that he grasped one tit in each hand. The O of his mouth bespoke that he understood what he’d found, but to give due credit to the trust he placed in this conniving bitch who was in the midst of deceiving him, he kept those eyes closed.

“Heather, you’re... oh wow. Wow, I almost forgot how amazing you... wow.” She squeezed her tits softly. Heather’s breath was hot on her neck. That did nothing for her – not that she was some ultra-hetero asswipe, but this bitch was stabbing Conner in the back right in front of her and therefore didn’t deserve him.

Still, the hands. Neveah’s eyes squeezed shut in ecstasy and she had to bite down on her lower lip to keep from making a noise.

“You like them?” Heather asked softly.

“I *love* them,” he answered immediately, emphatically. “The suspenders, that little cross strap thingy, it feels... feels weird.”

Heather giggled at his mistake as he ran his fingers along Neveah’s chains. He somehow either didn’t notice the clamps, or mistook them for Heather’s big hard nipples. “Here, let me get those out of the way for you. No peeking until I say though, remember.”

“I remember.”

Heather reached around and delicately removed the clamps. For a moment, her hardened nipples roared in fresh agony upon their release, but then they remembered the feel of this incubus’s hands on them and forgot anything but the bliss of being touched. Groped, really. His fingers sunk in deep, squeezing hard. Having a boy play

with her tits had never been so amazing before. She could almost see why so many of her female peers got so fixated on placating the patriarchy with their bodies.

Was that why he'd spurned her after school yesterday? Maybe she was too intimidating in her raw natural form. Maybe—

“Do you remember what we did on that beach during spring break?” Heather asked.

Please say he fucked her, she thought. *Please, Satan, tell me he fucked her for a whole goddamn week.*

“I... yeah. You really... I mean, we could do something else, if you want. I mean, not that I don't want that, because I do, but—”

“I want it, Conner.”

“OK. So... can I open my eyes now?”

“Not yet. Focus on the sensations. Concentrate on the pleasure I'm about to give you.”

That was one way of putting what seemed like it was about to go down. Whatever. Heather made a gesture to lower herself to the ground. Great. Getting fucked on the dusty floor of a greenhouse. Whatever. It was Conner. She'd fuck him in a truck stop men's room if that was all she could get. Her pussy would never forgive her if she passed on an opportunity. Why Heather was just giving him away... she shook her head as she spread her legs. Foresight had been hers. She'd ditched seventh period to run home and cut a gap in the crotch of the vinyl pants after Heather had made her pitch. She wouldn't even need to take her pants off for him to—

Hang on.

Heather knelt next to her and guided Conner to the floor. Except instead of positioning him between Neveah's widespread legs, he was... straddling her waist. What was she doing? Was this blonde twat serious?

Conner undid his fly, and out popped the best dick in the entire universe. In an instant, she forgave the deceit. Heather had certainly implied this would be a pussy stuffing, not some bullshit tit fuck. But what the hell ever. That cock, that crimson, raging storm of a cock... he could put it wherever he wanted. If Conner wanted to ram it in her belly button and disembowel her with the thing, Neveah would be up for seeing him try. A little pain always made things better anyway.

Heather maneuvered his shaft between Neveah's tits, and she gasped at the sensation. It was so *hot*, in every meaning of the word. Her tits had always been a double-edged sword. Heavy, awkward, drawing all sorts of undesired attention; meanwhile they were sexy, intimidating, and most important of all, *hers*. Suddenly, they were catapulted one hundred percent into the pro column. That he wasn't questioning that they were Heather's wasn't her favorite, but at least she was being mistaken for the titty queen of Northside and not some nobody. She wondered if, as he went on, the

contours of her corset might be perceived even through his pants. She hoped so. Neveah couldn't wait for him to realize who was really doing this for him.

With impressive quietude, Heather repositioned herself to lie down with her head beside Neveah's, legs stretching out in the other direction. Neveah wouldn't have minded the chance to cut that smug look off her face, but then, she spoke, and all was forgiven.

"Go on, Conner. Enjoy them."

His dick was big enough to lay flat against Neveah's chest. It was the perfect size, she thought, neither aggressively large nor forgettably petite. Closer to the former, she thought. Exactly what she wanted. Neveah pressed her tits together so they wrapped softly around his member, and, after a delectably agonizing pause, he began to thrust.

It was slow going. They'd done nothing to reduce friction, after all. With a girl like Heather wrapped around his finger, no doubt he knew enough about fucking a girl's tits to know how to avoid chaffing. Likewise, Mr. Lyons had done Neveah's so many times, she didn't even have to think about the right amount of pressure. Which was good, because looking at Conner, stabbing his manhood in and out of her womanhood. Or was that her pussy? Fuck, who cared, he was fucking her *somewhere*. Who cared where or how.

Heather sighed happily. Conner smiled. Neveah glared, especially once she realized she'd been smiling too. Thank god his eyes were closed.

Before long, he was bending down to get his hands in on the game. How many tits had these hands felt up? However many, there were two more. He was gentle about it, more than she would have preferred, but that was fine. He imagined he was tending to his delicate flower, not a real woman, one who welcomed a man who wanted to twist her nipples off. She'd teach him another time. For now, his fingers were teasing delicately across her bare skin as she arched her back, silently imploring him to dig in.

"I'm so happy right now, Conner," purred Heather.

"Well if you're happy, imagine how I feel. God, these things feel amazing. I don't know if you've been moisturizing or what, but they give your pussy a run for its money."

Oh *fuck*. Her tits were a better fit for Conner's dick than that snake's cunt. Neveah moaned. In spite of herself, she moaned.

Conner laughed. "That's a new sound. You OK down there?"

Heather sat up and shot her an exasperated look before replying. "Sorry. You look so happy. It's such a turn-on. Don't stop, OK?"

"Your wish is my command, my dear."

A molten rod of pleasure ground in between her tits. Her boobs. Her jugs. Her big fat Conner-fucking titties. Fuck, she loved these things. In the back of her mind she was deleting everything from her wardrobe that didn't make these babies pop. She wanted to make sure any time Conner saw her, he remembered this and felt invited to do it again.

She only wished she could invite him to stick it in her mouth, give him a little something to lubricate. (Also, selfishly, to get her mouth around that thing.)

Evidently, Conner was feeling the same way, though. “Um, Heather? I’m getting close, but... do you still have that lotion or anything out here? It’s, you know. Frictiony. Not that I’m complaining.” Heather was already hopping to her feet as he continued. “Or, you know, there’s the other way to get it wet. ”

He was so close. She licked her hands and gave him a few two-fisted wanks for a ghost of lubrication, then quickly sandwiched him in again and rubbed them on him faster.

“Or that. That was excellent.” Conner groaned contentedly.

“Oh! Well if that’s enough...” Heather said from ten feet away, where she was retrieving something from a drawer in some cabinetry.

They both realized her mistake at the same moment. Conner’s eyes opened.

“Neveah?!” Conner exclaimed.

“Oh crap. I can explain,” Heather stammered.

“Blast my big fucking tits with that cum, mother fucker,” Neveah demanded.

She pressed down, jerking rapidly.

Conner exploded.

Neveah screamed as her own orgasm thundered on the heels of his lightning blast, her tits forgotten, splaying to the sides, leaving his unattended cock to spray wildly across her chest, across her face, across the fucking greenhouse. Fuck, it hit her so hard some of it probably painted the fucking moon whiter. Conner fell back, looking around in wounded confusion.

“What the fuck, Heather!” he snapped, hastily pulling his pants up.

“Don’t be mad!” she insisted, darting toward him, but he recoiled as quickly. “I told you I wanted to prove to you I meant what I said. That you can be with other women and I won’t get mad, or try to pressure you out of it. You liked it, right? She felt good, didn’t she?”

“You tricked me into messing around with a veritable stranger! No offense, Neveah. But what the actual hell! Why would you think that’s OK?!”

“You slept with all those other women... I just figured that was what you wanted! I won’t do it again, I promise, not unless you tell me you want to.”

But he was making for the door. For her part, Neveah sat up and scooped a blob of Conner’s jizz from where it had splattered on her chin, then another between her legs, where her own slime was oozing out. She stuck both fingers in her mouth. She didn’t care what people said, Neveah liked the taste of blended cum. Let the prudes debate whether that was fucked up or not. It wasn’t the weirdest kink she’d seen in sex ed, not by a long shot. Not with Assley LeButt and her Hair-trigger Heinie. (Mr. Lyons’ nickname, but Neveah had to admit she kinda dug it.)

Heather was sputtering apologies as Conner testily deflected them, marching back toward his car. Neveah sauntered along behind, easily keeping pace thanks to Heather's efforts to get him to slow down and talk to her. By the time he made it to his car, she was almost caught up.

"Conner, don't go. Let's talk about this. I made a mistake, OK? Let's talk! Let me make it up to you, please," she begged, leaning into his car window. Yeah, cuz dangling those toys in his face was gonna fix things. Back-stabbing trash. Neveah could have predicted this from the moment she'd heard the plan. She'd learned long ago to never interrupt your enemy in the middle of a mistake.

"I'm upset right now. We'll talk... later. When I'm calm. Right now, I need some space and some time."

"Please, Conner!" she whined.

Neveah cleared her throat. Slowly, both heads pivoted to realize she was still there.

"My cousin dropped me off, so I need a ride," she said casually. "Conner, you mind? Least you owe me for the tit fuck, right?"

He didn't hesitate long. "Fine. Whatever. Get in."

Heather glared, but there was nothing she could say. "You can gimme my clamps and shit back in class tomorrow," said Neveah over the roof as she eased herself into the passenger's seat.

Mary, Olivia and Amanda were still out there, and dozens more opportunists who might try, but for now, her biggest rival was in ashes, and her man's cum on her breath. She might not have feelings for the guy, but for sex like that, she'd do whatever it took.

Conner put his car in reverse, and they were away.

“Where am I dropping you?” Conner asked wearily as he pulled onto the street.

“I’m thinking your place.”

“You had your fun. Now you’re going home.”

“Yeah, and I hear you, super stud, but in case you didn’t notice I’m wearing latex pants and half a corset. My mom doesn’t butt into my business much, but I think that’s the sort of thing she might draw the line at. I mean, if you got a spare shirt in here, fine, but otherwise, I let you jizz on my face, so maybe do a girl a solid.”

Conner was silent for a bit, mulling it over. At the next stop sign, with no other cars in sight, he unbuckled his seatbelt, removed his shirt, and tossed it into her lap without even glancing to the side. “There. Easier to explain to *my* mom why I’m showing up without a shirt than why there’s a naked girl waiting in the driveway.”

She casually tugged it on. It was incredibly tight across her chest, then hung down loosely over a stomach that was incredibly narrow even when it wasn’t being actively compressed. Several wet spots appeared almost instantly. Conner barely noticed, except not unlike the day before, she left him no choice. Satisfied, she gave him an address, an apartment complex pretty close to his own neighborhood. Then she said nothing. Conner wasn’t in a mood to talk, although...

“Why do you keep staring at me?” he snapped after two long miles. “Didn’t get enough of an eyeful in three freaking hours yesterday?”

“I like looking at you,” she answered simply.

“Well it’s weird.”

She didn’t answer. Nor did she quit staring. “Fine. Be like that. Just what I need on top of *that*,” he growled.

“You’re awfully grouchy for a guy who just got to fuck the best tits at Northside.”

“Heather’s the best tits at Northside.”

“So her PR team claims. If you like ‘em big and saggy, I guess.”

“They’re not saggy!”

“I have a strong gift of intuition bordering on precognition. I call it like you’ll see it.”

“Whatever the heck that means.”

“It means I have the best tits at Northside.” Conner shot her a frosty look, then did a double take. When in the hell had she cut his shirt?! Suddenly there was slit from the collar down to her sternum. Two huge, white, bouncy tits glowed in the afternoon sun. “What’d you do to my shirt?”

She folded her knife and set it in his cup holder. Where had it even come from?! Regardless, she ignored the accusation. “You’re awfully defensive of somebody who just pawned you off like that.”

Conner gave up on the shirt and tried not to glance over. Thank god these country roads were straight. “It’s not that simple, Neveah.”

“You wanna talk about it?”

He snorted. “With you? You can’t be serious.”

“Don’t I look serious?”

Conner glanced over. She did look serious, he’d have to hand her that. “Talk about it with you? Come on.”

“I mean, I’m pretty much the perfect person to talk about it with, but sure, whatever, be an idiot about it.”

“You? I don’t even know you! You make no sense.”

“I make perfect sense. At least as much as anything in life makes sense.” She shifted, sitting sideways. Only after a moment did he notice the gaping hole in the crotch of her vinyl pants, exposing two light brown labia that contrasted with her pallid skin intensely. “Think about it. First of all, I was there, so at least talking to me, you get to not be a dickhead for telling all your friends what we did by venting to them. Second, you’re nobody to me. I don’t know anybody I could tell your stuff to who’d give half a shit. You’re not exactly gossip material, ‘brah.”

He missed her rolled eyes during another stolen glance at her pussy. “Still. It’s personal. And painful.”

“So? I’m a person. Shit, look at me. Pain is kind of my thing.”

“I was talking more about experiencing it than doling it out,” he muttered.

“Better yet. Here, check this.” She rolled up her sleeve – his sleeve – and revealed that barren tree on her arm. Then, as he sputtered in shock, she awkwardly wriggled out of her vinyl pants until they were down by her knees, shimmying them down inch by inch. A pickup truck going the opposite direction almost hit them as the driver evidently caught a glimpse. Neveah didn’t react.

“I’m not going to have sex with you!” he shrieked, in panic at her forwardness as much as at the truck. He was *not* going to give in. Although, best tits at Northside...?

No. Self-proclaimed elitism wasn’t true elitism. Unless she was right? Either way, not while he was driving! He forced his eyes back on the road.

Along with the car.

“Fuck! Don’t look that hard, dumbass, you’re gonna get us killed!” Conner straightened out the car and turned on cruise control to help mitigate his distractedness. Thankfully there hadn’t been a ditch. “I’m talking about the tat. Here.” Neveah spread her legs, tapping a slender knife inked on her left inner thigh.

“Oh. That’s, um, very nice. Can you put your pants back on?”

“I’m not gonna ruin your upholstery. Jesus, act like you never saw a pussy before. Anyway, you were talking about experiencing pain. You know how long these take to get done?”

“Um, no. Hours?”

“And hours,” she echoed, stroking the dagger affectionately. He drifted to the left for a moment, but caught it in time. “Hurt like hell, too. Now, I know I’m likewise not a gossip column celeb, but you ever hear the rumor that I came on the artist’s hand while he was inking this thing?”

Conner blinked. “You *what*?! No!”

“Huh. I thought everybody had heard about that, thanks to my shithead ex. Who made it up, I should add. Kinda ruins my point if you haven’t heard, but my point is this. Lots of folks only know one thing about me, and that it’s I have an intense interest in personal pain. Man, way to fuck up my pitch. I thought you did newspaper. Isn’t it your job to know what’s going on at school?”

“Yearbook, and sorry. *Now* can you put your pants back on?”

She rolled her sleeve down. Not exactly the compromise he would’ve gone for. “You gonna treat me like a person and talk to me? I promise, your mouth to my ears to the grave.”

Conner considered. He did want to vent to someone. And it was a problem of who, considering he didn’t want to kiss (or tit-fuck) and tell to his normal friends, nor could he ask for solace from Kristy or Amanda.

Besides, the way she’d phrased it...

“All right, fine. I’m going to hold you to that.”