

Extra Credit

A TIOS Story

“Heather, hold up,” called Jordan as she hastened for the door. Her third period was on the far side of the school, so she always made it a point to leave Mr. Lyons’ class as soon as she was allowed. He was often preoccupied with some last-minute hands-on (or cocks-on) instruction, and on those occasions girls used that as an opportunity to dash out early.

Not Heather, though. She followed the rules. Not that she was a suck-up; it was simply that teachers tended to get along with students who did their work and stayed out of trouble. If anything, the fact that she was a straight A student whose teachers were indifferent to her at best bespoke how little effort she put into being a teacher’s pet. Really she only had to coast by for a few more weeks, not lose any of her existing A’s, and she would at long, long last be Berkeley-bound. Goodbye Northside, hello west coast.

With a sigh of exasperation, she paused at the door, standing aside to let her classmates by. Kirsten didn’t miss the opportunity to position herself so that Heather was in the way of Olivia, allowing her to both bother the bustier blonde by having Olivia nearly body check her to keep up, then to shoot Olivia a dirty look for slowing her down. Win-win, insofar as keeping score for bullying went.

“Yes, Mr. Lyons?” she asked, folding her arms.

“Hey, so you got your college applications in and all, right?”

She arched an eyebrow. “Yeah. Like six months ago. Why, didn’t you?”

“See, dem titties aside, that’s what I like about you. So responsible.” He brushed her arms aside and honked her tits. It pulled her crop top down underneath the right side, so she had to tug it into place before everyone in the halls got a look. How had she ever been friends with such a pig? Much less dated him. Ugh. She’d been hoping ever since their breakup junior year that their circle would eventually cast him out, but since his place was by far the best for parties, no such luck on that front.

High school is nearly past tense, she reminded herself. *Put up with him for as long as you have to.*

“Is there something you needed? I don’t want to be late to third period.”

“Yeah, there was actually. I was wondering if you could give me a little help on my admissions essay. Look it over, give me some feedback, proofread, all that dorky shit.”

She frowned. “I’d really rather not, actually. But you can talk to Mrs. Prendergast in guidance, and she’ll probably help you. I know she looked over some stuff for Hayleigh and Jackson.” Not that Jackson’s essay mattered next to the fact that he was 6’5” and averaged 21 points per game last season.

“I don’t want that dusty old bitch’s help. I want you. You’re like third in our class, aren’t you?”

“Second, down by .03 because I took art history as a sophomore and it didn’t have an honors track.”

He flicked her nipple through her shirt with a forefinger. “Better yet!”

“Sorry, Jordan. I have a lot on my plate right now and I really don’t have time.”

“What, you mean porking Fishers?” he said with a sneer.

“I’m sorry, did you just use the word ‘porking’ unironically?”

“Hey, I’ve heard my little piglet squeeeal like a peeeeeeeg.” He reached behind her and shoved a thumb up her ass, plugging the hole with her shorts, cackling at his own grotesque joke. She squirmed to remove the obstruction. Crap like this was why she didn’t put any energy into sucking up to her teachers.

“All right, now my answer’s gone from no to *hell* no. Excuse me.”

But he blocked her as she tried to squeeze past him. “I’m only kidding, god. I’d call you uptight if I hadn’t just felt how loose you’re getting.”

She glared. There was no point defending herself; the surest way to catch more grief in Mr. Lyons’ class was to defend yourself from his endless abuses. “Can I go now?”

“Man, you really are in a mood today,” complained her teacher. “Fine, tell you what. Do me a solid on this, and I’ll guarantee you full participation for a week.”

“I earn full participation every week as it is. Thanks, but no thanks.”

“All right, help me out and I won’t flunk you just to be a dick. How’s that.”

She sighed. “Fine. Just text me and I’ll find a time. Now can I please get to class?”

“That’s an awfully disrespectful tone you’re taking with your teacher, Ms. Blake. Now you apologize and show me your titties, and maybe I won’t dock you a day’s participation.”

Heather took a deep breath, then forced a contrite expression onto her face as she lowered her crop top. “I’m very sorry, Mr. Lyons.” She managed to not quite grit her teeth.

“Atta girl.” He shoved her into the hallway, where she yelped at being suddenly exposed to dozens of eyes.

What an asshole, she thought.

What a waste of perfect titties, Jordan thought as he watched her go.

He supposed that effort expended on Heather Blake was probably not the best use of his time. After all, he had full access to her an hour a day five days a week. He had Hailey and a few sluts from class who'd got caught up in a stray quote in the evenings, and of course there was that brainless bitch Miss C, who was eating out of the palm of his hand these days. Eating out of the tip of his cock, really.

Still, there was simply something about Heather that made him need to take her down a peg.

He wasn't even sure why himself. Was it because she'd shacked up with Fishers? Maybe. He'd derived tremendous satisfaction watching Miss C ditch that loser to give in to her slut urges. Or was it because of how suddenly she'd dumped him last year? That had stung for sure. The tattoos? They were definitely hot as hell, he had to hand it to himself. They made the other Pride skanks' outfits look like formal wear by comparison, they were so slutty. Or something else entirely? The knowitall smugness, the feminazi propagandizing, her do-gooder attitude.

Hell, maybe it was nothing but those tits.

Whatever it was, she was going to be his new project. He didn't even have a concrete objective, much less a means of achieving it. All he knew was that he wanted to get her. Just... *get* her.

“Well?” he asked as she set the paper down.

“I’m not going to lie to you or sugarcoat this, Jordan. If you submit this to a college, you better send a check from your father big enough to buy them a new dormitory to go with it. I’m talking full-on Lori Laughlin treatment here.”

He’d told her he was using the laptop to take notes on her commentary. In actuality, her opening line made for a pretty solid quote. The no sugarcoating might get irritating, acerbic as the bitch could be, but honesty? He’d take that.

“That bad?”

“It’s... pretty bad. You don’t have a thesis. You used profane language on at least three occasions. You neglected to mention your teaching experience, which seems like a no-brainer. You clearly didn’t even do the bare minimum and run it through a spell-checker. You come across as a halfwit. At best. Maybe a quarterwit.”

No sugar-coating indeed.

Jordan sighed and slumped back in the recliner. A breeze blew in through the open window of his guest house, casting the paper off the coffee table onto the floor. Good. There, the housekeeper could sweep it up with the rest of the trash in the morning. “No need to spare my feelings, ya know.” No sugarcoating indeed.

“I’m trying to be straight with you. You did a bad job, and frankly, I know full well you didn’t even try. You forget I see your work in yearbook all the time, and I know you can write better than this. Are you trying to get rejected or something?”

“What, like you’ve got such awesome prospects?” he retorted crankily. He hadn’t brought her over to get a lecture. Besides, he’d forgotten how boring she used to dress before he fucked with the dress code. Outside NHS’s walls, here she was in a loose-fitting sweater and mom jeans. It was blasphemy, covering up that skin of hers. Why not slip a trash bag over the Mona Lisa while she was at it.

“As a matter of fact, I’m expecting to go to Berkeley in the fall.” There it was, that smugness. Cunt. “If I can get straight A’s again, I’ll secure my inheritance from my grandpa and be good to go. I already got accepted.”

“If you can get straight A’s,” he said dubiously.

“I mean, I’m 90% sure I will. As long you don’t renege on our deal here, I’ll be almost sure to nail it. As long as Miss C doesn’t try to fuck me again.” She made a face then, though he had no way of knowing the extra meaning her choice of word carried for her. What had she been thinking, after prom?

Jordan seized on it, though. “Oh yeah? I thought you two were tight.”

“Why on earth would you think I’m close with that woman?”

He made a cat noise, laughing at her scowl. “So what happened? Come on, you can tell me.”

“It was this whole big thing at the end of last semester. She gave me a C- on my final exam, and between you and me I think she did it because Conner is her teacher’s

pet and there was that whole thing..." She was trying to be vague, but he prompted her to continue with a puzzled expression. "You know, where he asked me out, I said no, he fainted. Remember, after you humiliated him?" she finished with a withering look.

"Oh yeah, that."

"Anyway, so it was enough to bring my semester grade down to a B+. Or at least it would've been if Conner hadn't begged her to reconsider."

He looked impressed. "Wow, he cashed in a favor for you, huh? Wonder what it cost him. Ball buster like Miss C doesn't give out something for nothing." Of course he knew full well they'd slept together the very next day, but he was curious if Heather knew.

She did, of course, though not in that degree of specificity. Heather took a deep breath and unloaded her gossip, neither sugarcoating nor dissembling. He listened, genuinely fascinated, as she explained how she'd caught them fooling around a few months back, and how they'd explained she was extorting him in exchange for salvaging Heather's grade. Heather still believed it had all been a setup, failing her to get to Conner.

"That's fucking crazy!" he exclaimed as her story wound down. "I never would've guessed. You and Miss C always seemed so close. I mean, the way you two were bumping and grinding at prom, the way you and him and Carpenter all left together... Seemed awfully chummy."

Jordan legitimately almost did a spit-take in her face when she responded. He'd simply been responding naturally, not even fishing for a quote or anything, when his most recent entry snared him an appallingly honest response. "Well, we did go back to her place and have a foursome that night," she said, as casually as if she'd been commenting on the weather.

"You did *what?!?*" he exclaimed.

"Did I stutter? A foursome. It was pretty wild. Not at all like..." She stopped, not able to openly compare it to her group sex experiences in his sex ed. What happened there stayed there.

Her meaning was clear to him, though. "We'll compare it in class tomorrow. Man! I mean, wow! You three babes and that pud Fishers. Fuck me... I never would've thought the little bitch had it in him."

"Trust me, he has it in him, all right." She sighed dreamily. "Anyway, so yeah, ever since then, she and I have been on better terms. If nothing else, she can't really flunk me when I have carnal knowledge of her fucking three of her students. That I know of. Four, if you count all the suck and fuck you two have been up to lately."

"Huh." Jordan took a moment to process all this. He'd known about Miss C and Fishers, of course. That was what had started all this. And he'd known about Fishers and

Heather, and about him and Carpenter, too. All four together, though... man. For a moment, he almost respected the little shit stain.

Still, what could he actually do with this? Anything?

It took Jordan most of the rest of the week before he had a salvo that he thought would get him across the finish line. Individual quotes were always dicey, but he figured if he could pull another trick like with the dress code and funnel in half a dozen or so, it'd really capture the spirit of things. He simply needed to get Heather's people talking about her.

Luckily, they were happy to oblige.

Up first had been Miss C. He'd hit her up during one of their after school tutoring sessions, right before he came on her face. He liked to get the hair – way harder to clean out of those curls of hers. The other day she'd walked out of the building with a big blob she hadn't noticed gleaming right above the center of her forehead.

"Jordan, would you please stop doing that?" she griped, reaching for the box of tissues on her desk. She was struggling to grasp it, what with a fresh dollop of spunk in her left eye.

"Come on, Miss Cunt, jizz is your best color." Right before she could grasp the box with her fumbling hand, he knocked it onto the floor. When she bent to pick it up with a grumbled curse, he moved in and grabbed her ass like a bowling ball – two fingers in her pussy, one in her ass. Jordan could hardly believe Fishers didn't stretch that baby out more often. For an older gal – approaching 30, yech – their teacher looked mighty fine from behind. Muscle and fat in perfect combination. That ass had ripples for days.

"Jordan!" she squealed in equal parts indignation, discomfort and pleasure. "Let go of me!"

All it took to hold her down, though, was a little pressure from his thumb. "Don't pretend you didn't come in to work today praying you'd get a little of this, slut." Her body stiffened in pleasure, as it almost always did when he laid on the so-called charm. Damn, her head was a mess. He worked his fingers in her pussy to keep her going, and she stopped even attempting to stand. "You wouldn't have worn that skimpy little joke of a skirt if you didn't want me going up it. You're as bad as Heather and her Pride skanks these days."

"Like I told Coach Conrad earlier, wearing a miniskirt – *ungh!* – is not an invitation for the goddamn shocker!" she protested. "Or do I have to remind you what Heather wore to class today? And you didn't harass *her* – what makes this any different?"

Really, Heather's outfit had been pretty tame by Pride standards. Sure, the shorts were a little too tight and a lot too short, but aside from the way the t-shirt had clung to her tits, it had actually mostly covered her. Of course, that the Pride shirts had been a custom job and read "look all you want" across the front and "touching costs extra" on the back had taken it right back to their usual level of depravity. He could only imagine

what mental gymnastics it took Heather to spin that as feminist, and fuck it all if he wasn't tired to death of hearing her explain it.

"You say that like you don't have respect for your star pupil."

He'd been hoping to get her talking, but it seemed his fingers were being too effective at putting her in the mood. "Oh who cares about Heather Blake," she said between whimpers. "Come on, just... say those things you always say. Seduce me."

He wasn't letting her off that easy, though. "Who cares? Come on, the way she's got your golden boy wrapped around her little finger, surely you're at least paying attention."

Her eyes widened, and he could see the panic in her eyes setting in. As if being fucked by a student pretending to be a teacher in the middle of a faculty meeting was par for the course, but the idea of that same student finding out about her affair with his classmate would be too scandalous. TIOS sure had a twisted sense of humor. "W-what do you mean?" she stammered.

"Oh come on, I've seen you two carrying on for years. I think it's pretty obvious how much his happiness means to you," Jordan said, driving his thumb ever deeper. "As a student, I mean."

She relaxed, at least in terms of the sudden anxiety. Her ass was too full to truly relax. "Oh. I mean, yes, of course. I worry about him as a student. Yes," she agreed. God, what a shit liar. How did the whole school now know about those two by now?

"So? Aren't you worried he's going to get hurt by a girl like that?"

"Conner can take care of himself," she said, but he believed that lie even less than the last.

"Sure. Not like she's going to run off to Cali and leave him alone and heart-broken or anything, right?" This was easily the hardest part of this whole inquisition, pretending he gave two fucks about Fishers' feelings. "She told me about how she totally fucked up her final last semester, and I bet this one's even harder."

"Sh-she told you about that?" Miss C asked once he slowed down in her cunt long enough for her to speak halfway coherently.

"Sure did." Jordan moved her over to her desk like he was wheeling a suitcase, planting her facedown on a stack of ungraded essays. "She even thinks you flunked her out of spite just to set up Conner to be a hero." Not exactly what she'd said, but with what he knew about the TIOS entries of that time, it was a plausible theory. More plausible than Heather getting her first ever C- on a final in a class she'd been taking for three and a half years, that was for sure.

"What? No!" She twisted around to look up at him, helpless to do more than wriggle her torso around thanks to his firm grip on his makeshift handle. "Look, let me tell you something about Heather Blake..."

Next up was a trip down to the guidance office for a little actual work. Not his forte, and something he'd gotten rather out of the habit of doing. Thanks to his arrangement with Mrs. Prendergast and her all-consuming need to keep him from telling anyone about how she'd scheduled his harem for him, he had no need to lift a finger in his classes, either. He almost couldn't wait to see the look on Miss C's condescending face when he threw her final exam on the trash can and was nevertheless awarded an A+ in her class when Mrs. Prendergast overrode his grades.

In the meantime, it was that very woman who was getting him access to his next line of attack on that uppity cunt.

"Jordan, I can't allow a student to access his peers' files," she insisted. From the look on her face, it was clear that both knew this was a lost cause on her part.

"Oh yeah? Hey Miss Jackson, wanna hear something crazy about how my second period got set up? See, over winter break, Mrs. Prendergast and I—"

Then the woman was forcefully pulling him into the closet with its rows of file cabinets. "Here. Teachers aren't supposed to be permitted access to these files, but I'm giving you special permission. Do whatever you need to – but *please* try to keep it subtle, and leave things as you found them. Please?" She knew she had less than no leverage to compel him, but it was cute that she tried.

Jordan's only response was to kick the door shut in her face, almost hitting her in the nose with it. It wouldn't be the most traumatic thing he'd done to her. Sometimes he still dreamed about that, woke up in a cold sweat. That had been the most fucked up thing he'd ever done, bar none. Sometimes he still wondered what could have happened if that whole ploy with the gun hadn't worked. Would he be in juvie? Prison?

He shook off the thought. The ends more than justified the means.

It didn't take long to locate the file in question, a thick manila folder with a label ready to peel off from twelve years of storage in the district's file cabinets. The cramped closet didn't have a table to work on, so he set it atop one of the file cabinets, right beneath his chin level. The contents seemed to be surprisingly organized, beginning all the way back with her application for enrollment in kindergarten. Heather's dad's signature was even there, he saw; Jordan could barely even remember what the guy looked like. No doubt Heather was trying to forget, too, considering how he'd bailed on her. No wonder she had all that rage against the so-called patriarchy. He supposed Heather was turning out OK despite the absence of a father figure – so far, anyway. High school wasn't over yet.

He flipped through the contents, laughing at some of her old school pictures tucked between the pages. How had anyone ever thought that haircut had been a good idea? There was a lot of material, though he didn't know if any of it would be useful. Old report cards, vaccination confirmations, a special ed consultation from sixth grade about whether she might have ADHD, a doctor's note about her shellfish allergy... Lots and

lots of paper, but scant promise any of any actionable intel. He considered what effect, if any, it might have to profile her seventh grade social studies teacher's customized report card comment: *Heather is a genuine pleasure to have in class, and one heck of a hard worker. Any teacher would be lucky to have her!* Would that improve her performance in his class, or simply make him feel better about it?

During his initial explorations of TIOS, improvements to his appearance, his social standing, or simply making some easy money had tempted him. Ultimately he'd realized that a lot of it would be pointless. After all, TIOS had turned Hailey hot as fuck and nobody had batted an eyelash. Besides, even for the edits with more promise, Jordan didn't like the idea of this fickle app fucking around with him. He'd decided to leave it alone, and applied the same rationale to the report card comment. He'd make up his own mind about what it was like to have Heather in class.

Page after page was discarded on the floor, unusable. What did he care about old physicals, dozens of honor roll letters, a printouts of correspondences with Heather's mom? There were some printed emails between Principal Beckmann and several teachers regarding their concerns over Heather's protests that were amusing – Coach Conrad had been particularly offended by her claims that the former dress code was somehow “worse for chicks” – but again, nothing useful.

He paused over a particular document that looked to be a career survey from back in freshman year. It had been so long that Jordan only vaguely recalled filling these out, and had no idea what his own responses had been. If memory served, his interests at the time had centered around playing video games, partying, and masturbating. Heather's survey, however, highlighted the sorts of things it obviously would.

Responses indicated that she enjoyed reading, public speaking, and volunteering. Ugh. Of course she had. Hmm, volleyball? Oh yeah! He'd forgotten she'd been on the team back through middle school and into freshman year. She'd sprouted early and then peaked early, and all those extra pounds of pure titty she'd grown sophomore year hadn't done her vertical any favors. He could still remember her ass in those volleyball shorts back in the day, though. No doubt an image that had fueled his own concurrent passion for jerking it.

The survey was a whole packet affair, including essay questions and at the end, commentary from her homeroom teacher and her guidance counselor. The bell rang to remind him he was ditching fifth period, as if he cared. Meanwhile, he perused onwards, struggling to make out the smudged cursive shorthand – looked like the page had been filed here while it was still wet and probably not reviewed since. Suddenly he found himself grinning broadly.

“Thanks again, Prendergast.” Jordan reached for his phone, snapped a picture, and exited the file closet, dumping Heather's file on the floor behind him. “Someone made a mess in there,” he said to the counselor as he passed by her office door.

“Do you think this outfit would make me look fat?” Olivia asked, holding out her phone to her friends at the table.

“I think you’d look good in it,” replied Hayleigh, “but that color is fucking gross.”

“It’s that butter-soaked muffin you had for breakfast that’s going to make you look fat,” added Kirsten, snickering mirthlessly. Her boyfriend Owen echoed it perfunctorily a moment later when he caught her warning glance.

“I’d butter your muffin, girl,” said Jackson, grinning.

“Huh? I can totally butter my own muffin, you guys,” insisted Olivia.

Poor simple girl. Sometimes he wondered if turning her into such a fucking idiot had crossed a line, but god, she was so much hotter as an airhead. Jordan couldn’t quite make himself regret the partially lobotomization of his middle school girlfriend. Maybe if she’d been able to give a half-decent blowjob back then he’d feel worse. Stupid braces.

Still, it had the potential to be the kind of opener Jordan had been waiting for, a segue to get Heather’s old friends talking about her in the vicious, snipey way of theirs. Ever since she’d begun to gravitate towards sitting and hanging out with her Pride pals, they’d more or less written her off. Small wonder. Heather was beautiful, yes, and her legendary tits cemented her rightful place at the cool kids table. Still, Heather was also a genuinely decent person and committed student, which meant these people had very little else in common with her. Her presence was seldom missed aside from when Kirsten had wanted someone’s homework to copy off of.

For a time, Olivia had tried to fill in for her, but after she’d turned into such a moron, that had come to an end so fast it was like it had never happened. He’d caught her misspelling her own name last week. He’d fucked her extra hard the class meeting after that. So hot.

“I think you’d look better trying out that sweet Pride wear, Olivia,” said Jordan, then nodded in the direction of where Heather, Amanda, and the others were assembled. The scene was, as always, like something out of the early scene of a porno, excepting that easily half of those girls had no business appearing in any porn that wasn’t explicitly fetish. A shame he’d never been able to engineer a way to hottify the uggos and the lumpies in the Pride squad, but since nobody but himself and the douchebag editors-in-chief even appreciated how they dressed, it wasn’t a subject of much discussion.

Today, for instance, the group was decked out in what looked to be snakeskin, or maybe imitation snakeskin, each girl in an uncomfortably snug-looking two-piece sheath that left legs and midsections exposed. On the bustier members like Heather, or even Carpenter to a lesser degree, their tits were bulging out the top as well as peeking out the bottom. TIOS had to be putting some textile sweatshops in the Philippines out of business, furnishing wardrobes to these bitches pro bono.

“Ew!” said Olivia, wrinkling her nose. “Like, I’m not some man-hater or whatever, and I don’t care how cute their outfits are. I don’t even get what they’re always so mad about.”

Kirsten sighed irritably and said, “Well for the love of all that’s fucking holy, don’t let Heather hear you say that or we’ll have to sit through another interminable rant about the evils of the patriarchal hegemony. Me, I don’t even get it. I, for one, happen to be a fan of the patriarchy. Turns out the Man likes big-titted blondes. Who knew.”

“That he does,” said Owen, stealing a perfunctorily granted kiss.

“Why, you almost sound like you don’t respect her crusade for womankind,” said Jordan.

Hayleigh looked up from where she was explaining Jayce’s homework assignment to him, brushing a stringy wisp of orange hair out of her pudgy face. “Are you serious? Nobody takes her seriously. Understand? Nobody. That girl’s whole future hinges on being propped up by a pretty face and an industrial strength bra.”

“Isn’t she, like, on the honor roll?” said Stacey, nervous to risk contradicting either Hayleigh or Kirsten, much less both. “I mean, she’s going to the Ivy League or something, I think I heard.”

“Berkeley,” confirmed Jackson.

“Yeah, that’s Ivy League, right?”

“I don’t know. I don’t even know what I.V. stands for.”

“It’s ivy like the plant, not the letters, retards,” said Kirsten irritably. “And her mom’s a goddamn waitress. You think she’s going to Berkeley on \$2.15 an hour plus tips? Fuck no.”

“Well, scholarships...” said Stacey, wilting under the sheer force of personality.

“Scholarships? Do you have any idea how much a school like that costs?”

“But like, she gets good grades and all,” protested Jackson somewhat feebly, seeing that Stacey was by now totally defeated. “They do full rides for academics, too, right Jayce?”

Jayce didn’t respond, frowning at a workbook full of unfamiliar Spanish words.

Kirsten shot a sneer across the cafeteria at where Heather was laughing with Dawn Abrams, the two of them displaying every bit as much joviality as Kirsten possessed venomousness. It seemed a perverse miracle that a being so beautiful could simultaneously look so cruel. To Jordan’s mind, though, the latter only enhanced the former.

She opened her mouth to give he take on Heather Blake. Jordan leaned in, trying to remember every word.

Jordan was feeling pretty proud of the list he was compiling, and was very much looking forward to saving it to TIOS. It was somewhat annoying he couldn't keep saving it as draft like in the old days, but he'd caught Fishers and Carpenter alike scouring the file system looking for more of his edits. Not that they could do anything if he'd already saved it, but it was obvious that the more active he got, the more paranoid they grew. His edits to Miss C were rather cleverly concealed, he thought, hidden away in some of her own files, samples she'd made to showcase techniques to the class, and her pet editors didn't seem to have checked there. She probably wouldn't find them herself until she went to review her lesson plans for next year's yearbook class, and even then TIOS almost certainly wouldn't let her realize how he'd played her.

Trying to catch Fishers in the act of discussing his tit-heaviest slampiece would be the most deliciously ironic attack he could imagine, but it was rough going. The guy clammed up around Jordan big-time, and on top of it, there was no way he'd say anything critical of her, and almost as unlikely to casually discuss her in any way Jordan could use. It would feel amazing to nail her coffin shut using her boy toy's own nails, but not worth the risk.

As for Carpenter, he didn't have any higher hopes, and for about the same reason. No sense barking up that tree.

"Look, this is awkward to talk about, but can you reschedule your... whatever, with Conner Friday?" Heather asked Amanda one day early in second period as Jordan was supervising undressing for class.

"My 'whatever'? You mean date?" said Amanda, crossing her arms as Heather undressed for class. "Why's that?"

"My mom gave me two tickets to a comedy club – you know Chuckles, on 49th? – and I wanted to surprise him."

"And you can't exchange them for a different night?" countered Amanda.

"No, actually. It's normally a bar, but they're doing an 18+ thing Friday night only. We'd talked before about going, and I thought it'd be nice." Heather unclasped her bra, her tits practically sighing with relief as they bulged mostly forward and, as yet spared the ravages of age, only slightly downward.

Jordan, meanwhile, tried not to look like he was paying them any attention, grabbing Neveah and Maggie and having them make out in front of him to provide cover. They looked perplexed at performing sex ed activities while still wearing their out-of-sex-ed clothes, but obeyed indulgently.

"If I'm going to give him up this Friday, I want Friday *and* Saturday next weekend," Amanda was saying as he refocused his attention.

"What? That's the last weekend before dead week!" protested Heather. Jordan didn't miss how she was so wet it was visibly trickling down her curvy thighs. He didn't like to give the guy credit, but having his little trio get turned on by their own jealousy

was a master stroke. He'd bet anything Amanda was leaking like a sieve, too. Maybe he'd check later, push past that pathetic resistance of hers. She was so much hotter when she pretended to fight back.

"So?"

"So, that means the weekend after that is finals, so I'll be studying the whole time. Then finals, then graduation, and then I'm basically gone!" Heather insisted in a rush. Her fidgeting signaled that she was all too aware of her arousal.

"If," Amanda said coolly, "you make the grade and have to leave for Berkeley. For all I know, you're going to come up short, and then..." She couldn't finish. If Heather's goals didn't pan out, then Amanda was left competing with two girls instead of only one. Neither of them relished the prospect, Heather in particular.

Heather's response packed so much heat Jordan wondered if he was about to witness a fight. "What do you mean, 'if'? I *am* going to Berkeley." Jordan almost laughed upon realizing how easily he could make her dreams come true with that. "I don't care what it takes. I have worked my ass off for four years to make this happen, and if you think I'm going to blow it in the final minutes you've got another think coming."

"I'm just saying, everybody gets B's sometimes." Her voice lowered, and she glanced around at the other girls stripping nearby. "Didn't I hear you biffed Kristy's final last semester?"

The shorter girl's nostrils flared indignantly, her voice in a deadly hiss. "She did that to punish me for Conner and you know it!"

Amanda was doing a poor job concealing how she was enjoying nettling her competition. "I'm just saying. Everybody makes mistakes."

Jordan let them go on another moment before he stepped in, eavesdropping closely.

Good enough.

"Girls, what's with the frowny faces? Come on, let's get ready for class. We're not here for cat fights, we're here for pussies tight."

"Here for what?"

"Yeah, what?"

"You know, like... whatever, we're doing Shakespeare in Brantley's class, and it's fucking with how I talk. Heather, go have Steph give you twenty spanks for talking back." As the girl sighed and shuffled over to Stephanie, he looked back to Amanda. "And you, let's get those pants off."

Her zipper was already down before she remembered she could try to fight back. Her hand trembled as she fought to keep it in place. "Fuck off, Jordan."

"Pink, today," he said, stepping back to admire where the front of her panties were still visible. "Twenty participation points if you can get those shorts off in the next five seconds."

Her face turned redder than her hair with the effort of ignoring him. Not fifteen feet away, Heather's ass was turning the same color as Stephanie savagely went to town on it.

"Forty points." Nothing. "Sixty." Was she holding her breath? "I don't suppose you'd do it for eighty...?"

"Go to hell." Her knuckles were white, gripping her belt to keep them from complying.

"Have it your way." Jordan shrugged. "All right class, let's settle in and get to work. Lauren, would you get the lights? And Amanda, let's see your pussy, if you would."

There it was, that dark spot where her fight over Conner had soaked her panties. It took her several minutes before she could muster the resolve to put her shorts back on.

The glare she fixed on him for the rest of the period was even sexier.

Jordan strode into Miss C's classroom that afternoon in a surprisingly glum mood. Yes, he had Heather right where he wanted her. Dead to rights. She'd be his every bit as much as Kristy now was. More so, even. At his beck and call, whenever, wherever, however.

So why didn't he feel more enthused?

Deep down, he supposed he knew. What a waste of effort this had all been! He'd already had Heather completely at his mercy five hours a week, plus a couple times he'd cajoled her into something extracurricular. She was hot, sure, and that stupendous rack of hers was a pretty sweet novelty factor, but she wasn't his top pick by a substantial margin. Kirsten and Amanda were both objectively hotter; Miss C and that priss Mary Buchanan were more fun to torment; she lacked the spicy kinks of girls like Stacey or Neveah; she lacked the warmth and charm of sweeter girls like Lauren, Ashley or Sydney when he was in the mood for pampering. Heather was, for all intents and purposes, a set of superior tits with inferior supplementary traits. Worse, his quotes looked like they'd give him little beyond what he already had, so if he'd had dreams of breaking her like he had Miss C, he suspected he would be disappointed.

It was, all things considered, a dispiriting conclusion to his intentions. Ah, well. The quotes were loaded, and it was time to see what fruit it had born, excited or no.

Someone was definitely feeling excited that afternoon, however, and that someone was striding across the room at him so fast that Jordan stumbled backward defensively, nearly tripping over his shoelaces in the process of backpedaling into the hallway. Conner didn't slow, though, advancing right up in Jordan's face and jabbing him in the chest with a bony finger.

"What in the hell do you think you're up to, huh?" Conner demanded, practically snarling.

"Going to class?"

"Don't play dumb with me, Jordan. I know you're trying to set up Heather. I don't know what for, but I saw that slate of quotes you've been assembling... I don't know what you're trying to pull, but you won't get away with it, you understand?"

"I'm sure I have no idea what you mean," he replied, brushing at his shirt where Conners had jabbed him.

Now, Jordan had thought his sarcasm pretty transparent, but evidently Fishers didn't take it that way. Suddenly a crumpled sheet of paper was thrust into his hands, and on it he saw a list of his recent handywork, the quotes he'd been assembling to break that bitch Blake. Jordan gave himself a moment to peruse it again, grinning broadly at the results of his labors. "How can you be sure your girl Amanda isn't behind it?"

"For one, TIOS generally won't let you quote yourself. For two, she wouldn't do something like this."

Jordan hadn't expected Conner to fall for the misdirection, not after having fallen for the last several misdirections Jordan had sent his way. Idiot. Still, there was something in Fishers' voice that gave him pause.

"Something like what?" he asked. When in doubt, feign ignorance.

"Like... this," Conner said, snatching the piece of paper back only to wave it in his face again.

There, in the shiftiness of his eyes, Conner betrayed himself. The fucker didn't know!

Once more, TIOS had worked its magic and kept everyone but the one entering it from noticing the change. Since Jordan was logging into TIOS with Amanda's account, Fishers was every bit as susceptible to manipulation as anybody else. So yes, he'd found something unusual about a well-concealed collection of quotes about his girlfriend, but as to what exactly was amiss... he couldn't see past it. To Conner, those quotes would seem as obvious as if Jordan had typed $2+2=4$. Simple facts of the universe.

Before Fishers could react, Jordan shoulder-checked him out of the way and made for Miss C's room. The guy was hot on his heels, however – right up until Jordan pivoted in the doorway. "Oh hey, I thought I should let you know. I got plans for class today, and if you come in, you're going to be in my way."

Conner stopped in his tracks. "In your way?"

"Yeah. Bigtime." Jordan kicked the door shut behind him. As the bell to start class rang, he didn't hear it open again.

“Ugh, is Miss C ever going to remember she has an entire class to teach?” groused Siobhan.

“It was bad enough when she let Conner run the class half the time first semester,” echoed Marisa. “These days, I miss even having the knit-picker-in-chief. At least then we knew what we were supposed to be doing. No offense, Heather.”

“None taken.”

That afternoon, Heather was too preoccupied with formatting a section of ads to take offense at the minor slight on her boyfriend. More offensive by far was that one of the ads was for the local Hooters, and if there was a joke she was beyond sick of it was the old “if college doesn’t pan out, there’s always Hooters!” Hardy goddamn har motherfucking har – and an extra har because, thanks to the democratic process, Genevieve’s demand to model the restaurant’s clothing had been approved for today’s protest. Her underboob had been slipping out of this teensy little shirt all day – a dress code might almost make sense if its purpose was to avoid girls distracting themselves.

Almost as triggering were the faintly audible yet aggravatingly constant sounds emanating from the computer lab, where Miss C was apparently once more engaged in one-on-one “instruction” with the yearbook team’s most useless member. She was always a poor judge of whether the ambiguously wet noises were echoing from the woman’s pussy or her mouth, but in the end, it didn’t really matter.

What in the name of all that was good and decent did Conner see in Miss C?!

Heather dialed back her disgust, reminding herself that she was above the inclination to slut-shame her teacher. Yes, the woman was a total joke, flirting and flashing her way through her lessons, sucking and fucking her way through the education of Jordan in particular, and squeezing and pleasing her way to being the favorite pet of the male faculty. It wasn’t unheard of these days for one of her colleagues to motorboat her on their way past during passing periods, feel up her skirt to check for panties (as if she *ever* wore panties any more), or otherwise lay hands on her. Still, as a feminist Heather believed that every woman had a perfect right to free and unchecked expression of her sexuality, and if Miss C chose to exercise that freedom by being a cheap piece of trash, Heather supported her in principle, if not in imitation.

Only a few more weeks remained in the school year, after all. Then she could leave high school with her record unblemished, and go out into a place in the world where she only had to prove anything to herself.

That was what people didn’t get about her. Berkeley wasn’t just an escape. It wasn’t just California, and brilliant professors, on an historic campus full of free-thinking and dedicated students. It was the opportunity to look her family in the eye – in the eyes of the whole world! – and show them that she could do it. Every hurdle cleared, the race won, her opponents beaten. Lapped, even, some of them. She could take her victory lap at graduation, then never again have to submit herself to the

appraising eye of all the judges who'd stood by for the past twelve years waiting for her to fail.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Jordan emerging from behind the curtain cordoning off the computer lab. For a little extra class, the pig was in the process of zipping up his fly as he emerged. She rolled her eyes, not impressed in the least. It wasn't even the first time she'd seen his cock that day, after all. For a teacher, he sure whipped out his dick in front of his students a lot. It made sense, she supposed, for his curriculum; still, there was such a thing as taking too much satisfaction in one's job, to say nothing of questionably tangential "lessons" he shoehorned into his classes. (Honestly, why the girls needed to be instructed on how to perform a strip tease – both with and without a pole – was quite beyond her.)

Rather than return to his desk, however, it fast became obvious Jordan was approaching hers. "Heather, Miss C wants to see you in the sexeteria."

Her eyes narrowed. "You mean the computer lab?"

"You call it what you want."

Heather sighed. "Did she say what she wanted?"

"Does it matter?"

"I guess not. Is she at least decent for once?"

He chuckled. "I think she's sponging up the last of the mess as we speak. Should be fine."

She stood up, taking a moment to remove the clingy orange shorts from her butt crack. Darn things were constantly creeping up on her. Glancing into the editor's office, she couldn't imagine how Amanda's always seemed to frame her butt without creeping up inside it. That girl was put together a little too well to be real, it felt sometimes.

Heather realized she was starting to feel flushed and made herself look away before the jealousy hit her too hard. Thank goodness Conner wasn't in there with her, or she'd be soaking through the crotch of her shorts. Like she had every day for the past week during yearbook.

Even as she was wrinkling her nose at the prospect of the scent of her own arousal, she emerged through the curtains into the computer lab and inhaled a massive whiff of what could only be her teacher's. Sure enough, squatting in front of one of the swiveling chairs was none other than Miss C, the sole occupant of the lab besides Heather. Clad in a dress that looked to have been torn open down the front – definitely several buttons missing – she was in the midst of dabbing away at the worn cloth of the seat, where there was clearly a sizeable stain. Whether originating from Jordan or from Miss C herself Heather couldn't say, but the aroma of each was strong in the air. She had long since learned to pick out the nuances among the subtle fragrances of sex. She had the highest grade in her sex ed class, after all. Even higher than Kirsten, and Kirsten had eaten the teacher's ass on multiple occasions.

Not voluntarily of course. Even Olivia hadn't offered to jump on *that* grenade for her.

"You wanted to see me?" she said after her teacher failed to acknowledge her.

Miss C glanced over, but only briefly. "I did. Have a seat."

Heather didn't miss the opportunity to snark, asking, "Which one is safe?"

Her teacher answered dryly, "Most of them. Though if you've suddenly gone squeamish, I'd avoid the couch."

Heather stopped herself from doing just that, shifting her approach towards a vacant swivel chair. When Miss C continued to focus on tidying up, Heather's impatience soon got the best of her. "So... is it a secret what you wanted me for?"

"It's not your winning attitude," said her teacher, at last setting down her rag and taking a seat on a dry chair. Heather didn't give her the satisfaction of responding to the jibe. "So, here we are, two and a half weeks to graduation. Do you feel ready?"

"Um, yeah," said Heather. Was the woman daft? Did she not know who she was speaking to? Heather had completed every single assignment on time and with exemplary effort all year long.

"Good. In your case, I'm inclined to agree. You're sitting at a solid 94% last I checked."

"96%," Heather corrected her. The 94% had been an anomaly after Miss C had erroneously given her a zero on an assignment she had thought hadn't been submitted. It turned out that it had been turned in, but had been considered a "no-name" because someone had come all over the top of the sheet. Heather wanted to be mad at Jordan, but she wasn't stupid. That could just as easily have been Conner and Amanda. Thank goodness there was no cause to worry it was Conner and Miss C. He had told her that prom night had been a crazy one-off thing, mostly Amanda's idea, and she knew he wouldn't lie to her. "Was that all you wanted to talk to me about? Because I was kind of in the middle of something."

"Keep your seat," Miss C said firmly. Heather, of course, complied. "Now, as you may know, not everyone is in quite such good shape."

"Who, you mean Jordan?" That was the understatement of the year. That kid didn't do a lick of work in any of his classes. Yesterday, when Miss C had asked everyone to pass up their take-home quiz, he'd told her he'd stuffed it down the front of his pants. Sure enough, five minutes later the only thing she managed to withdraw from inside his pants was a handful of cum. He didn't even seem to care about getting a zero on a quiz!

"I do, in fact. He's currently sitting at what, if we continued down the alphabet, might be called a J minus."

The blonde laughed in spite of herself. "Sounds about right."

Miss C, however, did not laugh. "That's funny to you, is it? Someone failing, possibly not even finishing high school?"

“Well, no, but—”

“Because I don’t find it the least bit amusing. I would have thought that someone in your situation, recognizing how important your academics are to a successful future, would have more empathy.”

“I do, it’s just—”

“I’m glad to hear it. You may have noticed – or maybe you haven’t – that I’ve been trying really hard with Jordan these past few weeks. We’re making some progress, but unfortunately, it’s simply become a bit too time-consuming.”

Heather was positively seething by now at the way she was being spoken to. “Really? I’d think someone in your situation, with your commitment to teaching, would have a little more sticktoitiveness,” she said, adding with a smirk, “and by the way, your tits are still showing.”

Miss C briefly took note of the unclosable gap in her dress, but didn’t seem perturbed. Or at least not as much as Heather would have liked. “Thank you, Heather. And speaking of wardrobe, you look very nice today. Hooters is a good look on you. Really suits you.”

It was only thoughts of Berkeley that kept Heather from leaping across the room and choking the woman. “Did you bring me back here solely to insult me, or is there actually something you wanted?”

“Insult? I’m sorry, I meant it as a compliment. After all, you seemed so proud of them on prom night, dangling them in his face while he fucked me.”

Her eyes threatened to bulge out her head. Ever since that night, they had steadfastly avoided acknowledging that it had ever happened. For Heather, it had been simply too humiliating to acknowledge. That she’d let it happen at all; that she’d been upstaged so many times in the course of it; that for all her berating and intimidating Miss C after discovering hers and Conner’s affair in the first place, she had become every bit as tarnished. Before, only fear of what might happen to Conner held her back from telling Principal Beckmann, but now? She couldn’t exactly tattle on her cradle-robbing teacher without having it come out that she’d been in the cradle, too. Still, it was one thing to have to know it had happened – to have to fight so hard to keep it out of her fantasies – and quite another to have it acknowledged right there in the classroom!

However, as Heather’s mouth opened to launch herself into a vehement attack on her teacher’s appalling lack of decency, the woman held up a hand. “Let me stop you right there and get to the point. Heather, whatever else you may be, you’re a smart girl and a good student. Moreover, you’re a reasonably attractive young woman.”

Heather gasped. *Reasonably!* How dare she?! But she kept right on speaking. “I’ve given Jordan all the time and attention I can, but I still have the rest of the class to see to. As such, from now until the end of the year, I’m assigning you to help tutor Jordan.”

“What?! Tutor Jordan? Why does he get his own tutor? And why me? Why can’t Amanda do it, or DeShaun, or Cassie?”

“Because I trust you to do it. Moreover, Jordan requested you specifically.”

“Requested? Who cares who he requested? People in hell request ice water, but maybe they need to brace themselves for disappointment.” Miss C knew full well that Jordan was an ex-boyfriend; did the woman have no sense of propriety?

“Well someone needs to do it. I’m, ah, helping him out after school, but he needs someone to keep him motivated during class. I’ve given him permission to turn in all of his late assignments for full credit up until the last day of school. He can log into his account and show you what all is missing. If you could remind him to submit it online that would make my life a lot easier.”

Heather, of course, did not care in the least about making Miss C’s life easier. “And if I say no? I mean, I have my own work to do! Besides, students shouldn’t get preferential treatment!”

“While I’m grateful to be given the benefit of your pedagogical expertise, maybe as the teacher, I could decide how to do the teaching in my classroom, hmm?”

“Do you have time for that, in between blowing and screwing your students?” Heather snapped.

Immediately, she realized she’d gone too far. Miss C rose to her feet with glacial calm, striding over and looming quite successfully. “At the end of the semester, I’m going to average yours and Jordan’s homework scores together. So if you won’t help your classmate because it’s the right thing to do, then you can help him because your future depends on it.”

“That’s not fair! If he doesn’t turn in his work, I’ll...” Her lips couldn’t even form the words.

“You’ll wind up needing that uniform,” said Miss C curtly. She cinched the front of her dress together with her fingers and strode abruptly back into her classroom. Even as the sounds of her addressing her class reached her ears, Jordan stepped into the lab before the curtains had even swung closed.

“You heard all that?” Heather asked in a muted voice. She was horrified, while at the same time feeling numb. Suddenly, her future hinged on the success of the laziest jerk in her entire class.

“More or less. She and I have been talking about it for a while now. Gotta say, nice to be upgrading to a newer model.”

Heather frowned at him. “Then let’s make everything perfectly clear. I will *help* you with your assignments. I won’t do them for you, and I won’t tolerate you screwing around. We’re doing this *in class*, too – no extracurriculars. Don’t think I’m wasting my free time getting you caught up. And don’t you think for a second I’m going to put up

with a tenth of what you put Miss C through. You speak to me like that, so much as lay a finger on me, and we're done. Understood?"

Jordan smiled down at her in his classic smug fashion. "Understood." With that, he flopped down on the couch – apparently not sharing her apprehension about his and Miss C's fluids – and closed his eyes.

"Uh, what do you think you're doing? You have a shit-ton of homework to catch up on. This isn't nap-time. Get your butt up and let's get to work."

"Nah." He didn't even open his eyes.

"What do you mean 'nah'? You're failing, Jordan! You can't 'nah' your way into a passing grade."

"Yeah, but if I fail, you fail, right? That's what Miss Cunt said."

"Well, yes, but–"

He shrugged. "Then you do it. You're better at this shit anyway."

Heather probably railed at him for another ten minutes, in which he yielded not a single inch. It was the rhetorical equivalent of trying to . The closest she got to persuading him to get to work was having him bring up a list of his missing assignments – over two dozen! – and print it out for her so she knew what she needed to do. With only fifteen minutes to go in the period, she barely had time to finish one, then go back and rough it up to make it plausible that Jordan had contributed.

"I'm done," she said with two minutes to the bell. "Now get over here and log in so I can submit it." Then she saw he was asleep, so she nudged him awake and repeated herself.

"Oh. Nah, I'd prefer not to."

"Rather not? Fuck off, Bartleby. Get your butt over here and enter your password."

"Bartleby?"

"The Scrivener? It's a short story. We read it in Mrs. Brantley's class? God, you pay no attention to anything. Anyway, come on, let's go. Move it. The bell's about to ring and I'm not missing my ride."

"I said, no."

Heather frowned. "But... OK, tell me your password and I'll enter it for you. Jesus, you're lazy."

"And I. Said. No." He sat up, regarding her frostily. "I'd use smaller words, but I don't know any simpler way to put it."

"What? Why not? I literally did your work for you. What more do I have to do?"

His mouth twisted. "Evidently, nothing you're willing to do."

She put her hands on her hips, trying not to notice the way he was peering up the underside of her top. "And what's that supposed to mean?"

"You said not to touch you."

Heather paused. "I... what? What are you saying?"

"I'm saying, I'll let you turn in my assignment – *if* you lift the touch ban."

"What? No way!" Letting him feel her up in second period was one thing. That was part of her education, and in a private place. This, though... this was straight-up sexual extortion! "Over my dead body. No – not even then, because you still might enjoy that, you creep."

He addressed her back as she made to storm out of the lab. "Hey, suit yourself. I always thought Berkeley was overrated anyway, ya know? Bunch of douchey liberal PC pricks."

She froze at the curtain. "You wouldn't. *She* wouldn't."

"You don't think she would?" He shouted, "HEY! MISS C! GET YOUR FAT FUCKABLE ASS IN HERE!"

A moment later, their teacher nearly collided with Heather in her haste. The woman even had the gall to glare at Heather like it was her fault for being in the way. "What's up?" she asked, as if his method of summoning her had been perfectly standard.

"Babe, you'd totally flunk Heather if she doesn't help me, right? That wasn't a bluff?"

"Of course it wasn't a bluff. Why, did she refuse?"

Brimming with indignation, Heather interrupted. "I – we – did an assignment, but he won't log in and let me submit it!"

"Because she's not as good of a teacher as you, my little puss fountain." He affected a pout, the sort of thing that might weaken the knees of girls with no self-esteem.

Kristy swayed across the room, releasing her hold on the split in her dress, ample cleavage suddenly visible. "But you do have an assignment to turn in?" she asked as she settled onto his lap. She didn't even have the decency to sit sideways, instead straight-out straddling him.

"Yeah, I got it done," he lied, "but I just don't feel like handing it in."

Instead of slapping him, Miss C only cooed as his hand slipped inside her dress, squeezing one heavy boob. Heather knew firsthand what that boob felt like, and Jordan was clearly exaggerating his satisfaction. "What can I do to make you feel like it?"

Jordan reached under the woman's dress with his other hand to fondle a decidedly bare ass, then leaned in and whispered in her ear. Then the two began to make out right in front of her, and were still at it when the afternoon announcements commenced. That meant only a couple minutes to go in the period.

"So... can I go, or what? I tried today. I really tried," she said, trying to pry her teacher's attention away from her student's tongue.

"Come here," Miss C said. Her mouth never really came away from Jordan's, but the speech was intelligible enough.

Gingerly, Heather came up behind her teacher. “Um, yeah?”

“You see what I’m doing?” she asked.

Being a giant slut? Heather thought. “Yes,” Heather said.

“Tell me what I’m doing.”

With her sex ed teacher in front of her, she would be embarrassed to get squeamish over something as pedestrian as description of sex acts, even if they were between two of her least favorite people. “You’re kissing him, and grinding your pussy against his cock through his jeans.”

“Technically correct, but you’re missing the spirit of the answer,” replied Miss C as Jordan shredded open the front of her dress for what seemed to be the second time that day. Most of the remaining buttons clattered around the room. “You see, what I’m doing is *motivating* him.”

“Oh.” Heather made a face, and in the relative quiet picked up the sounds of the rest of the class packing up their things and heading out early. No reason to wait for the bell when their teacher was once more fixated on teaching Jordan’s dick in preference of teaching the rest of the class.

“Pay attention, Heather. If you want to get him moving, you have to give him something to move towards. Use all of your assets. Your mind and your experience, yes, but you have so much more to offer the world.”

“Are you saying my tits are an offering to the world?” Heather demanded of Miss C as Jordan sucked on hers.

“I’m saying, what you were trying wasn’t cutting it, and what I’m doing has yielded some results. So suck it up, step it up, and put those udders to use. Understood?”

Heather gaped. “You can’t seriously be telling me I have to whore myself out to a classmate on pain of flunking your class!”

“I’m saying, if you want to wear that outfit as a trampy Halloween costume at a Berkeley frat house instead of wearing it to work so men can stuff sweaty wads of singles down those shorts, start getting serious about doing what your teacher – teachers, actually – tell you to do.”

Heather gave herself a moment to analyze her options, but the choice was all too clear. Jeopardize Berkeley, or...

“So... do you wanna play with my titties, Jordan?” she said, trying to sound cheerful. She’d learned her lessons well in sex ed, and while she didn’t care at all for chauvinistic terms like “titties,” Jordan did, and Berkeley deserved her best effort.

“I dunno,” he said after popping Miss C’s nipple out of his mouth. “After the way you were acting earlier, I’m not sure. Tell ya what. Lift your top up and jump around a little for me. Show me how those puppies can jiggle.”

It was something he'd already seen earlier in the day, but who was she to decline him? Still, even the moment of hesitation wasn't fast enough for their teacher. "The man said to shake your tits for him, Heather. Now do you want credit for my class or not?"

She hoped her scowl targeted Miss C exclusively. It was short-lived nonetheless, quickly covered by the bottom of her shirt as she whipped it up to reveal her tits in all their tattooed glory. The bosomy blonde bounced on the balls of her feet, making sure to over-do it for maximum jiggle. Why did this feel so natural in second period and so utterly humiliating in seventh? She couldn't have said. Luckily, neither member of her small audience seemed to care about how she felt about it. Not in the least.

"Eh, I think I'm gonna fuck Miss Cunt's tits this afternoon. Is that what you call irony? Huh, maybe I'm learning something in here after all," Jordan remarked. "But hey, thunder titties, maybe if you actually put in a little effort tomorrow, I'll let you motivate me some."

Why did Miss C smile at that? It was one thing to use her body as an instructional aid, but she didn't have to act like she enjoyed having this pig objectify her. From the way the woman giggled at the suggestion, though – and from the way her nipples hardened before her eyes, Heather noted – she was very enthused about teaching this particular student. No wonder she wanted to drag Heather in on it. She seemed oblivious to what an onerous task it truly was.

"Oh. OK then," Heather said as amiably as she could. "I'll leave you two to it, I guess."

The bell rang while she was still gathering her supplies, and practically the moment it did, Conner was rushing in so heedlessly that he crashed into her in the course of her exit. "Oh gosh, I'm sorry! Are you OK?" he said, looking her over – and not only to make sure he hadn't hurt her. That felt nice. She didn't wear these outfits to delight the male eye, but for those big soft baby blues, she didn't mind the attention.

"I'm fine, Conner. How about you? Ditching class again?"

He scowled down at a piece of paper wadded up in his fist for some reason. "No. I... had to, um, check on... I dunno. It's top secret editor-in-chief stuff. Classified."

She made a sound of mild interest, but inwardly she burned with curiosity. Top secret? What could it be? To think her boyfriend was involved in classified affairs...! She didn't want to pressure him to divulge it, though. That wouldn't be fair to him.

"Is Jordan still in here?" he asked, looking around the room as if he expected to find his quarry hiding under a desk or something.

"Yeah, Miss C's helping him complete some assignments in the computer lab. They just got started, so it could be a while. I wouldn't bother – you know how she gets when she's helping someone."

Conner's anxious face softened somewhat. "Yeah, she's pretty hands on with her students – but I guess I don't need to tell you that."

Heather's jaw dropped in mostly feigned offense, and she gave him a little punch as she demanded he take it back. The jab made her Hooters top slip up over her tits, but it was nothing Conner hadn't seen a million times. Honestly, the way this thing fit, half the school had probably seen them today. (*And yet the male student body somehow endured the "distraction" of seeing my tits out, she thought bitterly.*)

"Come on, walk me out," she said, extending a hand. "I'll tell you about our exciting date plans coming up next Friday."

He peered hard in the direction of the computer lab, but after a long stare he took her hand. The wad of paper was still in it, though, and curious if it had something to do with these top secret editor activities, she hastily snatched it and darted away to look at it. "What's this?"

Conner stammered incoherently as she read it over, and she fast tuned him out. What the heck was going on?

“[Heather Blake] is focused entirely on her future, and that future centers entirely around Berkeley. There is nothing else that comes close to mattering that much to her.”

– Kristiana Coszic-Lewandoski

“Her academic aptitude extremely high, but she struggles with taking direction. If she expects to attend top tier institutions per goals, Heather [Blake] would benefit from learning to follow directives, especially in classes where material challenges her.”

– Excerpted from a career survey

“Mistakes? No. I am going to do whatever it takes to get to Berkeley, hear me? Whatever. It. Takes.”

“You don’t need to tell me – I’ve seen it up close. Remember post-prom? So tell me, does your commitment to kissing your teachers’ asses extend only to Miss C, or were you just playing favorites?”

“That woman will never be my favorite.”

– Heather Blake and Amanda Carpenter

“They only give full ride scholarships to legacies and unrepentant kiss-asses. The way she’s pissed off the administration, that bitch [Heather Blake] would have to spend the rest of the year non-stop ingratiating herself to any teacher who’ll let her. It’s totally obvious to everyone. Totally old hat.”

– Kirsten Vaughan

“Conner? What is all this?” she asked again, this time with a little more gravity to her tone.

“I... I didn’t write any of it,” he said shakily.

“I’m not asking if you wrote it. I’m asking what it was doing wadded up in your hand.”

“Heather, it’s not... I’m not sure what...” As her eyes narrowed to slits, he stopped himself to regain his composure. “All right. Let me be honest with you.”

“That would be nice.” She folded her arms.

He moistened his lips at least three times before he finally began to speak. “It’s... have you heard about those experiments where they expose an AI to something and then let it try to reproduce its own version?”

“Um, I think so, yeah. They always seem kinda fake.”

“They probably are. But this one... I, um, programmed an AI to listen to students talk, uh, about you – like, with my phone? – um, and then I had it print out its own, you know, like, versions. Of words. Sayings. Quotes. About you.” He winced as if expecting her to sock him.

“You. Programmed an artificial intelligence. With next to no computing knowledge. And had it record people talking about me, somewhere or the other. Then had it make up facts. All of which happen to sound totally legit and are, more or less, true.”

“Um, yes...?”

“That... is...” She tried to think of the right word. “Incredible!”

Conner eased his defensive posture. “Really? You believed me?”

“Sure, why wouldn’t I?”

“No yeah, totally.” He smiled feebly.

“Seriously, that’s so impressive! Man, what even possessed you to try something like that? AI! That’s some seriously advanced programming, and I didn’t even think you dabbled, much less possessed *that* kind of talent!”

“What can I say,” he said sheepishly. “Top secret editor-in-chief stuff.”

By the time Heather arrived in Miss C's class the next day, she felt as if she had undergone a transformation, for the better. Better yet, she could even say she owed it all to Conner.

She'd spent a lot of time in the intervening evening reflecting on what his little AI experiment had produced. It was silly, she knew, to ascribe any more merit to these random musings (with their eerily accurate portrayal of the speakers listed!) than she would to a horoscope column. Still, sometimes there was wisdom to be found even in the most unlikely of places.

She looked back on her behavior of that day with not a small amount of dread. Yesterday, she'd nearly let her pride get in the way of her dream. Sure, what Miss C had demanded of her was degrading and distasteful – no, it was outright repulsive – but was it worse than giving up on herself? She hadn't been wrong about Heather's prospects, either. With an inheritance from her grandfather, she could afford to go to school anywhere. Without it? She *might* be able to afford community college on scholarships. Certainly no one would give her a loan, even with her mother to co-sign. She was a waitress, after all, making less than minimum wage before tips. Her name wasn't even on the deed to the house – that was a gift from her sister, who'd fared far better after their father's passing. The only way Heather was going to go to college rather than follow in her mother's footsteps – wearing that dreadful uniform she'd worn today – was by landing the straight A's that would trigger the money set aside in that will.

Was it fair, being at the mercy of her teachers like this? No. Still, there were kids in her class getting straight A's who wouldn't receive a dime for it. It would be completely stupid of her not to do everything she could to pull this off. And there it was, that printout from Conner, with all the accidentally brilliant insights. Focus on her future. Follow directions, especially when she found the task cumbersome. Ingratiate herself to her teachers, even the ones she didn't like. Kissing ass wasn't glamorous, but it was a small price to pay. Plus, even if she didn't like the source, there had been that advice from Miss C to use all of her assets, not to value pride over results.

She would do whatever it took.

So when Heather went in to school the following day, it was with an entirely new and better attitude. Her alarm was set to allow an extra half hour to prepare. She styled her hair with some soft waves, spent extra time on her makeup, even a dab of perfume. The brilliant, buxom, blue-eyed blonde beauty set out for Northside with hope and determination vying for supremacy in her heart.

First period was earth/space science. She arrived twenty minutes before the first bell and made her way over to where Mr. Baird was sleepily sipping at his coffee. He'd barely acknowledged her presence before she'd fished an apple out of her purse and set it on his desk as an offering. "An apple a day, Mr. Baird!" she said pleasantly, giggling at nothing. She'd made sure to bend over deep when she set it down so he could get a nice

long view down her shirt. It was a simple thing, a loose-fitting t-shirt that read “Yes Daddy” across the chest. She’d tailored it this morning, cutting a sizeable heart-shaped hole to showcase her boobs, but enough of the original text was there to let the imagination fill in what the gap had removed.

It perked Mr. Baird right up, that was for sure. He had a reputation for favoring the hot dumb girls, and the hotter and dumber, the more favoritism. This late in the year it was too late to convince him she was truly dumb, considering she’d had a solid A in his honors class since last September.

Still, she could help him forget.

“You look tired, Mr. Baird,” she said as he took a tentative bite of the apple. “Not sleep well last night?”

“Eh,” he replied, which she took as agreement.

“Yeah, I know how you mean. My mom? She likes it, like, way toastier in the house than me?” All her life she’d heard girls end declarative statements with question marks, but she found it surprisingly challenging to dumb herself down enough to try. “So, like, you know how hot it was out last night? Yeah, so like, I was totally sweating my tits off, so I had to like, take my pajamas off and just sleep above the covers.” She wrinkled her nose, as if the image was somehow distasteful despite sounding anything but. (To a man’s ears, anyway.)

Now he was listening. Good. “You look tense, Mr. Baird. You feeling OK?”

“Um...” he said around a mouthful of apple.

“Here, let me rub your back. That would help, right?” Before he could object, she was behind him, her fingers sinking into the abundant flesh along his shoulders. She’d learned a lot about this in second period, and within moments, his head was lolling forward, apple and coffee forgotten.

Would it be weird to him that she’d come in today and spontaneously begun flirting her ass off? Maybe. But he knew full well she was a suck-up, and if she was hinting at sucking something else today, it was perfectly in character for her.

She kept right on massaging right up until the bell, ignoring her classmates filing in as she worked lower and lower down his back, using the opportunity to wrap her tits around his neck while she got the lower reaches, smashing them into his back as she kneaded his pecs. “Any time you need another one, you let me know, mkay?” she chirped, giving him a wink and skipping back to her desk. There, she spent the rest of the period moving her legs like she was using an invisible thighmaster, her skirt making sure he got a solid glimpse of her pink silk panties.

Second period was the easiest, as usual. Sex ed was one of her only non-honors classes, and Mr. Lyons was a notoriously biased grader. The sluts in class who threw themselves at his cock were practically guaranteed max participation points, so that day, that was precisely what she set out to do. From the moment he walked into the room,

she was on him, one hand down his pants, her other directing his grasp to both of her tits before pawing needily at his chest as she begged for him to fuck her. Because she knew how his mind worked, she even told him that she'd been horny out of her mind after yesterday afternoon, and Conner had been too much of a pussy to satisfy her, again.

(Conner had, in fact, satisfied her amply, but she wasn't here to be honest. She was here to ingratiate herself.)

On her way to third period she had a brief skirmish with Holly from Pride. "What are you wearing, Heather?" she demanded of her as they passed in the math hallway. "Today we were supposed to do leopard print, remember?"

"I know, I know. But I have to start thinking about *my* future, and not about the politics of Northside High," she said. She saw Mr. Rodriguez coming and seized the opportunity to soften him up for later in the day, lowering her skirt on the side to bare her hip and half of her ass to show Holly the tattoo of an anthropomorphic leopard with fuzzy tits on her right hip. Her Spanish teacher nearly collided with a pair of freshman as he ogled.

Holly was only somewhat mollified, but Heather had places to be. Calculus, taught by Mrs. Peete, didn't afford the same opportunities for self-advancement as her other morning classes, but after a little ass-kissing about how interesting their lecture video had been last night, she settled in to pay attention.

About ten minutes into the class, Gary McGonagle started mouthing off and being a nuisance, as was too often the case. Heather knew it drove Mrs. Peete positively berserk. Forty years of teaching hadn't done much to give her patience with blowhards. Heather raised her hand, waving it until the old school marm noticed and called on her.

"Mrs. Peete, Gary's been really annoying," she said.

"That makes two of us," quipped Gary.

"Pipe down, Mr. McGonagle. Ms. Blake, unless you brought a muzzle to class, we'll both just have to cope."

"I can muzzle him – if you want," she said before the woman could turn back to her lesson. "I already went over today's lesson online – the video was really awesome, by the way, thank you – so I wouldn't be missing anything."

"Muzzle me? What am I, a dog?" Gary asked. Then, to make sure he was as irritating as possible, he gave the class a few barks.

Mrs. Peete's old eyes narrowed, but she simply shrugged. "If you can find a way to occupy the boy, be my guest. Now, where were we? If we examine the slope field of our differential equation..."

As their teacher continued, Heather made her way over to Gary's desk, ignoring his bemused smirk. Whatever he'd expected her to do, though, it hadn't been to seat

herself atop his desk, release one enormous breast from the hole in her shirt, and stuff it into his mouth.

For years, ever since she'd grown the things, she'd heard lewd comments and cat calls about what guys thought they would like to do to them. Gary, she remembered, had once said he'd "suck dem nips right off dem titties" – then refused to apologize when she'd confronted him, the ass. Today, he did his noble best. With Heather stuffing his face full of tit, he was transfixed, powerless to engage in his usual antics with such a worthy alternative.

"Thank you for that, Ms. Blake," said Mrs. Peete as the class dismissed for fourth period. "Some days I really think that boy will be the harbinger of my retirement."

"Any time, Mrs. Peete," said Heather, snatching a wad of tissues from her teacher's desk to mop the saliva off her exposed breast. "See you tomorrow!"

Fourth period was AP US History, or APUSH. Mrs. Coyne was out for the day and had the class watching a video about the escalation of the Vietnam War under Nixon and doing a packet for some easy points. It was a pretty pointless filler activity that Heather knew she could answer at home (especially since the video was streaming from youtube), so she simply snuck off to the back of the darkened room to ask the sub, Mr. Chapin, what she could do to guarantee a positive review on her performance. When she caught him glancing down at her very exposed cleavage, she simply smiled, slid down to her knees, and treated him to a leisurely tit fuck for the rest of the period, finishing him with her mouth when she saw the bell was about to ring.

"That's Heather Blake," she said, gesturing to the notepad where he was leaving feedback on Mrs. Coyne's classes. He nodded hastily, and she watched him write *Heather Blake was an extra special help today – above and beyond!* with a smiley face after it. She blew him a kiss and left for lunch, where a couple of people at her table teased her for blowing the substitute.

"I mostly only used my tits," she insisted, but they teased her good-naturedly for that, too.

"Typical Heather – sucking up by sucking down." She laughed and dug into her tuna casserole as the conversation turned to more interesting topics than her boring old academic habits.

After lunch was more of the same. Brit Lit with Mrs. Brantley featured an assignment she finished with adequate time to spare. Her speed gave her the opportunity to organize some of her shelves, where her sophomores had haphazardly dumped the copies of the book they'd recently finished. Mrs. Brantley thanked her on her way out, though Heather didn't miss the way she almost took it for granted by now that Heather would go out of her way to find ways to help out.

(Maybe she and her husband were looking to spice things up and could use a third some night? She made a mental note to make a research project of it.)

In sixth period Spanish, Mr. Rodriguez had them taking turns reading passages from their novel, *La casa de los espíritus*. He had ample material to cover and no time for his diversions, so she simply lifted her shirt over her tits the way he liked and massaged her nipples whenever she caught him staring too long. It was pretty uncool of him, lusting after a girl young enough to be his daughter, being more interested in the quality of her bodies than of her mind. Still, an A was an A. Soon, she'd leave him in the dust and move on to bigger, more exciting things than a rube like him could imagine.

"Anything else I can do to help my grade in here?" she asked him pointedly after class. No sense beating around the bush; he understood the status quo. Some teachers had integrity, and some pretended to, but Mr. Rodriguez was a straight shooter. A perv for sure, but she could respect him for being honest about it.

He stroked his chin while leering up and down her body. Mostly up. The man was nothing if not a sucker for big tits. "Tell you what. My car could use a good wash. Why don't you come over after school Friday and I'll let you wash it for me."

That was the night she was taking Conner to the comedy club, but she ought to have time. A car wash – plus whatever that lead to – wouldn't take that long. "You got it, Señor Rodriguez. See you around three thirty?"

"Sounds good." He stopped her with a few fingers in the waistband of her skirt. And panties, she realized. "And Heather?"

"Yeah?"

"Wear your skimpiest bikini for me, OK? If you really want that grade, that is."

"Como deséas, Señor! No puedo esperar para mostrar mis senos!" He complimented her on her Spanish and her commitment, and soon sent her on her way. She could have done without the thumb up her ass, but whatever. Indignities like that were temporary. Berkeley was the future.

Finally, it was time to head back to yearbook.

Class opened with Conner and Amanda leading a progress update meeting, passing on news about the printing and binding schedule as it pertained to the few remaining projects. Heather couldn't tell if the editoress was giving her stinkeye for bailing on her Pride wear like Holly had, but she at least had the consolation of knowing that her own outfit was every bit as much a stand against the patriarchy as Amanda's slinky micro mini dress. (That girl's genes really were unfair.)

Jordan browsed social media on his phone during the whole meeting, but Heather was using it as an opportunity to be productive. The whole time, she was bracing herself for the unsavory task of bringing that lout up to speed to save his grade, and thus hers. There was no use insisting on the injustice of it all, no more so than when Mrs. Peete had given them a take-home test on Halloween, or Mr. Baird's son had tossed out their lab reports with the household recycling and they'd had to retake it. It was what it was and she needed to adapt.

Ergo, she spent the meeting half-listening to Conner drone on in his charmingly dorky way about yearbook affairs while replaying prom night in her head on loop. Watching Amanda go down on Conner while Miss C drove them to her house. The three of them stripping for him in her living room, each zeroed in on whose body drew his eyes first, and how long it held them, and where. Making out with him over Amanda's splayed-out body while he leisurely fucked her, Miss C kneading her tits for his amusement. Seeing Amanda take the initiative to lick his cum off of her tits, watching Miss C hurry to follow suit, dying inside of envy that her tongue couldn't reach that far. The four of them crammed into Miss C's thankfully spacious shower, none of the women able to track any more whose hands were grasping at whose tits, whose pussies, whose asses, but all of them imagining they had Conner's attention and buzzing head to toe in smug bliss.

"Heather?"

She blinked. Conner – the real Conner, clothed and not coated in sweat, spit, and girl juices – was standing in front of her, smiling softly. The meeting had ended somewhere in there, leaving her stewing in a puddle of her own arousal. "Sorry, was daydreaming a little. What'd I miss?"

"I'll say. I was asking if you wanted to work on the meta spread today. The end of the year is coming up pretty soon, so I figured we should get to finishing touches."

"Oh! Yeah, we definitely need to get on that." She glanced over to Miss C, who was sitting at her desk and watching her expectantly. "I, um, have another thing I was supposed to help Miss C with, though."

"Come on, I know what your project load is. Nothing time-sensitive. Throw a guy a bone and let him take the opportunity to spend the period working with his girlfriend?"

She grinned. "You're too sweet, you know that?"

He took her hand. "Well?"

She glanced back to Miss C, ready to have her aspirations dashed, but was surprised to see the woman smiling at the two of them. At Conner, anyway. That creepy smile she had whenever he was working on something with her, or with Amanda. It was too knowing and too indulgent by half. Still, if Miss C playing favorites with Conner gave her a period making a slideshow with him instead of whatever debaucheries Jordan had in mind, she was all for it.

In their office, with Amanda working only a few feet away, it was hard not to let that jealous tide keep carrying her along in its wake. She was so lucky! She got to be stuffed into a closed room with him with minimal supervision for an hour a day. It was like they got a free date every afternoon – how was she supposed to compete with that? Still, it was some small satisfaction to see Amanda fidgeting in her own seat, thighs rubbing together subconsciously as she took in the sight of Conner's hand gently resting

on her thigh. Heather knew full well by now that the girl's capacity for envy was every bit as deeply ingrained as her own.

"Do you guys smell that?" he asked at one point.

"No!" exclaimed Amanda and Heather in unison, sharing a brief, alarmed look. They both knew full well what it was, because they smelled it every morning in second period, only at ten times the intensity.

He sniffed. "It smells kinda good, I think, or at least reminds me of something good..." He took another deep whiff, not quite placing it..

Mortified, Heather redirected his attention to his laptop. "Hey, what do you think about left-aligning the slide titles instead of center? It would open up room to expand the graphics up the right side, which would be handy for that shot of Marisa using DeShaun as a human ladder to get a shot at the homecoming game."

And he was once more distracted. They stole away for the whole period like that and Miss C didn't say a damn thing. She tried not to listen as he and Amanda shored up their plans for the evening. They had the courtesy to try to make it sound like yearbook stuff, but nobody grinned like that without something more salacious in mind. She watched as the two strode out the door, her heart pounding in her chest with how much she wished that could be her. She'd been dialed up to eleven all period.

Then, Jordan stepped out from behind the curtain, lipstick smeared across his cheeks and neck in the same shade Miss C had been wearing. Her creepy, lazy, douchey, vulgar ex-boyfriend, an albatross around her neck and the gravest threat to her Berkeley dreams. And he was covered in evidence of Miss C's affection. Miss C, who'd tried to steal Conner from her time and again.

Heather threw herself at him.

Their bodies collided with the wall, then reeled through the curtain and nearly slammed into their surprised teacher, who looked to be in the midst of tucking her blouse back into her skirt. Heather ignored her, thrusting her tongue into Jordan's mouth with the same intensity that she thrust his body onto the couch. It creaked alarmingly under the force of their combined weight slamming down, but Heather wasn't waiting for results. Her shirt was off, thrown across the room so hard it nearly knocked one of the monitors over. She clawed his shirt off next, immediately going to work on his pants.

"Whoa there, tittycakes – what got into you?" Jordan asked, laughing in obvious delight at her aggression.

"I need this so bad," she breathed, raising her skirt up around her waist. What had she been thinking, wearing panties? It was only slowing her down.

"You do, do you? How's come? You've been in a mood today, I swear." No doubt he was referring to second period, when she'd made an unprecedented voluntary offer of her ass. He'd declined, but had decidedly noticed her going above and beyond.

Miss C was taking notice as well. “Indeed, Heather. Yesterday, you spent the whole period dragging your feet, and today you avoided your responsibilities to goof off with Conner. Now, all of the sudden, this...?”

“Just fuck me,” she pleaded. “You can both fuck me if you want. I don’t care. Just hurry up and fuck me.”

But Jordan grabbed her wrists and stopped her in the midst of jacking him back to erection. She could still feel the wetness of Miss C’s pussy on him. “Hold it. You said nothing out of class, didn’t you? Nothing extracurricular? Ring a bell? So tell me what you’re doing, ya little freak.”

She cocked her head to the side. Was he being obtuse on purpose? But Miss C looked as stern and perplexed herself. Considering they were the ones making her do this, it was hard to believe they could be so dense. Heather pushed her arms back hard against Jordan’s grip, and though he could have overpowered her, he didn’t. She braced herself on his chest, lining up her pussy over his cock, the tip of it twitching tantalizingly on the fringes of her throbbing sex.

“Homework.”

The valedictorian-to-be lowered herself onto his waiting shaft, moaning in unwilling ecstasy as this deadbeat’s prick filled the gushing ocean of her pussy. She leaned down in his ear, her dagger-hard nipples smashed against his chest. The smile that crept over her face had nothing to do with the shaft of molten pleasure filling her, or seeing that bitch Miss C sink to her knees to wait her turn to assist her, and certainly nothing to do with the unfortunate necessity of whoring herself out to students and staff alike.

“You’re not at home, bimbo,” said Jordan, snapping his fingers and gesturing for Miss C to disrobe. His hands then settled on Heather’s ass, right over the *YES PLEASE* tattoo and the one that sort of looked like a tree, but if you looked closer, all the leaves were tits. Had Jordan ever noticed that about it? He’d probably never paid much attention to her tats, what with his negative attitude about feminism.

He was right, though. Not about her being a bimbo – that was only a lesson she’d learned, a tool like sohcahtoa or i before e or the states and capitals song. Tools in her kit to get where she was going, titties and pussies, an angel face and ample ass. But it was true that this dingy couch with these provincial failures was not home.

Heather closed her eyes, and sighed as her partners melted away. They were replaced, as they had been time and again, by hazy dreams of walking to class past Sather Tower; people watching in the Sproul Plaza; ascending the marble steps of Bancroft Library; and basking in the culture and legacy of the Free Speech Movement Café.

Her hips began to rock. “I am now.”