



HOMEWORK

TAKE PHOTOS

AREA

REASONS

$$z^2 = x^2 + y^2$$

~~Soda~~

The Tease

Isaac Byrne

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By Isaac Byrne

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My name is Karli Hanson, and I'm a tease.

Now I know, I know, I'm the worst, how dare I blah blah blah. But hear me out, OK? Teasing men is a totally victimless crime. Really, where's the harm in bending at the waist, or rocking a miniskirt, or going without a bra for a day? It's not as if it's my fault I was born with good genes and I take care of myself. Like, if I were some deuce-and-a-half lardo acting the exact same way, people would just look the other way and not judge me at all.

Unfair double standard, that's what that is.

Besides, it's not like most guys even mind. Hell, the more I tease a guy, the more of it he wants from me – if it was so bad, wouldn't he stop chasing it? Like when I showed up at my math tutor's house in a sports bra and spandex shorts because "I had to run straight here from cheerleading" – he was only too happy to offer me another session, pro bono. When I bent over my Econ teacher's desk and gave him a good eyeful of my barely legal tits while asking for his help on a question, he gave me a little wink and told me the question didn't really matter anyway. So who's really the victim here?

So I get a little thrill out of giving a little thrill. There's worse things to get off on, right? Not like I robbed someone at gunpoint or poisoned the reservoir or something. It's a public service if you think about it. All over school – heck, all over town – there's guys happily whacking off every night while fantasizing about their chance encounter with Karli Hanson. And if I give my own imagination a little fodder for the rub club, then it's just win-win.

OK, I'll admit that maybe lately I've been getting a bit wilder. Is that so bad? Shouldn't women be free to be sexual creatures? Is it so wrong to use your assets to get what you want? Hear me out – you'll see that it's still a pretty NBD kind of thing.

I've been a tease ever since I sprouted, but I guess it's not been until this past summer that I really kicked it into gear. I'm about to be a senior after all, and I just get so bored, you know? I was making up two classes in summer school – ugh, snoozeville – and I found this kid who was treating summer school like it was his calling in life. Better yet, I think you could see his hard-on from outer frickin' space the day I wore my new cut-off jean shorts.

Easy mark. Mind you, usually it's just some good ol' altruistic teasing, but once in a while I had to take care of my own needs, too. So one day, I go up to geek boy during our break and asked him if he'd be cool ditching class with me to go get high.

O to the MG it was SO obvious he'd never done either of those things before. But I was having a combo hair-day/skin-day, and he was helpless. I dragged him to the girl's room and we just camped out on the couch passing a joint and shooting the shit.

He told me his name was Mark – an easy mark after all! – along a whole bunch of other things I didn't really care about. I just smiled, nodded, giggled when he tried to be funny, and pretended not to notice as his eyes devoured every uncovered square inch of glorious teenage meat on my bones. I think he could even tell I was playing him, honestly, but... sure enough, I didn't even have to say anything. He just asked me if he could tutor me.

"Oh gosh, would you really?!" I exclaimed, batting my lashes and clasping my hands gratefully (while simultaneously mashing my tits together with my biceps).
Chump.

Better yet, he kept ditching class with me and brought his own weed! Not that I can't afford it, loaded as my family is, but Daddy is crazy paranoid about drugs and it's way better not to have to hide it from him.

And you know what? Mark's stuff was the mother fucking *bomb*. Like, my brain just went to a whole 'nother plane, you know? I honestly worried he'd cut it with PCP or something, but he let me check it out and it looked clean. He said his cousin worked for a dispensary so he got this super premium shit on the DL.

Really, it was a pretty fun routine we fell into. Show up to class, hang out for the first half of the day to score our attendance points, then jet for the second to get stoned off my ass while Mark ogled me. He was such a talker, too – I'd be off in La La Land and he'd just be yammering on at me the whole time. About Econ stuff, I guess, but I never remembered any of it.

Still, I guess after a couple weeks I started feeling a little bad using him. I'm a tease, not a total cunt, right? I told him we should probably knock it off for a while (meaning forever, obv's) and he could save his stash for himself.

Only by now, Mark had seen enough flashed panty and stupendous cleavage that he didn't want to let go. Ugh, the dweeb totally *begged* me to do one more party with him, and well, I guess I just felt like it'd be a good chance to say goodbye to that amazing cheeba of his while he said goodbye to my bod.

So I told him, straight up. "Look Mark, I'm never gonna fuck you, OK? Don't think you can buy my pussy with weed. We do this, but this is just saying goodbye, right?"

He nodded, but I could tell it stung. Still, better that than stringing him along right? I'm not a total cunt, after all. Besides, it was SO annoying having guys trail along behind you like a flock of baby ducklings. Eventually, you either have to feed the ducklings or step on their little faces to shut them up.

But dude, did we ever say our farewells. He gave me a whole bowl to smoke, all by myself. I didn't figure I'd make it, but man, I just sort of blacked out for a while and came to with the thing gone. We'd been in that bathroom for like four hours. The school was totally silent, everybody gone home but us.

"Hey, sorry about that," I said sleepily as I steadied myself.

"It's cool, Karli. Strong stuff, right? Goes right to your head."

That was the damn truth. I was still feeling pretty giddy. Like right then, Mark was totally just staring right at where my tits were bulging out of my tank top – usually I get peevish when I'm not even trying to invite attention, but this time... damn it all to hell if I didn't feel myself getting wet just from having his eyes on me.

That was some fucking good weed.

Then I looked down at my phone, just to make sure my mom wasn't wiggling out about me not coming home or checking in. She'd texted, so I wrote back and told her I'd gotten caught up with a study group and was on my way home. The whole time, Mark just sat there next to me, looking right down my top. I held still for him – why not give the guy a thrill?

The attention felt good, after all, and not like he hadn't earned at least a peek.

Still, it was time to get going. "Thanks again for that, I said to Mark as we exited the bathroom. I was looking around carefully in case there was somebody around to

bust us. Mark was just looking at my ass.

“No problem. A nice way to top off a great summer session,” he said.

Now look. I know he didn’t mean it, but... somehow, in his casual comment the phrase “top off” just leapt out at me, like he’d stressed it or something. I giggled at the thought of it, how crazy it’d be to give nerdy Mark the thrill of a lifetime. There was no one around, right?

With a quick final glance to make sure we were alone, I grabbed the bottom of my tank top and pulled it off over my head, smirking at Mark’s shocked expression as my bra-covered tits emerged into the open.

Well, not as shocked as I thought he’d be, I guess. Still, he was definitely pleased, I could tell. Weirdly, so was I. The way he looked at me sent a stream of little tingles down to my crotch.

“Nice tits you got there, Karli,” he said with surprisingly casualness.

“Thanks!” I chirped, just standing there, being watched.

“Almost as nice as I thought they’d be.”

My jaw dropped, and I planted my hands on my hips indignantly. “Almost! These are some grade A boobs!”

“Yeah, I was more hoping for some grade double D,” he said.

Now mind you, I *was* a D cup, but still, rude! “Well if they’re not up to your standards, then maybe I’ll just put them away. See how you like them apples.”

Mark just kept staring. And staring. “So... why don’t you?” he asked finally.

A fair question, I suppose. The truth was that I was getting more and more turned on the longer he looked at me. I couldn’t *say* that though. “I am. As soon as we get to the doors, then they go bye-bye.” There, a compromise.

He shrugged, and followed me down the school’s corridors to the exit to the parking lot. The whole time, he was looking sideways at my boobs, and I think I was as conscious of every bounce, every jiggle, as he was. God I must look so fucking hot. He’s going to jerk off to this memory for the rest of his fucking life.

We reached the exit sooner than I wanted to. I paused at the door, tank top in hand, trying to muster the will to cover them. I don’t know how long we stood there, him staring and me being stared at, but he was the one who had to break up the moment. “All right, Karli. It’s been fun – guess I’ll see you in class tomorrow.”

“Yeah, that’s right – and you’ll only see me fully clothed from here on out, buster.”

“Yep. Guess it’s time to kiss those puppies goodbye.”

Mmm. I mean, I know he didn’t actually *mean* it that way, but the image just hit me like a wave of sexy. Talk about quality teasing – he’d be blue-balled for a month if I... if I just...

“OK,” I said, folding my arms behind my back, my tits thrust forward. “Do it.”

He arched an eyebrow. “Do what?”

“What you said. Kiss ‘em goodbye.”

“That was an idiom, Karli. I didn’t actually mean it.”

Holy shit. Here I am, offering him the mouthfuls of a lifetime, and he’s trying to teach me the difference between literal and figurative. “I mean it.”

He didn’t hesitate long – maybe I didn’t have double D’s, quite, but they were

damn fine tits. Mark cupped a hand around each, squeezing them and pressing them together, and put his mouth to the bare skin above my bra. His lips were wet and warm, but when his tongue slid out to caress them, it was infinitely more so.

The way he was boosting them even let my nipples peek out of my bra halfway. I should've said something, had him stop. You see, I have crazy sensitive nips, and the moan I let out when he started lapping and sucking at what my bra let him access left no doubt how I felt about it.

Then he stopped. I almost fell into him, I was trying so hard to keep Mark's mouth on me. "Wow. Thanks, Karli. You wanna maybe go back to my place, and...?"

I laughed. "Not on your life, Mark. Like I told you earlier – I'm not gonna fuck you. This was just me being grateful, saying goodbye." I mean, I was horny out of my fucking mind, and there was definitely lubrication trickling threatening to trickle out of my shorts any moment now.

Still, I'm a tease – not a whore.

He nodded. "All right. But if you ever change your mind, wanna smoke some more, just let me know."

"Yeah, sure. And thanks for the tutoring." I smiled, and headed out to my car.

"Um, Karli?" he called after me.

I rolled my eyes. *Don't make this awkward, geek boy.* "What is it, Mark?"

"Your top's still off."

Oh. "Thanks, Mark."

I must've had a dozen orgasms that night as I relived the afternoon. Just stripping my shirt off without warning. In the middle of the hallway. Parading around school topless. Letting a guy make out with my boobs just for the hell of it.

Mmm, and the way he stared at them. Helpless to look away.

Make that a dozen and one.

When I woke up the next morning, I rubbed one more out for good measure before I got out of bed. Then another in the shower, thinking about how Mark would flip his shit if he could see me, wet and naked, knuckle-deep in puss.

As I picked out my wardrobe, I went a little further than usual. After all, I only had a few more days of summer school, then who knows when I'd be able to tease him again. I decided to go for a classic girl next door look. Denim shorts as brief as I thought I could get away with. Scoop neck red polka dot tank top with mid-riff exposed to show off my cute little naval piercing. Bright red lipstick. A pair of platform sandals.

And of course, pig tails.

None of it was all that outlandish or even especially unusual for me – all of it was stuff I wore out in public. Just usually not at the same time. Together, it created an ensemble no red-blooded male could avoid noticing. I'd never wear it to class during the regular year, but in summer school, they barely cared about the dress code.

I came to class thirty seconds late, just so everyone would already be settled and get a good eyeful. I knew of at least three couples in the room, and I wondered how many of the guys would get a blowjob tonight to keep their attention off of me and on their girlfriends. Even Mr. Hendricks did a double-take as I gave a quiet apology and made my way to an open seat next to Mark, right where I was sure I could give him a good eyeful.

Did he ever. I didn't hear a word Mr. Hendricks was saying that day. All I was aware of were his eyes on me. He didn't even care if he was obvious about it – he saw it, he liked it, he was going to see more of it. My kind of guy.

To tease, that is. I mean, clearly I was out of this loser's league.

Eventually, Mr. Hendricks noticed his distractedness. It was totally my fault of course, but not like he could say "Karli, please cover your titties." So instead he went after the victim and did that most classic of teacher moves, asking a kid a question when they clearly weren't paying attention. I didn't even catch what he asked – I was just twirling a pig tail with my finger.

Egghead that he was, Mark could evidently split his attention between my body and the lecture. He answered without hesitating, "trickle-down economics."

More like trickle down my inner thighs. Though really, I was just mad at Mr. Hendricks for distracting my plaything.

The teacher still wasn't mollified, intent on squeezing him a little. He asked some kind of follow-up that I barely comprehended.

Mark was undaunted. "Oh, you know the Keynesians, Mr. Hendricks, they won't stop moaning about it until everything with Reagan's name on it is torn down and burned." Apparently this was enough to satisfy Mr. Hendricks, who chuckled at whatever joke had been embedded in that gibberish and decided his star pupil was still his star pupil.

Myself, I just heard one word in that whole mess. *Moaning.*

Oh shit, that would be hot. Guys have always told me I have a perfect phone sex voice, just a little high-pitched and a lot of breathy. One time I'd made a guy I was dating cum in his pants with his mom in the driver's seat beside him just by talking dirty with him. (Told ya I was a tease.)

Oh, it was too delicious not to.

I took a deep breath, and made a sound I've rehearsed that's the perfect distance between bliss and agony. "Oh my *god*," I punctuated it, then slathered on a little more on the far end. The noise ended in a high-pitched sound that could really only be called a whimper.

The whole class was staring at me as I rubbed my thighs together, my cleavage enhanced by a little pressure on either side from my biceps. Mark was staring too, grinning broadly at my little verbal orgasm.

"Is... everything all right, Ms. Hanson?" Mr. Hendricks asked.

I smiled innocently at him. "I'm sorry, just... you gotta admit, this stuff is SO boring, right? Come on, you have to be wishing you could be out at the pool right now as much as the rest of us." I grinned innocently. I wondered if he was hard behind that podium. If he'd go home tonight and think about screwing one of his student's brains out. If he'd cum from the echo of that noise bouncing around inside his skull.

As for my classmates, there was no question. I could actually see half a dozen erections without straining my eyes, and plenty more were trying to hide them awkwardly.

Not Mark though. He was hard and could give two fucks if I saw it. Maybe he was a little like me in that way. That was so fucking hot.

"I'm aware economics isn't exactly a day at the beach, but we have the final exam in two days. So maybe you can do everyone a favor and pretend to be interested, hmm? This may not be much use between you, Mr. Howell and the Skipper, but here in the real world, this stuff matters."

The class laughed at his little dig at my outfit politely, and around me I heard a few people using the noise to mask some comments. Somewhere a girl called me a slut; a guy said something about wishing he'd recorded that; another guy said they couldn't wait until I dropped out of school and started stripping.

I didn't care. People always said that stuff when they were jealous and pissed off they couldn't have you. I was just looking at Mark in the next row, so I could very clearly hear his words, even mumbled as they were.

"Damn girl, keep it in your pants."

My god, the boy just had to keep giving me ideas for how to torture him! I waited a couple minutes until class was back in full swing, my peers mostly trying not to fall asleep. Even Mark looked kinda tired. I guess I'd kept him up late, eh? I giggled to myself.

So I waited until I was sure he was looking, then folded my hands in my lap casually. While he watched, I crept one of them back and slowly undid the button on my shorts. They were way too tight for this to work otherwise.

Ha – that woke the poor guy up. Later on as he was jacking it until he chafed, no doubt he'd wish he slept through this. Not my problem!

With the button down, I painstakingly began working on the zipper. Concealing

the noise was tricky; the classroom was mostly quiet except for the AC blowing and Mr. Hendricks yammering on about who the fuck cared what. Every millimeter was a battle, the zipper creeping down, down, down, until the front part of my panties was good and exposed.

Mark licked his lips. I remembered the feel of that tongue on my nipples yesterday and hazarded a little rub at my mound. I could feel my fingernail teasing my skin through the thin fabric of my panties.

This was all the farther I planned to go (like I keep saying, I'm not a total slut), but the way he was watching me, the way I could tell every little movement of my finger against my panties was burning into his brain... well, I couldn't help myself.

I went lower. The zipper was opened all the way now, but as tight as my shorts were I had to really push to get my finger where I needed it. Down across my pubic mound, across my swollen clitoris, right up into my slit.

I was *gushing*. My juices were soaked right through my underwear and flooding into the denim of my shorts. If I stood up right now, there would probably be a wet spot on my seat.

Somehow, I could tell from the wolfish look on his face that Mark knew. That he could see on my face how wet my finger was getting as I began easing it between my lips. Up and down the slit, then a little pressure in a swirl against my clit. Again, and again, and again. Little by little, my panties were creeping up inside me as I pressed on them, wishing desperately I hadn't worn the stupid things so I could do get myself off properly.

Well, not really. But to make him think I was. To tease him.

And all the while, he was watching me. Staring at this sexy little piece of ass, diddling herself in the back of the classroom, her cunt dripping all over her desk chair, squirming with need, her every breath a battle not to betray a clandestine pussy raid.

Knowing he could look but never touch. Just look and look.

I guess I must've gotten carried away, because somewhere between budget deficits and regressive taxes there was a teenage girl heaving a deep sigh and slumping forward across her desktop as her pussy rippled in sweet release. My juices flooded my panties and positively soaked my right hand. The cool surface of the desktop against the exposed part of my breasts was a delicious contrast to the waves of heat radiating out of my cunt.

And Mark had seen it all. I think a few other people too, but I didn't really care. I'm a tease, after all. The whole point of that display had been to flaunt it and not care. Right?

Then suddenly Mr. Hendricks was standing over me. "Ms. Hanson?"

I sat up suddenly. "Um, ya?"

"Mind taking this off my hands?" he asked impatiently. Only then did I pry my attention away from Mark and see he was holding out a piece of paper. Oh, right. He was returning last Friday's quizzes.

By reflex, I reached for it with my dominant hand. When my hand reached out to accept the paper, it was still glistening wet with my juices. I think he noticed. Hard to say. For sure the girl next to me was gaping at the little handprint I left when I set it down, then down to where my panties were still visible under my desk.

Oh, right. I winked at her, then did the zipper in one quick motion. It was audible

this time, and left a lot of heads turning to wonder who was zipping or unzipping what, but I didn't care. That had been fun. Top quality teasing.

I managed to make it through the rest of class without doing anything more daring than fidgeting with my neckline a bit. Mark still gave me plenty of attention, good sport that he was. Poor kid was putty in my hands by now.

Evidently my little display had gotten his hopes up, because shortly before the end of class he made eye contact with me and a little gesture that I could tell was an invitation to get high again.

I considered a moment. His stuff was pretty awesome. And I wanted to see how blue I could make his poor geeky balls.

Class ended. My sorta-friend Macie gave me a look on the way out. "You feeling OK, babe?"

"Totes. Why?"

"You, uh, were acting kinda..."

I gave her a Look. "Kinda what?"

"Like you're in heat or something."

I rolled my eyes. "Don't hate the playah," I said, and sauntered out. I made sure to put a good amount of sway in my hips. Behind me, I someone grunt as they tripped over a desk they hadn't seen, distracted by my ass. Mark was watching too, which was even better.

Mark was waiting for me in our usual spot in the old girl's bathroom, the one too far away from where summer classes were held to see any traffic. "Hey Karli. You, ah, you look great today."

Oh geez, the nerd was flirting with me! It was too rich. "I do, don't I." I flopped down on the junky old couch. "See anything you like?"

"What, like when you were masturbating at your desk?"

I feigned a coy expression. "Oh, you saw that, huh."

"I think half the class saw that. Pretty hard not to notice a girl pleasuring herself in the middle of an econ lecture, after all. Especially one who breathes as loudly as you do while she's at it."

"Well, when ya gotta go..." I shrugged, then gave him a little giggle. "Do you think Mr. Hendricks noticed?"

"What, that old cock sucker? He's totally asleep at the wheel."

Then I saw Mark was looking at me expectantly, for some reason. Whatever, not like he could know I gave a few seconds' thought to blowing him. But I'm just a tease, not a blowjob queen. I was here to get high, and maybe get my jollies letting Mark ogle me. That was it. "So we gonna do this or what?"

He frowned, but then he got over whatever it was and got out his stash. "Yeah, sure. Smoke up, Karli."

"What, by myself? You didn't have any yesterday either."

"Uh, yeah. Right. Look, why don't you get us started, and I'll pick up once you're good and buzzed. I got plenty where that came fro, so don't short yourself on my account."

I hadn't really planned on shorting myself, but it was nice to have his blessing I guess. Sure enough, a short time later I was so fucking high I didn't give two shits about

much of anything. My brain was on another planet, one with pretty lights and a rich aroma and the noise of Mark's droning voice in the background.

One of these days I really need to ask him what he's always going on about when we smoke up. It might boost my econ grade or something.

Then I kinda blacked out again, and like the day before, woke up hours later on the couch, this time with my hand not only in my shorts, but in my panties, two fingers lazily probing my pussy. Mark was just sitting there watching me do it.

I mean, of course he was watching. Any guy would be watching that, much less a real horndog like Mark. For such a total geek, he sure was a useful tool for turning me on.

I pulled it out with a naughty little grin. "Sorry, guess I got a little carried away there."

"Hey, you don't have to stop on my account. I got nowhere to be."

I glanced at my phone. "Ugh, I do. My mom's gonna be freaking out about me not telling her I wasn't coming straight home again."

"She sounds like a real control freak."

"You don't know the half of it."

"My parents are the same way usually. Totally sucks dick, right?"

"It... it, uh, sure... does..."

I didn't mean to respond like I had a concussion, but something in the way he'd said it... No, I couldn't do that. I'd dismissed the idea earlier, and just because I was way stoned now, that was going too far. Even for a tease like me.

Wasn't it? I mean, it would be super hot. He'd NEVER see it coming. And nobody would ever actually believe him. It was pretty much the ultimate tease, right?

After all, a girl sucks your cock, you gotta expect that's not all she's willing to do. I'd have Mark's eyes staring longingly after me, yearning for the sweet mercy of the pity fuck he'd never get, for the rest of his natural life.

As he stood up, I caught his belt in my hands and pulled him over to stand in front of me. "Hey, Mark?"

"Uh, yeah Karli?"

"Speaking of people who suck dick... you ever have a girl go down on you before?"

Keenly aware of the fact that he was standing right in front of me with his groin at my mouth level, he smiled – and looked right down my top. Classic Mark. "Can't say as I have."

"Well... next time somebody asks, would you like to be able to give 'em a different answer?" I licked my lips. Truth be told, my mouth was watering a little.

"Are you offering to blow me right here in the ladies' room?"

I nodded.

"Wow. Karli Hanson, offering to give me a topless blowjob." He grinned down at me.

Wait, I hadn't offered to do it topless, had I? Well now that I thought about it, obviously that was way hotter. This was all about oneupsmanship after all, and if yesterday he'd seen me in my bra, today he had to see more.

So I took my shirt off. Today, however, my bra followed immediately. No more going halfway – this was pro league teasing now. I leaned back and played with my bare

boobs a little, rubbing and tweaking at my nipples as Mark watched. I hadn't really planned on turning it into a full show, but the more he watched, the more I wanted to be watched.

I guess I must've been tormenting him pretty bad, because he finally had to interrupt me in the midst of my self-groping. "Hey, didn't you say something about giving me a blowjob?"

Oh, right. My brilliant tease idea! I'd been so distracted by playing with my boobs that I hadn't even noticed Mark taking his pants off. There it was only inches from my lips, this horny nerd boy's cock.

Actually, it looked pretty amazing. Way bigger than I'd expected.

No, not just bigger than I'd expected. He was big, full stop.

I thought about how many times I'd gotten this monster hard before without even realizing it. Had it happened before this summer? Had he seen me cheering at a football game, high-kicking in my little skirt, seen my panties and gotten hard over it? Gotten an eyeful of my cleavage in the hallway and thought about how hot it'd be to titty-fuck me? Noticed me wearing a miniskirt and fantasized about flipping it up over my ass and plowing my hot little box?

Thought about getting me stoned and having me strip to the waist and fucking my mouth in the restroom?

Here I was, a dream come true. I wrapped my lips snugly around the tip of Mark's cock and slid slowly down to the base, gliding my tongue back and forth across his shaft. I think it was the weed, making me so dizzy I couldn't handle a more rapid pace. Or maybe I just enjoyed dragging it out, making the loser wish I'd really go to town.

I blew Mark like I had nothing else to do all week. All the while, I fantasized about being fantasized about. All the sick, pervy, kinky, slutty things he surely wanted to do to me. I hoped he was thinking about them too right now, that both of us were thinking about how hot it would be to have him sneak in through my bedroom window at night and fuck me in the ass not twenty feet from my parents' room.

Not that he'd ever get to. It was just so hot that he wanted to. Or at least, that I wanted him to want to. I bet he did though.

Only the geek's brain was on all sorts of fucking geeky things. As he looked down at me blowing him and fondling my tits for our mutual enjoyment, he looked like he was trying to think hard. Then he came up with this fucking gem: "Um, hey, I don't know why, but this reminds me of the time I was going to see the school drama club's show, but, uh, didn't have anyone to go with. So I went alone. Just with myself."

I mean, fucking really? Here he has one of the hottest girls in school sucking his dick like it was her favorite flavor, and he's thinking about some dorky fucking show? Seriously, like I was supposed to feel bad that he had to go to the play with himself?

Whoa. There's an idea.

I guess I have a dirty mind, because once the seed was planted, that thing sprouted in an instant. How much sexier would this be if...

I sunk off my seat on the couch down to my knees, pressing my lips down to his base and gently lapping at his cock with my tongue. It was all the more I could manage while splitting my attention with the task of getting my shorts and panties down around my thighs.

Mark noticed, of course. One of the things that makes him so easy to tease, how his eyes are always on me, noticing every tiny move I make. I groaned at the feeling of having my fingers in my pussy, imagining it was him imagining his cock slipping inside me.

Which would never happen in a million years, of course. Getting naked, kneeling on the cold and questionably unclean floor of the women's restroom, and sucking his dick like he was doing me a favor was one thing – that was just to get his hopes up.

But actually letting him seal the deal? As if I'd ever let this loser have a shot.

He shut up about the stupid play and let me work. Though to be honest, I got so distracted that eventually I just put his hands on my pig tails. With a little encouraging, he just took hold of them and slowly fucked my mouth at his own pace.

I wanted to laugh – as if any girl would ever actually want him to do this to them? It was ridiculous.

Every bob on that fat cock of his was divine, just knowing that all the pleasure I was giving him would be something he'd dream of forever and never be able to reach again. The orgasm I gave him here today would be the one he'd fantasize about for fifty years. It was like my mouth was some kind of pleasure multiplier, turning one orgasm into a thousand.

That thought was the one that got me off for the first time during our dirty little session. The second came when he told me how pretty I was.

Well, I should clarify that, because it makes me sound like some twitterpated bimbo. What he said – through the gritted teeth of a man on the verge of cumming – was, “Karli, you're so naturally pretty I bet you've never had to get a facial in your life.”

Geez, Mark really was just too stupid about setting me up to torment him.

So my hands left my cunt and my tits behind and took the place of my mouth on his cock, working his shaft and playing with his balls in my delicate, manicured hand. “Cum on my face, Mark – I want you to. Fucking cum on me,” I coaxed. I licked my lips, opened my mouth like I'd seen girls do in pornos.

I guess he'd seen those pornos too, because it sent him right over the edge. I kept jacking him even as the first spurt of his cum splatted audibly into my right eye, the second down onto my boobs, while the third regained some potency and splashing across my nose and lips.

That was the third time I came, though he just kept spurting on me as he watched me tremble and moan in ecstasy.

He came so much, I had to wonder if he'd even gotten off last night. I was saturated with the stuff. I'd honestly never let a guy jizz on me before, but now I had to wonder why.

This was the best teasing I'd ever done. Think how insanely sexy I must look to him right now – his cum was everywhere but my pussy, the perfect reminder of what he could see but never have.

“That's a good look on you,” he said, taking in the sight of me kneeling and cum-covered at his feet. He didn't blink. I didn't want him to.

“Thanks. Little messy though.”

He looked like he was thinking hard but couldn't, and then he just shrugged. “Um, yeah. Like... like the time I spilled milk all over the kitchen table, and the only

thing I had to wipe it up with was, um... a pair of panties?"

Uh, what? That was the most idiotic and non sequitur story I'd ever heard. I guess a hot babe like me really intimidated him. Why else was he always coming up with such stupid and awkward things to say?

And why did they always give me such good ideas? Guess I'm just some kind of weird niche-specific genius or something.

I stood up, stepping all the way out of my shorts and panties, then handed him the latter. "Well, since you have practice at it... mind cleaning a girl up?"

He took them and seemed to somehow instantly grasp my meaning. I stood still as he took my already sodden panties and used them to sponge his spooze off my tits. Not at all surprisingly, he was good and thorough – though really, trying to clean me off with a pair of pussy-juice-soaked panties didn't do a lot for actual cleanliness. I watched him work with my one available eye, grinning smugly at my cleverness. Then he very carefully mopped up my other one so I could fully see again.

"Ahem. You missed my lips and cheeks, stud. I can still feel it there."

He shrugged. "You know, Karli, you should be proud."

"Proud? Proud to be coated in your spunk? Ya right, like I'm just gonna walk around like this." Like I was some suggestible little twit.

"No, I meant proud you're doing so much better in econ now, I feel like the tutoring has really paid off."

Oh! Proud of my grades. Duh.

Though, come to think of it, maybe I should also be proud of the jizz on my face – think how hot it'd be for him, seeing me go out into the world marked as his conquest. Oh fuck yes. Even when I wasn't teasing him, everyone would look and know that I had. That I'd made a guy so horny that he'd let me blow him and spray all over my face.

I decided to let it slide – give this loser a little thrill, since he'd obviously never close the deal with a hottie like me. I thanked him as I put my top and my bra back on, careful not to smudge my face. Then I held out my pants to demand my panties back, since he was still clutching them. Like I was going to let him keep them? As if.

He grinned. "You're going to make some guy one hell of a trophy wife someday, you know that?"

Again, out of left field, but still more or less sweet. I giggled. "You're such a charmer. Ya know, forget the panties. Why don't you keep 'em." If I was gonna be a trophy, maybe he ought to have a trophy. I pulled my shorts back on, luxuriating at the feel of going commando.

The two of us strode out of the school, him a few steps behind me staring at my ass, me a few steps ahead walking one foot in front of the other to make sure he had a hell of a show. It felt weirdly natural, like having Mark feast on my body wasn't just natural, but something I really enjoyed. It would've been weird of him *not* to stare.

We made our way out to the parking lot, where a classmate on her way out to summer tennis practice did a double-take. I suddenly remember the gleaming blobs of white on my tan skin.

Whatever. I was proud of it.

"Hey," Mark said as we were about to part ways, "I don't suppose maybe later tonight, you'd wanna..." He trailed off.

“Wanna what?” I asked, smirking. I knew, but I wanted him to admit it. Admit what he wanted but couldn’t have.

“You know. Come over to my place and let me fuck you.”

There it was. Oh, that poor, poor, simple little geek. No idea how ludicrous his suggestion was. “Mark, I’ve said it before, but let me make sure you understand me this time. You and me? Nuh uh, no way, never ever, not gonna happen. Understand?”

He snapped his fingers in an aw-shucksy kind of way. “Yeah, I get it. Just make sure you don’t blow me on the exam Friday, OK?”

Wait, did he say...?! No, I must be hearing things. Still...

“Say, Mark... do you mind if I come over tonight? To, um, study?” Once I finished blowing him again, giving him that much more false hope that a girl like me would ever consider fucking a dork like him.

“Sure,” he said immediately, almost like he’d expected me to ask. “I was supposed to help my dad work on his motorboat, but... I can do that some other time. How’s seven sound?”

“Sounds great,” I said, then on a random impulse, I lifted up my top to expose my bra. There were plenty of people in the parking lot, but I could give a shit. I then snaked my fingers into Mark’s hair and brought his face down into my cleavage. He didn’t resist at all, not even as I slapped him back and forth in the cheeks with my boobs.

He staggered back when I released him, I think a little dizzy from the spontaneous motorboating. (Damn I’m clever.) “Karli, sure you don’t wanna...?”

I laughed and started walking away. “Not a chance in hell.”

He called out after me, “You’re a real tease, you know that!”

You know? I really am.

