

# The Grand Prize

## A TIOS Tale

### Part Four: Participation Trophies

Mary Buchanan did not have a plan. She didn't need a plan. After all, God had already made a plan for her.

Admittedly, His plan had not always been so clear of late. While she might be better known around the halls of Northside as the homecoming queen, Mary didn't see herself as royalty. Quite the opposite, in fact, for in her heart, she was first and foremost a servant of God. She tried, at least. In recent days, the luster of her purity ring had grown tarnished after weeks of repeated insertion into her gross, drippy vagina during second period. Then after Mr. Lyons had given her a homework assignment to wear it up her ass for a whole week except during potty times – an assignment she had failed when it conflicted with one of his group projects and she opted, as always, for the greater good – she had felt hypocritical putting it back on. It sat now on her nightstand between her King James Bible and a picture of her youth group, an appropriate middle ground between the word of God and the image she used to jill herself to sleep.

The photo depicted Patrick, her youth minister, with his hand on Mary's shoulder. She had never tired of imagining a day when she was old enough to get him to put it somewhere else, like Mr. Lyons was teaching her.

Recently, as godless secularism worked its evils at Northside, she'd started learning all these new things about the countless adulterous and inappropriate uses a sinful man might have for her body. Handjobs and blowjobs, tit fucks and ass fucks, the thousand and one positions in which a woman could avail her vagina to a man. For so long, Mary had looked forward to assuming the missionary position. (That hussy Dominique in youth group had told all the girls about that one after seeing it on a movie on late night cable TV, one of those awful pay channels.) Still, it had such a nice name. It sounded like the perfect union of husband and wife, coming together to go forth and multiply. Better yet, Mr. Lyons had never actually instructed her in that position, which suited her just fine. Someday, she'd like her husband to get to take that one last shred of her thoroughly tattered virginity.

In spite of herself, Mary sometimes worried that these other positions, the ones her teacher had taught her time and again, might actually be... fun. It was sinful, she knew. It wasn't right to discuss sex ed affairs outside of sex ed, but for these lingering thoughts, there was a weekly visit to church to confess them. Or there had been, up until Father Hudson had told her she was not honoring Christ by titillating a member of his

clergy. Mary prayed for God's forgiveness for inspiring such a prominent erection in His priest, then continued to assign herself appropriate penances nonetheless.

It was wrong, she knew, and a dire temptation to let herself spend hours and hours every day thinking about sucking cocks and taking cocks in her cunt and riding dick like she was a rodeo queen. It was *wrong*. Sometimes she even forgot to imagine that the cock was her husband's. Someday, a man would make her his wife and help her quench these base, constant desires. Still, it could be years before her soul mate was revealed. It was demanding more of her patience than she had yet learned to withstand, as the wicked plastic phallus banished in the drawer beneath that Bible could attest.

Until today. Today, God had finally granted His child clarity. Without knowing quite how, Mary suddenly knew the exact identity of her future husband. She went to church straight away after school and prayed, tears rolling down her flushed cheeks while other, ickier fluids rolled down elsewhere and spurred other prayers. First, though, Mary offered her thanks to God for this vision He had placed within her heart. Never in her life had she known anything so absolutely.

Someday, she would be Mrs. Conner Fishers.

Mary knew Conner only barely. They'd had a few classes together over the years, but only a few, and they'd never interacted in them that she recalled. Also he wasn't a Christian – not that she knew of – not *yet* – and so they'd never had any reason to spend time together outside of school. Even when he'd subbed in her second period, she'd barely spoken to him, quietly devouring her humiliation at being naked in front of a strange man. (Conner *had* told them they could wear clothes, but she wasn't about to risk her grade in case it was some kind of test. No matter what all those ignorant people pumping so-called vaccines into their veins might say, Mary wasn't stupid.)

So that she suddenly felt this swell of passion in her heart when she saw him kissing that fornicator Olivia Snyder in the hallway after lunch, there was no mistaking it for anything other than the voice of the Almighty. The very same divine inspiration that He had given the apostles to write the Gospels, now bestowed on Mary.

With that knowledge in her heart, she'd gone home, put on something cute, done up her hair and makeup, and even taken a lesson from second period and put on some of that scandalously sexy underwear she'd bought for costume Tuesdays in sex ed. Then it was off to Conner's house to get to know her future husband.

"Hi, are you Conner's mother?" she asked the woman who answered the door.

"Why, yes. I'm sorry, I'm not sure I remember..."

"Mary Buchanan." She extended a hand. The woman shook it gently. It was strange to think that someday, they would be in a room and someone might say "Mrs. Fishers," only to have to clarify which one! She smiled brighter at that thought. "Is Conner home?"

“I’m sorry, he’s not. He said he might be a little late coming home from school. Is he expecting you?”

Mary’s heart sank. What if he was off defiling his body with Olivia? Mary had seen firsthand how eagerly that girl could guzzle down a man’s cum. Mary furiously scolded her vagina for using that image as an excuse to get oozy again, then addressed Mrs. Fishers. “Oh, I’m not sure. I mean... maybe?” After all, maybe God had given him the same vision! Surely, He had! It would make a great ice breaker. “Actually, yes, I’m sure of it.”

“Oh. Well then come on in, Mary. Your bike should be fine there; Conner used to leave his laying out all the time and nobody ever bothered it. In the meantime, you’re welcome to wait here for him. I’ll send him a text message to get him moving.”

Mary followed her future mother-in-law into her home. The scent of the family’s dinner was thick. “It smells delicious, Mrs. Fishers.” Skill in the kitchen was important for a woman to care for her family. She liked the woman immediately.

“Thank you, Mary. Though actually, it’s Mrs. Buck. Or Shannon, if you’d rather. I don’t know exactly where the line is for calling adults by first names, so whatever you’re comfortable with, dear.”

Oh. Her esteem dropped somewhat. She’d forgotten for a moment that Angelica Buck was Conner’s stepsister. A divorcee. Hmm. Oh, well. Conner wouldn’t necessarily take after his parents. She’d make it her life’s work to see to it Conner was content with his one and only soul mate.

Mrs. Buck went on. “Actually, if you’d like, you’re welcome to join us. We have plenty. Angelica’s out with some of her friends, I think, so I have more than enough.”

Mary’s smile returned, white and brilliant. “Thank you, Mrs. Buck. I’d love that.” She couldn’t marry Conner without getting the approval of his parents, after all. Never too early to start working on God’s plan, now that He had at last revealed it.

Conner did not come home before dinner was over, nor did he reply to his mother's text. Distressing. Mary would have to train him out of that one day. Still, she felt as though she had made a good impression on the future in-laws. Tomorrow, she'd have to reach out to Angelica and get working there. Maybe Mr. Lyons would assign group work and she could snag her as a partner. That was always a good time to work in girl talk with all the moaning and groaning concealing chit-chat from the teacher.

Mrs. Buck didn't seem to know what to do with Mary afterwards, once the two were done doing the dishes and packaging leftovers. (Mary took special care to set aside a sumptuous portion for Conner. When Mrs. Buck's back was turned drying plates, she even gave his porkchop a nice long lick, to help acclimate him to the taste of her saliva.)

"Oh, I can wait in Conner's room, so I won't be underfoot. Does he have a desk? That way I can work on homework until he arrives."

The woman hesitated, understandably reticent to let a strange girl into her son's bedroom. Another step toward repairing Mary's first impression of her. Still, she twisted just so, letting the crucifix on her necklace catch the light, and smiled her most beatific smile.

"Oh, all right. You seem harmless enough." Mrs. Buck patted her shoulder and steered her in the right direction, then headed downstairs, presumably to see to her own husband. Her second husband, but still a husband, technically. (Maybe Conner's dad had died? It was all right for a widow to remarry. Mary chided herself for being so quick to judge.)

She made her way down the hall, pausing to admire the family photos hanging on the wall. There were lots of them, which she thought made sense. Wasn't Conner on the school newspaper staff or something? Maybe he was into photography.

After passing a dark and clearly female room that must be Angelica's, she arrived at last at her future boyfriend's, future fiancé's, future husband's, current soul mate's bedroom. To think, Conner's next bedroom when he left his childhood home, he would share with her. She laughed giddily to herself at the mere thought of it.

As teenage boy bedrooms went, it was... passable. Not that she'd been in many – she was the furthest thing from that sort of girl – but she did have a little brother who was a sophomore and another in eighth grade. They were pigs. Conner's wasn't as neat as she liked her own to be, but neither was it a sty like her brothers'. The bed wasn't made, and the little trash can next to the desk looked like it could stand to be emptied. A pair of dirty socks was on the floor near the foot of the bed. Otherwise it was rather neat, if somewhat spartan. A picture of him and some classmates hung on the wall over the desk beside his window, some bookshelves, and a trophy that looked like a knockoff Oscar, only the plaque beneath the slender fellow said it was for being "editor-in-chief."

Oh right, the newspaper thing. See, she did know a thing or two about him!

Committed to honoring her word, Mary seated herself at Conner's desk, trying not to think about how her butt was touching something that had touched Conner's butt. (Had he ever masturbated in this chair? Oh gosh, *that* would be something!) She retrieved her tablet from her purse and got to work on her homework, fidgeting only somewhat. Unfortunately, she didn't have much homework. She was done in under twenty minutes.

So... now what?

Mary gazed around the room, trying to get a sense for Conner's headspace, to put herself in his shoes so she better understood the partner God had entrusted her with. Out the window, she could see where her bicycle was still resting on the front walk. Across the street, a redheaded boy she thought she recognized from school was dragging trash cans out to the street. Oh! Owen Gibson. She *did* know him. She would definitely sleep with him if he asked. Hopefully he didn't, though. She was pretty sure he was friends with Conner, and it would be insanely awkward to find out your significant other had had relations with your best friend. Besides, Owen was dating Kirsten Vaughan, Jezebel of Jezebels. Clearly good girls like Mary were not his type.

Mary laid down on Conner's bed.

It wasn't sinful, she told herself. God wanted her to be with him, and it's not as though he were in the bed with her. She only wanted to look at the ceiling. Mary studied it, memorized every shadow and imperfection in the pale blue paint. When she woke up tomorrow morning in her own room, she could remember what Conner was seeing as he did the same here. She could do so until that hopefully not-so-far-off day that they shared the same ceiling over their shared marital bed.

His scent was heavier here.

Mary breathed deep through her nostrils. It wasn't a sexy smell, to be sure. A hint of fabric softener, and a fair amount of teenage boy. Except, this particular teenage boy...

Mary turned her head to the side, then adjusted again and rolled onto her stomach, burying her face in Conner's pillow. Her lungs filled with Conner. Without her blessing, one hand wriggled beneath her and found its way between her thighs, where...

"Darnit!" she cursed into the pillow. The wetness. Confound it all, the gosh darned sinful *wetness!*

Some of the girls in second period liked to tease her because, even though she often pointed out her disapproval of the basic presentation of the curriculum, however well-intentioned, Mary couldn't control how icky sticky *wet* her vagina got when she was learning. At least, learning about how to please her future husband, not in her normal classes. At least, not often, so long as she didn't let her mind wander. She was terribly embarrassed by it, but there was nothing she could do. The thoughts came, or worse, the *touches*, and whoosh! Like a faucet, only not water, but sinful thoughts made manifest.

She breathed in again, and the thoughts only became more sinful.

Conner's *bed*. He slept here, every night. He'd probably touched himself here – right exactly where she was laying! Her hips squirmed, grinding her pelvis against that lucky space on the bed where his erection would press. No, he was a little taller than her. She inched down slightly. There.

Oh gosh. It was just like class. Satan whispered his wicked instructions in her ear, and like Eve, she was in thrall to her own selfish urges. She'd been so *good*, too! Yes, she definitely looked prettier in the skirt and v-neck she'd first fished out of her closet this afternoon. (Fished, she giggled into the pillow, like a fisher.) Still, she knew that was the devil's attempt to get her to use earthly delights to seduce Conner. Mary wasn't totally ignorant to the way non-Christians were. She knew she was attractive. Thick black hair, glittering blue eyes, perky, prominent breasts, hips that would someday be great for child-bearing but now only served to tempt boys into lusting after her rounded bottom.

So she'd gone more conservative, a thin white turtle-neck and dress that came down past her knees. It was a good girl's outfit. A *Christian* outfit. (At least, aside from the promiscuous underwear, but she'd told herself he'd never see that anyway.)

Only now...

The dress made it *way* too easy to hike up the front of it so she could get closer to her vagina.

Which she did. Humping herself frantically against frenzied fingers, she did.

Mary didn't come. No. After only a few delicious minutes of huffing and puffing into Conner's pillow, Christ came back to her and chastened her. She smoothed her skirt down, ran her fingers through her hair to smooth it back down, and settled back into the desk chair. She clasped her hands in prayer – then unclasped them, wiped her vaginal ick off on the carpet, then clasped again – and thanked God for His gifts of patience and willpower.

There. She could behave. Sheesh, it would be hard to convince Conner she wanted to wait until marriage if he walked in on her jilling off on his bed on their first date!

So instead, as the minutes ticked by in this tragically Connerless bedroom, she resisted the urge to pull her panties down around her thighs and rest her bare butt on his desk chair. It was tempting, though. Conner sat here, and probably naked sometimes, right? He had to.

Mary thought about those times.

When Conner came in from the shower...

When Conner was getting dressed...

When Conner was getting *undressed*...

When he masturbated...

“OK, no more touching myself!” Mary swore under her breath as she wadded up her soggy panties and tossed them in her purse. She’d have to sterilize the whole thing after. Yuck. Why were women so dirty? It wasn’t fair. She’d asked Mr. Lyons once after class if boys ever flooded their underwear when they got horny, and he’d laughed at her and told her that only freaky sluts like her did stuff like that. That was just his “humor,” as he thought of it, but still, she took it to mean that what Patrick had told her was true. Women’s bodies were simply unclean. There was nothing she could do but pray.

And, she supposed, bring a change of undies for future dates.

There was a soft knock at the door. (Thank God, she was dressed and composed!) Mrs. Buck opened it a moment later. “I finally got a response from Conner. He said he’ll get home as soon as he can, though the way he said it, I’m not sure how soon it will be. Are you sure you wouldn’t rather come back tomorrow evening? I hate for you to waste your whole night twiddling your thumbs for my son.”

“It’s not a waste,” Mary said quickly, decisively. “I don’t mind at all. After all, the good ones are worth waiting for, aren’t they?”

Mrs. Buck smiled, but there was something else in her expression, too. “Oh. Are you... I’m sorry, I suppose I’d thought you said you were here for something school-related, Mary.”

“Oh, it is!” she insisted hastily. For once, Mary was grateful for Mr. Lyons’ class. School was where she was learning to satisfy her future husband, so technically, this was school-related and she wasn’t telling a lie.

“Oh,” said Mrs. Buck. “Oh. But... you’re interested in him?”

“Is it that obvious?” Mary grinned. She hoped her vagina wasn’t making the room smell like her wicked cum. “He’s the nicest boy in the whole school.”

At that, Mrs. Buck could no longer hold back a flattered grin, leaning a hip against the door frame. “Yeah, we like him OK around here, too. Not that we see much of him these days. So... are you two... dating?”

“No. Not yet, that is. I’d like to, but... I don’t know how he feels. I don’t suppose you have any tips for me, do you?”

Conner’s mother stroked her chin for a moment. “Just be kind. He’s had a bit of a rough spell for a while, and I think his heart’s still a little tender from... Well, I suppose I’m not breaking any confidences telling you about that fainting incident.”

Mary gasped. That’s right! It was old news by now, but she had heard about that. He’d asked out Heather Blake on a date and his whole class overheard, but then she rejected him and he fainted! Heather’s name went on her list of godless women to pray for. Hurting Conner like that! Rejecting him! No wonder she was so fixated on her godless crusade to “empower” her female classmates to dress up like harlots. There was an extra bite of Satan’s apple in her, no doubt about it.

“I promise, I would never hurt Conner like that,” Mary assured Mrs. Buck, and God.

“That’s nice to hear, Mary. Anyway, maybe you’d be happier in the living room? It must be uncomfortable sitting in my son’s bedroom all by yourself.” She stood upright, vacating the doorway.

“Oh, I don’t mind, Mrs. Buck,” Mary assured her.

“I’d really rather you sat in the living room.”

“Oh.” Mary blinked. But she was a *good* girl! Masturbating aside. “Of course, sure. You’re right, that would be for the best.”

The once and future Mrs. Fishers chit-chatted in the living room. As her hostess was showing her through her second scrapbook from Conner’s childhood, Mary began to recover from the mortifying removal from her beloved’s bedroom. She would win Mrs. Buck over. Mary Buchanan was the sort of girl parents dreamed of their sons marrying. Faithful, adoring, chaste, beautiful, and so very traditional. She had it all.

The front door opened, but to her bitter disappointment it wasn’t Conner. Angelica skipped up the stairs energetically, emerging into the living room and eyeing Mary darkly. “What’s *she* doing here?”

“She’s here for Conner. Mary, this is Angelica, Conner’s sister.”

“What, he get bored of the blonde and the redhead?” the girl sneered.

Blonde? Redhead? Who did she mean? Olivia was a brunette. Maybe she was making a joke? Sometimes nonbeliever humor was hard for her to get.

“Mary’s here for a school assignment with Conner,” Mrs. Buck said heavily, eyes narrowing at her daughter’s behavior. Stepdaughter, technically, so she wouldn’t *really* be Mary’s sister-in-law.

“Brushing up for that big exam second period?” Angelica asked, eyes sparkling impishly. “That’s smart. I remember how you choked on the last one.”

“Angelica!” Mary gasped. First off, what happened in sex ed stayed in sex ed! There was a second, albeit crude, meaning, but still, that flirted dangerously close to the line. Second, she’d only choked because Mr. Lyons had wanted to see how long she could hold her breath with Jennica’s strap-on in her throat! Stating it that way gave an unfairly negative impression, something Mary was desperate not to give Conner’s mother.

“So you two know each other,” Mrs. Buck replied. “That’s nice. Angelica, could I have a word with you for a moment? In the kitchen?”

“Great.”

The two stepped into the kitchen, but even as Mary resumed admiring images from Conner’s first day of kindergarten, she couldn’t help but overhear. A whispered lecture on being gracious to guests, muttered sass that eventually broke down and apologized. Finally, Mrs. Buck steered her stepdaughter back into the living room. “Your



dad and I are going to watch a movie, Angelica. Do you think you could stay here with Mary and keep her company while she waits for Conner?”

“What?” Angelica’s glare met fierce parental rebuke, and quickly dissipated. “Fine. Love to. Nothing I love more than babysitting high school-OH!”

Mrs. Buck wagged a finger at Angelica following the pinch that preceded it, then turned a warm smile to Mary. “Mary, it was so nice meeting you, and... well, good luck. I’ll be rooting for you.”

“Thank you so much, Mrs. Buck. For dinner, and for everything. I hope I’ll be seeing a lot more of you.”

“Yeah,” said Mrs. Buck, smile holding steady. She took a breath, nodded, let it out. “Me too.”

Angelica sat down, but waited until they heard the Netflix sound echo up the stairs before she said anything. “So you’re another one of the skanks who wants to fuck my brother, huh.”

“What? I am *not* a skank, and I am *not* here to F anyone!” Mary retorted, folding her arms under her breasts. The nerve!

“Right. That’s why my mom is making me guard you, so you don’t go leaking all over Conner’s bedroom, huh.”

Mary’s eyes flashed in indignant rage. “How *dare* you! Does the poster in class mean nothing to you? What happens in—”

“What, like Hairy Cuntcannon doesn’t leak except during those fifty-five minutes a day? Please.”

“I have told you and Kirsten and all your mean little friends a hundred times, *DON’T* call me that! So help me, I will tell Mr. Lyons, and he’ll—”

Angelica waved away the threat. “Right, must’ve forgotten. Look, Shannon’s not coming back up here any time soon. If I leave you in here and go to my room, I’m not going to step out later and find you sniffing Conner’s underwear or something, am I?”

“Of course I wouldn’t sniff—”

“Cool. Good talk.” Angelica hopped up and strode out of the room. From her seat, Mary watched the door to the feisty little pagan’s bedroom shut.

To her credit, she made it to the end of the scrapbook before she let herself return to Conner’s room. After a quick stop in the kitchen to append Conner’s dinner with a note.

Technically, Mrs. Buck hadn’t told her not to. She’d said she preferred Mary to be in the living room, but it hadn’t been an order. Plus, the fourth commandment to honor her mother and her father wouldn’t apply to Mrs. Buck until after the wedding, or at the very least their engagement.

Sniff his underwear? That was the grossest thing she’d ever heard of! How dare Angelica say such a thing! She remembered earlier in the semester when Mr. Lyons used

to spread his students' legs and sniff their vaginas, back before the nudity policy was instated and the hands-on part of the curriculum began. It had been so repulsive. She couldn't imagine what he got out of it, unless it was just something he had to do for his job. It was hard to tell with Mr. Lyons. He *really* enjoyed his job, she was pretty sure.

Now, a shirt, on the other hand...

A shirt wasn't gross, she told herself as she began opening dresser drawers. They were clean, too, so there was nothing at all wrong with it. It was like memorizing the ceiling, something to do to feel closer to him. If it was creepy now, someday he would find it endearing and wifely.

Mm. Detergent, and... nope, only detergent. That was weirdly disappointing. His underwear would be the same, probably. They wouldn't smell like his sweat, his cock, his essence. Oh God, what if he'd leaked cum in the underwear. Would she be able to see it?

Mary scolded herself. She was getting caught up again, and if Conner walked in and saw her doing what she'd been imagining doing, she would die of embarrassment. Unless he thought it was "hot" or whatever. Maybe it would turn him on. She took the quickest whiff, just to confirm there was nothing to it, then stuffed his underwear back in the drawer and slammed it shut. There. Now she knew. Not missing anything, she was 99% sure.

She checked one more time, to make sure. Nope, nada. Just Conner's underwear. The fabric he wrapped around his penis all day every day. Nothing at all to get excited about.

Mary sat at the desk again. This time, she hiked up her dress and settled in with her bare bottom on the seat. It was like their butts were touching, only separated by time. It was so... *naughty*. Was this even a thing? She'd heard boys joke about "touching butts," but she'd sort of thought it sounded like a gay thing at the time. Well, if Conner wanted to touch butts with her, she would definitely say yes. She didn't care how gay it was. Not like she'd spent the past two months learning to eat pussy to put on a good show for a prospective life partner to *not* do gay stuff sometimes.

Another half hour passed. It was going on eight now, only an hour to go before her curfew. Where was he?! She prayed for God to bring him home to her soon. Was that wrong of her? She hated it when she saw all those brutish athletes thanking God for their success, like God cared about touchdowns and homeruns. No, this was different. God had revealed His plan to Mary today. He wouldn't begrudge her for being eager to get started on it.

So very eager.

She supposed she could tidy up while she waited. So she made the bed. She grabbed some paper towels from the kitchen and did a little dusting. Ugh, there were those socks again. She picked them up and threw them in the hamper, where...

Oh, God.

Conner's underwear. Not the clean stuff in the drawer. The *real* stuff.

It was right on top. Not like she went digging for it. That would be wrong. So it wasn't her fault she noticed... that she...

"Oh *God*," she whimpered.

Mary had lifted them out of the hamper before she realized what she was doing. Yep, it was exactly what she'd thought it was. A little pale crusty stuff in the front, on the inside. There wasn't much, but enough that she couldn't miss it against the dark fabric.

It was, she had no doubt, Conner's cum.

"*Thank you, Lord God*," she prayed as she clutched them to her face.

Conner shuffled up the front walk after one of the longest, most confusing days of his life. Somehow, four of the prettiest girls in school were acting like they had crushes on him. Four, that is, not including Heather and Amanda, who'd already seemed to like him pretty well. He smiled at that. Usually, that was its own quagmire of issues, but right now it felt like a port in the storm. These other four were new and confusing and a bit frightening. Maggie, Sydney, Olivia, Neveah... heck, maybe five, the way Kirsten had been acting. He was bad at reading girls, and even worse at reading whatever Kirsten Vaughan was.

What a night. It could all be coincidence. It had to be. She was dating Owen! Even if she didn't know it was only because TIOS had made him the most coveted acquisition in school, she was his best friend's girlfriend.

Still, all those little things.

The way she hugged him at the door. She definitely hadn't been wearing a bra, and only giggled when she noticed him noticing as she bounced onto the couch in her bedroom, right up against him, assuring him there was no need for formalities like that between friends.

He'd hoped she'd put a bra on when she changed into PJs – a few feet behind him, on the honor system that he wouldn't turn around, evidently forgetting that he could see *everything* in the mirror on her bedroom door, and when she caught him looking (he *tried* not to!), she only laughed and reminded him it was nothing he hadn't seen before, and that she was tempted to not bother putting anything on at all if he wouldn't feel uncomfortable.

He'd said he would feel uncomfortable. She still hadn't put on a bra, though, and the skimpy, translucent tank top and tight boy shorts that served as her pajamas were more revealing than the stuff he'd had her wear in those rare masturbatory daydreams when he'd been brave enough to invite in a lioness like Kirsten.

They'd watched the rest of the movie with her head in his lap. He hadn't known where to put his right arm with her body there, but she simply placed it on her stomach and assured him she didn't mind. *It's just a tummy, Conner.* He'd flinched when she put her hand over his, which only made her insist on holding him there until he chilled out and stopped acting like they weren't friends. With the angle of his arm, it was only natural that it eventually drifted so that it was resting right against the underside of her boobs – *Kirsten Vaughan's boobs!* – but she never said anything. Probably didn't want to make him feel like a pig.

Oy, and the drink she'd spilled in his lap. An accident, obviously – nobody would spill soda on a suede leather sofa on purpose – but, if he wanted to inflate his ego and read it as part of the hypothetical crush narrative... She'd insisted he report immediately to her shower while she put his jeans in the washer. There was no denying Kirsten, but even though he'd meant to pop in and out to humor her, she'd joined him in the

bathroom before there was even steam fogging up the glass. As Conner whirled away from her to hide his privates, she informed him it'd be another hour and a half before his pants and underwear would be clean and dry. Still, if she'd wanted to see his butt, she'd gotten to, and after the show he'd stolen earlier, it was only fair. That's what she'd said, teasingly, before she finally relented and left him to finish up. When he exited the bathroom, clad only in his t-shirt and a towel, she'd been bent at the waist, dabbing at the leather, her ass a beacon of raw hotness. Not that it meant anything. She couldn't help having an amazing ass.

They'd finished the movie, Kirsten laying on her back with her head in his towel-clad lap asking him question after question, half of them about what kind of girls he liked. To see if he was right for Olivia, she assured him, having evidently heard the gossip about their kiss. Ultimately, she concluded – persuasively, he admitted, not that he'd needed persuading – that they were a poor match. The better she got to know him, she said, the more she was convinced he was simply too good for her. Kirsten promised she wouldn't rest until she found him someone perfect. Someone who would satisfy him the way she had satisfied Owen. Past tense, weirdly, though it sounded like Owen's parents might be forcing him to break up with her? Preferring to hear it from his friend, Conner hadn't pressed her for details.

Eventually, he squirmed out from under her and retrieved his clothes from the laundry room. Kirsten followed so close that she almost didn't let him close the door so he could get dressed in privacy. Then she walked him to his car, told him she hoped they could do it again sometime, and took advantage of his polite response to settle on this Friday night. *With Owen, this time*, he said as he agreed (because what was he going to do, tell Kirsten Vaughan no?). She'd laughed and said she hoped Owen could get out, but if not, the two of them could still have fun. As friends.

Then she'd leaned in his window, kissed his cheek, given him a nice long smile as she rested her hands on his window frame, a posture that all but forced him to stare down her neckline at her perfect tits swaying beneath her, before sauntering back into her house, her shorts wedged so deep up her ass crack that a pair of panties would have covered more of her behind.

So... *maybe* five. Hard to know. She had definitely said Friday would be as friends.

As for the other four, it was TIOS, almost certainly, or *maybe* some stunt by Jordan that he couldn't understand. Still, after the day and then the night he'd had, he was exhausted. Physically, somewhat, but emotionally, to his core.

The rules about cheating were complex when you were sleeping with three different women, but if Conner was sure of one thing, it was that he wasn't going to fool around with them.

None but the most elite, that is.

Amanda, certainly. Heather and her legendary tits, a given. Beyond that... how on earth did one define “elite” when it came to picking sex partners, anyway? Maybe a few obvious candidates leapt out, but he needed to clear his head and think about where to draw that line before anyone got hurt.

Why the heck was there a bike outside his house? Must be one of Angelica’s friends.

Conner let himself in quietly. He made his way upstairs and directly to the kitchen. Kirsten had tried to feed him – literally hand-feeding him popcorn and making him suck the butter off her fingers at one point – but popcorn was no meal, and he was nevertheless ravenous. A smile crept onto his face when he saw his mom had made a special plate just for him, even left a little sticky note with a heart on it. *I love you*, it read on the back.

He really had the best mom. If the pork chops were a little under-seasoned, he could care less.

Conner hesitated in the living room. Had she been looking at his scrapbook from kindergarten? Dang, she was already gearing up to miss him for when he left in the fall. Wherever he went.

He washed his plate, brushed his teeth, and was about to flop down in bed and try to sleep off a bizarre day when he discovered someone appeared to have had a similar idea first.

The dark-haired girl lying in his bed had on a white sweater. Sort of. It was presently pulled up over a mouth-watering set of tits in a sexy black bra trimmed with lace that failed to conceal two engorged pink nipples, one of which was being tugged between her thumb and forefinger. A burgundy dress was bunched up around the girl’s waist as her legs flailed in the air. She had no panties on, a necessity, since she was busily thrusting the trophy Miss C had gotten him for making editor-in-chief last summer in and out of her pussy. A pussy which had created a small lake in the middle of his sheets.

Good lord, he didn’t think Heather, Amanda and Kristy combined had made that much of a mess in their whole insane prom orgy. Whoever this girl was, she was either the single horniest girl on the planet, or she ought to see a doctor.

As to her identity... Conner prided himself on recognizing his classmates, but in this case, he was coming up short. After all, she had a pair of his underwear pressed over her face.

“Uh... hi.”

The underwear flew aside. “Conner!”

“Mary?”

The trophy plunged inside her, thighs flailing spasmodically as a silent, frantically gasping orgasm racked her incredible body. Conner stared, transfixed (and a bit

scientifically curious) as her cum visibly gushed forth around the trophy man's knees, splashing onto his mattress.

"Yes," Mary purred, her whole body flopping down slack, a lazy, slutty smile plastered on her face. A silver cross attached to a necklace rode a trickle of sweat down the slope of one breast until it collided with her sweater.

"Yes what?"

"Yes, I'll marry you," she answered, sighing happily.

So five, then. For sure five. He sighed, studying the slime oozing down the trophy beside her.

What exactly constituted elite?

"You were homecoming queen, weren't you Mary?"