

A Night to Remember to Forget

“Say ‘cheese!’”

“Cheese,” said Crystal, brightly.

“Sneeze,” said Mark.

She did her usual duck face; he did his usual try-not-to-look-like-too-big-of-an-idiot face. The photographer snapped the final shot, and the couple made their way out of the photography suite in the lobby and back to the CHS gym. Technically, he supposed they weren’t a couple; he and Crystal were going strictly as friends. She’d been quite clear on that. Nonetheless, the other technicality kept him optimistic. Tonight, the CHS gym wasn’t technically a gym.

Tonight, it was the ballroom.

Nervous though he was about his first high school prom, Mark kept his head high. The girl on his arm was a big help in that regard. *Yep, nothing to boost the confidence like trading up a couple of points.* He’d lucked out getting her to go with him. They’d been loose friends for years now, but never had it crossed either of their minds they might actually date. Still, when Crystal had broken up with her boyfriend Casey earlier that month, he’d been the ballsy guy who’d swooped in and snagged her agreement of a just-friends prom date.

Crystal had always a cool girl, the sort who was friendly to pretty much everybody while being intentional in avoiding inspiring false hope. In a different world, one where 8’s and 9’s dated 4’s and 5’s, he’d have been happy to give an actual relationship with her a go. She looked stunning – even more so than usual. Her black hair normally hang loose and a bit wavy down to the middle of her back, but tonight, she was wearing it high with a few ringlets hanging down for some bounce. Her dress was lime green, and while there was none of her ample cleavage to be seen, there was no hiding the curves beneath it. It was tight across the hips then flowing elegantly to her ankles where it trailed off in skinny tassels. There a pair of towering, faux-emerald-sequined heels completed the ensemble. The dress was largely backless, showing her evenly tanned skin, but the glitter in her makeup and the shiny beads woven throughout the dress made her a shimmering sight.

They headed into the gym, stopping briefly at a table just inside the doors to set her purse on along with some of their friends’ things. He tried taking her hand as they entered, but she slipped out of it instantly. “Just friends, remember?” It wasn’t stern, merely a girl who knew her boundaries and was capable of enforcing them.

“Yeah, of course.” *For now*, he added mentally.

Side by side, they took in the sight of the decorations. Spinning multicolored lights, disco balls, streamers and throngs of balloons... the planning committee had outdone themselves. “I am so going to have to tell Ami how amazing this looks!” Crystal gushed.

He didn’t care what it looked like in here, to be honest. If anything, he was struck by how tame everyone’s behavior was, couples and groups mostly standing around the perimeter of the

room as Mr. Poole, one of the math teachers and tonight's low-budget DJ, played some song nobody seemed to recognize. For now, things were still casual.

Date or friend, neither seemed to much matter in the sense of Crystal being higher on the social ladder. Trying not to glance at his watch too often, he shuffled along at her side as she talked with her friends, fawned over their hair and dresses and shoes, drank some punch. He wasn't exactly into fashion himself, but Mark did notice how spiffy everybody was looking tonight. Dresses in more styles and cuts than he could count, smart tuxes, fancy hairdos and flashy jewelry. When Crystal's cup ran empty, he got her a refill, and then another; she didn't question it as she put each cup before those wine red lips. Mark tagged along for the ride, sharing quiet grins with the guys while the girls chattered at one another. A few gave him that bro nod at seeing who he'd snagged as his date, and he couldn't help but grin back.

Any minute now...

"Attention all Mustangs!" came a woman's voice over the speakers. Miss Mantegna, the sweet young art teacher. She strode out into the center of the vacant floor in a royal purple dress that clung to her fetchingly as a chorus of applause broke out. It started with the boys, but the girls joined in, too, to be polite.

"You all look positively amazing! Now as you all know, senior prom is a very special night around here. As your faculty social committee chairperson, I've been privileged to work hand in hand with student prom committee head Ami Harish in setting up what I hope will be a real night to remember."

Mark joined his peers in a chuckle at the double entendre. If some of the girls were confused about why they were laughing, the festivity of the occasion made them ignore it. Miss Mantegna went on, after allowing a moment to applaud Ami and the rest of the prom committee. Crystal gave a loud whoop for her friend. "I've just been given word that as of now, we're ready to commence with the lock-in portion of tonight's event. Chaperones, go ahead and seal the gym!"

Students applauded once more as a group of teachers went down the long rows of doors at either end of the gym, locking each and every door. As far as the girls was concerned, this was a safety precaution to prevent students from sneaking out to have a few drinks and driving drunk. The boys, however, knew the real purpose.

A teacher from each side gave the thumbs up that the room was sealed. Miss Mantegna clapped her hands twice, the microphone thundering through the speakers as her hand struck it. "DJ Aftermath, let's get this party started!"

Mr. Poole grinned and pressed a button on his equipment. For a moment, there was a buzz in the air so deep that the students *felt* it more than heard it. Whether it faded, or the music that followed the next moment simply drowned it out, no one could tell.

It remained still, however. Mark looked over to Crystal, who was in turn smiling at him. She had no idea. He could do it. He *knew* he could. This was an established tradition that went back years, a rite of passage for seniors male and female alike. All the young men in attendance

had been briefed on how to proceed during the convocation a few weeks back; nonetheless, nobody seemed eager to be the first.

Until someone did.

CHS was a big school, so it wasn't unusual that he didn't know the name of the guy who kicked things off. Mark knew the date, though. Liz Burdette. She was on the volleyball team, which was why he recognized her, having dated a girl who'd been on the team sophomore year. Liz was powerfully built, but had been blessed with just the right amount of curves and baby fat to not quite look like an Amazon. Tonight, the tall blonde was wearing a rather revealing bright red dress, cut low and with a slit up the thigh almost to the hip. It clung tight around her entire body, from her knees to where it stopped what had to be mere centimeters above her nipples. Below were two pearl white strappy leather pumps, and above a near-transparent mesh that went from a white lace ring around her neck to where her cleavage was on display.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Those were the words which drew the eyes of Mark and so many others in the room. The music was loud, but Liz and her date were only a few dozen feet away, and Liz's voice was no softer than her impressive glutes. As such, he was able to make out their words in addition to observing their actions. Liz's hands were on her hips, scowling through bright red lips.

Her date had an arm snaked in through the slit in her dress, and by all appearances had his hand between her legs. "What's wrong, Liz? I thought you were cool with guys who grab 'em by the pussy?" He pumped his arm a few times, her entire body shaking from it.

"Listen, asshole, I am going to count to three, and if your hand isn't out of there..." She let her glare make the threat for her. When he simply continued jerking her around, she began counting, a long pause between each number as if she didn't have hundreds of pairs of eyes on her and the hand between her thighs.

"One." Her eyes widened for a brief moment at whatever he was doing down there, then refocused.

"Tuh...! Two." She stuttered in the middle of it as his other arm slid in, this time reaching around to her well-built backside.

"Three," she said with a finality her date seemed not to appreciate. Mark wasn't quite sure if he was groping her, fingering her, or something else. "Are you even hearing me? I swear, you complain all the time that I run my mouth too much, but maybe if you tried actually listening maybe I wouldn't have to. Did you ever think of that? I can't believe you're pulling this, right here in front of the entire school. Do you know how much this dress even cost, and you've ripped it right up the—!"

Her rant was cut short, ironically, by the barely audible sound of still another rip. *Man, if I could hear it, he must've been pulling hard*, Mark thought. The boy's hands emerged from under Liz's dress, her shredded panties thrust aloft as his prize. They looked fancy, an intricate lattice of white lace. Mark had seen Liz's butt so many times in her volleyball shorts sweating and hustling that he'd never imagined her wearing something so delicate and feminine.

“You give those back *right now!*” she said, though she made no move to take them. “Then you and I are going to have a serious talk about the way you’re treating me. What has gotten into you, I seriously don’t know, but...!”

Her date cut off her tirade once more, this time by seizing the mesh covering her chest and tearing it asunder. It required next to no effort, the material was so sheer. “How *dare* you?!” she exclaimed, though whatever the blonde jock might have thundered at him next was cut off by her surprise at having the two cups of fabric covering her chest tugged down around her waist.

Liz Burdette’s boobs. Mark had kept more than a few images of Liz’s ass in those volleyball shorts in his spank bank, but he’d somehow missed the impressive efficacy of her sports bra in concealing those torpedo tits of hers. They jutted outward far more than he’d have guessed, ending in a pair of hot pink nipples that came out to points at the ends. Yet still she did nothing to conceal them, or resist her date sucking one into his mouth.

“What the...! This is SO embarrassing! I can’t believe you’re just... *sucking* on my *boobs* in front of *everyone!* I am seriously considering breaking up with you if you keep this up. God, to think I was saving myself for you, and now here you are—!”

The boy stuffed her panties in her mouth. With his date silenced, he bent her over and peeled the stretchy red dress up over her bottom. Liz’s ass was every bit as perfect naked as it had boasted it was in those volleyball shorts. Big and round but still somehow lean, atop long thighs that had, like veritably every girl here, been freshly waxed for the night. As Liz’s date slammed his cock home in it, ignoring her garbled rebukes, Miss Mantegna’s voice jarred everyone out of their entrancement.

“Mustangs, we have ourselves one less virgin tonight! DJ Aftermath, let’s give these young men and women some beats to help rid themselves of a few more! Whaddaya say, everybody?”

The girls in the audience were standing stock still, disgusted and horrified at the mildly-irate girl taking it from behind right where Mr. Landow had them line up for P.E. None of them moved to help her, Mark noted. None of them were moving at all. The boys, however... they heard Miss Mantegna’s blessing, and prom officially began in earnest.

It was not merely tradition, but a rule that boys had first rights to their dates. It not only incentivized proper socialization in the months leading up to the dance in order to score an appealing date, but it kept the opening of the dance from being a free-for-all melee over the hottest girls. Stags and does were left to their own devices, but couples came first.

“Can you believe he’s doing that?” Crystal asked, averting her eyes from the spectacle of the set of balls slapping against the volleyballer’s taut buttocks.

“It’s pretty wild, all right,” he said. All around him, boys were turning on their dates like wolves on baby deer who had wandered into their lair. “Come on. Let’s dance.”

Crystal smiled and allowed him to lead her out on the dance floor. Mr. Poole, a.k.a. DJ Aftermath, had started with something upbeat to get things going. That suited Mark just fine. He was in no major rush; it was only 8:00, and the doors would stay sealed until midnight. Many

couples were following suit. He and Crystal began doing their awkward boogying. Any other night, seeing his friend dolled up to the nines and dancing with him would have been a welcome sight, but tonight, he wanted more.

“You really look amazing tonight,” Mark said, putting his hands on her hips when she had her back to him and pulling her butt up against him. There was a nerve-wracking ghost of a moment when he worried she might turn around and slap him, but sure enough...

“Hey now,” Crystal said as she continued wriggling her butt against his crotch. “Remember, just friends, right?”

“Just friends,” he agreed, caressing her hips and grinding back at her. “Mind bending over a little and doing a little friendly twerking for me?”

Crystal eyed him over her shoulder, obviously put off by his request. “Uh, yeah, I actually would.”

Mark considered himself a polite person. But he’d been psyching himself up about tonight for weeks, and tonight... his reputation could take a hit. “Oh, who fucking cares what you mind.”

With one hand around her waist to keep her in place, he took hold of a few of those freshly styled ringlets and pulled down. Faced with the choice of bending over for her date or having her hair pulled out, Crystal naturally chose the former. He kept a hand on her bare back that, even with the minimal pressure he was applying, seemed sufficient to keep her in place as he hiked up her dress with the other until her ass was exposed to him and to anyone who cared to look.

“Nice g-string,” he said, sliding a finger up and down along the back of it. “Now how about you show me how you twerk before I make you the next Liz Burdette.”

“What? You’re showing everyone my *bottom!*” she whined.

“Crystal, you said we were going as friends, right? You’re not being very friendly. Come on, shake that ass for me.”

She sighed. “I guess you’re right. Sorry. Here.” Her apology hardened Mark’s dick into steel as she gyrated those hips, her nicely padded posterior beginning to fly. He kept her going through the end of the song and into the next, mesmerized by the sight of those twin globes of jiggling flesh. He tried his best not to grope it, as it seemed to disrupt the display, but dammit all if he couldn’t help himself.

Once he pulled Crystal against his crotch again, leaving her bent over and gamely grinding against his cock through his tux, he allowed his eyes the freedom to focus on something other than her ass again. He was fascinated by how diverse the reactions of the girls were. They’d been notified that a chemical in the punch would serve to enhance a girl’s obedience instinct for a little while. Nonetheless all the boys had been assured that there was no need for any at all if they didn’t mind some push-back. Mark had wanted to keep things friendly, and had made sure Crystal would keep fairly compliant. For now. Maybe later he’d let her grow a bit of her spine back.

Some boys, he saw, had skipped the line for the punch table altogether.

There was already so much flesh on display it was tricky to scan the crowd for people he knew. *Holy crap, that's Jenna Ramsey!* Jenna was one of the school's best beloved stoners, always wearing a dippy half-cocked smile. The girl was notorious for being so slow on the uptake that she came across as unflappably calm. Her friends, he knew, called her Zenna, though he suspected it was more the weed than her philosophical outlook that kept her so relaxed. She'd always been a sweetheart as long as he'd known her.

He had seen her earlier when she'd come in from the photographer wearing an elegant cream-colored dress that was rather off-putting compared to the ratty old jeans and loose-fitting floral tops she wore day in and day out. She'd been rocking it, he'd noted. Though she hadn't seemed to do anything with her mane of frizzy brown hair, the dress was a sight to be seen. The girl was short but curvy, and an oval window in the top of her outfit showcased a pair of liberally freckled boobs that were being supported so thoroughly it was like they were trying to be forced into her chin.

That had been before the dance had officially started, though. Now, she was back-pedaling away from a predatory-looking boy into the middle of the dance floor near Mark and Crystal. Her dress had already been pulled down so that those disproportionately large tits of hers were now in the center of that window. In her flight, she'd backed right into where some leggy redhead was being fucked doggy style, and toppled over backwards. Jenna rolled over and started trying to crawl away, but the boy simply took hold of the back flap of her dress and let her scramble in futility, going nowhere.

"C'mon Zenna, dude, don't be like that," the guy was saying, admiring the look at her underwear. *No underwear*, Mark noted. *How does that not surprise me.*

"You're being super not chill, man," she said back.

"You're pretty hot yourself," he said with a grin. "Is something bothering you?"

She finally stopped trying to crawl away. "Well yeah, you're, like, making my boobs all, you know. Out."

"Oh, you don't want all these guys seeing those big fat titties you've been hiding under those flower child tents you wear to school all the time? I swear, you've been wasting those puppies, baby."

"I dress for, like, whatever. You know? Comfort," she said. Mark sniffed; he couldn't smell the pot smoke on her, but he could hear it in her voice. Good ol' Jenna. "Like, who cares about how big my boobs are?"

"Yeah, it's the spirit that's important, right?"

"Totally, man," she agreed. "So like, can I put them away, now?"

"I'll do you one better, Zenna. Why don't you roll over for me."

The girl, still on her hands and knees, frowned back at him. "No, dude. Like, I said I *don't* want to show you guys my boobs."

Mark, from his vantage point, could see them hanging down beneath her tiny frame just fine. He bent down to take Crystal's tits in his hands, pulling her chest up against his back. "Whoa, maybe too friendly there," she said a bit hotly.

He wasn't listening, still fixated on watching the drama with Jenna play out. Her date didn't seem to be in the mood to discuss it, and bent down to take hold of her ankle, hoisting it up in the air. Only then did Mark notice with some amusement that the brunette's feet were covered by a pair of faded white tennis shoes. They bore the omnipresent doodles she'd drawn on them during the countless hours in which she'd been too bored or high to pay attention in class.

It was a cute touch, but it didn't do anything to stop the boy from twisting on her ankle until she had no choice but to flip onto her backside. "Ow! Fuckin' fascist!" she griped as she thudded onto her butt.

"I'm trying to do you a favor, Zenna. You said you didn't want people checking out your ta-tas."

She suddenly remembered that with her positioned on her back, they were suddenly far more visible, and put her hands over them. They were far too big to cover much. "Um, ya, but now, like, everybody can."

The boy undid his belt and lowered the pants of his tux. He'd not worn underwear, and evidently had needed nothing more than the sight of her to get him ready. "Let me help you with that." He stood straddling her, but rather than use the opportunity to provide real resistance, she let him kneel on top of her and slip his cock between her tits.

Jenna surrendered to it, lying down flat on her back as her date began fucking her huge tits. The sweat beading on them seemed to be all he needed to lubricate the deep canyon of her cleavage. "This is a passive protest," she said, frowning up at him.

"That's good, Zenna. And hey, while you're passively protesting, mind putting your hands to use and helping hold these gazongas together for me?"

"Oh yeah, like I can do that," she said, performing as instructed before frowning at having forgotten to resist. "But I'm still protesting."

"Yeah, slut, fight the power. Occupy ball street, right?"

With the boy's body rather ironically obstructing his view of her tits, Mark returned his attention to Crystal. The newest song was a slow one, the romance of it totally wasted on the proceedings as cries of feeble resistance and enthusiastic rutting echoed throughout the room.

"I think it's time to get a little friendlier," he said, reluctantly relinquishing his grasp on her boobs. They slid right down her sides, down her hips, and there began easing the dress upwards for his next play.

Rather than step away from him or tug it back down, Crystal feebly slapped – more patted, really – at his hands. "No, Mark. I told you I don't like you like that. You can't have sex with me. Knock it off, OK? Seriously, quit it. Please?"

She squirmed a little, but he didn't mind taking his time. Soon, her dress ended in bunched green band just above her butt, some of the tassles hanging down in a pitiful effort to conceal her most private parts. "Matching panties, Crystal? Nice. But they're gonna be in the way, so how about we..."

Both of her hands flew down to attempt to block him, but a quick jerk on the waistband tore right through the thin points at her hips. For all her blustering, she was visibly wet and ready, a soft glistening visible between her folds in the scintillating lights from overhead. Mark threw her underwear away across the dance floor, taking a moment to chuckle as they landed on the back of some girl being fucked in the mouth and ass by the Boswell twins.

"Ladies and gentlemen, let's hear it for the ladies of the faculty!" came the baritone voice of Mr. Poole from his DJ station. Every student not too preoccupied by their couplings looked up to see a half dozen poles being lowered from the ceiling. The school's tetherball poles, Mark realized, though tonight they seemed to have been repurposed for the festivities. Rather than a ball and rope, they were each crowned with a mirror-tiled disco ball. As the noted women rushed out and launched into their pole dancing routines, the globes spun along with their dancers.

Mrs. Fournier, Ms. Albertson, Mrs. Edina, Miss Ruiz, and Vice Principal Heiser, all of them clad only in skimpy lingerie. While the girls in attendance were largely a mix of frowns, scowls, tears, and blank shell-shocked expressions, the faculty ladies were all bright smiles. They were clearly hand-selected as a mix of the youngest and most attractive teachers; rumor even had it that Ms. Albertson had been a model in college. As students now literally took the opportunity to see if a quarter would bounce off the stuck-up Mrs. Edina's tight ass – it would – Mark took a long moment to allow his envy of Mr. Edina, the football coach, to intensify. Maybe if they opened up the faculty for fucking later, he'd give her a try. If he got bored of Crystal, that is.

Mark turned his attention back to her, unable to suppress a smile at the way her eyes had widened at the sight of her teachers acting like hired strippers. "Wait. Please don't... I'll be nice, OK? Really, really friendly. Just don't fuck me, all right Mark?" Crystal said, backing away awkwardly. She took a bad step, her ankle buckling and depositing her on her side. The brunette didn't seem to be hurt, but he decided she looked plenty good on her knees.

"Tell you what. How about a just-friends blowjob, eh? Make me forget all about that other hole."

After a brief consideration, Crystal seemed to accept this compromise, and with a glare that was really more of a pout, she undid his belt, lowered his pants, and prepared to get to work. She spared a moment to share a look of commiseration with the girl on Mark's left. He recognized her after a moment as Océane, the French exchange student who'd been the talk of the school for some time after her arrival after winter break.

Presently, the reason for that popularity was on full display. Her gown had been a diaphanous thing, lots of lavender latticework through which tantalizing amounts of skin was revealed. Now, the bodice looked like it had been torn apart by a pack of alley dogs, with one

sleeve totally detached clinging to her left bicep, the rest of the bodice in tatters hanging down from her waist.

Mark had long imagined the sight of those twin globes of flesh, as had every straight guy in school. They did not disappoint. To the contrary, they were better than he'd imagined them, with a level of perkiness that he doubted would survive to her twentieth birthday. She even had an artistic glyph of some kind tattooed along her sideboob, lending her still more an air of exotic beauty.

It was hard to be in awe of that beauty, however, when she was on her knees tit-fucking one of a small line of boys waiting for a go at her. She was putting up a lot more of a struggle than most; someone had taken some of the now useless scraps of fabric in her dress and bound her wrists together behind her back, and then that restraint fastened to a sturdier-looking shoulder strap that had been wound through the straps in her elegant black heels. It had the effect of thrusting out her tits so far she didn't even need her hands to cup them for titty-fucking. That was how big they were.

"*Arrête!*" Océane whimpered, her shoulders shaking softly. Whether from crying or from struggling or both, Mark wasn't sure. It looked hot as hell either way. "*Mon Dieu, arrête ce que vous faisiez!*"

"What do you think she's trying to say?" asked the first guy in line.

"Sounds like, 'please don't stop fucking my huge French tits,'" said the guy presently doing so. "You got it, babe!"

She closed her eyes, tears leaking out and running along with her eyeliner down her rosy cheeks. "*Je vous supplie d'arrêter de baiser mes nicons,*" she pleaded. Or whined. Or exclaimed. Whatever it was. Mark had taken Spanish.

From the lackluster way she was sucking his cock, he would have guessed Crystal didn't know much French either. Not that he'd had many blowjobs before, and certainly none from a girl so attractive. Still, it was clear her heart wasn't in it. The girl was making an effort, but he was starting to feel like he'd given her too much punch. She was still a little too placid; they'd been warned that while the stuff would keep them calmer and more docile, the ones with more fight left in them were likewise more spirited lays.

"Tell you what, Crystal," he said after knocking her on her ass with a hard thrust. She looked up at him nervously. "I'm gonna grab a bite, but I'll be back for you before long. K?"

"B-but... these boys, they're all..." She looked around at the scores of cocks plunging in and out of the various holes of her classmates. "You can't leave me, Mark? They'll...!"

"Yep, and then I'll..." He patted her reddened cheeks. *The nice thing about her being just a friend is that I don't have to feel bad about sharing.* "See you soon."

By now, many of the original couples were entering the same phase of prom night as the boys widened their nets and proprietary ownership of one's date gave way to carnal appetites. Friends were handing off their girls to friends as a few more resistant girls took the perceived opportunity to flee. Caught up in the moment, Mark joined a group of boys chasing down Kylee

Fernandez, co-captain of the girls soccer team. She'd kicked off her heels at some point and, with her orange dress reduced to a belt of fabric around her waist, was showcasing the speed that had made her a dominant force on the field. Tonight, however, the horny boys of CHS were the only dominant force. Someone finally got a hold of the handle her dress had become, and the rest was gang bang history.

Mark hung out long enough to join the guys in a few slaps in on the feisty she-jock's tight brown ass, for in doing so he spotted an opportunity that he couldn't pass up.

Jade Xiu and Tabitha Oyama were both in his chem II class, and were easily two of the best students. They'd always looked down their noses at their less studious peers, Mark included. The only reason they weren't in the AP version was because it met the same period as orchestra, and as the ensemble's best viola and piccolo players, respectively, they'd chosen art over science. Though the two Asian girls were inseparable friends to the point that it was not uncommon for someone to call one by the other's name, physically they were quite distinct. Tabitha was a wisp of a girl, short and slender with a cute pixie cut framing a pretty face, button nose supporting a pair of thick black-framed smart-girl glasses. Jade was almost a full head taller, and while she wasn't curved like Crystal, she had a solid couple of cup sizes on her petite friend.

Right now, they were hiding beneath the snack table. He caught sight of Jade peering out underneath the tablecloth, and knew the other set of hands and calves he could make out had to be Tabitha's.

Clever girls, thought Mark.

He made his way over, helping himself to a cookie from the tray. The thing was hardly touched. The cookie was good, to be fair, but nowhere near as sweet as the pussies of the girls of CHS. Mark waited for a distraction – *plenty of those tonight* – to slip down unnoticed so he could have them both to himself. Happily, Ami – who by now was stripped to nothing but her underwear and her pair of sequined heels – chose that song break to grab the microphone and step to the center of the gym for an announcement.

“Students of CHS,” she began, cut immediately short as someone bellowed “SHOW US YOUR TITTIES, BITCH!” Her smile faltered only for a moment as she lowered the mic, deftly undoing the clasp on her bra with her free hand. There was muted applause and not-so-muted wolf whistles at the sight of her apple-sized walnut brown tits, two black nipples capping them.

“Anyway,” she resumed, “students of CHS, I'd like to bring forward the nominees for this year's homecoming king and queen!”

With all eyes on the prom committee chairperson, Mark seized the opportunity. “Well hey there, girls,” he said as Ami proceeded to call forth the female candidates. The sounds of applause accompanying each name intensified according to how naked – and how penetrated – the girls presently were. His two chemistry classmates had been peering out from beneath the table and both gasped at his arrival.

“Mark! You can't... we won't...”

He settled into a sitting position, his hair just brushing the underside of the table. “Oh come on, where’s your can-do spirit?”

“Just leave, OK? Please? Leave, and we’ll do your homework for the rest of the year,” pleaded Tabitha.

“We’re *not* going to let you lay a finger on us,” said Jade, far more confidently.

“Really? I would’ve thought a couple nerd girls like yourselves would be smart enough to figure out the situation by now.”

Jade, seeing the boy’s eyes drifting toward where her tits were hanging low, sat down herself. Her billowy blue dress poofed out around her, but Tabitha cautiously swept it back to keep any from spilling outside the table cloth and giving their hiding spot away. “Oh yeah? What situation is that, Mr. I-copy-off-of-my-lab-partner-and-still-get-C’s?”

“The situation where if you don’t do exactly as I say, I’ll just lift up this table cloth and invite the wrestling team to run a train on the two of you.”

Tabitha’s face went ashen; Jade’s temper lost its battle to her sense of cunt-preservation over a few moments. In the background, Ami made a second call for one of the homecoming king nominees who, as someone helpfully informed her, had one of the cheerleaders sitting on his face.

“Look, we don’t want any troub—” Jade began.

“We’ll do it! Whatever you want, just don’t let them know we’re here,” Tabitha interrupted emphatically. “Don’t look at me like that, Jade. I’m a virgin! I don’t want to lose that to a dozen horny Neanderthals.”

Mark smiled. “That’s the spirit. Now let’s get you two naked, for starters.” Tabitha immediately lowered the spaghetti straps on her dress, and Jade followed suit after a moment’s sullen glare. Mark held up a hand to stall them. “No no. Let’s see you undress one another. And don’t be afraid to get handsy about it, eh?”

“You’re a bastard,” grumbled Jade as Tabitha leapt to obey. He didn’t bother taunting them further. *Why interrupt my own show?* The two Asian girls shyly removed one another’s dresses, taking care not to disrupt the concealing table cloth. Tabitha hadn’t bothered with a bra; a simple glance at Mark told her not to cover up with her hands, no matter how embarrassed she was. Jade had, but it only enhanced a pair of mouth-watering tits. Tabitha was decidedly more aggressive in complying with the spirit of his command, the piccoloist’s slender fingers teasing across her best friend’s exposed flesh.

In the background, they could hear the homecoming king and queen being cheered on by the school. It was a tradition, watching the lucky winner deflower the queen, as was everyone else taking a turn on the queen after. None were surprised to hear that Alissa Jankowski had won, though the announcement that Marvin Hurstweiler had won king, now that was a surprise. He was easily twice Alissa’s size. Still, he was a nice guy, and for once he’d be finishing first, right inside the blonde bombshell’s waiting cunt.

“OK, we’re fucking naked. Happy now?” Jade said frostily, folding her arms beneath her breasts. “Get your eyeful, pervert?”

“Jade, I think hands and knees was a good look for you. And Tabitha, I want you to spank your friend until you think she’s sorry for her tone.”

“You want me to *what?*” squeaked Tabitha.

Mark put two fingers in his mouth and blew. “Dang, I never can quite get that whistle right. I guess I can keep trying, though. Or should I just yell...?”

“No!” exclaimed the girls in unison. Jade hurried into position, and for the next few minutes, her friend beat her shapely ass red. The chant of the crowd – “Mar-vin! Mar-vin! Mar-vin!” with hands clapping in time masked the sound. Or so the girls hoped. Nonetheless Mark reminded Tabitha that if she stopped before Jade was truly penitent, he’d drag her out there first.

“Please fuck me, sir!” blurted Jade after a few especially hard smacks.

“There! That’s sorry, right? As sorry as it gets! Can I stop now?”

Mark laughed. “You’re sure? I mean, if you don’t want me to, I could easily go find another couple dozen dudes who would.”

“No, I’m sure! Fuck me! Pussy, or in my mouth, whatever.”

“Or her ass,” offered Tabitha. “You can fuck her however you like. Um, sir.”

“That sounds pretty great, Tabby,” Mark said, “but I didn’t bring any lube with me. Mind asking around and see if you can scare some up?”

“Can I use my mouth?” asked Tabitha, clearly cowed by his implied threat. “It’s, you know, wet. Would that work?”

It worked. Oh lord, how it worked. And every time it got a little too dry, he let it work again. The face she made slurping on his cock to ready it for her friend’s ass was almost the best part. Almost. Jade’s rageful mood collapsed on itself as he drilled away into her virgin asshole, deflowering her in the deepest way. She was the recipient of most of his load, but he pulled out in time to let Tabitha meekly slurp down the dregs.

“Atta girls,” he said, collecting his clothes and slipping back out. “Oh, and Jade?”

“What now, asshole?”

“Oh, nothing. Just... this.” And he pulled off the tablecloth. With a clatter of trays hitting the floor, hundreds of eyes sought the source of this new and strange punctuation to the cacophony of fucking and pleading and moaning and shrieking.

“There they are!” exclaimed Jack Friedberger, the orchestra’s first chair violinist. “Been looking for you two all night!”

From the group that descended on the table, he did not seem to be the only one.

Fresh off his orgasm, Mark was content to strut around and take in the sights. Lynda Moran being held against the recessed bleachers by two boys as a third fucked her from behind. Sarah Simon’s pretty face plastered with so much cum he could hardly recognize her. Jacqueline Massey prom queen nominee sash used to tie her in position, hands gripping ankles, trying to

escape the line of boys waiting to fuck her with the most pitifully small steps imaginable. McKenzie O'Donnell with her \$200 haircut – she'd bragged of it in homeroom that morning – now being knelt on to hold her in place by the boy fucking her face.

Money well spent, McKenzie.

Finally, he spotted Crystal. He was amazed to find her dress was still intact, perhaps a testament to just how pretty her face was. Or how nice of an ass she had. Either way, as Mark walked over, one guy was the happy recipient of her cock-sucking efforts, delivered by his date as she bent at the waist to permit another to administer the shocker from behind.

"Look how her whole body shakes when I wiggle my pinky in her, man," the latter was saying as Mark walked up.

"Oh hey, Mark. Having fun? Your date's not much of a cocksucker, I gotta say."

"No disagreement, there, man. Do you guys mind if I borrow her when you're done? I never got around to the main course earlier."

"Mmfgmmghm," babbled Crystal around a thrusting cock.

"Oh hey! Don't let us get in the way. I'll find somebody else to finish in." The first boy pulled out and Crystal gasped for air, then gasped again at some unseen maneuver of the second. Then he too pulled out of her, high fiving Mark with a slimy hand before meandering off in search of a new girl.

"Having a good time?"

"Fuck you," she snarled. "I thought you were my friend, Mark. I thought you cared about me. But you just wanted to drag me to this nightmare of a dance and use me like a piece of meat!"

He shrugged. "That's pretty much it, hon. Kudos on keeping your dress on, by the by. Halfway, at least." He slipped an arm around her, guiding her with a hand on the ass to their table where she'd left her purse earlier.

"It wasn't easy. I've probably sucked off a dozen guys by now. Offering to blow them is the only thing keeping them from ripping off my clothes."

"Why so desperate to hide your boobs, Crystal? I've always thought you had a rather incredible pair, from what I've seen. And you've never been shy about flaunting them."

"Because I don't want to show them to anyone! Is that so difficult to imagine? Maybe for a prick like you, who it turns out has only been imagining getting with me the whole time we were friends! Not that our friendship seems to matter to you, Mark!"

Looks like that punch is good and worn off, he decided as they arrived at the table. Still, in spite of everything, he felt a little guilty. She was right. He'd always had a crush on her – physically at least. Ogled her when she wasn't looking, jerked off to her at night. "Friendship" had been his way of fueling his libido, while Crystal... she'd always actually been really nice to him.

Was this really how he was going to repay that? Maybe he should just let her–

Suddenly, Crystal grabbed her purse and started sprinting – as much as her heels would let her – toward the door. It was chained shut, of course. He'd seen girls try similar stunts all night, only to be captured and thoroughly punished by the plentiful number of boys who preferred a catch-and-release method to their prom night escapades.

He was surprised that, rather than being tackled by such a boy, she was actually tripped by none other than her friend Ami. It was clearly no accident; the Indian girl thrust a foot out and sent her friend tumbling to the ground tits first. Crystal was so stunned by the betrayal that Mark caught up with her before she'd done more than roll over to look up in confusion.

“What the hell, Ami?!” she roared.

“It's prom night, sweetie. Some of us put a lot of work into organizing this, so I'd appreciate it if you stopped trying to wreck everyone's good time. Now be a good girl and let this nice young man fuck you to kingdom come, all right?” The pretty Indian girl blew a kiss to her friend and proceeded to a nearby couple to make sure the boy was having a good time butt-fucking some ample-bootied black girl.

“You know, I was actually thinking of calling this off before you pulled that little stunt.”

“Oh, I'll bet. You're nothing but a horny, pathetic, loser! You know that, Mark? I went with you out of *pity*. No way a guy like you would ever have a shot at a real date with a girl like me!”

As her tirade went on, his guilt melted under her heat. Finally, Mark took Crystal's wrist and dragged her back to their table, her bare ass squeaking as it skidded along the polished gym floor. There, he pulled her back up to her feet and bent her over the table. To his delight, she immediately tried to wriggle away across the table top. *That's it, squirm.*

The music pounding, Crystal was one more CHS girl whose best struggles were incapable of producing results. Taking a page out of the playbook of some of his creative peers, Mark solved the problem with a little of Crystal's help. The skirts of her dress ended in little tassels, which made it easy to peel strips off. He tore it right up to the waist, giving himself several strips he used to tie her wrists to the bars on the underside of the table.

Once he flipped her over, that is.

“I can't imagine why you'd ever want to hide these things,” Mark said after he'd ripped her dress down the middle.

“Fuck you, you fucking perv!” she shrieked. Even with all the girls in the room making their own similar protests, Mark's date's voice carried.

“I think I'd rather fuck *you*,” he answered.

And then he was.

Just as promised, Crystal's pussy was sopping wet and ready for cock. Her tits, two perfect hemispheres of sculpted flesh, wobbled in near perfect symmetry as he thrust into the girl. She didn't let up on the verbal abuse, each taunt spurring him on harder.

“You call this fucking? I've gotten it harder from my own fingers!”

“This is the only way a dork like you was ever gonna lay his hands on my boobs.”

“Oh look, everybody! The pussy’s getting some pussy.”

This really makes fucking the bitch a lot easier, he thought. For good measure, he gave her raspberry-sized nipples a twist so hard her eyes clenched shut.

“You’re such an asshole!” she cried, thrashing ineffectually against her restraints. “Our friendship is so over!”

“That’s so sweet, Crystal. I thought you only wanted to come with me as a friend.”

Hours later, Crystal scowled and Mark smiled into the lens of the photographer's camera as they posed for their after photo. He'd lost track of her for a good while, but managed to track her down for a second fuck shortly before the line formed for pictures. With as much cum on her that was still glistening, he could only wonder how much was dried onto her skin.

Her dress was now nothing but a few ragged green shreds loosely clinging to the tight fabric around her waist. There was no trace of underwear, though she'd managed to keep those plastic-emerald-studded heels of hers on somehow. Many girls were leaving barefoot. Her makeup was a mess. Eyeliner now delineated the lines where her feckless tears had flowed until she'd run dry; most of her lipstick now decorated the dozens of cocks she'd serviced. Her tits looked even better when she stood upright, he decided. The cum stains liberally painting them was their only perceivable flaw.

"Say cheese!"

"Cheese," said Crystal, numbly.

"Sleaze," said Mark.

He shoved a thumb up her ass just then, and the flash bloomed onto her shocked face.

Whether it was from the flash or some other technology – sorcery? – he didn't know, but over the next few seconds, Crystal slowly crumpled the floor. Mark kissed her sweaty forehead (carefully avoiding all the cum splotches) and loaded her into one of the wheelchairs they had at the ready. He wheeled her out into the parking lot where a line of limousines awaited them. By that point, his cock was too satisfied to induce him to do more than idly grope her.

Back home, he fished Crystal's key out of her purse and ushered his somnambulating date into her bed. Per instructions, he made sure there was nothing left of her dress, and with a final longing gaze at her reclining naked body, he made his way home.

Best night of my life, he thought.

Come Monday, he was relieved to see Crystal approach him with a smile, thanking him for being such a gentleman at the dance. He did his best to play along as she giggled at Mr. Poole's attempts to sound youthful as DJ Aftermath, gushed about what a great job Ami had done setting everything up, and expressed her gratitude for not minding when she went off to dance with other people. "*Dancing*" was one word for it, he thought as he played along.

In the halls, he saw other girls reminiscing about the fun they'd had. Jade and Tabitha patted themselves on the back for how grateful they'd been to go stag so as to avoid all the horny bros. Océane smiled brightly at the face of a boy indulging fond memories of his stint between her tits, expressing in her broken English that "so much fun to make dance with you!" Liz strode down the hall tightly clutching her boyfriend's hand, planting a long kiss on his cheek before parting. Alissa rolled her eyes and shouldered her way past a broadly grinning Marvin in the hallway, embarrassed to have had to share titles with an untouchable like him.

Mark saw Jenna shuffling out of a marijuana-scented bathroom telling one of her friends she wished she hadn't been too stoned to remember anything. "You didn't miss much," her friend assured her.

It was another week before the pictures were returned, and each student got their own copies. Crystal came over to Mark at lunch with hers in hand. "Don't you think we looked great? Such a little lady killer," she teased.

He looked at the photo of them. Crystal in her bright green dress, him in his tux with his arm around the back of her. It really was a pretty good picture. He thought back to one of the comments he'd made while he was fucking her tied-up body on the table. "You looked incredible, Crystal. Seriously. How much did that dress cost?"

"More than you wanna know," she answered. "It's crazy, but there's not a single store in the area that rents formal dresses. Nuts, right? All that money for a dress I'll only wear one time!"

And only barely wore for the one time, he thought. "Well thanks for going to the trouble. Thanks for going with me at all. I'll remember that night for the rest of my life."

Mark had picked up his own copy of their pictures that morning. Both the similarities and contrasts were striking. Crystal, her expensive green dress tattered, makeup ruined, hair disheveled, knees dirty and skin liberally coated in pearlescent smears. Her eyes were bulging at the shock of the sudden presence into what was by that point a well-loosened ass. Mark looked much the same, standing with an arm around his date. His tux was a little less tidily put together, but his smile was perhaps a bit wider.

"Me too," she said sweetly. To his surprise, she leaned down and planted a small kiss on his cheek. "Now don't go working too hard on that crush. But friends forever, right?"

"Friends forever," he agreed.

