

The Grand Prize

A TIOS Tale

Part One: Team Cream

“So... it’s like the Grand Prize Game, but revolting,” Amanda observed dryly upon hearing Jordan’s explanation of the day’s lesson.

“Reference lost, but if you’re so squeamish, you’re all welcome to take an F on the assignment.”

“Amanda! Geez, just join the group already!” whined Sarah Stewart, whom it was widely known had one of the lowest grades in the class. After Jordan had discovered an unfortunate surgical scar on her otherwise gorgeous physique on the first day of class, he’d made no secret that he regretted enrolling her. He let her earn back the deficit with extra credit if she let her shame show and cried while she sucked his cock. It wasn’t the cruelest aspect of his curriculum.

Obviously, sitting out the whole-class group project and letting the class fail wasn’t happening. Couldn’t happen, really. The co-editor-in-chief might be able to dig in her feet and overpower TIOS and its compulsion to succeed in this depraved, farcical class if she had to, but the discomfort was as bad as the degradation, and it would only piss off Mr. Lyons. He was more creative when he was pissed. Repulsive and demeaning or no, she took her place on the dingy carpet floor of the sex ed room with her classmates.

The name of the activity, scrawled on the board in blue dry erase marker, was Team Cream. First, Mr. Lyons needed his partner for the activity. Sometimes he took volunteers, others he picked for himself, and still others he used some arbitrary criteria. Today’s selection was on the basis of who had the next birthday. Yuri was the lucky winner, celebrating her birthday that coming Saturday. She took her place at his feet, the two of them situated near the teacher’s desk at the front of the room, and without fanfare or ceremony, his cock stabbed into the trim Japanese girl’s mouth.

(At least for once, that gaping asshole of a man managed not to crack his favorite racist joke. He still hadn’t figured out that *Full Metal Jacket* was set in Vietnam. Maybe he didn’t know Japan and Vietnam were two different countries, Amanda supposed. Or maybe there was simply some sick allure for him in that bitter tint in Yuri’s eyes after she corrected him and then he fucked her face anyway. Casual racism was an easy way to get those grudging concessions he seemed to crave.)

“Make him come, Yuri,” entreated Joanna, twisting softly at her nipples.

“I can’t wait to taste Mr. Lyons’ cum,” shared Kiara, unprompted, followed by a transparently feigned moan of anticipation.

A third voice snapped, “You better be giving him the best goddamn blowjob you ever gave, you little twat.”

Amanda didn’t need to see the speaker to recognize the voice as blonde goddess Kirsten Vaughan, way down at the end. The end, that is, of the column of naked high school seniors – plus Mary Buchanan – lined up down the center of the classroom. They were configured like a zipper, all their heads in a line but every other body leading the opposite direction so they could occupy as little space as possible. It made for two surprisingly uniform lines of over two-dozen tits each, plus a far less uniform tangle of wide-spread thighs so the girls could masturbate while they waited to soak up their teacher’s spunk. None of them – or almost none of them – were actually in the mood, but if it helped Jordan come harder, they would do it.

That, after all, was the objective of the assignment. The further his jizz shot across the room, the better the class’s grade. It was admittedly a lot of pressure to put on poor Yuri, though she was considered to be one of the more proficient cocksuckers on the class roster. If Amanda had been asked to nominate someone (and if that nomination had been made to improve grades rather than satisfy the instructor), Yuri might well have been her pick. Nobody seriously thought she could get him to splooge all the way down to Kirsten, nearly twenty feet away, but once in a while he surprised them. It was mostly a matter of how much sex he’d had over the weekend, how plentiful his reserves were. Fifth from the start on the right column, Amanda felt her odds of having to clean his cum out of her hair were pretty strong.

The girls did their parts, a cooing, groping cacophony of pleas for Mr. Lyons’ cum. After last week’s target-shooting practice, everyone knew he was surprisingly likely to hit what he was watching, so when Stephanie observed him settling his eyes on Heather Blake’s ludicrously proportioned chest only three bodies behind Yuri, she redoubled her efforts to coax his attention to objects farther away. Nobody wanted to snare a D on the assignment just because Heather’s DNA had been spliced with a milk cow’s.

“God, I hope Mr. Lyons comes on me,” Stephanie managed with an impressive semblance of earnestness. “I fucking love the taste of his cum. Right?” She elbowed Neveah on her right, the next farthest body and one of Heather’s few rivals in tit power.

“Oh, right. Yeah, come on my big titties, Mr. Lyons. I just loooooove it when a guy jizzes on my titties. Soooo much.” Neveah, on the other hand, didn’t bother muting her own sarcasm. Nobody faulted their gothic comrade; her disdain for their instructor was one of his (many) turn-ons. Not that Neveah wasn’t sincere in her insincerity. Even Kirsten grudgingly respected the girl’s vituperative demeanor. Neveah’s tongue was a sliver of pink between wine-dark lips, “I skipped breakfast this morning. Gimme some of that thick, bleachy jizz.”

Hannah Cienfuegos raised one hand, leaving the other attending to her sparsely furred pussy. “Mr. Lyons, can you tell Neveah to take the group project seriously? Some of us actually care about our grades.” Her back arched as she thrust her hips into the air for dramatic effect. Maybe she really came, but when Mr. Lyons employed alphabetical partnering, Amanda had caught her faking it before during practice sessions.

“She already got her A with those D’s,” joked Tamara.

“Those aren’t D’s. I’m a D cup, and those things are bigger than mine by, like, a lot,” observed the normally erudite MacKenzie, who was at the moment being put off her game by her neighbor Jennica’s playful diddling between her neighbor’s legs.

Maggie was somewhat more composed, her attention more tit than clit. “You know, I am seriously awful at guessing cup sizes. You guys know that junior, Brigitte Sutter?”

“More like Brigitte Slutter,” said Olivia, venomous as ever. “You know she cheated on her boyfriend, right? With a *freshman*. Ew.”

“Anyway,” Maggie continued, never one to engage in mean-spirited gossip, “I always thought she was really pretty but kind of flat, you know? But then I saw her in a swimsuit at that party at Jordan’s a couple weeks ago, and like, wow. They just sit kind of wide, somehow, but I bet she’s at least as big as me. You’d think there’d be a unit on boob size in this class somewhere, right? How big are you anyway, Yeah? F? H?”

“Maybe mind your own fucking tits, yeah?” grumped Neveah, employing black nails on wide, pink nipples. “Fuck, sometimes I miss the days when half the skanks in the senior class didn’t see me naked every goddamn day.”

“Sometimes?” grumbled Kirsten, though no one believed for a second that she didn’t love the hell out of lording her inimitable hotness over every other hottie in school day in, day out. This class was only further confirmation that no, it wasn’t only her face that nobody could compete with. Her boyfriend could pick from any girl in school, as Amanda knew was literally true. Small wonder who he’d picked. Amanda was simply glad the ginger didn’t have a thing for his fellow redheads. She would have missed her pseudo-boyfriend.

Conner had sworn to her up and down he didn’t get the big deal everyone made about Kirsten Vaughan; sweetheart that he was, it was as if he couldn’t see the curves through the daggers. Amanda had pressed him on it, too. Pressed hard. Nothing got her more fired up than a little jealousy, at least not since his stunt with TIOS at prom and that insane orgy at Miss C’s house after. Hard to believe it had been less than a week ago. She’d never admit it to him, but now simply seeing him talking with Heather or Miss C drove her absolutely wild. Worth the aggravation, no doubt about it. Once in a while, TIOS managed to do her a little good.

She went through the motions, like most of the class. For every girl who sincerely tried to learn something from this hour-a-day harem, there were five who treated it like

any other class, a minor nuisance to tolerate for the semester and then promptly forget. For this sex ed class of theirs, enticing their teacher to shoot his cum at them as hard as he could was little different from a group quiz. Heather and Neveah's boobs, Yuri's mouth, Kirsten's everything, they were nothing more than cheat sheets.

The girls put on a show of playing with themselves. A few of them added to the steadily growing collection of stains on the carpet. Jordan came, with Yuri sensing it in time to jack him off a full eight girls down the row on the right side. (Was that impressive? They had no metric for comparison, but it felt pretty impressive for a first try at Team Cream.) Amanda was actually significantly overshot on his first volley, though caught some of his second on her neck, and sure enough, in her hair. Sarah and Tracy both managed to catch a little in their mouths, though Tracy also knocked her head into Courtney's in the lunge for the globules of extra credit.

For their group project, the class was given a 15/18, the points deducted out of raw spite when Jordan realized Courtney might actually be hurt and he had to irritably escort her to the nurse's office. Not like the class needed minding; nobody was willing to risk a point deduction for ditching or slacking off in their teacher's absence.

While they waited, the girls dragged their desks back into a usable configuration and settled in, wincing at the cold plastic on bare bottoms. It was haphazardly done, girls sitting down in whatever was handy. Not by intent, Amanda found herself seated in the desk adjacent to none other than Heather Blake. The very woman who, forty-eight hours earlier, had shared a bed in the wildest sex any of them had ever had, or ever would have. Just looking at her, it was impossible to miss the enormous swell of those breasts, and from there, impossible to remember how her own had ached with longing as she'd watched Conner's cock gliding between them. What Heather's sweat had tasted like as she helped slather that Alpine tit valley with saliva to help him come on her. That incredible satisfaction of knowing that although it hadn't been her getting her tits fucked, at least she'd been chosen to help, unlike Miss C fingering herself against the headboard while she watched.

(At least until their teacher climbed aboard Heather's face and rode it like a bronco while she made out with Conner.)

"That was... quite a prom night," Heather opened, lips puckering in a wry smile. It wasn't their first day back, but they'd been quite successful at avoiding direct contact until now.

"Yep," agreed Amanda yeppily. "One for the record books."

"I, um, liked your outfit."

"Yeah. Yours, too. The bra really went nicely with your... you know. Hair." Stupid Jordan and his no-dress code edit, every girl in school attending in everything they would have worn except for their dresses.

"Thanks."

As the two braced themselves for awkward silence – what was there to say? *Let's tag-team our shared boyfriend and our journalism teacher again this weekend! Or do you have too much studying for the econ test?* – Abby Couch cut in beside them. “I thought the music was meh, but the dance was still pretty fun. Way better than last year. I went with Damien Hernandez. Do you know him?”

Redhead and blonde alike were relieved for the intrusion, and murmured in the affirmative and negative respectively. Amanda had third period with him, and had interviewed him for the baseball team spread.

“Yeah, I don't think it's going anywhere. We just went as friends,” Abby went on. “We'll see. Ball's in his court situation, you know?”

Heather grinned. “Yeah. He's pretty cute. Good on you. Hopefully he makes a move, right? Not the worst way to close out senior year.”

Lauren and Sydney, who'd been on their phones, heard the chance for fresh gossip and pivoted to join the group. “Who, Damien? Yeah, he's not bad at all. That boy can wear a baseball uniform,” opined Sydney.

Lauren laughed, brushing her hair over her shoulder casually. “Me, I'm a face girl. Definitely does it for me. Ugh, the dimples. Too adorable.”

Amanda and Heather slowly let out their held breaths as the other girls talked about their dates, the after-party they'd attended, their opinions on the décor, and so on. Eventually, however, the group noticed their classmates' taciturn participation, and rounded on them.

Lauren smiled her ingratiating smile. That she was being sincerely *nice* only made it grate more. “How about you guys? Who'd you go with?”

The two shared a look, then back to Abby. So much for being bailed out of an awkward moment. “Conner Fishers,” Amanda said.

“Oh, how fun! He's such a sweetie. How about you, Heather?”

She eyed Amanda for a moment. “Um... Conner Fishers.”

Abby frowned. “I... wait. But... huh. Like... what?”

“It was just a friends thing,” Amanda covered. “We all three of us went as a little trio. Friends. Three friends. Nothing too kinky.” That last part might be true, if only because it couldn't be considered *too* kinky when nobody had said no to anything during that whole sweaty cumathon that followed.

Mr. Lyons returned just then, though since he didn't immediately demand their attention, they continued their discussion as he re-removed his clothes. “Oh, how fun. Yeah, friend dates can sometimes be the best way. I mean, are you – either of you – like, into him?” asked Lauren, cheeks wide with innocent curiosity.

“Into who?” interjected their nosy instructor. Seeing who Lauren was interrogating, he managed to guess on his first try. “That douche canoe Fishers?”

Amanda knew too well not to draw Jordan's ire with a defense. Heather had even picked up on that, and she didn't know about TIOS. Sydney, however...

"I dunno, I think he's sorta cute, in a geeky way. You know, like you'd have to take him by the hand, show him how? But then he'd, like, *get it*." She giggled impishly.

Lauren nodded slowly. "Yeah. Hands down the best sub we ever had. Do *not* tell him I said this, but I was kinda bummed he wouldn't give me a one-on-one lesson while he was in here."

Amanda's imagination took that thought and ran with it. She and Heather hadn't been here for Conner's brief romp as the sex ed sub, but she could imagine it. A classroom full of the most attractive seniors at Northside, forty-some thighs rubbing together, forty-some lips being licked by twenty-some lips as they one and all availed themselves to him. A girl as pretty as Lauren, whom Conner had known and possibly had eyes on since forever, suddenly naked and biddable and maybe even eager, sweeping her hair over her shoulder to show those stupid incredible little tits of hers...

God, she was jealous.

God, it was hot.

"Ugh, remind me to bring in the riding crop tomorrow for that one," grumbled their teacher at Lauren.

Stacy replied to Lauren, though. "Honestly? Same. No offense, Mr. Lyons, but after all we've been learning, what a waste to not get to do a little homework on the only other cock we ever got assigned in here. Next time you get a sub, try to get one who actually knows the material."

Amanda let her eyes closed, half of her hoping she wasn't going to be leaving a puddle on the seat as the other half of her mind invented a scene with Stacy curled up on her side on the teacher's desk, her obnoxiously picturesque pussy framed between her buttocks, casually informing Conner that he's welcome to test if it feels as pink as it looks.

"If you can call whatever's dangling between that limp-dick little bitch's legs a cock. Fuckin' spaghetti noodle mother fucker," railed Jordan.

It was Kirsten, however, using her radar for any opportunity to drive wedges and scrape raw nerves, who interjected, interrupting whatever her minion Olivia was saying mid-sentence. "I actually heard he's hung like a buck. Not that it's a contest or anything, nothing to be embarrassed about, Mr. Lyons. But I know someone who knows a girl from Glendale who dated him junior year who said she practically unhinged her jaw trying to suck him off."

"Seriously?" gawked Olivia, the interruption immediately forgotten, toadying resumed with an impressive display of being impressed by Kirsten's anecdote.

Kirsten shrugged, perfect tits bouncing in perfect unison. "It's what I heard."

Lauren grinned between Heather and Amanda. “Huh. So if you guys aren’t interested, maybe I ought to chat him up...”

She was joking. It was clear from her tone. Lauren wasn’t the sort of girl who chased a guy on the word of a viper like Kirsten. Even if she were, she also wasn’t the sort who’d casually announce her pursuit of a guy two friendly class acquaintances seemed quite possibly interested in. Even Jordan let it go with a roll of his eyes and a feisty snap of his fingers at Lauren as he readied himself to move on to his next orifice.

There was, however, one person present who did not shrug it off.

“Holy freaking god, what the hell is the matter with the girls in this freaking school! Are you serious?” growled a voice across the room. Her language was clearly only moderated because a teacher was present, even if that teacher was younger than her by several years. “I must be the only girl in this class who’s not head over heels infatuated with my idiot brother this week, I swear!”

“Atta girl, Angelica,” crowed Jordan as Lauren slipped out of her desk and crawled over to him. “At least somebody else in here realizes with a little pud that human jizz mop is.”

The glare Angelica shot him absolutely conveyed that she found his own over-the-top badgering of Conner no less distasteful than the praises bestowed by her classmates. Meanwhile, their miserable asshole of a teacher bent Lauren over his lap and proceeded to smack her well-toned ass crimson, simply because she’d said something nice about Conner. Lauren yelped, but didn’t struggle. She was learning how to be disciplined, learning how to submit herself to a spanking. She was a natural. How Conner had passed up on that ass was a mystery.

Amanda was barely seeing it, could barely see anything. The jealousy, the contempt, the opportunity... it was all too much.

The co-editor-in-chief hurried to her backpack, produced a pen and paper, and scribbled a hasty note. She made a hasty stop in Miss C’s room to use one of the laptops. (The look her teacher gave her for plainly ditching a portion of her third period class was frosty, but there was only so stern the woman could be with one of her prize pupils. Doubly so with a student she’d been slumped face-down on a bed beside that past weekend, pleading for the next thrusts of yet another student’s cock.

Amanda inspected her entry, allowed herself a quiet smile, and hit save. With that, she rushed off to third period.

“I must be the only girl in this class who’s not head over heels infatuated with [Conner Fishers] this week!” – Angelica Buck