

"O—oh, Jayden! Gah, you feel good!"

Jayden said nothing, grunting in a way he hoped came off as in agreement as he held the twenty-something blonde by the hips and thrust up into her.

The truth was, Jayden was bored. She was his ninth this week (fourth this weekend alone), and although her tight, wet pussy wrapped around his girth felt good, there wasn't really any passion to it for him anymore.

*Lean left, lean right, pull out, lower hips, raise hips, lean her towards me, rub her clit as I thrust forward. Repeat, repeat, repeat.*

The blonde in his arms was quivering, now, and he could feel the splatter of pussy juice between his feet as he sent her over the edge for at least the sixth time—or was it seventh? He couldn't remember.

Leaning forward, he grasped one of her perky tits in his teeth and began gently gnawing on it and teasing it with his tongue.

The wet walls around his cock shuddered, then shot a stream of hot, wet female arousal down the underside of his shaft.

It was his turn to shudder.

Bucking involuntarily, he drove himself in as deep as he dared, then hugged her tightly against him and pulled back, grinding the top side of his dick against her clit as he did.

He took a few steps, then let go of her, thrusting forward as he did. She yelped in surprise as she fell backwards, then grunted as she landed on her back on her mattress. Before she could recover, he leaned over her and thrust his penis—which had never fallen out—into her again. Without having to support her weight anymore, he could now perform the move for which he was best known, the Jayden Jackhammer.

Ten minutes of extremely intense physical exertion later, he said, "You ready?"

An incoherent babble was all the response the blonde could muster.

*I'll take that as a "yes".*

Now was as good a time as any, he thought. His balls felt heavy, but not quite heavy enough to hurt, yet; the girl had gotten off more than twenty times and *probably* couldn't appreciate any more without a break, and besides all that, he was beginning to get tired. So, yeah, now was good.

He shifted his focus from rubbing her sensitive spots to rubbing his own. Adjusting his angle of attack, he began rubbing his glans and shaft against the walls of her passage and concentrating on the fullness of his balls and the feeling of friction.

His breath caught. He closed his eyes and set his jaw, slowly pulling back, then thrusting forward again.

His cock brushed her cervix—lightly, not enough to hurt—and his body jerked. He felt the familiar tugging sensation on his balls as they drained, followed swiftly by the feeling of pressure inside his urethra competing with the external pressure of her walls squeezing him. He felt his cock-tip open up, felt the hot, wet cum flood around his glans, then start spreading back along his shaft.

That sensation alone made him jerk again, accompanied by another sharp spurt. Several more followed after, but by then, Jayden was already quietly basking in the afterglow, enjoying the feeling of relief and peace as long as it would last.

It wasn't very long.

It never was, and within seconds—just long enough to make sure she got off one last time, too—he was pulling out.

The blonde sat up.

"Is it—is it over?" she asked, dazed, her hair jutting out every which way.

"Yes, ma'am," Jayden replied.

"Oh," she said, looking around dreamily.

Reaching over to her pants, she grabbed her phone and immediately began texting.

Jayden sighed.

"I'll see myself out, then," he said, pulling off the condom.

"I'll call you later," she murmured

*Not likely.*

Feeling somehow used and a little dirty, Jayden got dressed and went out to his car.

*Isn't it the girl who's supposed to do the walk of shame?* he wondered as he started the engine.

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The bell rang, signaling the start of the school day. Jayden took a deep breath, let it out, then donned his signature smile.

A cacophony of students heading to class filled his ears as he opened the door and stepped inside. In an instant, the somewhat random movements of the students abruptly shifted, with a noticeable current of them moving his way.

At six-foot-three, blond-haired, blue-eyed, and broad-shouldered, he was impossible to miss, a fact that he often lamented at times such as these. How he envied the shorter, plainer-looking students who didn't have to contend with the group of sycophants hurrying his way, jostling for position to be the first to greet him, to stand the closest to him, as if mere proximity to him somehow imbued *them* with his good looks, charisma, and popularity.

"Jayden!" one such sycophant said, slicked-back black hair glinting even more than the teeth through which he delivered his syrupy greeting.

"Hey, Tom," Jayden said, trying to conceal his annoyance. "I'm, uh, just trying to get to class."

"Oh, for sure, for sure," Tom said hurriedly. "Hey, listen, me and the boys are gonna have a party this weekend, and if you could just show up for a few minutes—"

*The boys and I...*

"Sure, why not?"

"Great! So, I'll see you then?"

"Definitely. Text me the details."

"You're the best, Jayden! I always say it!"

*I'm sure you do...*

Next up was Brittany.

"After class," Jayden said.

"At lunch?"

Jayden hesitated. "All right," he said, and Brittany went away without having to say anything else.

As Jayden was working his way through the daily queue of needy cling-ons, Mary was quietly taking her textbook for her next class from her locker and closing the door. Turning, she caught sight of the mob of kids around that tall football star and shook her head.

He was handsome; there was no question of that. While Jayden was surrounded by people now, Mary had seen him in the open before, where his shirt—no matter how baggy—never could quite contain his rippling abs or chiseled pecs—which jutted from his shirt and silently challenged everyone to a push-up contest—let alone his bulging biceps, which looked like small melons attached to his arms. Sitting atop that mountain of youthful muscle was a beautiful face with a clear complexion and a dazzling, perfect-toothed smile beneath radiant blue eyes.

Mary caught herself sighing wistfully. He was dreamy in every sense of the word. That smile of his exuded self-confidence without the obnoxious cockiness of most of his peers, and also a genuine warmth that seemed absent from most of the preppy kids.

As Mary peered at his face, watching him interact with his fleet of ever-present followers, she couldn't help but think she caught sight of something deeper in his eyes, a sadness and complexity easily concealed by that winning smile. For a brief moment, she felt her heart flutter, imagining that such a perfect specimen of a young man might actually prefer an average girl, that perhaps lurking within those pools of blue was a desire to escape the limelight, to settle down with someone who could love and appreciate him quietly, without all the boisterous trappings of the people surrounding him now.

*Dream on, lover girl*, she scoffed, shaking her head. With a final wistful glance at the walking, talking Adonis over her shoulder, she began walking towards her first class.

Why would someone like *him* have any interest in her anyway? It's not to say that she was *ugly*—she was winsome in her own, understated way—but someone like him could be dating a cheerleader, or all of them. And, rumor had it that he had indeed worked his way through the whole squad. Twice. And then the drill team. Also twice.

*Those* girls were gorgeous; Mary was average. Their hair glistened like waist-length gold in the sunlight, glamorous; hers was light brown and shoulder-length, practical. Their bodies were perfect, and their breasts were already spilling of their revealing uniforms; she was slender, bordering on lanky, and her breasts were a B-cup at best and most certainly did *not* spill out of the sensible sweaters she was fond of wearing. While they accessorized with pom-poms, she accessorized with dark-rimmed glasses—but only when she was in a rush in the morning and couldn't put her contacts in.

She scoffed again. No, given her choice, *she* wouldn't choose herself; why should anyone else, especially someone who held the entire school in his hand?

But Mary was not the only one observing Jayden from a distance. As Mary made her way to class doubting her self-worth, Evelyn Waltins, the principal, bit her lip and adjusted her stance. Standing in the doorway of her office, she resolved that *this* would be the day that she finally put the thousands of dollars of plastic surgery, Botox, collagen injections, and breast and ass implants to good use.

For over a year, she'd watched that tall hunk of a student stroll past her office, exuding confidence, charm, and good manners as if they were physical objects that he owned and chose to dole out generously. For over a year, she had watched him stride by—not *quite* a strut, as if he knew he was good enough to do it but that by choosing not to, he made himself *even* better—and more than once, she'd seen the impressive bulge tucked down in his slacks.

Just the thought of it made her face flush; he must have been at least ten inches long, if the outline could be believed.

Well, the outline and the rumors.

Rumors veritably *swirled* around this boy—no! this *young man*! Evelyn squeezed her legs together, imagining that precocious "young man" dipping his penis into the activities of adult men.

Some of the rumors were demonstrably false, such as the one that he'd been held back a grade. Conventional wisdom said that a kid his size couldn't possibly be a sophomore, that he had to be at least a junior. However, there was no truth to that rumor, and in fact, Jayden was in the top ten percent of his class. Not valedictorian material, but certainly not the stereotypical "jock dumb as a box of rocks", either.

The other rumor—the one that had Evelyn fantasizing—was that he was equally gifted in the size of his equipment *and* his skill in using it. Yes, word of "Jayden's Jackhammer" had reached her ears, and while the concept of a "jackhammer" certainly wasn't unique in sex lingo, Jayden's spin on it—to add up-and-down and left-and-right movements to his rapid thrusting—certainly was. To Evelyn's mind, having never experienced such a movement but going only on descriptions she'd heard, a more appropriate name might have been the "Jayden 8-Cylinder" or the "Jayden Crankshaft", but she conceded that a name like that lacked the nice alliteration.

This latter rumor abounded with so many different variations that it was impossible to gauge the real truth: had he been with fifty girls already, or was the seemingly outlandish 500 more accurate? Was he *really* thirteen inches long (a grower despite already showing through his trousers), or was that just teenage exaggeration? Was it true that he'd fucked the whole cheerleading squad in a night?

Evelyn exhaled slowly, her face visibly flushing yet again as she thought about it. As Jayden finally made his way in front of her office, she stared at him with a hungry look, her mouth practically salivating at the prospect of so much passion, so much energy, so much *cock*.

Whether subconscious or deliberate, Evelyn reached down, grabbed the hem of her skirt, and lifted it just as Jayden walked by. As his eyes roved over the sea of bodies, his eyes met hers. He started to smile pleasantly and wave, but just then, she gave him an exaggerated downward look. His gaze followed hers, to the bit of pantyhose-clad leg she had revealed to him. Starting, he turned his head straight forward and kept walking, not breaking stride but visibly jerking in surprise.

*Don't tell me he's shy...* Evelyn thought. Disappointed but not *surprised* per se, she shrugged it off. *Maybe just didn't expect it. I'll be more obvious about it next time. Just got to let him know the offer's on the table, and then he'll take it, hook, line, and sinker! After all, after the latest boob job, my tits are bigger than the biggest cheerleader's, and my ass is perky enough to bounce a quarter off of!—well, the part that was worked on; I've got to get Dr. Lively to touch up a few spots.*

As he continued walking down the hall, Jayden fought the urge to look over his shoulder.

*Did... did she just flash her leg at me? The principal?* He shook his head. *Couldn't be; I must have just misunderstood what I saw.*

He continued to class, feeling a little weirded out that he could think so little of the principal, who by all accounts was the most popular the school had had in many years.

"Hey! Hey, Jayden! Jayden!"

Jayden sighed. He'd *almost* made it to the safety of the classroom.

*You're lucky to be popular and successful. Be kind to those less fortunate,* he reminded himself.

Plastering on his smile, he turned.

"Robbie!" he said pleasantly, "How are you?"

"Oh, my life sucks," Robbie said.

Jayden fought the urge to roll his eyes.

"What's going on?"

"Well, the store ran out of my favorite color of notebook, which means I'm gonna have to go half the semester with a pink one."

"Oh, that's tough," Jayden said. "Were there no other colors available?"

"Well, yeah, I could have done a *dark blue one*"—he shriveled his nose—"or a green one, or red or black or gray, but—"

"So, why'd you choose pink? What color was missing?"

"The *royal blue one*!" Robbie cried.

Jayden exhaled slowly, at a loss for words. Why was this his problem?

"So... is that what you wanted to tell me?"

"Yeah, I guess," Robbie said sullenly.

"Well, I'm sorry about your notebook," Jayden said. "I, uh, gotta get to class, though."

"Do you think we could—I dunno, trade?" Robbie asked. "I saw *you* had a royal blue one in math class."

Jayden reeled. "I—Robbie, I've got half a semester's worth of notes in that notebook already," he protested. "I'm sorry, but—maybe try Amazon or something and see if you can find one."

"Oh," Robbie said, downcast. "Okay."

Jayden inched towards the door.

"Have a good day," he said as consolingly as he could, then stepped inside and made it to his desk.

*Finally.*

The bell rang, and class started. Jayden actually liked this class, one on giving speeches, but as he was trying to pay attention from the back of the room, every few minutes, one of the other students would turn around and look at him. The girls with whom he'd already slept made doe eyes at him and flashed the "call me" hand gesture, some of them mouthing it as they did so. The ones who hadn't looked wistfully at him. The gay boys looked at him and bit their lips, considering their chances that maybe he was bi. The jocks head-bobbed as if they were greeting each other in the locker room rather than in the middle of class.

*Does it ever stop? Do I ever get a moment to just rest?*

As if in response to his question, he felt someone tap his shoulder. He looked over, and a folded note was pressed into his hand.

Sighing, he discreetly unfolded the note, then rolled his eyes.

"Mr. Edwardson," the teacher called over his shoulder, "What's the catch today?"

There were giggles as Jayden stood, walked to the front, and handed the note to the teacher, who skimmed it, then frowned and looked at it intently.

"Let's see: small handwriting that gets smaller as the sentence goes on, so introverted. Correct spelling and punctuation—nice use of a semicolon there—so on the more studious end of the spectrum. The dots of the "i"s and crosses of the "t"s are ahead of the stem, so looking forward, yet the "t" crosses dip downward, so not optimistic. And all that's to say nothing of the content itself!" He chuckled. "*Somebody*," he said, his eyes roving the front of the class, "Decided to go ahead and take a shot despite the long odds. But, you know the rule in my class: if I catch your note, we read it aloud, and then the recipient gets to respond in front of everybody."

The giggles intensified.

"So, Jayden, if you'd be so kind."

Jayden sighed, then took the letter back and looked down at it.

"Stand up straight, remember to project to the back of the class."

"I know, I know, Mr. Bruno. I'm... thinking of how to respond."

"Good man; remember, class: take every opportunity you can for improv!"

Jayden read the words silently again, turning them over in his mind.

"Jayden, I've heard rumors about you and wanted to see for myself. You know, for science."

The class laughed. Without missing a beat, Jayden continued.

"Would you indulge me in a little experiment? There are boxes for 'yes' and 'no'. It's not signed."

Mr. Bruno looked at him expectantly. "And, your response?"

Jayden sighed. *I'm not a science experiment*, he thought to himself. *Not a lab rat, not a piece of meat for people to carve up and pass around.*

*Come on, Jayden; be kind.*

He swallowed, then took a deep breath.

"While I am happy to help in the scientific field, I'm afraid that all requests for such purposes must be prepared in triplicate and filed with the school ethics committee and the National Science Foundation," he said, grinning.

The class erupted in applause.

"Well done, Mr. Edwardson!" Mr. Bruno laughed. "You've come a long way from the first day."

"I get plenty practice," Jayden muttered as he returned to his seat.

Sitting in the back of the class, Mary watched Jayden return to his seat. As the clapping died down, she thought she saw a flicker of annoyance on his face, and—was that *exhaustion*?

Class continued uneventfully, finished, the second and third classes of the day passed without incident, and then it was time for lunch. While most of the football team usually went out for lunch, Jayden bowed out, not really feeling it today. After enduring the expected ribbing and cajoling good-naturedly, he went to the cafeteria. He ate in silence, and then got up and went to go empty his tray. His mind elsewhere, he felt himself jerked back into the present when his elbow bumped into something.

"Oh, shoot, I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't see you there."

"I—it's okay," Mary said shyly. "I shouldn't have gotten so close."

She looked up at him, and his face was like a page of text with certain words emphasized that, when put together, told a separate, hidden story. Superficially, there were the ocean-blue eyes, the glinting teeth, the confidence and warmth, but the corners of his eyes hinted at weariness and maybe even pain. But, was she just reading that into him, projecting her own desires onto this boy? She blinked, and all those subtle hints seemed to have vanished. She peered at him again, then shook her head.

"A—are you okay?" Jayden asked, a little unnerved by the intent look the brown-haired girl was giving him.

Mary bit her lip. *Say something, dummy!* she urged herself. "I—"

They locked eyes.

*There! There's that elusive hint!*

"Y—yes," she stammered. "Are you—"

The bell rang, and Jayden glanced away.

"I—I should probably get to class," he said.

"Y—yeah, me, too," Mary said, sighing with the acute sensation that she'd missed the opportunity.

"Yeah, well, um, see you around."

Jayden walked to the trash and emptied his tray, then turned around and looked back at the brown-haired girl. The expression she'd given him was unnerving, but part of that was because it was so different from the hungry looks he was used to. Something about that look reminded him of his mom when he fell off his bicycle and skinned his knee years ago. It had been a long time since he'd received a look like that, a look of... concern?

"Huh," he murmured, watching her as she picked her way through the mob of students heading for the door.

He, too, made his way out of the cafeteria, where he saw her at her locker, right across the hallway from his own.

*Why don't I know her name?* he wondered. *She's not a new kid; I vaguely remember seeing her around last year...*

"Mr. Edwardson."

Jayden looked up, startled, to see Ms. Waltins in front of him.

"Are you eating well?" she asked.

"Uh, yes, ma'am," he said distractedly, looking around her to see where Mary was going.

"That's good," the principal said. "We need our star athlete well-fed if he's gonna round *all* the bases."

Jayden blinked. "Baseball season doesn't start until—"

"Not *those* bases, Jayden," Ms. Waltins said, giving him a significant look.

Something about her tone caught his attention. He looked down at her face, then followed her gaze to her breasts, which were so plump that they threatened to pop the top button holding her business suit closed.

"You know where to find me," she whispered, then turned on heel and went into her office. As soon as she'd passed through the doorway, she turned over her shoulder and arched her eyebrows.

Jayden stared after her, dumbfounded for a moment, then looked around for Mary and was disappointed to see that she'd vanished.

Sighing, he went to his next class, then did a double-take on seeing her sitting a few seats over from him.

The bell rang again, interrupting his thoughts as class started.

Throughout that class and the next one, Jayden marveled over the fact that this brown-haired girl—whose name he finally realized was "Mary" when the teacher called on her—actually shared several classes with him. How had he never noticed her before? She seemed smart enough; anytime the teacher called on her, she seemed to have the right answer, though she never raised her hand to volunteer it. And, for as penetrating a look as she'd given him during lunch, she never made doe eyes at him, slipped him notes, or even seemed to pay much attention to him at all the way the other girls in class did.

"How weirdly refreshing," he said to himself as the last school bell rang and he headed to the locker room for football practice.

Over the next few days, he watched Mary in class and between classes, watching as she grabbed her books from her locker—which was unadorned and spartan, unlike the bubble-letter- and picture-filled lockers of most of the girls pursuing him—went to lunch, where she sat by herself eating a sandwich she'd brought from home, and went to class, where she quietly took in the information from the teacher, turned in her homework on time, and didn't make waves or call attention to herself in any way.

While Jayden himself didn't go out of his way to call attention to himself, either, he nevertheless found himself constantly the center of it, and he couldn't help but wonder what it was like to be someone like Mary, not only not the center of attention, but not even part of the circle showering that attention on him. Someone off in the ether, drifting about and doing her own thing, completely unnoticed by the throngs that constantly surrounded him. What did she do when school was out? Did she go to parties? He'd never seen her at one. If she wasn't partying, did she go to movies or hang out at the mall? Was she some kind of bookish library denizen who hissed at the notion of sunlight? Jayden didn't think so, yet questions like these stirred his curiosity to distracting levels.

By the start of the next week, he *had* to have answers.

He waited until lunch, then went over to her where she always sat.

"Hey," he said.

She whirled around, startled, then looked up and looked startled again.

"J—Jayden?" she asked, swallowing the mouthful of baloney sandwich she'd been chewing.

"Y—yeah. Mary, right?"

She looked bewildered for a moment.

"Y—you know my name?"

Jayden swallowed, feeling a little awkward. "Is, um, is this seat taken?" he asked, gesturing to the one across from her.

"I don't want to have sex," Mary blurted, startling them both.

For a moment, both of them stared at each other, neither of them sure what to say.

*Think, Jayden. What would Mr. Bruno do?*

"Yes..." he started, "And... I... don't want... to, either?"

*Well, it's a complete sentence, at least,* he thought. Biting his lip, he looked at Mary helplessly.

"I—I'm sorry, I don't know why I said that," Mary said. "Must've been a—a Freudian slip or something. No, that seat's not taken."

Jayden breathed a sigh of relief, glad to be able to sit down so that his towering figure didn't make his location *quite* so obvious to all the hangers-on.

"Freudian, eh?" he asked, smirking slyly as he hurriedly sat down. "You know, Freud's research was all *about* sex, so the fact that you're calling it a 'Freudian' slip says that sex probably *was* involved."

Mary blushed. "That's perceptive," she mumbled. "But, your reputation *does* precede you a bit."

Jayden sighed and looked away. "Yeah," he murmured.

"And—and I'm saving myself for marriage!" Mary declared.

Jayden glanced at her.

"Oh?" he said, feeling strangely relieved. "Well, I—I respect that."

They both fell silent. Though both had burning questions for the other and there was no better opportunity than the present, they couldn't bring themselves to broach their respective subjects.

"So, um, we have history next," Jayden offered lamely.

"Yeah," Mary agreed.

"It's, um, an interesting subject."

"You think so?"

"W—well, Mr. Thomas *could* present it better."

Mary frowned. "How do you mean?"

"W—well, like, there's this YouTube channel I really like—"

Mary stopped with her sandwich halfway to her mouth. "YouTube channel?"

"Yeah! It talks about different historical periods, but it adds so much context, you know, really brings the figures to life rather than being just stuffy statistics about 'this battle killed X people in X year'."

"Oh!" Mary said, brightening. "You know, I know of a YouTube channel just like that! It really *does* make history interesting!"

"Yeah?" Jayden asked. "What's it called? It'd be funny if they were the same one."

"Well, okay, on three, we both say the name."

"Okay!"

"One, two, three."

*"History Examined,"* they chorused.

Both their faces lit up.

"Oh, wow, what's your favorite episode?" Jayden asked.

"Oh, definitely the one on Egypt."

"Old Kingdom or New Kingdom?"

"You really *do* watch it! Old Kingdom."

"Yeah, for sure!"



"What's yours?"

"Well, I really like the one on the black plague."

"How morbid!"

"But—I mean, it's thanks to *that* that so much of the stuff we take for granted exists! The concept of rights for lower classes, moving away from serfdom towards a more flexible class structure, it's all thanks to that!"

"Well, if you liked that one, did you watch the one on the French Revolution?"

"Vive la France!" Jayden chuckled.

"Oui!"

"You speak French?"

"I'm in my fourth semester of it; I'd better!" Mary chuckled.

"Interesting. I haven't started my foreign language credits, yet."

"Which one are you gonna take?"

"I dunno. My mom's pushing for Spanish, but Dad says that's a dead language and wants me to take Spanish instead."

"But Spanish is derived from Latin."

"Yeah, I know. I guess Dad's take is that Spanish would be useful for starting up manufacturing in Mexico, whereas Mom thinks Latin might be good as a general-purpose primer."

"For a jock, you sure—"

The bell rang.

"Oh, um, hey," Jayden said, trying not to come off too eager, "I, uh, really enjoyed chatting with you. Do you want to do it again sometime? No sex, I promise," he added, chuckling and holding his hands up innocently.

Mary cocked her head. "I think I'd like that," she said. "When?"

"Maybe after school?"

"Don't you have football practice?"

"Ugh." Jayden slapped his forehead. "I forgot. Yeah, I guess it'll have to be this weekend, then."

Mary thought about it. "I could do this weekend," she said. "When and where?"

Jayden thought about it. "How about the park?" he suggested. "The weather's nice this time of year; might as well enjoy it while it lasts."

"That sounds good. When?"

Jayden pursed his lips. "Saturday at 11?"

"O—okay!"

"Great! See you then."

"After history, right? And then speech, then history, for the rest of the week?"

"Oh, uh, right," Jayden chuckled sheepishly.

As Jayden got up and left with a warm nod, Mary felt butterflies fill her stomach and a warm feeling spread up her face.

Did she just... get asked out on a date? By *Jayden*?

Jayden breathed a sigh of relief. He'd never felt nervous about asking a girl out before. Truth be told, he seldom *had* to; they usually asked him. But Mary had said "yes", and he felt like a huge weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Aside from asking her all the questions he had about life outside the limelight, he

was now intrigued by their shared interest in *History Examined* and wondered what other mutual interests they shared.

He started walking to his next class, head in the clouds, when Ms. Waltins stepped out in front of him.

"Jayden, a word," she said, her voice authoritative.

Caught off guard, Jayden stammered, "Oh, uh, yes, Ms. Waltins?"

"I saw you sitting with Mary at lunch today," the principal said, taking him aside.

"Well, yeah," Jayden said, taken aback. "So?"

"Jayden," Ms. Waltins said, reaching forward to take his hand, "A stud like you needs to surround himself with, ah, viable prospects. You have your future to look forward to."

"Well, Mary's a good student, isn't she?" he said uncertainly as he tried to take his hand back, but the principal held it firmly.

"There are far better prospects for you at this school," the principal said intently.

As she spoke, she guided Jayden's hand down to her crotch. The student's eyes bulged, and his face reddened at the heat he felt on his fingers.

"Mary is a virgin and wishes to remain so," Ms. Waltins said, leaning forward and pulling Jayden close to her, refusing to let his hand leave the moist warmth of her groin. "A stud like you has needs, and it would be irresponsible of you to try to meet those needs outside of... sanctioned channels."

She let him go and leaned back.

"Do I make myself clear?" she asked.

The bell rang. Jayden, who had been staring in shock, moved reflexively.

"I—I gotta get to class," he stammered, hurrying away.

Evelyn turned and watched him go, trying to quiet the throb of her heartbeat in her ears and steady her breathing. She could feel her face flushed and tentatively licked her lips, coming down from the high of *finally* getting his attention. As the rush of hormones finally subsided, she frowned, annoyed that he hadn't taken the bait. Had her pussy not been hot enough for him? Perhaps she should have worn Spandex under her business suit, or maybe nothing at all? Or perhaps, even though she had tried to be more direct about it, she had still—for plausible deniability—remained too obscure about it. Jayden might be in the top ten percent of his class, but he was still a dumb jock—a *hunk* of a dumb jock!—and maybe it was time she spelled it out for him in no uncertain terms.

"One way or another, Jayden Edwardson, I am *going* to have you in me," she murmured under her breath.

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The week passed, Jayden met his commitments to service six girls (one each on Monday through Wednesday, then three on Thursday), threw a winning touchdown on Friday, and at last, Saturday arrived. Worried that Mary might arrive early and think he'd ditched her if he wasn't already there—she seemed punctual like that—he got to the park about thirty minutes to 11 and hung around, trying to stay out of sight lest someone recognized him and tried to pull him away.

At five minutes to 11, Mary arrived, and Jayden was impressed to see that she'd ridden her bike rather than driving. He watched her for a moment as she chained her bike to the bike stand and fastened her helmet to the seat, then walked up.

"Hey, Mary," he said.

"Oh... hey, Jayden," she replied, reddening.

"You, uh, do still want to get together, right?" he asked, not quite sure how to take her reaction.

"Y—yes!" Mary said hurriedly. "Sorry, it—this just seems kind of surreal."

Jayden frowned. "How come?"

Mary gave him an incredulous look. "Because I'm... well, me, and you're *Jayden Edwardson*. You know, the one all the girls fawn over and all the guys want to be."

Jayden sighed. "On that note," he said, "Do you wanna go sit at a picnic table or something? I wanted to pick a public place so you'd feel comfortable, but if anybody recognizes me..."

Mary cocked her head. "What? Would it... embarrass you to be seen with me?"

"No!" Jayden said, aghast. "No, quite the opposite! I—I've been looking forward to our date all week. It's just—well, people always seem to want something, so it's rare that I get a moment to myself."

Mary nodded. "I noticed."

"You did?"

"Yeah. I—we can go sit down if you want."

Jayden breathed a sigh of relief. As they walked over to the covered pavilion where the tables were, Mary continued.

"I've been watching you in class," she said.

"You have? I've been watching you, too—"

"I know."

"—but I never saw you looking at me."

Mary chuckled. "I've had years of practice at not getting caught looking," she said. "You develop a sixth sense for when the person's about to look at you, and you can look away in advance."

"I have questions," Jayden announced good-naturedly, "But please, go on."

"Well, I—I've noticed that you—well, you smile at people with your mouth, but your eyes don't smile, too. It seems like you're putting on an act for everybody but aren't really feeling it."

"That's perceptive," Jayden said, frowning thoughtfully. "I—"

"Jayden! What are you doing over here? We're starting up a pick-up game in five. Come be quarterback!"

"Oh, hey, Steve," Jayden said, his demeanor instantly changing as he beamed at his running back. "Maybe later, all right?"

"What, you got something *e/*se to do?" Steve pressed.

"As a matter of fact—"

"Oh, shit, you're hooking up with *this* chick?" Steve asked incredulously. "Dude, you can do better!"

"Hey. Steve," Jayden said sharply. "Knock it off, eh?"

Steve's eyes darted from Jayden to Mary, who had hunched over and hidden her face behind her hair, then back to Jayden.

"Whatever, bro," he said, throwing his hands up. "Don't catch anything!"

"I'm... sorry about him," Jayden said after Steve was out of earshot.

"But he's right, right?" Mary asked. "I mean, not the 'catching anything' part, but—"

"Steve's an ass," Jayden said. "He thinks he's funny, but he's disrespectful. Good running back, but—"

"Hey, Jayden!" a chorus of voices singsonged.

"Susie, Brittany, Beth," Jayden said politely.

"So, um, we're going to Roxie's tonight; her parents are out of town, and her brother's gonna buy us beer. You wanna come?"

"Maybe," Jayden said. "Look, um, can this wait for a bit? I'm—"

"Hey," Brittany said, addressing Mary. "Who are you?"

Mary looked like a deer caught in the cheer captain's headlights.

"I—I—I'm M—M—Mary," she whispered, dazed and also horrified at being addressed by the preppiest of the cool kids. It was like a dream—a nightmare come true.

"Well, scram," Brittany said. "We need this table."

"Hey," Jayden interjected, "No, I invited her here; she and I are talking."

"What, about some school project or something?" Brittany asked, popping her bubblegum.

Jayden swallowed. "It's... it's really none of your business what we're talking about," he said uncomfortably.

"We can talk about Roxie's party later, okay?"

"Well, don't forget my birthday is coming up," Brittany said, walking her fingers up his chest. "And you *know* what I want."

Jayden smiled weakly.

"Come on, girls," Brittany said, striding off with a confidence Mary could only dream of ever possessing, "Let's go see if we can get Steve to come."

"Oh, my gosh," Mary breathed. "That was Brittany! *The* Brittany!"

"W—well, yeah, but—"

"And you totally just blew her off!"

"W—well, I tried to be polite about it; we're having a conversation, and she was interrupting—"

"You blew her off for *me*! Wow," Mary whispered. "I knew you were popular, but—to put *Brittany* on hold!"

"It's... a blessing and a curse," Jayden said, his voice pained.

"I—I can't imagine what that must—"

"Yo, Jayden."

Jayden raised his eyes skyward and sighed.

"I'm so sorry," he whispered to Mary.

"Jordan!" he said, turning, rising, and flashing a smile as they exchanged some kind of flashy handshake.

"Hey, bro, I'm kind of in the middle of something here. Is this quick?"

"Oh, yeah, sure, man. Hey, did you hear Brittany is having a party at Roxie's?"

"Yeah, she was just here."

"Oh, well, she told me to remind you to make sure she was coming."

Jayden looked at him incredulously. "*When* did she have time to tell you that?" he asked.

"Just now."

"She was here like fifteen seconds ago!"

Jordan shrugged helplessly. "Word travels fast, man," he laughed. Looking past Jayden at Mary, he nodded his head towards her. "Who's this?"

"Jordan, you remember Mary from history class..."

"And speech," Mary added helpfully.

Jordan's eyes and mouth opened wide. He nodded, but then a concerned look contorted his features.

"Jayden, you, uh, you not gettin' enough?" he asked, taking him aside. "I mean, you *know* we can get Brittany to lean on her girls if you need more."

Jayden shook his head. "No—"

"All right, I gotcha. Don't worry; we're gonna fix this!" Jordan said reassuringly. "Miss, you look very... um.... 'nice'... but whatever he's said, don't worry about it; we're gonna get him the help he needs, okay? Now, Jayden, just—"

"No, Jordan, I'm fine!" Jayden groaned. "Look, for *once*, I just want to be alone, to spend some time with—"

"But you're not alone. Is—is she bothering you?"

"No. Jordan. She's fine. I'm fine. We were having a conversation, okay? You know, talking? *Not* trying to get laid but just... communicating?"

Jordan looked at him, then got a knowing look in his eye. "Oh—*oh*... I see," he said, winking conspiratorially. "Yeah, the Brittany crowd can be a bit much at times. Well, you, uh, do you." He glanced over at Mary, barely attempting to conceal his disapproval. "And, uh, do you, too, I guess?" he said.

Jayden and Mary watched him silently as his mind processed whatever devious machinations he assumed Jayden was attempting to pull, then walked off slowly.

"Do you, um, want to go someplace private?" Jayden asked, exasperated. "I... I am not going to get the privacy I had hoped for here."

"I guess not," Mary said, looking at him with a newfound appreciation for what it was like being a popular kid, actually hearing the discussions he was having up close rather than merely guessing what he was saying from afar when she watched him in the hall. "Yeah, do you know of a place?"

Jayden nodded, and as Mary stood up, he looked furtively over his shoulder, then led her off towards the greenbelt that abutted the park, to a little-trodden path into the woods.

"I—I still don't want to have sex," she said, hesitating.

Jayden nodded. "I know," he said. "That's the only reason I'm willing to show you this place."

Intrigued by his answer and feeling strangely confident that he wasn't about to go two-faced on her, she followed him into the woods.

The trail was worn enough that there wasn't much risk of getting lost, yet it was subtle enough that unless you were looking for it, it wasn't obvious from the edge of the park.

"Watch out for that branch," Jayden said over his shoulder.

Mary glanced up at it, several inches over her head.

"Not a problem," she chuckled.

They picked their way through for a good couple of minutes before the trail abruptly led them to a small clearing. At the far edge of the clearing was a downed log that appeared to have been dragged there some time ago, and just past it was a little creek, the water softly babbling as it flowed past the log.

"Oh," Mary said, pleasantly surprised. "This—this is..." She trailed off speechlessly.

"Would you like to join me?" Jayden asked, gesturing for her to sit beside him on the log.

Mary nodded silently, then went and sat next to him. They kept to themselves, folding their hands in their lap as they listened to the soft burbling of water, the flitting and chirping of birds, the rustle of leaves in the gentle breeze.

After a few minutes, Mary sighed. "This is nice," she said, cautiously leaning against Jayden.

Her eyes sparked with surprise. She knew he was built, but leaning against him felt like leaning against a concrete wall—well, if a concrete wall were warm and somehow comforting in its presence, that is.

"Is this—is this where you convert them?" she asked, disbelievingly feeling of his bicep, which was so big that two of her hands wouldn't go around it.

"Convert who?" Jayden asked, looking at her, puzzled.

"W—the girls who don't want to have sex with you," Mary said, looking up at him. "The rumor says no girl has ever refused you."

Jayden snorted and shook his head. "The rumors," he muttered. "No," he said at last, looking at her earnestly. "This is my sex-free sanctuary, about the *only* place I can go where people aren't hounding me for it." He gestured to the brook, the trees, the grass. "A place where I can enjoy nature and let my mind reset when I need to get away from it all."

"For such a hunk"—Jayden winced—"that's awfully introspective," Mary said. "Wait, what? You *are* a hunk!"

Jayden sighed. "Have you ever seen *The Little Rascals*?" he asked.

"Well, yeah. *Oh, Alfalfa!*" Mary said melodramatically, grinning.

Jayden laughed in spite of himself. "I'm not talking about Alfalfa, or Spanky. You remember Uh-Huh?"

Mary shriveled her nose. "Uh-Huh?"

"The one who always says, 'Uh, Huh', but then at the end—"

"Oh! At the end he says he's always had a big vocabulary."

"Right," Jayden said, nodding. "I feel like him sometimes: all of me—my hopes and dreams, emotions and thoughts—all reduced to 'a hunk'."

"But you *are* a hunk! It's a compliment!"

"But there's so much *more* to me than just good looks and an eleven-inch dick!" Jayden cried.

Mary reeled. "Wow," she whispered, her face incredulous. "Eleven inches?!"

Jayden sighed and looked away.

It was heartbreaking to Mary to see the mountain of a man—the golden-boy Goliath—looking so crestfallen. Uncertainly, she reached forward and took his hand in hers. His massive palm was almost big enough to hold her whole hand in it.

"I—I guess I can understand what it's like to have parts of you overlooked," she said. "People see me as 'just a bookworm', but I really do have a lot to offer a future husband! It's—it's part of why I'm saving myself in *this* day and age when everybody has sex with everybody else before they learn to drive. I mean, I'm never gonna be as pretty as Brittany, but I'm thoughtful, and I give where it counts. At least when my husband finally has sex with me, he'll know he's my first. It's my wedding present to him. Like, I'm *curious* what sex is like just like everybody else—I'm not a *robot*—but I feel like this is something I can provide that *those* girls can't." She shook her head, then looked at him and chuckled sheepishly, withdrawing her hand. "I—I don't know why I told you all that. You don't need to know any of it; this is a—little embarrassing."

Jayden turned and looked at her, then smiled faintly.

"It—it's kind of cute," he said. "And it's earnest, which... I dunno, there's something endearing about it. The honesty, the depth... it's nice."

She looked up at him. "Really? I—I feel kinda stupid."

"Don't," Jayden said gently. "You're right: saving yourself for your future husband *is* thoughtful, and I expect it's something that no guy will ever *really* appreciate as much as he should." He shook his head. "I am *far* from a virgin; that ship sailed long ago, then sank at sea."

"The Sea-Peoples stole your virginity?" Mary teased, leaning into him.

"Not exactly," Jayden said ruefully. "It was my decision; I own that. But, it's gone now, and a woman expecting of me what you're offering your husband-to-be... well, she'll be disappointed."

"Oh, I dunno," Mary said. "Maybe she doesn't expect to get back the same thing she gives."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, like, maybe I want a husband who respects me, stands up for me, holds the door for me." She glanced coyly up at him. "You've already stood up for me several times today, you know."

"I bit old-fashioned, isn't it?" Jayden asked. Then, before she could protest, he added, "I like it."

They smiled at each other. Jayden offered his hand, and she took it. Leaning against each other, they held hands and enjoyed the nature sounds and the quiet of the afternoon.

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Monday. The bell rang, and Jayden, feeling reinvigorated after a nice, sex-free weekend, strode into the school the way he always did. As he entered, he caught sight of Mary, and the two waved at each other across the hall.

It wasn't official, yet—in the sense that any high school relationship could be "official"—but Jayden felt drawn to Mary in a way he'd never experienced before, a feeling of mutual respect *not* predicated on lust or looking good for the selfies. Feeling as though he'd regained his self-worth, he was, he thought, ready to officially take a girlfriend for the first time, to set aside his tom-catting and commit to someone special.

His "adoring fans" were not amused.

"Jayden! You missed Roxie's party!"

"Jayden, did you know that Roxie was having a party last weekend?"

"Jayden, are you gonna give me your nice dick for my birthday?"

"Jayden, we've got a big game this week; you're not gonna spend it distracted on some average *girl*, are you?"

"What's this rumor about you being seen in the park with some nobody, Jayden?"

Through the din of demands disguised as requests, Jayden looked across the sea of bodies and saw Mary there, getting her books out of her locker the way she always did. She glanced his way, then averted her eyes reflexively, then remembered that they had something together and looked at him again. They locked eyes, and Jayden was—for a moment—able to shut out the constant noise.

"Jayden Edwardson."

The principal's voice rang out, piercing through the noise and even severing his psychic bond with Mary. His stomach twisted.

"Y—yes, Principal Waltins?" he asked.

"What *was* that look?" the principal responded incredulously, taking him aside. "Are all these rumors true? You *know* Mary's a virgin."

"Yes! And it's great that she is!" Jayden replied.

"So, what, you're just gonna use her for her virginity, then throw her away?" Ms. Waltins demanded.

"No! We—we had a nice date on Saturday. No sex. We didn't even *want* sex."

"*You* didn't want sex?" Ms. Waltins scoffed. "Jayden, I'm your principal; you can't *lie* to me, and besides, why would you want to? After all, you can't spell 'principal' without 'pal'. Talk to me! What's really going on?"

Jayden hesitated. "I—I don't understand why it's so hard to believe," he said, "I like her. There's more to life than just sex, you know?"

Ms. Waltins's face turned red. "You're telling me that a *HUNK*"—she lowered her voice, for she had gotten so loud that others could hear her—"a hunk like you has feelings for someone who can offer you *no* sex at all? What about the sea of raging hormones, huh? If she's not gonna put out for you, what's she expect you to do, become a monk?"

Jayden shook his head. "No, it—it's not like that."

"Does *she* know it's not like that? How's she gonna feel when word gets back to her that you gave Brittany the birthday present she asked for, when she finds out you've had sex with a dozen girls in a week?"

Jayden reeled. "I..." he trailed off.

"Just make sure you know what you're getting into, Jayden," the principal said, feeling of his bicep, then venturing a causal feel of his pectoral with her thumb. *Damn, he's so built...* "Make sure you're not getting with her under false pretenses."

Jayden's eyes lit up.

"You know, that's good advice. Thanks, Ms. Waltins!"

He brushed past her, and she reluctantly withdrew her hand, hoping to have copped a feel of his thigh on his way past. To her dismay, he went straight to Mary, and the two seemed to be deep in conversation.

The bell rang.

"That's the bell!" Evelyn called. "Everybody get to class! Jayden, Mary, that means you!"

"We'll talk later, okay?" Jayden asked, and Mary nodded.

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That afternoon after the bell rang, instead of going to the locker room, Jayden went to the front office. Slipping past the principal's office as fast as he could, he went a couple of doors down to the guidance counselor and knocked.

"Come in."

As Jayden walked in, Mr. Appledean looked up and put his pen down.

"Mr. Edwardson," he said, "This is a surprise. What brings you in today?"

Jayden closed the door and looked over his shoulder. "Mr. Appledean, um, can I talk to you about a—a faculty member?"

The counselor raised his eyebrows. "W—well, sure," he said. "What's going on?"

Jayden related the way the principal had touched him and the comments she'd made to him. As he did so, the counselor's eyes widened and his jaw slackened until Jayden was finished.

"That is... quite the accusation," he said at last, pursing his lips.

Though his mind reeled through the ramifications—the loss of the most popular principal ever, the stain it would leave on the school's reputation if word got out, the *paperwork!*—he maintained a professional composure.

"I will see to it that the situation is broached to the appropriate authorities," he said. "Thank you for letting me know. Are you—are you okay?"

Jayden nodded noncommittally. "I—I guess so," he said. "It just... well, it sucks being popular, you know? It seems like everybody wants something, and I—I feel bad for saying 'no', but at the same time—"

"At the same time, you're only human," Mr. Appledean said, nodding. "Jayden, even popular kids can have trouble expressing themselves. Oftentimes, they have the *greatest* difficulty specifically because so much is expected of them. My advice to you is to be a little more assertive. I've heard you interact with your peers before, and you are always so polite, but it's important to set boundaries, and it doesn't make you bad or wrong for doing so." He pointed to the poster on the back of his door. "Remember what we talked about during assembly: Just Say 'No'—it applies to you, too, you know."

Jayden nodded. "Thanks, Mr. Appledean," he said. "I'll give that a try."

The counselor nodded. "And I will escalate your concerns about Principal Waltins," he said.

"Thanks, Mr. Appledean. I wasn't sure where else to go."



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"...So, what's it like, being horny like that?" Mary asked. "Is it—is it like an itch? A burn? A pain?"

Jayden considered it. "I—I can't say I've ever been asked to describe it before," he admitted. "You know how you feel when you start to get hungry? You become aware of it, and then it starts distracting you? It's not exactly painful—not at first—but it makes it hard to concentrate and leaves you feeling cranky?"

"Yeah, I know that feeling. Is it like that?"

"Kinda, yeah. But then, when you ignore hunger, your stomach starts to hurt, right? Well, it's like that, but it hits me in the crotch instead."

"Oh, wow. So, it really *can* hurt, then?"

Jayden nodded. "Yeah."

Mary reeled. "Well, I'd never want you to feel like that just on *my* account," she said. "You said masturbating makes it better?"

Jayden nodded again. "Yeah, it kinda reduces the urge, takes the edge off."

Mary pursed her lips. "I think if it helps you to feel better, then you should definitely do that, especially if you're not going to be having as much sex as you're used to now. I—I never meant to be a burden to you, and I really appreciate that you're doing this for me."

Jayden smiled. "I really admire you for doing it," he said. "You're not being a burden at all! Just like you wanted to do something nice for your future husband, I—well, if we're going to be together, then I want to do this for you."

"But poor Brittany won't get her birthday present!" Mary laughed.

"I'm sure she'll find someone else to give that to her," Jayden replied.

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It had been official for three weeks. Jayden and Mary sat together at lunch, and for the most part, kids kept a respectful distance away from them, letting them be a couple in peace. That's not to say everyone was *happy* about it. Brittany and the other cheerleaders were beside themselves. The football team, however, was ecstatic because 1) Jayden's increased testosterone at not getting off quite so often made him play better, and 2) they now had the whole cheerleading squad throwing itself at them, desperate for relief that the other players were all-too-ready to provide.

As for Evelyn, she was apoplectic. Not only had Jayden gone to the counselor—the overgrown hunk couldn't even stand up for himself and had to get that *wease*/ sniffing around!—he'd also actually taken her advice at face value and discussed masturbation with Mary! What kind of idiot tried to talk about such sensitive things with a girl he barely knew?! No, this would not do at all. She would have to make it clear to Jayden that she meant business and that his continued refusal would bring consequences! But, she had to figure out a way to make it deniable. Rumor had it that the cheerleaders were trying to get back at Mary. Perhaps *that* was the key here.

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"Oh, wow!" Jayden said as Mary walked up to the school. "Look at you!"

"I know, I know, I look like an old woman," Mary said, shielding her face playfully. "My alarm didn't go off, and I didn't have time to put in my contacts. Look away, or this gorgon will turn you into stone!"

"Hardly!" Jayden replied. "I kind of like this look. The glasses make you look like a mysterious librarian."

Mary rolled her eyes. "At least it's not a *slutty* librarian," she said.

"I dunno," Jayden teased, "If you were a slutty librarian, I'd definitely do you as repayment for my overdue books."

"That's so not how that works," Mary laughed. "One sec; I gotta pee before class."

"Don't fall in!" Jayden offered.

Mary went off, and he waited around until the bell.

"Huh, I wonder where she's gotten off to," he murmured. "I wonder if she went to class already?"

He went to the speech room, but Mary wasn't there.

"Mr. Bruno, have you seen Mary?" he asked.

The teacher raised his eyebrows. "No, not yet," he said, "But you'd better go ahead and be seated before the bell rings. It's not like her to be tardy, but that shouldn't make you tardy, too."

Reluctantly, Jayden sat, but as the bell rang, there was no sign of Mary, nor Susie, Brittany, or Beth.

He fidgeted all of class, and as soon as the bell rang, he headed towards the girls' bathroom.

"Hey, excuse me," he said to a girl passing by. "Would you check and see if Mary Jones is in there?"

Not used to being accosted by such a handsome sophomore, the freshman practically fell over herself doing as he asked.

When she came out, she was white as a sheet.

"Sh—she's in there," she said. "But she doesn't look good."

Not waiting for her to explain, Jayden shoved into the bathroom.

"Mary?" he cried. "Mary? Are you okay?"

He gasped. "Oh, my gosh, Mary!"

He rushed in and found her lying on the floor, her glasses bent against her face, her face scratched and bruised.

He reached down and scooped her up, then rushed back out of the bathroom.

"Make way!" he bellowed. "Out of the way!"

The between-class commotion in the hallway came to a halt as people cleared the way for the six-foot-three quarterback and the average nobody in his arms. He rushed to the nurse's office.

"Nurse Hill!" he cried as he rushed in. "Please help!"

The nurse whirled, then did a double-take. "Oh, you poor kid," she said to Mary. "Here. Let's get you cleaned up."

The bell rang, but Jayden stayed beside Mary's side as the nurse cleaned up her wounds and applied a few stitches above her eye.

"Mary, what happened?" Jayden asked once she was revived a bit.

"Brittany and the cheerleaders," Mary said. "They came in after me and blocked the way, then Brittany started hitting and slapping me."

"You poor dear!" Nurse Hill said. "I can't believe Brittany would do such a thing! Rest assured, the principal will be hearing about this! Do you—feel like you can go to class, or should I call your parents to have them take you home?"

Mary shook her head. "N—no, I can go to class. Got to show Brittany I'm not afraid of her," she said, putting on a brave face.

"Brittany should be in *detention*," Jayden seethed.

"Too right!" Nurse Hill agreed. "I'm sure Ms. Waltins will get it all sorted out."

The bell rang.

"Well, a little lunch wouldn't hurt," the nurse said.

They went to lunch, and Jayden kept a fiercely protective eye on Mary as they sat in the cafeteria, but the cheerleaders were nowhere to be seen. Lunch proceeded without further incident, and then they went to history.

About ten minutes after class started, the intercom came on.

"Jayden Edwardson and Mary Jones to the principal's office."

There were teasing "oohs" from the class as the two stood.

"It's okay," Jayden said comfortingly. "I'm sure she just wants to know what happened so Brittany can get her just deserts. Come on."

They went to the principal's office and knocked on the door, but as the door opened, Jayden's stomach turned. As they walked in, the entire cheerleading squad turned from Principal Waltins's desk and scowled at them.

"That's the one!" Brittany said, pointing at Mary. "*She's* the one who tried to attack me!"

"Wait, *what?*" Jayden cried. "I found her in the bathroom, lying on the floor where *you* guys beat her up! She had to go to the nurse for *stitches*, and there's not a mark on you, Brittany! How do you explain that?" he demanded.

"I said, 'tried'," Brittany smirked. "I didn't say she succeeded."

"Now why would she even do that?" Jayden demanded. "What possible motive could she have? She looks up to you like a goddess, like some kind of being that moves on a higher plane! No way in *hell* she did that!"

"Language, Mr. Edwardson," Principal Waltins barked. "Now, I have it on good authority that Mary attempted to assault Brittany in the bathroom, a statement corroborated by the whole cheerleading team."

"Oh, please," Jayden scoffed. "They lie and cover up for each other all the time! *Everybody* knows that!"

"Funny, because I don't," the principal said sharply. "If you're going to make wild accusations, Mr. Edwardson, I'd suggest that you provide proof."

"Proof? Where's the *proof* that Mary attacked Brittany? The only so-called witnesses you have are sketchy at best!"

"Nevertheless, it's her word against theirs," the principal replied firmly. "I'm sorry, Mary, but you're going to have to serve detention. Brittany has agreed not to press charges as long as you cooperate."

Mary stared, dumbfounded. *Detention?* She'd never served detention in her life! That was for bad kids! She got attacked, and now her attacker was claiming not to press charges against her?!

She tried to keep a tough composure, but tears came to her eyes anyway.

"I'm sorry, Mary," Jayden said, pulling her into a hug. "This is not fair at all."

"Ladies, excuse us, please," the principal said, and Brittany and her gaggle strutted out looking very pleased with themselves.

"Principal—" Jayden started as soon as the door closed, but Ms. Waltins gestured for him to follow, then led him next door to a conference room normally reserved for meetings with the parents of unruly teenagers and closed the door.

"Ms. Waltins, this isn't fair. *Surely* you must know that Mary is innocent in this!" Jayden protested. "Come on; when has she *ever* done anything wrong?"

"It seems to me that she's done plenty wrong: taking you away from the whole cheerleading team and leaving them high and dry."

"That's not *wrong*; that's being boyfriend and girlfriend! Besides, *she's* not the one who took me away; I *chose* to stop having sex with them."

"So, you just... randomly had an urge to be celibate; is that it?" the principal asked skeptically.

"Well, no. Mary—"

"Exactly. Look, you tried to do right by her, and it backfired, but there *is* something you can do to help her right here, right now."

Jayden started. "Really? What? I'll do anything!"

The principal smirked and undid the button on her blouse. Her breasts bounced and would have flown out completely if it weren't for her bra.

"You can start by taking my advances a little more seriously."

Jayden's eyes bulged. "You're *blackmailing* me?" he asked in disbelief. "N—no. I am with Mary. The student body understands that. Why is it that a bunch of high schoolers can accept it, but you can't? Mr. Appledean says I'm supposed to be more assertive, so... here goes. Principal Waltins, I don't want to—I can't believe I have to say this—I don't want to have sex with you. You're an adult, and I'm a student. I—I hope I'm being clear enough."

"Suit yourself," the principal replied, shrugging and rebuttoning her blouse. "You two enjoy detention together. See you both at 4:00."

As Jayden left, he saw Mr. Appledean standing outside the office. Feeling betrayed, Jayden looked away, scowling as he passed.

"Ms. Waltins," the counselor said coolly, "A word."

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Having to attend detention was unfair, but if Principal Waltins thought it was going to split Jayden and Mary apart, the joke was on her. Used to sitting in comfortable silence beside the brook where they'd whiled away many a Saturday, the two took up seats next to each other and listened to the hum of the air conditioner instead. Neither said anything, but despite Evelyn's attempts to be overly critical of them, she did not catch them making a sound, sharing any disallowed physical contact, or anything else objectionable. The three-hour detention passed, and then she begrudgingly excused them.

As they left, she clenched her fists.

"They think they've won, but they haven't," she growled. "I dispatched that nosy counselor easily enough; these are literal children, and it will be child's play to get what I want. It's just time to take the kid gloves off."

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A few weeks later was the homecoming dance. The weather had cooled a fair bit, and couples were dressed up in their finest, their elaborate corsages and boutonnieres on full display.

In the intervening weeks, no further mishaps had befallen Mary or Jayden, and though both held a deep hatred for Brittany, they dared not try to do anything about it. Knowing that the principal was against them and receiving no support from the other staff—Mr. Appledean disappeared shortly thereafter, under pretense of having found a better opportunity—Jayden did his best to avoid Ms. Waltins at all costs, even taking to using side entrances to avoid going past her office.

But having just won the homecoming football game and gotten dressed up for the homecoming dance, he was in a good mood, and so was Mary. With the festive air and a live DJ playing some of the hottest hits, it was hard to stay mad at anyone, and so as the music lulled for a bit and the happy couple went to go get some punch, they greeted the principal warmly.

"Jayden Edwardson, do my eyes deceive me?" she teased as she ladled equal portions into two plastic cups for them, "Where have you been?"

"Oh, you know... in class," Jayden replied.

"Well, I'm glad to see you out and about, *and* leading our team to win after win," she said, holding up their cups. "Oh, what was that?"

She turned and looked behind her a moment, the cups moving with her as she looked, then she shrugged and turned back, offering the cups once more. "I thought something brushed against me!" she said.

Jayden shook his head helplessly. "I didn't see anything," he said.

"Probably just my imagination," she said. "Here you go. You two have a good time."

"She seemed nicer today than the last time I had to deal with her," Mary said once they were out of earshot.

"Maybe she finally found a way to get laid," Jayden muttered, bringing the punch to his lips.

"What?!" Mary asked.

"Oh!" Jayden said, sputtering. "Uh, nothing. Don't mind me. I just—I kinda think she might be in a better mood if she got laid or something. It's just an expression."

"And how have *you* been handling it—not getting laid?" Mary asked, threading her arm through his. "Any uh, 'blue balls'?"

"They come and go," Jayden admitted. "I've been experimenting with going longer each time to see if I can wean myself off it."

"And how's *that* going?"

"Mm. Not great," Jayden chuckled. "I'm a—a little pent-up today."

"Is that how you outran that cheetah of a tackle in the 4th quarter?"

"Yeah. I plan to take care of it tonight when I get home. A week and a half is a *tad* too long, I think."

"Well, I'm proud of you for sticking it out!" Mary said, raising her cup. "To us?"

"To us!" Jayden said.

They toasted, and then he drank the cup down.

"Wow, guess I was thirsty," he said, chuckling.

"I can see that! You want another one?"

He shook his head. "Nah, the sugar's not good for you, you know."

"I'm pretty sure you burned 10,000 calories today," Mary teased. "*One* extra cup of punch isn't gonna kill you."

"Well, maybe you're right. Looks like you're almost done with yours, too. You want another one?"

"Sure."

"All right."

They went back to the punch bowl, where the speech teacher had taken over for the principal.

"How are the improv classes going, Mr. Bruno?" Jayden asked. "Getting in all those 'yes-and's'?"

"Yes! *And*, we're gonna enter competition," the teacher beamed.

"They have competitions for that?"

"Oh, plenty! They've got them all the way up to international!"

"Huh, that's..." Jayden blinked, then frowned.

"Jayden?" Mary asked. "What's wrong?"

"I—my head feels... I, uh, will you guys excuse me, please? I think I'm gonna go splash some water on my face. Must be the, I dunno, adrenaline from the game wearing off or something."

"Are you okay? Do you need some help?"

"Nah, don't worry about me. I'll be back soon."

Staggering a little bit, Jayden left the gym where the dance was being held and stepped out into the darkened, deserted hallway. His scuffing footsteps echoed off the lockers lining the walls as he stumbled towards the men's room.

He had his hand on the door when he suddenly felt his legs go out from under him.

"Well, well, Mr. Edwardson. It seems you've *finally* fallen into my trap."

His vision blurry, Jayden swung his head wildly to try to see who was speaking. He felt someone grab his ankle, then felt himself dragged away from the restroom door, down the hall, and through a doorway, then another doorway. He heard the door close.

The lights came on. He squinted and tried to shield his eyes with his hands, but he couldn't move his arms!

"Wh—what's happening?" he wanted to say, but he couldn't speak, either!

"You know, I have *tried* to be patient. All year, I've been giving you hints, both subtle and not-so-subtle. I've tried being *very* upfront about it. I even tried forcing you into it by going after your girly-girl, but you are one *stubborn* egg to crack," Ms. Waltins said as she locked the door, kicked off her shoes, and began unbuttoning her blouse. "So, it looks as though I'll have to take matters into my own hands."

Her blouse flew open, and she tossed it on the conference room table. Her breasts strained against her bra, threatening to pop out. Reaching behind her, she undid her bra and freed them.

Two massive tits flopped out and sat on her breast, their nipples jutting out angrily from her cleavage.

"I've waited patiently, and all the while, the rumors just circulated and *circulated* that you'd really done it, had really gone celibate. I expect you're *awfully* pent-up if that's the case, which means that I am *really* looking forward to this."

As the principal undid her skirt and tossed it onto her blouse, Jayden's breathing quickened, seeing her standing naked in front of him.

Her body was tanned from head to toe, but her skin's texture was reminiscent of a football from many years' worth of *too much* tanning.

"Like what you see?" she asked, turning to show off her buttocks.

She'd gotten Dr. Lively to touch them up, and she was quite pleased with them now: not the faintest hint of slouch to them.

Jayden lay there unmoving; the paralytic she'd slipped into his drink had taken full effect now, and though his involuntary muscles—those in his heart and blood vessels, and most importantly, those responsible for erections—continued to function just fine, none of his voluntary ones would respond to any of his commands. Lying there helplessly, he stared straight ahead as he felt her fumbling with his belt. He felt cool air on his groin, and tears came to his eyes as her fingers grazed over his circumcised member.

"You poor, poor hunk," the principal murmured, staring in amazement at the flaccid but rapidly hardening cock in her hands.