

## Apocalypse High: Part 1

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“I say we go hit the cheerleading tryouts,” you suggest. “School spirit, right?”

Sam gives you a wry look, smirking.

“You mean you want to see a bunch of girls neither of us have any chance with bouncing around,” he says. “Don’t you feel like that’s a little ...”

“I don’t think it’s a little anything. I just don’t want to go home and immediately have Steph nagging me about my homework,” you reply. “Come on. Maybe you’ll impress the girls with your battle scars!”

“Well, I do have enough of them,” Sam muses. “I suppose there isn’t too much going on today anyway.”

“That’s the spirit! ... Kinda!” you tell him.

The pasty looking boy laughs, shaking his head as you drag him along across the school grounds, heading around the north building to the fields in the west. There is already a bit of a crowd forming, scantily clad girls being one of the more popular attractions around school. As you approach the bleachers you catch sight of a couple of kids smoking off to the side and catch that familiar cherry bob amidst them.

Maggie looks up, her eyes meeting yours and for a moment you feel ... odd. She gives you a nod, a smile crossing her face as she brushes off a boy and heads in your direction.

“Hey ... Ben, right?” Maggie asks.

“Yeah,” you say, surprised. You aren’t really used to non-teachers knowing your name.

“Cool, I’m Maggie. You got a second?” she asks, glancing at Sam.

Your friend casts you a very pointed look before gesturing toward the bleachers and heading around to climb up and find a spot. Maggie gestures and you follow her under

the bleachers, her face glowing briefly as she lights up a cigarette. She wordlessly offers you a drag, shrugging as you hold up your hand.

“So ... you are the kid I ran into during the Festival, right?” Maggie asks, continuing when you give a nod of assent. “What were you doing there anyway? You spend a lot of time living in the woods like some kinda weirdo?”

You shrug.

“I mean, it’s cool in there. Like, temperature-wise. In the summer,” you tell her. “I was just trying to keep from getting heatstroke.”

The girl has a strange sort of smile on her face, the cigarette hanging from her full lips. Somehow, you feel like her silence is pulling the words from you ...

“I also go there to hide from jocks, sometimes,” you admit. “But it’s kinda creepy and interesting in there too.”

“Yeah, I like it for both of those things too,” Maggie admits, exhaling a cloud that makes you cough a little. “Hmm. Anyway, I guess what I called you over here for was to say thanks. So thanks.”

“What for?” you ask, confused.

The girl leans back, the tip of the cigarette glowing redly for a moment before she exhales again. There is something a little surreal about her in that moment; the bleachers cast panels of darkness and light across her smokey skin and the smoke seems to wreath her as if it can’t bear to leave her touch. After a long moment she replies.

“Well, I saw you when I escaped those jackasses. You followed me to keep an eye on me, didn’t you?” Maggie asks.

“I ... well, I mean, I didn’t do anything,” you say, taken aback.

“You didn’t need to. Of course, if I needed help, would you have?” she asks, standing up straight as she crushes her cigarette out under a booted foot. “Don’t answer, it’s rhetorical. It doesn’t really matter.”

“I am ... kinda sorta a lot of confused,” you say.

Maggie’s teeth flash in the darkness as she laughs and moves forward, closing the distance between the two of you. You stare at her face for a moment, noticing that she is actually just a little bit taller than you.

“You know about me, right?” she asks. “I’m a bad girl ... and you know, I think you might be a good-ish guy when the circumstances are right. And you know what bad girls do to good guys?”

You shake your head, confused. Maggie suddenly swoops in, her lips pressing against yours. You taste the cigarette on her lips as she seems to wrap around you. You feel her warm, heavy bust squeezing up against you in the most pleasant sort of way, her tongue teasing against your lips for a moment before she slowly draws back.

“We like to make them bad,” she says teasingly.

“W-what?” you manage to ask as she sweeps past you.

“Tell anyone and you are dead!” Maggie says cheerfully. “See you around, Ben.”

You stare after her, thankful for the shadows that hide your red face and tented trousers. You exhale slowly, still tasting the smoky flavor of her lips.

“What the hell was that?” you ask yourself.

After a few minutes you judge yourself to be calm enough to head out into the general public without drawing attention and make your way out from under the bleachers, your eyes drawn to the crowd of smokers briefly before you circle around and climb the bleachers. You find Sam close to the top of the crowded bleachers and take a seat next to him, trying to ignore his smirk.

“Damn man, and here I thought we were friends,” Sam says, shaking his head. “You just brought me here to wingman it up for you, didn’t you? How did that go?”

“Confusing,” you say, resisting the urge to turn and look at Maggie and her friends again. “May need some time to digest what just happened.”

A cheer goes up, providing an interruption that you are more than grateful for. You look out onto the field and notice that one of the cheerleaders, a tiny black girl, peeling off some sweatpants to reveal bloomers beneath while the other girls look on with annoyance.

“Go Gina! Take more off!” one of the boys near you roars.

“It’s a bit much,” a tall black boy sitting next to Sam says, shaking his head.

You eye the boy next to Sam; he wears a simple pair of jeans and a white tee that strains against his muscles and has short, frizzy hair cut in such a manner that it reminds you vaguely of a cliff. After a moment, you recognize him.

“Holy crap, that’s Jethro Barnes!” you whisper urgently to Sam.

“Who?” he asks, looking confused.

“Uh, he used to run the Bulls ... you know, the gang!” you say, trying to keep your voice low. “We should get out of here!”

“Used to,” the black boy rumbles; apparently you didn’t speak low enough. To your surprise he looks vaguely sad. “No, it’s fine, I’ll leave.”

Sam looks from you to the departing Jethro.

“Wait, seriously?” Sam asks. “But he was actually pretty nice. It’s not like he was just too preoccupied to beat me up; he actually asked if the seat was taken.”

You watch as the tall black boy walks down the bleachers, ignoring a few taunts from some of the male audience as well as a few catcalls (wait, is that what they are called when girls make them) from some of the female members. You notice him cast a glance at the cheerleaders as he makes his way off the field. Odd ... you seem to recall that last year Jethro had a reputation for being one of the rowdiest of the tough guys around the school.

The two of you continue watching for a little while, enjoying the flashing legs and tight fitting clothing for a little while longer before a fight breaks out a little further along the bleachers. You sit tight for a little bit, hoping that the situation will burn itself out but when you see one boy fly through the air and land a few feet away you and Sam quickly

find your way down the stairs. You watch for a moment as the fight quickly spreads until an out and out brawl is taking place, forcing you and Sam to move a good distance away to avoid getting pulled in.

“Geez, that went to crap quickly,” you remark.

“Yeah, I’m kind of thinking of heading home,” Sam tells you. “Get a jump on my homework or whatever. You?”

“I may wander for a bit,” you tell him. “See you tomorrow?”

Sam nods and shoulders his backpack, heading in the direction of the north building and the road that leads from it as you stick your hands in your pockets and watch the fight for a few moments more. You eventually get bored and find yourself walking east toward the gym, your eyes set on the distant treeline and memories of dyed red hair and smoke in your mind.

How did Maggie escape, anyway? You thought those thugs had gotten her, but then that firework hit ... but if so, how come she wasn’t hurt? It was odd, really. Of course, so was spooky ghost laughter and you got that in the woods too, apparently. Hmm, you should probably go write up some of that story for Hawthorne ...

You find your feet propelling you along without much thought, as they often do when your thoughts overtake you, and you stop as reality returns in the form of a pale form with blond hair leaving the gym. You watch as Anka walks toward the north building, followed closely by the tall bulky form of Coach Wexler ...

You watch them as they walk. No touching, they aren’t even walking that close but why do you feel like something is strange? Is it just the lingering memory of that dream you had during the Festival? You wait until they disappear before continuing your walk, eventually meandering your way to the school gates as the sun disappears completely.

You walk home under the cover of the encroaching night, walking up your car-less driveway to the door, testing the knob to find it locked. You fumble with your keys and open the door, locking it behind you as an afterthought (Steph gets mad when you forget) and head to the dining room to find your sister perched on a stool at the bar the separates the room from the kitchen, her school books spread out before her.

“Hey,” you say. “What are we doing for dinner?”

She gestures wordlessly and you drop your bookbag by the dining room table as you walk out to the kitchen to find a couple of microwave dinners waiting. Unfortunately, they aren't microwaved yet, which you set about doing (it's your night to 'cook').

"Mom and dad sent an email, by the way," Steph says without looking up.

"Oh yeah?" You ask, surprised. It's been close to two weeks since you last heard from them. "Anything interesting?"

Steph closes her book and pulls out her phone, flicking the surface with one finger, a few stray brown hairs that have escaped her ponytail hanging in her face.

"Not really. I mean, the highlight is probably that they are somewhere with internet," she says. "Also they found some kind of gross looking lizard."

"I thought you liked boring stuff like that," you say. "You know, etymologies and whatnot."

"I like them in a textbook where they aren't so slimy looking, thank you," Steph says, glancing at you from over her glasses. "They did say that the expedition is going well but it will be a while before the company has them come back though."

You look at your sister. She is characteristically quiet but you can tell it's a different kind of quiet. You put a hand on her head, which she wriggles free from with an annoyed look.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of you until they get back," you say, grinning.

"God help me then," she grumbles but smiles back. "I'm just tired of microwaved stuff is all."

"How about this, I nag the crap out of them to take us out to eat once they get back," you tell her. "Then when they get annoyed and say no, you counter by saying it would be nice to have something home cooked. They'll agree with you just to punish me."

"Deal," she says.

The microwave beeps and you head to kitchen to retrieve dinner, faking a few yelps (and maybe issuing a few real ones) from scalded fingers to make Steph laugh. The two

of you sit down to eat and you spend the rest of the night trying not to think about what 'a while' means in company time ...

### <Tuesday>

You arrive at school the next morning and find Sam lying in the dirt just inside the school's grounds. You scowl, glancing at a group of hulking thugs from the football team as they walk away chuckling, pleased with their easy triumph. You approach Sam after a few moments, looking him over. Your best friend opens his eyes tentatively.

"Are they gone?" he asks.

"Yeah. Bunch of pricks," You say irritably, offering him your hand.

"It's not so bad ... I just go down the first time they hit me and they usually just walk away laughing," Sam says, wiping some blood away from his split lip and grimacing. "Ever since I started doing that, it's been a lot easier. They don't even remember to try to take my lunch half the time."

You eye your friend, that familiar clenching heat of anger filling you. If you were bigger, stronger ... you slowly exhale. You aren't. And it's not like you're going to get that way any time soon. Best to forget it for now ...

"What happened here?" a voice calls out.

You turn to find the jangling form of Tatiana, a concerned look appearing on her face as she notices the fresh bruises forming on your friend's face. Before he can say anything Tatiana is quickly and efficiently looking him over, her face close to his for a moment and fingers gently tilting his chin.

"These injuries ... other students made them?" She asks, continuing as Sam nods.

"Who?"

"I ... don't really want to say," Sam says. "It will only get worse if they find out I told you."

"It's just the local jocks," you tell her. "But he's right. Detention doesn't really phase them."

"I see," Tatiana says carefully. "Well then, we should take young Sam to the nurse's office, but I think he will be fine. You took those punches well, at least."

You friend actually smiles a little at that, wincing as he does.

"Sam, lean against me. Ben, get Sam's other arm," Tatiana instructs.

"I'm not hurt that badly," Sam protests, though he quickly obeys as she gives him a look.

"I know; I have seen to men after a brawl," she says. "But this way you look like you might need a period or two off. A small gift."

*Damn, she is cool,* you think as you take Sam's arm and begin a lurching shuffle to the nurse's office. The journey is a little awkward; Sam is taller than you but shorter than Tatiana, so he has to sort of hop along on one foot beside her while holding your shoulders with his other arm. To your mild jealousy you notice that the position seems to cause his head to bump into her chest with a faint jingling noise of her necklaces, though you can imagine hard metal isn't the only thing his face keeps coming into contact with. You think perhaps he might even be enjoying this a little ...

"Thank you, Ben," Tatiana says as the three of you enter the nurse's office. "Is there no nurse here?"

You look around the room. Several beds with hospital style curtain runners above them line the far side of the room, the windows next to them looking out onto the entrance to the school. The view is actually rather nice, thanks to the office being on the third floor. A row of cabinets containing medical supplies runs along the wall to the right, a desk with a chair on the wall to the left.

"Budget cuts, usually the teachers hang out here or the students patch themselves up. We do have one but she's only in on Fridays; that's when most of the fights tend to happen," you supply.

"Very well then," she says pulling back a curtain. "Sam, sit down. I will take care of your cuts now. Thank you Ben, I will see you in class later."

The two disappear behind the curtain and you make your way down the hall. Your eyes pick out something lying on the floor, a familiar looking phone. You pick it up, turning it



on and browsing through it for a moment before realizing it must be Sam's. He must have dropped it when you were awkwardly limping him along the hall ...

You turn around and begin walking back to the nurse's office, pocketing Sam's phone as you go. You weren't in any particular hurry to get to class anyway. As you approach you find the door has been closed and stop for a moment. You don't remember shutting it on your way out. You push the knob and find that it swings open; apparently it wasn't fully closed ...

"... are you sure this is okay?" you hear Sam say as the door opens.

"More than okay. You are quite good at this, Sam," Tatiana replies, her voice sounding a little strange. Breathy, almost.

You glance through the door, curious and catch sight of two silhouettes visible through the curtains, framed by the light streaming through the windows. To your surprise the two seems to be facing each other, the shorter of the two reaching out to the other's chest.

"No, I mean teachers and students shouldn't do anything like this," Sam says, sounding nervous.

"Students shouldn't punch other students either; clearly the rules are a little different here," Tatiana replies. "Besides, I am your teacher; this is an assignment! Now keep rubbing them. Mmmm ..."

You watch, jealousy filling you as the shorter figure resumes his movements, clasping your crush's breasts in his hands. You hear Tatiana give an odd sort of chuckle, the taller silhouette's hand reaching down and the sound of a zipper catching your ear. You hear Sam gasp and the shorter silhouette has a long stick-like addition pop into view before the taller figure's hand covers it.

"T-teacher ...!" Sam groans.

"Yes, that's right Sam," Tatiana purrs. "You've impressed your teacher with your skills. And with something else as well. You should be proud! Now ... a reward ..."

You see the taller figure sink down and suddenly realize she must be on her knees, her hands reaching up to stroke the long member before her. You hear Sam groaning, the

smaller figure's hips slowly moving in time, fucking the other figures hands. Minutes pass as this continues, the smaller figure's hips moving faster and faster as Tatiana murmurs encouragement.

"Yes Sam! See, you just needed a little confidence! Bullies fear it..." Tatiana says. "Now then, keep going ... you've made teacher need it ... cover me ...!"

You hear Sam cry out, the smaller figure's hips thrusting violently once ... twice ... three times ... and then after a long pause, a fourth. You hear Tatiana continue to murmur softly and swallow as you realize what you have just witnessed. Your eyes are drawn to the cabinets on the side of the room and catch a glimpse of a feminine figure in the reflective pane of one. You can't see the face but a lean, well muscled body with a pair of perky boobs is plainly visible, completely naked but for a pair of panties slung about her hips. You stare, fascinated, as long hot rivulets of liquid run down her tits and belly, a veritable waterfall ...

"Holy crap, isn't that a teacher?" a voice whispers, causing your heart to leap in your chest.

You turn to find Maggie by your side, a grin on the smokey skinned girl's face. You feel her slide her hands around you.

"Seems like I'm not the only one who likes to make good boys go bad," she whispers in your ear. "What do you say we have a little fun of our own ..."

**To Be Continued ....**