

Apocalypse High: Part 2

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“Oh Sam ... are you looking for extra credit?” Tatiana says, a trace of amusement in her voice.

“I... no, I mean ...” Sam stutters.

You look through the curtain to see the teacher’s silhouette slowly push Sam back onto a cot, one hand braced against his chest while the other moves up and down slowly. You feel yourself being pulled toward the curtain and onto the other cot in the room and look at Maggie to see her smiling as she pulls the curtain silently around the two of you. She wraps her arms around you, her lips close to your ear, her hot breath giving you a rather pleasant tingling feeling.

“Quick, you get on the bed too,” she whispers. “Quietly now.”

You sit back on the cot and watch as Maggie begins sliding her jean shorts off, revealing a pair of red panties, then climbs on top of you, an animalistic look in her eyes as she stalks her way up your body. You stare down the neck of her shirt, mesmerized by the sight of her big brown boobs as they sway in front of you. The girl’s eyes sparkle as you finally look up at her face and she slowly unzips your pants, her hand working inside with practiced ease.

You inhale sharply as you feel her hand on your cock, catching your breath as she puts one finger on your lips.

“Oh, this is very good Sam!” you hear Tatiana’s voice from the other side of the thin curtain. “Not all boys have this kind of vigor! Now then, you wish for your extra credit?”

“T-tatiana ... I mean, we really shouldn’t be ...” Sam says, sounding worried.

You look through the curtain and find that Tatiana has climbed on top of your friend, her hand slowly working between her legs.

“Sam! The lesson is confidence!” she admonishes him. “Is this something you want? Then speak! Life doesn’t listen to what we don’t say!”

A long silence follows and you find yourself straining your ear to hear the response. Despite the distance you can only hear Sam's voice, not the actual words ... but you can guess as you see Tatiana's rear raise up into the air, her hand working between her legs ... and then she brings it down against Sam, the two of them giving groans as she does.

You feel Maggie shifting on top of you and look down to find her nudging aside her panties and pressing your hardness up against her, her eyes asking a very obvious question. The sensation of those big boobs squashed against you, the soft sound of the bed creaking not two feet away as you teacher rocks her hips ... suddenly thought seems to disappear and you settle your hands on Maggie's rear. The girl smiles at you ... and then you pull her toward you, her hot wetness sliding over you.

You feel her lips press against yours, stifling the noise you were about to make with her lips and tongue, her body clinging tightly against yours. You feel her hips raise slightly, then push downward again as you squeeze her rear and pull her against you again in a slow, careful motion that she repeats, pulling you inside her in absolute silence. You feel the heat inside you building rapidly as she squeezes you tightly; it almost feels like her pussy is sucking you inside ...

Creak, creak, creak

You look over Maggie's shoulder to see Tatiana's form, her back straight as she sits on your friend, her hands guiding his to her chest. Her body bounces up and down rapidly, the sound of their breathing coming fast and hard as she rides your best friend.

"Oh god ... Tatiana I'm ... I'm having sex ..." Sam groans.

"Yes ... teacher is quite impressed," Tatiana says, her breath coming out a little ragged. "Confidence is key! Without it, you wouldn't- MM!"

You watch her body seize up for a moment and find yourself reaching for the edge of the curtain, unable to help yourself. You pull it back, glancing through to see Tatiana in all her naked glory, her back arched and perky little breasts, still splattered with his spunk from earlier, thrust up to the sky as Sam's hands hold her hips. You see her closed eyes open for a moment and catch a brief flash of surprise before you are able to let go of the curtain.

"Oh god!" You hear your friend groan as the curtain falls back into place.

You watch as Sam bucks, bouncing the teacher up into the air once or twice with his frantic thrusts before she manages to lift herself off of him.

“Yes, Sam ... cum on me ...!” You hear Tatiana say, her breath still a little ragged.

You feel Maggie begin moving faster and feel the tension inside you growing harder and harder to control. You look down into the girl’s eyes and suddenly it is all too much. You feel her lips capture yours once again as she rocks against you once again, taking your entire length deep inside her as you feel yourself go over the edge.

“MMnn!” a faint noise escapes as you find yourself thrusting up against her.

You feel that hot, tense knot inside your belly unravel, running down along and through your cock and gushing out deep inside the busty girl riding you. You feel more than hear Maggie’s little pleased noise as she holds her lips against yours ...

The two of you lie there on the bed for a minute or two, your heart beginning to pound nervously as you watch Sam and Tatiana’s shadows shift across the curtain.

“You did well in your lesson, Sam,” Tatiana says. “Please remember it well!”

“I will,” Sam promises. “I really can’t imagine that I’ll forget it!”

You watch as your teacher and friend pull on their clothing before departing, and eventually realize that Maggie is still on top of you. The two of you extricate yourselves from each other, Maggie pulling on her shorts again as you struggle to figure out what to say.

“Not bad ... for a good guy,” Maggie says. “Was that your first time?”

“Uh, yeah,” you say, feeling a little embarrassed.

“Well then, yours was a lot more interesting than most,” Maggie smirks. “Anyway, I’d love to stick around for some pillow talk but I need to get going. See you later, Ben.”

You watch as she slides the curtain open and walks out, her hips swaying as she goes. You suddenly feel the full impact of the last few minutes as you sit there alone. Sam and Tatiana, you and Maggie ... what the hell? This was somehow almost less real feeling than that odd dream you had about Anka over the summer.

You look at the glass fronted cabinets holding various medical supplies and study yourself. Short, somewhat messy brown hair, kind of a lean (alright, maybe a little skinny, compared to most of the jocks around here) build and a confused expression. Nope, you haven't Cinderella'd into some kind of super attractive guy overnight. So why is Maggie interested in you all of a sudden? And what had just happened with Sam and your teacher ...?

You wander through the next few hours in a bit of a daze, dipping back into reality briefly to apologize to your homeroom teacher and finally breaking out of it entirely when the lunch bell rings and you find yourself approaching Sam and Steph's usual table. Your friend looks like he is positively straining not to say something to you as the three of you talk about homework and the latest fights and as Steph gets up to throw away her trash he quickly pulls you aside.

"Ben, you know that new teacher Tatiana? Well, uh ... " Sam hesitates. "After you left me in the infirmary, she ... kind of undressed. And after that, she actually jerked me off!"

"No way!" you say, struggling to keep surprise in your voice. Some jealousy creeps in of course, but you figure that is probably pretty normal. You also note that he didn't exactly tell you everything that happened on that cot ...

"I know, it sounds nuts but ... I don't know," Sam shakes his head. "It was crazy. Like something out of a porno or something. I don't know what to do ..."

You blink a few times, confused.

"What to do? I mean, you're going to want to keep that quiet, don't want that getting around some of the meatheaded idiots around here," you say. "Or the other teachers; I mean, unless you want to get her fired."

Sam looks back at you, equally confused.

"No, of course not. I meant ... err, is this a regular thing?" he asks. "Like, a relationship or affair or ... something? I didn't think to ask her ..."

The two of you are interrupted by Steph's return and don't have a chance to speak alone for the rest of the day, much to your relief. His words do make you think a little about the situation with Maggie though ... what was that, exactly? With her you suspect

it's more of a casual sort of thing, she does have something of a reputation after all, but oddly you feel like something else is going on there. Now if only you could say exactly what it is ...

You are studiously quiet for most of Tatiana's class, which she spends handing off baseball bats to the students before pitching various objects at them while calling out their names. Despite yourself, you have to admit it is pretty fun. When your turn comes up Tatiana hands you your bat and leans in close for a moment.

"Ben, could you stop by to see me after school today?" she asks, her face betraying nothing of her thoughts.

You give her a nod and then before you know it you are knocking apples and staplers (apparently not very different in German) around the classroom. The rest of the class passes without incident, relatively speaking, and your next class flies by as you find yourself wondering what Tatiana wants to talk about.

The final bell rings and you find yourself fighting your way through the mass exodus to Tatiana's classroom, where you find her cheerfully examining some of the profane comments carved into some of the desks.

"Ben, thank you for coming!" she says, word association causing you to cringe a little inwardly. "Close the door please!"

You do and she sits on her desk, giving you a bright smile and gesturing to a desk in front of her. After a moment, you decide to sit on the top of it as well, and her smile widens slightly at that.

"So, I think you have questions about the infirmary," she says. "I wanted to answer them."

"Uh, I mean, I don't know," you say, feeling a little nervous.

"You have no questions about why I was having sex with Sam?" Tatiana asks, seeming perhaps a little puzzled. "I would think you would have many."

Well, you weren't sure why you were expecting her to dance around the topic. Since it's out in the open though ...

“Yeah, I guess ... why? Do you like him or something?” you ask, unable to keep the follow up question from slipping out.

“Of course I like Sam. He is very nice,” she says. “I think you are asking if I love him perhaps? Which would be very hard to say, I have only just met him.”

“Then ... why would you do that?” you ask.

Tatiana thinks for a moment, slipping off her desk.

“Because Sam is very nice, and other people are not,” she says simply. “I do not like things that do not feel fair. And because Sam lets himself get hurt by people who are not nice, and I think I would prefer he did not.”

“Wait, what? Sam doesn’t exactly ask for people to beat him up,” you say.

“Is Sam smaller than you?” she asks.

“What? No, I mean, he’s a little taller if anything,” you say.

“Is he weaker? Slower?” she persists.

“I ... don’t know. Probably not. I mean, neither of us are tough guy meathead jocks of course,” you say.

“And yet, you are not hurt and he is,” Tatiana says.

You stop and think about it. Really, when was the last time you got into trouble with one of the guys at school? It must have been at least a year or two.

“That ... is actually true,” you say, frowning.

“You are confident; Sam is not,” Tatiana says, smiling. “I have seen you in class. When one boy threatened to ‘pound you’ you told him you didn’t want to make his sister jealous; the other boys laughed at him and told him to stop bothering you.”

“Well, alright ... “ you say, wondering mentally if she should be yelling at you for that comment. “So do you do things like that with all your students?”

The young woman seems to think for a moment.

“I do what I feel I need to do, that is all,” she says. “But no, this is not in my syllabus. In fact, I do not think I even have one. Do you think this has answered your questions?”

You confess that you feel a little disappointed (you’ve been thinking about that brief glimpse of her naked all day) but you slowly shake your head.

“I am glad. You are a good person too, Ben,” Tatiana says, smiling at you. “Now then, perhaps you should be getting home.”

“Yeah ... uh, thanks for looking out for Sam,” you tell her. “Anyway, see you tomorrow I guess.”

You head through the halls to the stairwell, taking the exit that leads out the back of the building and into the central grounds by the fountain. The sun is well on it’s way to setting and the fields are silent, everyone else having cleared off in preparation for another day of anarchy tomorrow.

You glance at your phone, noticing a text from Steph, and quickly shoot her a message to let her know you will be home soon enough. You eye the fiery orb burning a orange pathway through the sky, squinting through the light. It occurs to you that this would probably be a good starting scene for that story Hawthorne wants you to write; a solitary protagonist, the quiet empty grounds, the blaze of brilliance and the stark shadows cast by the building and trees. It would definitely make a nice cover for a book, anyway.

You walk along the wall, relishing the bit of shadow cast by the building for as long as you can. You are just about to turn the corner when you catch the sound of voices and slow down. Your well trained survival instincts, honed over several years at this school, detect some vaguely worrying tones to those voices, even if you can't hear the words. You frown, looking around and notice a dumpster a little further back the way you came and make a fast and silent dash to slip between it and the wall. You hear the voices behind you, a distinct edge to one. Male, it sounds like, though something is odd about it. You reach your hiding place and turn see if they noticed you ...

... and the world freezes as a six foot tall red skinned woman stalks from around the corner. The first thing that strikes you about her is the tails a pair of long, whip-like tails with sharp looking triangular tips emerge from the small of her back, casting back and forth in a cat-like manner. You also can't help but notice that she is improbably

curvy, her breasts easily the size of your own head and cupped in what looks like a furry bikini top, her rear well rounded and also wrapped in a similarly furry mini-skirt looking patch of brown fur. Her face is a bit sharp and angular but strangely beautiful, and she has a flowing mane of wild looking hair the color of flames. No, scratch that, her hair might actually be flames the way it seems to ripple and shift on it's own. It takes you a moment or two for recognition to set in and a memory of that face looking over your shoulder on Festival night ...

“What the hell ... ?” you whisper.

The tall demoness, for that is really the only word that comes to mind, is followed shortly thereafter by a massive, muscular purple creature. This one, very clearly male from his state of undress and certain large ‘features’ (plural), has a thick, square jaw with sharp looking canine teeth that show even with his lips closed. He is bald and looks as broad as a bus, every portion of him showing bulging, rippling muscles. You wonder how much someone needs to work out to look like that. While only slightly taller than the demoness, this new creature is probably easily over 600 pounds.

"And I told you 'no'," the demoness says. "Is that so difficult for you to comprehend?"

The purple demon grins.

"I don't listen to 'no'." it says. "In all situations. You are going to help, Ana."

The female demon turns, a sharp look in her eye and her tails lashing back and forth violently.

"I didn't give you permission to be familiar with me, worm," she hisses. "Speak my name!"

The purple demon tries to affect a lack of concern but you can see he is somewhat taken aback by her response.

"Anamarietas ... you will help. My superior demands it," he says.

Her demeanor changes sharply, a scornful laugh issuing from her full lips.

“Do you serve the Court then? Or perhaps the Forgotten Council?” She asks. “Neither would have anything to do with a worm such as you.”

The demon seems to wilt a little at her words but soon regains his composure. He glares at the demoness, seeming to swell up in indignation.

"My superior serves the Court," he says, ignoring her laugh. "By extension, this is an order of theirs!"

"Lies..." Anamarietas says, drawing out the 's' into a slow hiss. "If the Court wanted me to do anything, rest well assured I would know it."

You watch the scene, feeling vaguely numb. You like new experiences but ... well, demon political debate is a bit more than you have bargained for today. You look up and notice an open window on the other side of the dumpster and, after noticing the conversation moving in your direction, you make a hasty decision and slip around the side and climb up and into the building. The sill bites into your hands uncomfortably but you barely notice in your haste to get inside.

You look over and freeze. A green skinned, young looking female demon crouches on the floor nearby, peering out of another window. She looks up in alarm as she notices you, eyes widening. You have a half moment to look her over, She is nearly your height, slender bodied, with a tail and stubs of wings, but before you can look further she puts a finger to her lips in a surprisingly normal gesture and slips away and out the door into the hallway.

You stare at the door, trying to piece together what is going on, and turn back to find the tall, red skinned demoness advancing on the bulky demon, her stance particularly menacing.

"You erred, worm," Anamarietas says. "In thinking you could fool me ... or did you think you could overpower me? Shall we find out?"

In a flash her tail lashes out, striking the male demon so fast that you can't even see the movement, only it's direction. He snarls and lunges forward, stopping as two more strikes land on him with whip-like cracking noises. He staggers back, looking vaguely dazed, two long bluish marks appearing on his face from Ana's attacks, and the red skinned demoness casually stalks forward.

Crack! Crack! CRACK!

The male demon staggers as the smaller demoness walks forward with a slow, deliberate stride, her tails whipping him over and over with lightning speed. Soon she stands before him, a blur of movement around her and a hum like a swarm of bees as welt after welt appears on the other demon and then, abruptly, he crumples to the ground. Ana gives a small, satisfied smile as she looks him over, then her one tail arches up ... then plunges down with brutal force. You close your eyes, wincing, and open them to find her flicking blood from her tail and staring down at her defeated foe.

"Well then, what shall I do with you now?" she purrs, slowly turning to catch your eyes with her own. "I know you've been watching ..."

You freeze, unable to move as she slowly stalks her way toward the open window you are peering through. It passes through your mind that she might well be able to kill you before you can blink and she grins.

"Yes, I can if I want but I'd rather not," the demoness says. "You are human, so there are much more interesting things to do with you, aren't there?"

You find your gaze being drawn a little lower down to those massive breasts and you swallow. She is ... psychic or something, you guess. You know you didn't say anything, you are too scared. You hear her give a low, throaty laugh and find your gaze being drawn back up to her eyes.

"Well, maybe not that ... at least, not yet. Though believe me, I'm flattered," she says, smiling. "First, I need to know; are you going to tell anyone about me?"

"N-no," you say, unable to help yourself as she settles her arms on the windowsill.

"Good ... I don't need any more trouble. At least, no trouble not of my own making," she says. "Now then, perhaps I'll give you a reward of sorts. Or perhaps a punishment? They can be so close at times, can't they ...?"

You stare into the creature's glowing eyes, wondering vaguely if this is just another dream ...

To be Continued ...