

Apocalypse High: Prologue Part 2

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You watch through the red mist that fills your mind as Coach Wexler's red flagpole begins to rise again. Anka slowly slides to the floor, a vaguely dazed look in her face as the Coach's thick member bobs in front of her.

"Come on then girl, we aren't done yet," Wexler grunts.

"Coach Wexler I ... I can't!" Anka insists. "I have to get home to my brother ..."

"Bullcrap, your game ended early," Wexler responds. "Besides, don't act like you aren't enjoying it. I felt you creaming earlier when I was playing with those big tits of yours."

Anka looks away, her blush painfully visible on her pale cheeks. You find your eyes being drawn to those huge, ripe breasts hanging there, and somewhere inside a thought begins forming ...

"Maybe that's it then, huh?" Wexler asks, sitting down. "You need those sensitive melons played with? Then how about this ..."

Anka gasps as he steps forward, forcing her to the ground and straddling her. You swallow as he slides his cock between her breasts, your old friend looking up nervously and slowly reaching up to press the sides of her breasts, her white mounds closing over her teacher's meat. You feel your own member spring free of your pants, the strong and deft hand taking it as the creature behind you begins stroking you.

You hear yourself groaning in unison with the girl inside as the older man begins thrusting between her cleavage. The Coach's thick red sausage struggles it's way through the soap lathered mountains, squishing wetly, before popping free and sliding up along the hollow at the base of Anka's throat. The pale girl looks down, shame and heat painting her cheeks as the Coach's cock pounds back and forth between her cleavage. To your shock you see her fingers slowly shifting up and along her curves, her fingertips playing gently with her pink nipples as the brute on top of her continues to grunt and pound.

“MMNN!” you see your old friend bite her lip, her back beginning to arch, and you feel a hot surge building up inside you ..

“No, not quite yet ...” the voice behind you whispers, the hand on your prick slowing to a stop.

“No you don’t,” Wexler grunts, halting suddenly. “Get on your knees ...”

Anka looks up at him, a dazed expression on her face as he helps her up and spins her until she is on all fours in front of him, slipping slightly on the slick tile floor before managing to find her balance. Wexler pushes his hips forward and you see Anka react visibly, her upper body rearing up and revealing the thick member once again nestled between her pale thighs. You feel the creature’s hands take yours as you reach for your cock but oddly you can find no strength to resist as the girl begins rocking back and forth in time with the older man’s movements, a low, pained noise escaping her lips.

Through the red haze in your mind you watch as Wexler grins and stops moving, closing his eyes as Anka grinds against him of her own accord. The girl runs one hand up along her belly and begins playing with her bountiful tits, her hips moving faster and more erratic as she struggles to reclaim the fading sensations from earlier

SSlllssshh ...

The wet noise echoes in the tiled room and reaches your eyes. Your brain feels numb almost as you look upon Anka’s shocked face then slowly down to the red prick buried halfway inside her. You hear the creature behind you give a long, low and thoroughly satisfied sigh, her hand returning to your prick.

“Well then ... I didn’t know you wanted it that bad ...” Wexler chuckles.

“I-I didn’t ... “ Anka says, still looking stunned.

The coach draws back and gives a little thrust, ending Anka’s rebuttal with a wet slapping noise as he slides all the way inside her. Anka’s eyes close, her lips parting slightly ...

... and then, somehow Wexler has fallen back to the floor, his prick standing like as Anka slowly straddles him, raising her hips and ...

“AH!” She gasps as she lowers herself.

You feel the hand on your cock squeeze hard as your old friend's folds wrap around the Coach's cock. You find yourself imagining Anka above you, her face flushed, that beautiful body of hers slick with sweat and soap as you slide inside her ...

"Goddamn girl, and here you were trying to play innocent!" Wexler grunts. "Now your pussy is practically trying to suck my dick off!"

Anka shakes her head, a look of shame visible on her face through the steam rising in the room, but you can only focus on that pale, shapely ass as it rises and falls, taking the thick red member inside her again and again ...

You finally feel something give inside you, a feeling like molten metal in your belly the seems to rise and bubble over. You watch as Anka seizes up, arching her back and giving a startling cry. She slips, falling back and giving you an excellent view of the twitching red member buried inside her before it slides out.

Hot gushers of spunk strike the girl's belly, the force with which they are shot sending them splattering up across her tits and face. You watch as Wexler stands over her, painting your old neighbor with his cream while she drives her fingers into her pussy and something snaps inside you. You feel the liquid heat running through you again as the creature's hand jerks furiously, your conflicted feelings letting themselves out in a gusher of cum that shoots out onto the side of the building. Your mind goes blank and red as the most powerful orgasm you've ever felt rips through you

And then, suddenly, it's over. You find yourself gasping, head pressed up against the stone wall as the creature slowly wrings the last of your seed out of you while squeezing a massive pair of breasts up against your back.

"Well then, that was quite nice ..." The creature's voice is soft and yet somehow sharp and rough at the same time; like a kitten, up until it's tongue and teeth get involved ...

You find yourself sinking to the ground, your eyes catching sight of a woman who must at least be seven feet tall, with reddish skin and massive curves. She smiles at you, her teeth slightly hooked, her eyes glowing softly.

This ... can't be ... you think.

Darkness.

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You suddenly wake up and sit up to find yourself on the ground behind the gym. Your head feels strangely foggy, and you struggle to hold onto the vague, fleeting memories. You glance over a notice a couple of trash cans that appear to have fallen over and an open, dark window above them. You recall climbing up to look through the window ... did you fall and hit your head maybe?

You wince as you notice the school grounds are blanketed in silence and darkness ... how long were you out? Steph was going to be furious. You slowly make your way north past the gym, glancing back, that strange dream still haunting your thoughts ...

Prologue: End

The Month of August

You approach the doors of Delmonte High with some nervousness, you haven't been on the school grounds since the night of the Spirit Festival. Given how things went that day with spectral laughter in the woods and bizarre heatstroke induced sex dreams about old friends you have been mildly concerned about a local gas leak or something but as far as you can see everything seems fine ... or, as fine as things get.

By the time you reach the doors and meet up with Sam the first brawl of the new year has started. You walk with him to his first class, eyes on alert lest the bullies notice that your friend has not received his celebratory 'return to school' beating yet. You manage to make it to first period with no incidents, waving casually at Steph as you see her pass in the halls, and spend your first period with Sam idly daydreaming. You stare out the window toward the gym building, a feeling of mild discomfort filling you at the thought of your odd dream from the Festival.

You notice a cherry red bob passing in the courtyard between the buildings and have another jolt as you realize that you never did run into Maggie after everything was said and done. Maybe you should try to find her and talk to her? But then, what good would that do? She has plenty of losers after her without you adding to the mess, right?

When the bell rings you split off from Sam and take a detour outside to get some fresh air and find yourself looking once again to the gym building. You catch sight of a ghostly pale girl jogging around the building, either very far behind or very far ahead of the rest of her class. You frown, unable to make out any details but ... no mistaking Anka, even at a distance.

You make your way to class and manage to sit through until the next bell; first two classes were a bit longer than the last three, but at least lunch seems to start sooner. You notice a group of guys hangings around in a cluster by the fountain and spy Maggie in the center of them. You also catch sight of some students making their way from the gym building. Your eyes wander between the two, a tight feeling in your gut ... and then, with a slow, careful breath, start walking.

You head in the direction of the gym, eyeing the still damp hair of some of the students. Usually they give the students a little extra time to shower off at the end of phys ed class and it's no secret than Anka tends to keep to herself, particularly among the girls. She should probably either still be showering or just getting done soon. You enter the gym and head back to the locker rooms, hesitating a moment before calling out into the girl's section.

"Hey, is Anka still back there?" you yell to anyone who is still in there.

A few moments of silence later you hear a voice respond back.

"Yes, I'm here. Who is it?"

You feel an odd tightness in your chest, suddenly realizing how long it has been since you heard her voice (odd dreams excluded). You clear your throat, thinking.

"It's Ben. Err, Stoltz," you say, suddenly feeling awkward. "I was thinking, been a while since we hung last so ... I was wondering if you wanted to catch up over lunch."

After a few moments Anka emerges, wearing a loose button down white shirt and a pair of jeans and a towel over her shoulders. Her hair is slightly damp, the slender blond strands clinging to her neck and flushed cheeks. Her clear blue eyes meet yours and you feel a strange sort of sensation in your chest ... your old childhood friend may be the school bombshell now, but in her face you still see the girl that you used to play tag with.

"Ben ... it's nice to see you," She says, a small cautious smile reaching her lips. She seems to be unsure of what to say after that, and it strikes you that she almost seems nervous. "Thanks for the offer but I don't think I can make it today. I'm sorry."

You look at her, disappointed. Suddenly a flash of that dream hits you, her gasps echoing in a tiled room ...

"Oh, no, it's fine" you tell her, rubbing the back of your head, trying to dispel the images in your brain. "Uh, some other time then?"

Anka's smile is still hesitant this time but seems a bit wider at least. It occurs to you that despite her popularity she doesn't get asked to hang out very much ... at least, not by people interested in anything but her chest.

"Sure! Absolutely," she responds. "Later this week? If you are interested, we could hang out after school?."

"Sounds good, I'll check in with you in a few days then," you tell her, grinning. "Anyway, I'll leave you alone. Later!"

"Later," She says, still smiling.

You head back to the North building feeling oddly light and find the cafeteria bustling with activity. You eye the long lines and quickly decide on a vending machine lunch, taking to the tables in search of your usual lunch companions once a bag of chips and a soda are in hand.

You spy your sister and friend over by the windows and walk over, admiring the view over the central courtyard from the second story cafeteria. You see Maggie's group by the fountain with ease, the blazing halo that is her red bob easy to spot from here. Sam seems to be chatting with Steph while Steph idly plays with her phone. Sam gestures a bit with a forkful as he talks about his first classes and you notice that he is eating greens and sprouts of every description.

You seem to recall him saying that he resolved to do so at the end of last year after a particularly vicious beating for his lunch money, a rare show of defiance that not only made stealing his lunch questionable but also coincidentally helped him with the iron deficiency that came from constant bloodied noses. He frowns after a comment about

his second class that Steph doesn't respond to and quickly turns to you when she steps away, leaving her phone as she goes to throw out her trash.

"Thank god you're here ... Steph has been texting away since we got here. Not a bit of decent conversation to be had," Sam says glumly as you take a seat. "Where were you?"

"Oh, catching up with someone," you say, eyeing Steph's phone. "Who has she been texting?"

"Didn't say," Sam shrugs. "Hey, you have German next, right? I hear it's a new teacher, and I've got German as my last class today. I've heard she's a bit weird. Mind letting me know what that means once you've had it? I can only imagine in the context of this place ..."

You grin at him. "Yeah. fair point."

Your eye is drawn to movement out in the courtyard; a pair of students squaring off by the fountain as a crowd gathers around them. You squint, wondering who they are, the detail somewhat lost due to the distance. As you and Sam chew your lunch you see the two lunge at one another, one of the lashing out quickly and fluidly, to all appearances ruling the fight with a brutal speed and intensity ... but the other boy doesn't seem to show any sign of stopping despite getting pounded repeatedly.

"Geez, that looks intense. Who do you think those two are?" Sam asks, nodding to the fight.

"Hard to say," you muse. "If I were to guess, the one getting beaten on? Blond, it looks like, and he's getting the crap kicked out of him without slowing down so probably Rocky. I once saw someone break a baseball bat on his head and it barely slowed him down."

"Seriously? Holy crap" Sam says, looking awestruck.

The fighters continue, the fast and vicious assault slowly losing steam and the other boy starting to land a few hits of his own. You notice a tall black student moving toward the fight with another person by his side, shouldering his way through the crowd toward the brawl.

"What's going on?" Steph asks, taking her seat and grabbing her phone.

"Fight," you and Sam chorus.

Steph sighs, typing out another message. After a moment or two of staring at her phone she shrugs and puts her phone down and joins the two of you in watching the altercation just in time to see the black student pick up the blond boy and hold him over his head. The fight seems to come to a disjointed end as the blond kid struggles and the other seems to be unsure as to what to do.

"If that's him," you say. "Then I bet he is pissed ... he hates getting interrupted. Whoop, there he goes"

The blond boy begins swinging, struggling to hit his captor and force him to let him go and after several clear punches and kicks finds himself in the air as he is thrown into the fountain.

"OH!" the three of you wince.

"Ben did I just see a piece of concrete break off?" Sam asks, a sympathetic look on his face.

You shake your head. The blond kid struggles his way out of the fountain, clearly looking hurt but still miraculously struggling to go after them again when an adult finally arrives and begins breaking things up. You see them talk for a bit and eventually the fighters slink away from the screen, their fight on hiatus.

"Everyone in this place is nuts," Sam comments, shaking his head.

"No arguments," you tell him, eyeing the clock.

The warning bell for the next period rings, prompting you to pack up. You say goodbye to Sam and Steph before heading to your German class, your mind drifting to Sam's comment about the new teacher being 'weird'. You take a seat near the back corner so that you can watch the other students as they pour in, looking for familiar faces.

Among them you spy an unfamiliar Japanese girl with a bright cheerful smile who immediately begins chatting up the students near the seat she chooses but the rest look like the usual mishmash of people that you mentally mark as 'familiar, but unknown'.

None of them appear to be local gang members at least; foreign languages aren't popular among them, which is one of the reasons you picked this class.

"Guten tag, students!" A cheerful voice calls out, a bit of a strange accent immediately drawing your attention.

The class looks up as a young woman enters the room, somehow seeming to generate a relatively large amount of motion for the simple act of walking into the room. She wears an olive green jacket of sorts the is open at the front and has bare patches at the shoulders, with long sleeves flowing to her wrists and a sleeveless shirt of red and a highly decorative skirt of black and white that splits a ways down the front, giving you flashes of olive skinned legs and what appear to be dangling anklets.

She jingles faintly as she walks, several earrings in each ear and a stud in her nose, bracelets on her wrists and a necklace hanging about her throat, all of relatively plain design. Her face breaks into a quick and easy smile and you find yourself struck by the massive confidence she seems to exude while standing in a school that once had the National Guard called in to quell a Spring Fling.

The woman approaches the front of the class and quickly writes **Tatiana Dalca** on the board, turning with a whirl of heavily braided hair, cloth and jingling jewelry.

"I am your german instructor for the year. My name is Tatiana Dalca ... I would like you to call me Tatiana," she says brightly.

"What if we don't want to?" a smartass comment comes back.

The class turns, clearly wondering how this will pan out. Backtalk is, more or less, a tradition here. How she handled these challenges would likely set the tone for her year ... either miserable, if she fails the test, or slightly less miserable, if she passes.

"Then I will shout at you in German, which is a very harsh language," your new teacher says brightly. "And possibly mock you in pidgin gypsy, which has many words for your inadequacies. And then, I think, force you to run laps around the gym or ...something. I don't really like to limit myself with plans though, I may get creative."

The class turns to the smartass, waiting.

"You ... can't make us run laps, this isn't gym class," he says slowly.

"Can't? Or shouldn't?" she says brightly. "I don't know if there's a rule against it honestly, or a punishment if I make you do it anyway. I'm interested to find out though"

The class is quiet, waiting for a victor

"Uh, okay then ... Tatiana," the boy says, clearly trying to adjust to this approach.

"Great!" Tatiana says, a glowing smile on her face. "Now then, who likes coloring books?"

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Some time later the class wraps up and the students begin to file out, looking a little dazed. To be fair, it was an interesting class and you did learn a lot. On the other hand, many of the students seem to largely be concerned that their new teacher is mildly unstable given that their first class involved coloring books, and a maze made of desks and chairs that had to be navigated blindfolded while their classmates screamed at them in another language.

You, for your part, find yourself to be rather happy with the whole experience ... though, admittedly, part of this has something to do with your teacher looking fairly young and attractive in addition to having a mind like a corkscrew; sharp, but twisted.

You stop for a moment, looking back at your new teacher and decide that there's no harm in being friendly.

"Mis-- err, Tatiana?" You say, stepping up to her desk.

The young woman looks up at you and gives you a smile that has a bit of a feral look to it.

"Good, you remembered! Learning has happened!" she says, a trace of amusement in her voice. "Did you have a question?"

"I just wanted to say I liked today's class," you tell her. "We don't get many cool teachers."

"Thank you, I don't often get compliments regarding my personal climate," she says brightly.

You hesitate. Her English seems pretty good but the accent is throwing you a little ... did she misunderstand? Or is she just messing with you. You consider asking before deciding to just move on.

"So, how long have you been a teacher?" you ask. "And what made you decide to come here of all places?"

Tatiana tilts her head, thinking and jingling faintly. You find yourself staring at her face, suddenly struck by how pretty she looks and quickly turning away as she looks at you again. You could swear she smiles slightly ...

"I enjoy learning. Thus, I enjoy teaching, which is often a learning experience. I would say I've been doing it most of my life, looking at it from that angle," she tells you. "And as to why? I've heard this is a strange place and I am very fond of strange places."

"Oh, well, nailed it dead on there," you admit, looking around at the battered and often mended classroom furniture, your eyes landing on a carving of boobs on her desk that appears to still have a bit of knife blade sticking from it. "Weird is an everyday occurrence here."

Tatiana smiles, making you feel a little uncomfortable for a moment. You shift your books in your hand, covering the front of your pants just in case. God, she really is prettyand those little glances of skin that show through the gaps in her outfit when she moves just right are driving you a little crazy.

"I'm glad to hear that. I look forward to getting more involved in the school and meet more of our students. In fact, I plan to assist with the gymnastics team before long," she tells you. "I expect Coach Wexler will be pleased to have help."

You have a mental image of Anka and that red skinned monster and shiver for a moment. You don't know about that but you decide to keep your mouth shut. It was just a dream after all.

"So, are you from Germany then?" you ask, curious. "I mean, you don't really sound like it ..."

Tatiana laughs.

"No, you would be right to think that," she says. "I come from a family of gypsies; real life modern gypsies. We traveled often and to many countries across Europe, so some people have a hard time with my accent. I did spend several years in Germany when I was very young though."

"Wow, cool ...," you say, halting as the warning bell for the next period rings. "Crap, I have to run. Looking forward to tomorrow's class! See you!"

You rush off to your next class, grinning to yourself. You find yourself thinking about your new teacher in perhaps not entirely appropriate ways, the curve of her lips as she smiles and that spark of mischief in her eyes. You think you are going to like school this year ...

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Your second to last period of the day lands you in Mr. Hawthorne's English class, a course you've always thoroughly enjoyed. Hawthorne is probably the youngest of the teachers at Delmonte High, well, aside from Tatiana now, which might explain why he is so much more popular than the rest. He is handsome, which tends to make him popular among the female students, and actually quite tough in his own way, which has earned him a bit of respect even from some of the rougher male students.

While you've never seen him actually brawl with students you have actually witnessed him stopping fights on more than one occasion, often without letting any of the students involved get hurt ... and sometimes taking punches with a jaw that is apparently like a rock. You sometimes find yourself hoping that you can grow up to both quote Byron and wrestle two hundred and fifty pound thugs to the ground someday yourself ... not that you've exactly put in the effort to learn the latter, mind.

"Alright class, welcome back," Hawthorne says, looking up over the oval shaped lenses of his glasses at the room. "I'm happy to see you all managed to survive your last challenge with me, the classic writings of Hemingway, and move on to another exciting

year. That said, I hope you are ready for new challenges; I know summer was a little too short but we've got some more work to do ..."

The class groans but grudgingly obeys as he announces the first book of your book like to open for this class. You note the first assignment once the reading is done and quickly set to writing it, finishing well ahead of your classmates. You lean back in your chair and glance out the window, watching the distant and just barely visible treeline sway gently in the breeze. Your mind wanders back to the night of the Spirit Festival, the odd laughter among the dark giants on the forest. Your mind begins pulling details in, embellishing here and there, vague thoughts of a walk through a spooky wood slowly evolving into a story about demons and monsters ...

"Earth to Ben," Mr. Hawthorne' voice sounds next to you.

You start, turning to find your teacher giving you a wry look and gesturing toward the paper on your desk. You quickly scrawl your name on the sheet and hand it over, noticing that the rest of the class has already departed. You don't feel embarrassed though. Mr. Hawthorne long ago made a deal with you that if you maintain a certain GPA in his class you are allowed to daydream all you want. Well, that and you have to tell him about any stories you come up with; he seems to think you have a knack. Unlike some of the other teachers, Hawthorne actually likes his subject and sometimes you can't help but get caught up in his enthusiasm.

"So, what's this one about?" he asks. "You only get that spacey when you're drafting."

"Spooky haunted forest ... maybe. It's a work in progress," you tell him.

"It always is," he says with a grin. "So ... supernatural? Or are you thinking this is just about the setting being creepy?"

"Supernatural, I think," you tell him. "It started the other way at first. Then I thought the kid walking through the woods was being watched by something. Not sure what though."

"I wait with bated breath," Hawthorne says. "Let me know if you need a hand, okay? There's a couple of regional competitions going on this year, I think you could have a real shot."

You nod, packing up and heading off to your final class of the day. You spend the final class mostly putting some of your thoughts down on paper, though a few of them inevitably end up including a certain pale skinned girl and a sexy older foreign girl. When the final bell rings you head out to meet Sam in the halls and give him a high five.

"First day of school complete!" you announce. "Now we just have ... I don't know, a couple months more."

"Don't remind me. Anyway, you want to do anything after school?" Sam asks.

You think for a moment.

"Well, I guess ..."

To Be Continued ...