

# ALCOHOLIC

by Steve Hussy

## 1

Ally North was the stereotypical beauty of my Film class.

I was 24 when I met her... first through basketball and then through teaching. I've now known her for 16 years. The time has rolled, sometimes disappeared, and yet she always pops up. A cute, five foot two inch powder keg ready to explode.

Ally was eighteen years old when she left college. She had thick blonde hair, a gleaming smile, full pink lips, a tight body and big ol' titties pushing against the same tight white t-shirt she wore every day.

Her tits seemed to grow while she was at college. I should have read something into the way she kept wearing that expanding t-shirt, but I was too busy trying not to stare at the same frilly bra that would show through it.

She'd lean over my desk and her breasts would touch my shoulder. I crossed my legs and hoped to survive.

One of her fellow students, years later, summed up how she looked:

"She was so beautiful I couldn't even talk," Dudley drooled. "I could hardly breathe."

## Alcoholic

I spent so many years teaching I could sense the emotion of the room. I knew when things were going well or when they hated my guts.

But it's taken me too many years to understand Ally. Every time I think I do, she baffles me again. It's intoxicating. I have no idea what she is thinking at any given time...

I was Ally's Film Studies' teacher and Personal Tutor. Personal Tutor is a lousy role where you get a class of 20 students once a week and monitor their progress across all of their subjects. It's the first line of discipline before the attack dogs – Senior Tutors – bark and enjoy doing it.

I was not popular with other teachers because I ferociously protected my students. I hated the power that teachers exerted on students who didn't tow the line. I swore too much and I fought co-workers. I knew they couldn't fire me because my students' results were too high. Their "Alps" scores were at the top of the mountain... the best in the country. Lousy students were getting great grades because I entertained them.

The students liked that arrogance. A display that I couldn't be messed with. I dealt with their parents in much the same way.

I met Ally's mother at Parents' Evening. Ms. North was prim and proper. Ally's 5-year-old sister – Maddie – charged around before her mother shouted: "MADELEINE, SIT STILL."

The kid stopped abruptly and then climbed up on the plastic chair and stared at the floor. Ally was doing the same... just with a little grin.

## Alcoholic

I figured it was the standard middle-class set-up. A dominant mother (but where was the dad?) who was pushing for more money and possessions and social climbing towards the myth of the better life. It had succeeded to the point that Ally had very high grades from her shitty high school.

Al's mother was polite but insistent that she wanted Ally to excel in education: "Allison needs this. Things didn't go quite as well as they could have at school." She frowned: "But I'm mostly happy with how she's doing now..."

Ally's mother glared, Maddie fidgeted, and Ally was stifling laughter.

I had received a lot of "Notices to Tutor" about Ally. Attendance was riding at 30% in English Literature and Media Studies, and it was 50% in Art. She'd turn up late or be disengaged or forget to do work. At times she seemed drunk or high.

Yet Ally attended almost all of her Film lessons and completed all of her work on time. She had a constant puffy-lipped smile. I didn't have a bad word to say about her.

Her mother asked: "How do you think Allison is progressing?"

"I'm really happy with her work," I deadpanned as Ally raised her head and broadened her smile. "She'll get an A."

Ms. North brightened slightly, then said: "What about her other subjects?"

I gave her a stare. "You have a wonderful daughter."

She paused, for effect, then she breathed sarcastic fire: "Well, I hope Allison has a *wonderful* teacher."

Ally and I smiled away.  
We were having fun.

## 2

As their hideout from the rest of college, Ally, Tara and Dudley spent their free time in my classroom. This became a constant throughout my teaching days. Outsider students escaping something inside.

In-between and after lessons, Tara was always there. Tara was in Dudley's and Ally's Film class and she was 17. She was eight years younger than me.

I'd split up from my American fiancée after she decided to cheat on me with a trainee cop and engage in blowbangs instead. Tara represented some karmic justice.

After the break-up Tara started hanging around with me all of the time. I had lucked into something spectacular.

Tara was a beautiful, smart, feisty tomboy. She had curly dark red hair, blazing blue eyes, cute freckles, perky D cup boobs and a bright smile that would melt my heart. She was studying Film, Art and Dance. When she danced it was taut and energetic. She was my ideal gal.

In the midst of my lusting after Tara, we were looking at her splashing about in photos from her recent holiday. She had bedded the barman in the resort, and it wasn't hard to see how.

"I'm glad you chose a white swimsuit."

## Alcoholic

"I know you are, you cunt," she said. "I didn't realise what would happen."

I looked down at Tara's tight white top, where I could see the outline of her sports' bra. I then looked up at Tara's face, stared and raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah, you did."

Tara laughed: "Alright, you got me..."

"Can we zoom in?"

"Yeah," Tara was grinning, proud of her curves, "hold on to yer cock."

Tara zoomed in and we studied the computer's screen.

"Your nipples look a fucking good shape and colour."

"They are," Tara said. "Wanna see 'em through my top?"

Tara looked earnestly at me.

"Be honest," she said, "are they bigger than Ally's tits?"

She pushed her chest out and rubbed her nipples until they were hard. And just as Tara was squeezing her boobs together and laughing, Dudley burst through the door and shambled inside. I liked Dudley but his timing was so terrible he must have been doomed by some higher power. He had a habit of turning up when I least wanted him to be there.

Tara quickly turned back, frantically closed her holiday snaps, and started patting her nipples so they went down. "For fuck's sake," she whispered.

"Hi guys," Dudley said, unaware of it all. It looked as if he had been crying. Who knows what horrors he'd been through. "Can I just sit over here?"

## Alcoholic

Dudley was cursed with the two biggest afflictions of modern life... he was ugly and nice. There will always be sympathy for you if you are attractive, fiery, disabled, ethnic, a woman, sexually abused, mentally troubled or physically diseased. If you are short and sweet-natured with a pot-belly, bloodshot eyes and a white-man's afro... well, you're in deep trouble.

"Of course you can," I said.

Dudley pulled out some paper and a pen from his rucksack and started writing.

"I just gotta get this done for Dance, you know, it's a kinda study of choreography and she needs it today. I don't know what I'm gonna write so I'm just gonna write what's in my head."

Tara had already written her essay and run it past me. She leered at me, nipples now almost flat. Tara was exceptionally cute but she wasn't particularly nice. Her filthy sense of humour was great, but there was viciousness behind it. She had that freedom of being beautiful. The blow must be crushing when it fades.

"Hey, Dud," she said.

Dudley looked up and blushed: "Oh, hey, Tara."

"I've organised a Dudley dance-off for you today."

"Ok..."

"With Kiaron," who was the best dancer in the college. "You up for it?"

Dudley perked up and almost smiled. He had no understanding of his lack of dancing ability.

## Alcoholic

“Yeah, but...” he said. “I mean, are there prizes?”

Tara pulled a £20 note from her pocket: “Yep!”

Dudley pushed the paper back into his rucksack and said: “I’m gonna go practice, I’m gonna go practice. This is cool, this is so darn cool.” He rushed out, waving as he went.

“Well, that worked,” Tara said.

“What the fuck was that?”

“Have you noticed Dud smells like farts?”

“Tara, stop it,” I said. “What the fuck was that?”

“It’s happening in five minutes. We’ve already set it up.”

“Who?”

“The Dance team. Everyone knows about it. There’s gonna be a big crowd and everything.”

“That’s evil.”

“It’s just fun to see Dancing Dudley in action,” Tara flashed her smile. “You coming?”

I raised my eyebrows.

“No.”

Tara narrowed her beautiful blue eyes, then pinched my cheek: “You’re too sweet.”

## 3

Ally came in a minute later and stood next to me.

“Hullo you,” she beamed.

“Hey, Al.”

“Whatchu looking at?”

Alcoholic

“A blank screen,” I said. “I’m contemplating my existence.”

Ally scratched behind her left ear and sniffed a little. “Angst, huh?”

“Yeah.”

Ally never talked in long sentences. Whatever was in her head bubbled away and then slurred out precisely... a real art.

“I saw Tara leave.”

“Yeah...”

“Dint want to come in wiv her ‘bout.”

Hmm... “Yeah?”

“I see how you look at her.”

Ally bored her green eyes into my brain.

“Al...”

She giggled: “She’s uppity!”

I said: “Why aren’t you watching Dudley dance for the masses?”

“Cuz the masses are mean.”

I leaned back and rubbed the base of my neck: “Yeah...”

Ally stood behind me and leaned around me, tits resting on my back: “Cheer up and check yer emails!”

I kneaded my head and shut my eyes.

Ally said: “Betchu got one ‘bout me.”

Oh my. The egomaniacal art teacher had written: “*She’s just bloody objectionable and refused to complete the artwork required in detention!!! I don’t want her in my room... she’s vile!!!*” Yolanda then told me that Ally must be immediately removed from college.



## Alcoholic

I wrote back: *“When hell freezes over, Yolanda. Have a good day sharpening your exclamation points!!!”*

I said to Ally: “How did you get chucked out of fucking detention?”

“I drew a disproportionate penis.”

“Ah...”

“That means a big willy.”

I winced: “Yeah, Al, I know.”

Ally poked my head: “Poink!”

## 4

Don’t think that this is uncommon.

I started teaching when I was 21. My students were aged between 16-19 – above the age of consent in the UK.

It’s illegal to date them but most of the students were very sexualised. Hormones rampaged. Most were sexually active and some were doing it in the college’s grounds. A blowjob in the smoking shed wasn’t rare. Another loving couple decided to screw on the football pitch.

I never had sex with a student, I never kissed a student’s mouth. Maybe I should have. My penis certainly did a lot of my thinking, but I was a lanky outsider. Maybe that helped me avoid the worst excesses.

I taught over 1000 students and I know at least 40 teachers who had sex with at least one of them.

## Alcoholic

The canoodling was – almost always successfully – covered up by the college.

It was something that nauseated me because I prefer the truth... good or bad.

It was a different era. The AIDS scare had died down. Students needed something to fill their time, and the early 2000s were the last point before smartphones numbed the students and made their pleasures vicarious.

Ally's generation were still sucking and fucking like wild animals. It was much more fun and much more dangerous. They actively sought out life rather than consuming others.

The truth about students and teachers did leak out occasionally, but it was rare. It took a year for me to find out that the fifty-something Deputy Principal had texted thousands of sexual messages to a student. She'd sent hundreds back too...

The layers of legality hid the affair until his white-moustachioed mugshot appeared in a national newspaper.

Luckily, although the student had lost interest, she had saved his poetic texts.

*"I'm in the bath right now. It's creamy and I'm thinking about you!!!"*

*"Wifey is next to me, but I can't get you out of my mind!"*

*"Are you wet? I like it when you're sopping wet!"*

Also don't think it was simply a male thing. Most incidents involved female teachers with male students. Hands on legs and some dirty talk to get the best work out of them. And more... an aggressive female PE teacher six months into and out of the job after she had a threesome with two randy boys.

## Alcoholic

The college covered that up beautifully and she took up another role in another college. The assumption was that she had been abused by the kids, whereas the opposite was true.

Stockholm Syndrome causes the issue with teachers that everyone suspects. And I wasn't much better... romancing Tara had got into my head and I didn't know what to do about it.

My excuse is that my love for Tara went beyond the physical attraction. Her toughness reflected a recent past where she'd been molested as a fourteen-year-old. She built wall after wall around herself, and then decided the best way forward was to turn everything into a joke. If people didn't like it... fuck 'em. I admired her guts and we fitted together neatly.

While Ally seemed to drift through life on some ethereal plane, Tara was intent on attacking everything. She was a ball of energy that bobbed every time she walked and spoke.

But, through my own hang-ups over not taking advantage of her, my relationship with Tara didn't involve sex. And, hey, you can't convict someone for their thoughts. Yet.

Tara had asked me: "Can we fuck now?" countless times when she was drunk. After all of the refusals, things settled into friendship. I knew the shitstorm any sex would create and, by refusing her so many times, her pussy clammed up for good. Flirting turned into me being the stooge of her jokes.

I regularly drank with Tara as she told me filthy stories about her sexual adventures. She would fuck a different guy most weeks and rarely kept with a guy for more than a few days. The stories made me laugh, jealous and worried.

## Alcoholic

“And so he fucking came in my mouth,” she coughed one time, “it tasted like sour apple and now I’ve got fucking strep.”

“You knew what he was like...”

“Yeah, but he fucks good,” she smiled through another cough, “and he eats pussy.”

“Everyone should eat pussy,” I said. “It’s a delicacy.”

She blasted her kilowatt smile: “He came in my cunt too... y’know, down in the alley.”

I looked at her: “You let him cum inside you?”

“It felt good,” she said. “Warm...”

I froze. Then I said: “You’re a fucking idiot.”

We looked at each other and my eyes must have started to hang.

“Stop it,” she said. “I took the day-after pill.”

I continued to look at Tara.

She said: “STOP IT.”

I was furious.

She glared at me. “FUCKING STOP IT,” she said and hit my arm. “You ain’t anything either,” she said. “You’re fucking... AAUGH!”

I kept looking forward. “Always...get...them...to...wear... a...fucking...condom.”

Tara stared at me. Being close to her fried my nerves.

She said: “The reason I like you is because you never ask how I’m feeling. I can deal with everything, alright?” Tara kissed my forehead: “Stop it. You ain’t retarded.”

## 5

At least I kept my cum in my balls. That made me a rarity.

I've got a bunch of stories about those 40 teachers who diddled their students, but my favourite is about Lenny and Lois.

"He looks like a fucking overgrown sloth," Tara said.

She was annoyed that I hadn't been made Head of Media Studies. Instead, the college had hired a necrophiliac's wet dream. Anyone would think my bosses didn't like me...

Lenny angled towards me and Tara. He had long, long limbs. He was 6 foot 10 inches... a human squeezed together and upwards. All that effort had sucked the colour out of him. His skin was white and his hair was nicotine yellow.

Tara puffed away on her roll-up and perfected her cute, disgruntled hottie act.

"Fuck," she whispered and crossed her eyes, "it's Lenny the Loper."

"Greetings!" Lenny smiled and reached out his right claw. "Wonderful to meet you!"

I looked at his stained teeth – another clue he'd been a heavy smoker for the past 30 years. Everything was off-kilter. His voice was too loud. His grin leaned to the right. One murky green eye was higher than the other, bigger, browner one.

Tara coughed but you could still hear her say: "Sofuckingay."

Lenny looked at her with his lower eye: "Sorry?" His voice was effete, as high as he was.

I shook his hand and said: "Good to meet you."

## Alcoholic

“We’re going to do fabulous things!”

I could feel Tara going cross-eyed again.

My face scrunched up: “Are we?”

“Oh, yes!”

Oh no.

Lenny loped off after saying: “I’ll see you later, my pretties!”

Tara covered her mouth and coughed again, “Whaddafuck?”

It turned out that Lenny ended up with something other than pretty. The Loper cheated on his wife, who had just given birth to their daughter, and his long balls were deep into Lois, a 16 year old student.

Lois was a midget sexual predator. She was 4 foot 9 and had already flirted with me. During a drink with some of the Film students after college, she’d grabbed my knee and I had shouted “NO!”

Tara had to christen her. She said: “Lady Lois Stinkhole likes you...”

Lois made Lolita look like a saint, and her stinkhole was her mouth. Her teeth were misshapen and her guts must have been too. She wasn’t mentally ill or deformed, but her lager-fuelled maw could stun a horse. She also had dead eyes... black dots like a shark moving in for the kill.

“Don’t get excited,” Tara whispered. “She likes everyone...”

There seemed no reason for Lois to act the way she did. Like Ally, she came from a middle-class family. Her parents

seemed lovely. She got great grades. Something had just twisted inside her.

Something must have twisted in Lenny too. I was disconnected from the teachers' gossip factory, but I did know that his wife would often call reception to talk to him. The receptionists would laugh and tell me about the trivialities of the complaints. She had the sniffles... A spider was in the bath... Their baby had a cough... She wanted a chat during lesson time... And on and on.

Lenny was first suspended from the college when he slammed a male student against the side of a mobile classroom for criticising Lois's drunken teeth. It must have been like being attacked by the BFG.

Lois was a lousy drunk, so Lenny had scooped her up into his car to take her home. He placed her on his back seat and laid on top of her for a comforting hug. The ol' purple headed snake might have made an appearance too...

All of these things were done in plain sight of some students and, behind the scenes, there were frantic attempts to cover up Lenny's affair.

There were further suspensions, but Lenny's exit was very gentle. It took six months for my self-servicing bosses to organise. During that time, he still worked at the college and continued to fuck Lois. He then formed a foreign language school with her. That school was visited by The Queen, on one of her jaunts to meet the common people.

## Alcoholic

Lois will always be Lady Lois, but Lenny The Loper is now an MBE for his services to education. He's also a local councillor and was a Labour Party candidate in the last election.

In a battle between two twits, he came second to the Conservative Party Chairman.

I wanted Lenny to win. Maybe I could sell the story? But I knew you can't help who you fall in love with, and the boy who he assaulted was a nasty piece of work. It doesn't excuse it but...

Lenny's dick had got the better of him. And who was I to talk?

## 6

Ally was one of the students that had seen Lenny laying on The Lady. And Ally was stuck with six months more of The Loper.

"Now I really dun trust 'im," Ally said, "and 'e's got death breath."

Teachers drink way too much coffee and it makes their all-too-open mouths smell like a fresh turd. Stick to vodka, folks...

I said: "But you've still got to go to his lessons."

"Nah, I don't. And 'e dun care 'bout teachin', anyway."

"Al..."

She brushed the hair out of her eyes and licked her lips.

"'E's too busy fuggin' Lo-isssssssss..." Ally wiggled her tongue.



## Alcoholic

“Hmm...”

“But y’couldn’t possibly comment?”

I laughed at that.

Teachers are a strange lot. Overworked and undersexed. Lenny failed to mark work or prepare lessons because he was busy navigating his love life. Al’s English Literature teacher fantasised about giving Shakespeare a handjob. And Yolanda, Ally’s Art teacher, was even worse. She felt the world needed to be filled with her bad abstract art and photography.

I knew they were teaching Ally badly. They were trying to contain her. She’d entered college with “A” grades in Art, History, Media Studies, Mathematics, English Literature and English Language. Like any student, she needed a little freedom and a little help.

We ended up with Ally charting her way through detentions while I tried to cover her tracks from her inept teachers.

“Prepare for ‘nother email,” she half-smiled.

“From?”

“Lenny,” she said. “Whoop!”

She hadn’t bothered with a piece of homework on advertising. I didn’t blame her... I was repulsed that Media Studies included the devil’s work.

Lenny had called her in for detention. Perhaps he was angling for a threesome...

“Al...”

She giggled: “Yer catchphrase!”

She sat upright and pushed out her chest: “Come here.”

They must have been double D cups. On such a little frame.

I felt like breaking into a run.

But I walked over slowly and sat next to her.

“Hullo,” she said.

“Hello.”

She tilted her head: “Y’can honk my boobs if you wanna.”

“Ally!”

She didn’t miss a beat. “Y’know,” Ally said, “when I was at school I had Mongland.”

“Huh?”

“I was always in detention and I’d draw and play games wiv myself.”

“Ok,” I breathed out, “tell me.”

“The best Mongland game iz th’ Chair Game.” Ally did that half-smile again: “You balance yer chair back as far as ya can before ya fall over.”

Alright.

We leaned back and teetered on the edge.

I looked at Ally: “Not bad...”

“Iz great,” Ally beamed. “I can do this for hours!”

**– END OF SAMPLE –**  
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