After School Hookup

Ch. 01

by rockandrollerÂ©

Alice longs to wear a plaid skirt, and Halloween is her chance...

\*

I don't have to apologize, not one little bit. The fates themselves planted the

seeds in my head and even though I didn't recognize them at the time there was

no way for me to resist their eventual flowering. I do, however, remember the

exact season they were sowed.

I was a little girl of five and it was the beginning of autumn. Looking out our

bay window one morning I discovered that there were tiny groups of girls walking

by our house. Girls in white cotton knee socks, white blouses and shiny black

patent leather shoes with a little strap across the top.

Most importantly to me, they were girls in plaid skirts.

I had no idea why those skirts intrigued me so, but I was enchanted. I liked the

bright colors of the skirts, how they wrapped tightly around skinny waists, the

way the motion of the legs under them caused them to swish softly to and fro. I

was sure that if I ever got one I would have to learn how to walk a special way

just to make them do that.

Every day giggle after giggle of girls went by holding books in their crossed

arms, their blue plaid skirts swaying gently as they sauntered by. And every day

I went to sit in the bay window to watch.

Sometimes I even noticed that there were boys walking along in groups of their

own. They seemed to spend a lot of time watching the girls in blue plaid skirts,

like I did. If a girl caught any of them, the boy would pretend that he hadn't

been looking at all. Then he might throw a rock or punch one of his friends in

the arm as if that somehow meant he hadn't been looking. And every once in a

while one of the boys would nudge his buddy and whisper in his ear. Then he

would nod at the swishing skirt on the girl in front of him and they'd both

laugh. Of course I had no idea what that was all about. I could tell that the

girls noticed, but for some reason they mostly pretended that they didn't.

But that stuff didn't really matter to me. What mattered was the pretty plaid

skirts. Most girls my age dreamed of being princesses who wore long silky gowns

in shiny colors and were named Ariel or Rose. But not me. I didn't want to be a

silly old princess. I was proud of myself because my dreams were much more grown up than that. More realistic. What I wanted was to wear a plaid skirt.

I knew that somehow if I could only put one on, then everyone would look at me

and admire me and tell me how pretty I was. Of course I would pretend that I

wasn't as pretty as all that, but deep in my heart I would know that all of the

compliments were very true.

I wanted to be one of those girls so very badly. I wanted to wear a pretty plaid

skirt and carry my books and walk down the street and have the boys look at me

while I pretended I didn't notice.

"Where are they going?" I asked my big brother Evan, who happened to be looking

out the window too as I watched them going by one spring morning. Evan was six

years older than me and the font of all useful knowledge as far as I was concerned.

"Those girls? They're going to school. Pretty soon you'll be old enough to go to

school yourself."

"Me? Really?"

"Really, Allison," he said, using my full name and patting me on the shoulder in

that possessive big-brother way he sometimes had. "You'll have books and

teachers, and they let you play on the playground. You'll really like it." It

was reassuring to have a big brother who knew everything, and I couldn't wait to

be old enough for school so I could wear a plaid skirt and black shoes and have

the boys watch me as I walked.

As my first day of school got closer, I grew more and more excited. I was going

to put on my new plaid skirt and my patent leather shoes; I would wear my hair

in pigtails and all of the boys walking behind me would look and all of the

girls would be jealous with how pretty I was. I just knew it.

But nobody had thought to tell me that we weren't Catholic and that the school

down the street wasn't the school I was going to. When the first day of school

came Mom laid out my prettiest dress and told me to get ready for the big day. I

burst into tears.

"Why do I have to wear this?" I cried over and over. Mom had no idea why I was

so upset, and no doubt thought my distress was somehow related to first day

jitters -- her daughter fixating on the wrong thing because she couldn't

articulate her real fear. Trying to keep me calm, she told me I could wear

whatever I wanted. I couldn't understand why she was teasing me so. I ran to my

room and pulled all of the clothes out of my drawers, looking for a new plaid

skirt and new black patent leather shoes, but I couldn't find them.

Mom finally lost her patience and pulled me down into her lap. She asked me what

exactly I was looking for. It took several tries to get the words past my tears

and out of my mouth.

"My p-p-plaid skirt! And my black shoes! All the girls have them. That's what

you're supposed to wear when you go to school." I could see the light bulb go

off over her head as she realized my misunderstanding. She gathered me in her

arms and soothed me, murmuring sympathetically in the perfect way that only

mothers know how to do. She explained that those girls weren't as lucky as I

was, and that I could wear whatever I wanted to my school. She tried to make it

sound like my school was better than the one down the street, the one where all

of the girls had to wear pretty plaid skirts that swayed when they walked.

"Sweetie, you'll like it much better at your school, I promise. Didn't you ever

notice that all of the girls going to school down the street are lots older than

you are? Your school is for little girls like you. Sally is going to your

school, too, and she's your best friend. You wouldn't want her to have to go to

school without you, would you?" Mom rubbed my back and whispered to me, just as if I really had a choice, "Will you do it for me?"

Miserably I caved in to her calm reassurances. I put on the dress she had laid

out for me and went off to my first day at school. I even learned to like my

public school, and as the years went by I gradually figured out that I really

didn't mind not being Catholic at all.

But I couldn't get the images of those schoolgirls out of my mind, and I never

did stop wanting to be one of them.

\* \* \*

I stuffed the thoughts of plaid skirts and patent leather shoes away in the back

of my mind where they could do no damage. Oh, I never forgot them. And as I grew older and began to learn a little about life I slowly came to recognize the

undercurrents of sex that were inextricably tied to schoolgirls in uniform. But

there was nothing I could do with my realizations. If you're not actually in a

school where the girls wear uniforms you look kind of silly parading around in a

plaid skirt and knee high socks. So I wore tight jeans and tops that showed my

tummy and I kept that little fire banked in a far corner of my mind, ready to be

fanned back to life when the right occasion arose, which it didn't do until high

school.

Just after I turned eighteen, Jamie Nelson was throwing this big Halloween party

and all of the cool kids were going. Sally and Hannah and I were at my house

trying to decide what to wear. We weren't sure what we wanted to be, but the one

thing we knew was that we wanted to go dressed alike.

"How about cheerleaders?" Sally said.

"That's not bad," I said. "Short skirts. And the boys always drool over the

cheerleaders. Look at how many guys are always drooling over Ella."

"No way!" said Hannah. "Ella and the squad were invited, and we don't want to

look like we want to be one of them or anything."

"That's true," said Sally, sounding a little disappointed. Sally's attempt to

join the squad had failed, and I figured that was the real reason she had made

the suggestion.

"Hannah's right," I chimed in. "Those girls are too stuck up already. It

wouldn't do at all to make them think we admire them or something. We need

something different. Sexy, but not too slutty."

"Yeah," said Hannah. "We don't want to go as strippers or anything like that."

Sally laughed. "As if your dad would let you out of the house wearing stockings,

heels and a feather boa." Hannah stuck her tongue out at Sally.

"I've got it!" said Hannah, clapping her hands in delight. "What if I went as a

dead bride, and you two could be my dead bridesmaids?"

Sally and I looked at each other and giggled. "Not bad," I said. "But doesn't

the thought of standing next to a bride make a boy nervous?"

"Oh, come on," Sally said. "They'll like thinking that they're going to get

lucky without actually having to get married. And I don't think anyone else will

think of it. I kinda like that idea."

We all thought for a minute or two, picturing ourselves dressed in white gowns.

Sally said, "What if we went as sexy witches? We could wear black stockings and

short skirts and pointy hats. Maybe I could even take Teeka with me!" Teeka was

Sally's pride and joy, her little black cat.

"There's no way Teeka would put up with being carried around in a stranger's

house all night," I said. "Besides, don't you think the whole witch thing has

been overdone? Remember how many there were last year?"

"Yeah," said Hannah. "Elsa was one."

"And Hailey and Abigail," said Sally.

"Abigail," I said. "Really?"

"Yep. Remember? She had that stuffed cat puppet that she carried in her arms all

night?"

"Oh, yeah." I said. "So that's no good. We need something that hasn't been done

to death."

"Well, what's your big idea?" said Sally.

As I said, I had kept the idea tucked way far away in the back of my mind. So

far away that I was surprised myself when it suddenly bloomed in front of me.

"How about schoolgirls?" I said. "We could wear plaid skirts and white knee

socks, and patent leather shoes. It'd be sexy, and it wouldn't even cost too

much."

"Sexy?" said Hannah. "You're kidding, right?"

"No, she's not!" said Sally, clapping her hands in glee. "It's perfect! Boys all

drool over those Catholic schoolgirl outfits. Haven't you ever seen them

watching the girls walking to St. Joseph's?"

"Listen to her," I said. "Boys love girls in schoolgirl outfits. Especially if

they aren't used to seeing them like that. Besides, your dad won't accuse you of

looking too sexy. How slutty can it be if every Catholic schoolgirl in town is

dressed the same way?"

And the decision was made.

We went shopping at Park Hills Mall and I was surprised at how many different

plaid skirts there were to choose from. Blues and pinks, grays and reds. There

were all different lengths, too. We finally settled on a baby blue plaid, a

color that really brought out the color of Sally's eyes. The socks were no

problem, and neither was the blouse. In order to save money we passed on the

black leather shoes, and instead we bought matching tennies.

The night of the party I stood in front of the full-length mirror, smoothing the

short skirt over my legs. It felt so right -- an unfilled and all but forgotten

promise to myself from childhood finally coming true, as if my life had been

pale and dreary until my skinny waist was wrapped in plaid. I looked innocent

and sexy all at once, and I just knew the boys at the party were going to go

crazy. Just for fun I popped my thumb in my mouth and pouted, and I had to

giggle at how dirty and silly I felt.

There was no reason at all to let our parents know that we were going to a party

in sexy outfits, but we had a plan for that. I started out by tousling my hair.

Then I got out the makeup I'd bought and pancaked my whole face and neck in a

ghostly pallor. I applied too much mascara, the non-waterproof kind, so when I

splashed some water on my eyes it ran down my cheeks. For the piece de

resistance, I attached a fake bullet hole to my forehead. I added some blood red

gel which I let drool down over my eye and onto my cheek. I have to admit, it

all looked pretty gruesome. And far, far from sexy.

I heard Sally and Hannah arrive, and I ran downstairs to find them waiting for

me. They looked amazing -- innocent schoolgirls who had been mercilessly slain

on their way to school. The crisp clean plaid skirts and white stockings

contrasting sickeningly with the blood and gore they had applied to their faces.

We congratulated ourselves and went to find Mom and Dad, who thought we were

suitably teenager-y and scary.

"But what are you supposed to be?" Dad asked.

"Murdered schoolgirls!" I said, and we all giggled with how silly we were being.

Mom and Dad laughed and had us pose for pictures, making dead schoolgirl faces.

And non-the-wiser to our true purpose, they waved us goodbye.

Once we pulled away from the house in Hannah's car, the washcloths came out and

we scrubbed our faces clean. On the drive over to Jamie's we applied our real

makeup -- a hint of rouge to suggest a pre-teenager's cheeks, a chaste shade of

pink lipstick and mascara and liner carefully applied to give us a wide-eyed

look. We brushed our hair and braided it into pigtails to add to the illusion of

innocent ingÃ©nues.

Hannah went the extra step and put a big blue bow on top of her hair. "To tell

us apart," she laughed.

After we stopped giggling, Sally showed us her accessory -- a pair of reading

glasses that she'd borrowed from her mom's night table. "There," she said,

putting them on, batting her eyes and forming a moue with her pink lips. "Do I

look suitably brainy?"

We laughed and told her that yes, she looked very brainy. And we reassured each

other that there was no way we couldn't have any boy we wanted.

None of us imagined how successful we'd be.

I swear, everyone stopped what they were doing when we walked in just so they

could look. I have to admit, amongst all of the witches and farm girls and

princesses we did stand out. And just why is it that boys always dress up in

something bloody, anyhow?

Jamie's parents were cool, even though they made sure everyone stayed together

so they could keep an eye on us during the party. They had set up a table full

of munchies and punch with corny names like 'Crushed Crickets' and 'Troll

Blood.' We wandered through the house, saying 'hi' to everyone before we settled

into a spot near the kitchen counter. Pretty soon we had a bunch of boys around

us, vying for attention.

Sally and Hannah and I stuck together to enhance the illusion -- after all,

schoolgirls come in groups, right? It also helped us watch each others' backs.

We fielded so many compliments that it was just easier to keep our panties on

and the boys' hands off if we guarded each other.

Not that we were perfect little girls, though. There wasn't a moment that there

weren't a few boys around us, and there was almost always a hand to be slapped

away from caressing a plaid skirt or trying to feel a bra strap through a white

blouse. Of course we always stopped the exploring hands just a few seconds later

than we could have. But I couldn't believe all of the attention! Boys who'd

never given us the time of day before were suddenly interested in us; talking to

us and trying to paw us even though we were the same three girls who were

relegated to background status when we were at school.

The only difference was the plaid skirts.

Hannah let Matt Martin monopolize her company. He was big enough to discourage

the other boys from getting too close to her. And I got my first kiss ever that

night from Johnny Stafford, who had never paid me any attention before at all.

But the strumpet of the night award went to Sally. She took to her part a little

too well, pretending that she was a little girl by keeping her thumb in her

mouth and talking with a lisp. It drove the boys crazy.

Tyler Pasder never strayed from her side and somehow managed to be touching her almost constantly, his hands roving up and down her back, getting too low until

Hannah or I would notice and slap them away.

Kidding, he asked Sally what she wore under her skirt.

"Pan-ties," she said, drawing the word out in the innocent lisp of a five-year

old.

"Can I see them?" Tyler asked, drawing his fingers up her arm as if he didn't

really care about her answer.

"Mommy wouldn't like it if I showed you," she said, shaking her head from side

to side.

"Please? I won't tell."

"Nope."

"Pretty please? It'll make me sad if you don't." Tyler stuck out his lower lip

in an exaggerated pout, which looked pretty comical coming from a guy in a Boba

Fett costume.

Sally pretended to think about it. "Well, OK." She took a quick look around to

see if Jamie's parents were watching, and then before anyone could stop her she

bent over and flipped up her skirt, showing that she was indeed wearing white

cotton panties. The boys all cheered and Sally stood back up and put her thumb

in her mouth.

"Did I do all right?" she whispered in her baby girl voice.

The boys allowed that she had done just fine and Sally beamed a thousand watt

smile at them. Then of course, they wanted to see some more. Sally's refusals

kept them pleading for the rest of the party.

I didn't lose my virginity that night, but Hannah may have. I've never asked and

she never told. To my relief Sally stopped acting like a little girl the moment

we left the party and never acted that way again.

My lesson from the Halloween party was something very powerful, something that

I'd always suspected but never known for sure. A short plaid skirt gives a girl

lots of power when it comes to boys.

Next: Alice is surprised to learn who shares her desire...

After School Hookup

Ch. 02

by rockandrollerÂ©

I still didn't get many chances to use my newfound knowledge of the power of a

plaid skirt because there just weren't that many opportunities to dress up like

a school girl. I went through high school with my lesson cemented firmly in my

mind but with no opportunities to apply it.

After I graduated from high school I decided to drive up to Evan's college,

anxious to tell him I'd been accepted there and to have him show me around. I

knew he'd be happy we'd both be attending the same school for one term before he

graduated. Evan's effortless intelligence and hard work had allowed him to get

his degrees almost two years ahead of time. He was only a couple of classes away

from his masters in education, and because of his GPA and his early graduation

he was already turning down job offers. I was so proud of him, and I couldn't

wait to make him proud of me too.

After I got lost a few times on the campus I managed to find his student housing

building -- a ruddy orange brick one that was like way old, maybe 30 years. It

was one of several buildings on campus where active students who were no longer

allowed a room in the dorms could rent apartments that weren't really any bigger

than the dorms. I found my way up to his room and immediately paid the price for

my surprise visit when Evan's roommate Todd said that he wasn't there.

Todd was a big lumbering guy, and he was kind of cute. He must have had a

girlfriend, because there was no sign of flirting when he talked to me, even

though I had dressed kind of sexy for my first visit to college. "I think

Evan'll be back in a little while," he said. "You're welcome to wait here, but

I've got to go to class, so I can't stay. Big test." And he took his pack and

walked out the door.

I quickly decided there wasn't much to the apartment, which catered exclusively

to the transient student population. A couple of beds and desks, and a tiny

kitchen. There was a short hallway that led to the bathroom. The place was all

strewn with boy-detritus of clothes, fast food boxes and tons of empty cans of

energy drinks, pop and even beer.

Bored, I casually rifled through some papers on the desk and a few of the books

laying around. There wasn't anything very interesting, but I did decide that I

was glad that I wasn't going to be studying education.

I could tell which desk was Evan's by the family pictures on it. His computer

beckoned, and figuring that it was a little sister's prerogative to snoop on her

brother I sat down at the cheesy wooden table.

At first I didn't find anything interesting -- a file of the papers he'd written

and some dumb computer game called World of Warcraft that he'd been playing. His tunes. I killed some time looking at my email, and then decided that while I was

there I'd see what Evan's favorite websites were.

Most of it was junk. But in a folder cunningly labeled 'fun stuff' I learned the

unadulterated truth: blood is thicker than water, siblings share the same

secrets, and Evan was truly my very own big brother.

Every website in his folder, every picture, every video showed young girls

having sex in every way imaginable. But that wasn't the surprise. I knew that

most boys used the internet to look at naked girls.

The surprise was that every single girl wore a plaid skirt.

Plaid skirts short and long, plaid skirts in all kinds of colors, plaid skirts

thrown to the floor in haste, plaid skirts pushed out of the way so girls could

be fucked, plaid skirts wrapped around big cocks spurting sperm. An army of

faceless men sucked, licked and fucked their way through an endless supply of

willing plaid-skirted schoolgirls. I couldn't have been more stunned as Evan's

secret desires were revealed to me one skirt at a time.

I clicked my way through his porn sites, unwilling to believe what I was seeing.

I mean, I had known ever since the Halloween party when I was sixteen that there

was power to be had there, that girls in plaid skirts were somehow more

desirable, more alluring. But I'd had no idea of how popular my little weakness

was, how many thousands of girls there were who thought the same way I did and

had carried their knowledge to its ultimate conclusion.

And I sure as hell hadn't known that the secret enticements of plaid skirts had

captured my own big brother.

Looking through his websites I started to get wet.

There were girls with warm sperm splashed all over their sexy schoolgirl

glasses. Girls in pigtails staying after class, letting the teacher fuck them on

his desk so they'd get an 'A' in biology. Girls on school security cameras,

lifting their plaid skirts in the hallway so their boyfriends could fuck them

from behind. Girls bent over the principals' desk, their skirts lifted and their

panties pulled down so their bare bottoms could be spanked pink. Girls sitting

on the concrete steps in front of school, lifting their skirts and spreading

their legs so they could masturbate for the camera. It went on and on, and

endless variety of wet schoolgirls demonstrating the irresistible sway of

knee-high socks and plaid skirts by submitting to the men who wanted them.

My hand strayed between my legs and a delightful shudder wiggled through me as I

stared in awe at all of the hard cocks having their way with teenage girls. I

wanted to be one of those girls, ravaged by a man who couldn't resist my plaid

skirt. I got lost in the fictional world in front of me, a world that I knew had

its basis in real girls, real skirts, real cocks. I rubbed my hand up and down,

pressing the seam of my jeans into my slit and wondering if I dared chance

masturbating before Evan got back.

I was amazed that there were no other types of porn on his computer. No sluts or

secretaries, no cheating housewives or girls in silky lingerie. Just schoolgirls. Girls short and tall, plain and pretty, blonde and brunette. The only thing that linked them all were their plaid skirts a willingness to use them for sex. Evan's secret desires were the male equivalent of my own, and that knowledge sent a delicious tingle straight to pussy. Not that I'd ever act on it or anything. I mean, Evan was a really smart guy and very handsome, a real catch for any girl. But that didn't matter because girls just don't go around lusting after their big brothers. Still, knowing that we both shared a secret fetish for plaid skirts, knee-high socks and cotton panties made me feel closer to him than I ever did before.

I could picture Evan sitting right here in this chair, looking at these same

schoolgirls and masturbating, his cock hard and wet in his hand until it

splurted sperm all over the place. And the thought of It was more than a girl

could stand. Suddenly the decision was made, and I couldn't wait a second more.

I quickly unsnapped my jeans and unzipped them. They were tight enough that I

had to wiggle my bottom and push them down a little before I could slide my hand

inside my panties.

When my fingers touched my clit a low moan escaped my lips. I clicked on a video

to watch while I slid my finger up and down my slit. It felt like forever since

I had done myself and pussy welcomed the attention with a happy spasm of relief.

I settled into rhythm while I watched the video, sliding my fingers up and down

my wet slit and rubbing little circles around my clit where it did the most good.

It was obvious the video had been shot on a cheap set made up to look like a

classroom. A girl in pigtails and a green plaid skirt bent over and put her

hands on the chalkboard tray so she could show her white cotton panties off to

her 'teacher.' He said, "You must really want an 'A,' Miss Granger." She bit her

thumb and nodded. Then she reached behind and pushed her panties down to her

knees, baring her bottom for teacher. He took out his cock, which was already

long and stiff. I rubbed myself faster, as anxious as Miss Granger for him to

slide it into her. My breath started coming in the little fits and spurts that

always preceded one of my self-induced orgasms.

Then I froze. I thought I could hear someone coming, and I turned the sound off

the computer so I could tell for sure.

It wasn't my imagination. Someone was turning the handle on the front door. I

hadn't locked it, and I was going to get caught with my jeans unsnapped and my

hand massaging pussy. Trying my best to be quiet I jumped up from the chair and

quickly ran into the little hall that led to the bathroom. I had to hold up my

jeans to keep them from falling down.

I made it just before the door slammed open. Now that I was safely around the

corner I tried to zip up my jeans. I fumbled with the zipper, but I seemed to

have lost my coordination in the fear of almost getting caught. It didn't help

any that my fingers were slippery with girl juice. Whispery noises drifted to my

ears while I tried to compose myself so I could act like I'd just been in the

bathroom. I finally got the zipper up and peered around the corner while I

snapped my jeans.

Evan was being tumbled onto his bed by a cute girl with short blonde hair. She

had on a t-shirt and a plain black skirt that came down past her knees. It

didn't do much for her figure. Neither did her clunky shoes. She and Evan were

frantically kissing, and it was apparent that they'd been hard at it before they

slammed into the room. They had dropped their backpacks in an untidy pile on the

floor by the bed. I waited a few seconds for them to stop so I could make my

entrance, but she practically ripped open Evan's shorts and got his dick pulled

out before I realized how far they were going to go, and then it was too late.

Blondie started stroking his cock with her petite hand, and I couldn't very well

walk into the room while he was oozing pre-cum onto his girlfriend's fingers.

I didn't have to watch, though. Embarrassed and wondering just how I'd gotten

myself into this position I withdrew into the hallway. I should have retreated

to the safety of the bathroom and waited, but my head was full of images of big

cocks and schoolgirl sex, and pussy was all squishy and needy. It was too much

to ask that I show proper restraint and turn away, truly it was. Even if it was

my big brother. I'd never watched someone having sex for real, and it was more

temptation than any horny girl could resist.

I held my breath and peered around the corner.

Blondie's knees were spread on either side of Evan's legs, straddling him as he

lay on the bed. She greedily stuffed her mouth full of his thick wet dick. Her

head bobbed up and down and Evan's hands gently cradled her face, his eyes

closed in mute ecstasy while she murmured little noises of satisfaction. My

breath caught in my throat when I realized how large he was and how hard pussy

was trembling for attention.

His panting was so ragged and loud that I could hear it across the room. Blondie

took her mouth off him long enough to whisper, "You like that, don't you?" She

obviously didn't expect an answer because she immediately drew him into her

throat again. It was like watching a sword-swallower. She opened wide and

slurped him into her mouth, and I could see her throat rippling as his cock slid

inside.

I'd never known you could put one so far into your mouth, and I wished I knew

how to do that. A delicious shudder ran up my back and I took a deep breath, but

it didn't slow the burning need between my legs.

There was enough blame to go around. Evan, Blondie, all of the damned porn on

the computer. Hell, even the girl who wore the green plaid skirt carried a share

of the responsibility. It was because of them that I was standing there horny

and jealous and frustrated and guilty. But no matter where the need came from,

there was only one way to assuage it. And ironically enough I knew that I was

less likely to get caught while I could see that Evan and Blondie were otherwise

occupied.

I unfastened my jeans again. I slid my fingers between my legs and tickled my

clit through my panties. It made my breath catch, and I was glad they were so

involved in their passionate fuck that they couldn't hear me.

Blondie got up on her knees, pulling her black skirt up so she could position

her crotch right above Evan's naked dick. She lifted her skirt out of the way so

she could reach under it and push her panties aside. She'd worked hard and fast

to get him sufficiently primed, and now she was in a hurry to have him inside

her. My big brother was staring between her legs as if he'd never seen a pussy

before. She took his dick in her hand and caressed it before she lowered

herself, skewering her ready slit on Evan's need.

They both gasped and Blondie put her hands on his chest, watching his eyes while

she began to furiously bounce up and down. She wasn't above taking her own

pleasure, but this fuck was his. They were way noisier than I would have

imagined -- there was a gooey sucking sound with every pump and a squishy liquid

splat every time her pussy slapped the base of his cock; wet noises which added

to the sounds of their panting and moaning. They seemed loud enough that they

must have been heard in the next apartment, and I wondered how any college kid

ever got any studying done.

I moved my fingers in time to Blondie's humping -- every time she came down on

Evan's dick I rubbed a little quicker. This was no time for a gentle teasing

orgasm for either Blondie or me. The tremors between my legs gathered for a

quick ride to heaven, and I gritted my teeth together so I wouldn't cry out.

Suddenly Evan moaned and pulled Blondie down hard on his dick with his hands on

her waist. She buried her face in his shoulder and curled up into a ball. Evan

came inside her, straining so hard to bury himself deep in her pussy that she

was lifted from the bed.

I was so close to cumming that I couldn't stand it, but I couldn't manage to

push myself over the edge. It had all just happened too fast. And now that they

weren't frantically kissing and fucking it suddenly seemed too quiet. Their

after sex cuddling wasn't making enough noise to cover the sound of my

almost-there panting. I leaned back into the hall, swallowed hard and closed my

eyes, but I didn't stop masturbating altogether. I tickled my slit lightly to

let her down slowly, promising her that this was just a tease on the way to a

good cum when I wasn't in a doorway hiding from my brother and his lover.

When I peeked around the corner again they were right where I'd left them --

Blondie curled up in a post-cum ball on top of Evan's dick. They were both still

dressed except for the important parts. Her skirt was pushed up high around her

thighs, her legs bare except for her clunky shoes. Blondie sat up and closed her

eyes. She stretched while Evan rubbed her back through her t-shirt.

"Was that good, baby?" she asked, quite pleased with her quickie.

"Mmmm," Evan purred, still stroking her back lightly, his energy all spent

inside his cute little blonde lover.

He was about to drift off to sleep. But then it happened. Blondie's eyes landed

on his computer screen, which was silently replaying the video I'd been

watching. The schoolgirl in the green plaid skirt was on her back on the desk,

her skirt flapping around her bare legs while her naked teacher fucked her bald

slit silly.

Blondie sat upright, her temper showing in her posture as well as her eyes.

"Evan! I thought you weren't going to look at this stuff any more!" Her jaw was

set in anger and her eyes were on fire with indignation, which must be hard to

do when your pussy is dripping sperm onto your lover's dick. He twisted so he

could look up over his shoulder to see what she was yelling about. The look in

his eyes was more fatal resignation than surprise. The girl in the plaid skirt

dropped to her knees in front of her teacher and opened her mouth wide.

"Dammit!" Blondie said, slapping Evan hard on the shoulder. She lifted herself

off of him and stood up, furiously reaching beneath her skirt to tug her panties

back into place. Evan sat up, his thick dick wilting tiredly in his lap.

"That stuff is just sick," Blondie said. "I don't know why you think plaid

skirts and schoolgirls are so hot. I told you I am NOT going to wear one of

those, and I told you what would happen to us if you didn't stop looking at that

disgusting stuff online."

"C'mon, Kelsey. It doesn't mean anything." His voice was bored and tired, as if

this argument had been had before and he didn't want to put any energy into

having it again. He tucked his spent manhood back into his shorts and zipped

them up. "Schoolgirls are just hot."

"What are you?" she said. "Some kind of pervert? I mean, why are you always

looking at some bimbo in a plaid skirt doing it? Don't you think I'm enough for

you?"

"C'mon, baby. Of course you are. Why are you always getting so upset? I've told

you it doesn't mean anything. What difference does it make to you what you're

wearing if It's something I like?"

Kelsey wasn't mollified by his argument, or lack thereof. She folded her arms in

a huff and nodded fiercely at the computer screen. "I suppose you want to do

that, too."

The schoolgirl on the video was smiling brightly, on her knees in front of her

teacher. She stuck her tongue out to catch the sperm shooting from his cock. She

let the pearlescent blobs drool from her mouth to land on her green plaid skirt.

The sight of sperm on a plaid skirt was almost enough to make me cum just

standing there.

Evan's eyes were drawn to the screen, as captivated by the sight as his little

sister was. The schoolgirl closed her eyes, licked her lips clean and swallowed.

The taste made her smile, a hundred-watt grin that announced that all of her

girly desires had been satisfied. She waved bye at the camera, and the video

started over.

Evan's couldn't stop watching. I recognized the misery on his face, even if

Kelsey didn't. He could see just what he wanted -- it was right there on the

screen in front of him. And the fact that his lover dismissed his desires so

thoroughly left him totally hopeless. His voice was soft when he answered

Kelsey, and it made me angry with her to see him this close to out-and-out

begging.

"Well, it wouldn't hurt to try it once, would it?"

"You're disgusting, and I'm going home." Kelsey said, her voice colder than a

bug on ice. She was in such a huff that I expected her to stamp her clunky-shoed

foot. Instead she grabbed her pack and turned and left the apartment, slamming

the door behind her. Evan jumped up from the bed and chased after her, letting

the door latch behind him.

"Aww, Kelsey, c'mon!" he said, his voice fading as he trailed her down the

hallway.

God. Not only did my big brother have a serious jones for a schoolgirl in a

plaid skirt, but his girlfriend wouldn't even wear one for him. Bitch.

I came out from hiding, my plan to talk to Evan in tatters. There was no way for

me to have a conversation with him now, not while my poor brain was so swamped

with pictures of his huge cock sliding in and out of Kelsey while he pretended

she was a plaid-skirted schoolgirl. Jeez.

As I stepped near the center of the room I couldn't help but stare at the

running video. Miss Granger's skirt was up and her panties were down. She was

bent over the chalkboard, holding on tightly so that she wouldn't fall while her

teacher pounded his cock into her from behind. Her pigtails bounced in time to

his thrusts, and even though the computer's sound was still off I could tell she

was moaning in pleasure.

My legs got weak and I had to sit down again. I felt kind of ashamed that I was

just as entranced by the video as my big brother had been, and I knew that I

should just get up and leave. But that knowledge didn't quench the pounding need

between my legs. Pussy was begging me to finish what I had started, and I knew

that when she got like this no promises of 'later' were going to appease her.

Watching Evan have sex after I'd been masturbating to a video of a girl living

my fantasy left me so needy that I almost didn't care about the consequences,

and I decided to polish myself off as quickly as I could.

After School Hookup

Ch. 02

by rockandrollerÂ©

But I wasn't going to make the same mistake I had before.

I walked trotted over to the door and locked it. Quickly, because I didn't want

to miss any of the girl in the plaid skirt earning her 'A.' I figured that at

the very least I'd bought myself some time if Evan came back before I finished.

Not that I thought it was going to take long. By the time I got back to the desk

I had kicked off my shoes, my jeans and my panties. Hey, if you're going to go

all the way, you might as well go all the way.

I settled into Evan's chair and put my feet up on the edge of his desk. I felt

so dirty sitting in a room that wasn't mine, wearing nothing but a lacy shirt

and white socks, my legs spread and pussy all shiny and wet. Masturbating was

something that was supposed to be done at home, in bed, under the covers.

I spread my feet apart, sliding my white socks along the edge of the desk. I had

to push an empty Full Throttle can out of the way to get my legs as far apart as

I wanted them. The light from the computer shone on my glistening pussy, making

me feel like I was offering myself to the video. I guess, in a way, I was.

I left pussy to her own devices for a second while I turned up the sound. Miss

Granger was leaning back against the desk, her legs spread as far apart as she

could get them and still have her feet on the ground. She lifted her skirt out

of the way so that the teacher could step between her legs, his anxious cock

poking out and searching for her pussy.

"Oh, Mr. Peters! It's so big!" she said.

"Yes, Miss Granger. Can you spell 'humongous?'"

With those corny words Mr. Peters slid into her again, effectively canceling any

hope of an answer as Miss Granger gasped in pleasure. She wiggled her pussy,

urging the intruding cock further into her. I slipped two fingers inside my

slick hole. My whole body twitched, and I started to fuck myself rhythmically. I

spread my girl cum all over, even smearing it on my thighs and tummy. Pussy was

very grateful. I was being so fucking decadent, but there was nothing else I

could do while I was in the thrall of a video plaid skirt and a real hard cock.

I had to slow down a little towards the end of the video -- I wanted to cum at

the same time that Mr. Peters did so I could imagine he was cumming in my mouth

too. You know how you can sometimes cum too fast, too hard? The deliberate pace

forced on me by the video drew out the tension perfectly, and I knew I was going

to have a killer orgasm.

Mr. Peters drew himself from his student. Miss Granger was obviously a fast

learner because she immediately slid to the floor, opening her jaws wide so her

teacher could finish himself off in her mouth. Mr. Peters continued his teaching

to the girl on her knees in front of him.

"You must always keep stroking while it's cumming, Miss Granger. Let me show

you." He took his cock in his hand and began frantically stroking it.

I don't know how most girls do it, but the best way for me to cum wasn't with my

fingers inside me. I knew from countless hours of practicing that light fast

friction in the right spot just above my clit was what got me off. I flipped my

fingertips back and forth in a blur, barely grazing my skin and frantically

splashing tiny droplets of warm juice onto my inner thighs.

There'd been too much sex all around -- all of the computer images of girls in

plaid skirts, my earlier masturbation, watching Kelsey and Evan having a quickie

on his bed, Mr. Peters and Miss Granger playing schoolgirl and teacher on the

video. It all was playing havoc with my slit, causing my need to swell almost

exponentially. I was sure I was going to cum so hard I'd just pass out and

they'd find me naked and unconscious at Evan's desk with my fingers up my slit

and a smile on my face. But I didn't even care.

My thighs tensed, urging the cum to materialize from deep inside me. Through

barely open eyes I saw Mr. Peters' dick start to splurt gooey sperm onto Miss

Granger's tongue. It immediately slid out of her wide open mouth to splash down

on her short plaid skirt.

With a rush I closed my eyes and came gratefully.

I swear I was twitching from top to toe, every bit of me except for my center,

which didn't want to move a millimeter around my fingers as long as they were

giving her those scrumptious sensations of a spur-of-the-moment trip to heaven.

It was hard and fast, and I was both grateful and relieved when I started to

come down pretty quickly. I new that I'd just bought myself a little respite,

and I was going to have to do it again properly when I got home.

In one of my post-cum throes I accidentally kicked the pile of pop cans on the

desk, causing a little racket. In the back of my orgasmic haze I worried that

someone might hear, but I was still startled when I heard the front door handle

being rattled.

"Evan? You in there? Gimme a hand, man! I brought beer!"

My fingers were resting on pussy, and I immediately started cumming again,

amazed at my body's response while my dazed mind tried to understand what was

going on. This time pussy demanded that she be stretched wide, so I jammed three

fingers inside me as every muscle in my body clenched tightly while I came so

hard I almost did pass out.

Obviously it wasn't Evan at the door. Todd had returned from his class, and his

test must have gone well if he'd brought beer to celebrate. Either that or he'd

failed miserably and wanted to drown his sorrow.

This one was a fast hard cum too. I wanted it to stop so I could escape, I

wanted it to go on forever because nothing else mattered. I gushed warm liquid

onto my fingers and Evan's chair and tried to savor the hardest cum I'd ever had

and not actually lose consciousness from the pleasure. Almost as quickly as it

had started it was over, and the waves started to recede.

Obviously my first orgasm hadn't done more than take the edge off, and there was

enough of it left inside me that the sudden rush of adrenaline from the fear of

getting caught by Todd had practically ignited another one. Well, that and the

fact that my legs were still spread wide, pussy was still dripping and my

fingers were still caressing my clit. It not only didn't matter that Todd was at

the door, it somehow made things more imperative, more necessary. Screw getting

caught. Screw Todd. There was no helping it, and I knew that I'd have sore

muscles all over tomorrow. It was fucking glorious.

Todd wiggled the handle again, and over my panting I could hear him shifting his

packages while he searched for his keys.

I felt as limp as a rag doll and more tired than I could imagine. After-cums

were begging me to relax down into the chair, but I swam back to something

approaching consciousness and realized that I really did not want to get caught

with my fingers between my legs by Evan's roommate. Trying not to notice the

remnants of the orgasm that were still rippling through me, I slipped my fingers

free from my drippy hole.

I wasn't going to make the same mistake I had before, so I quickly turned off

the computer so no one would know what dirty stuff Evan liked to look at. What I

liked to look at. I jumped up and grabbed my jeans and panties and padded in my

socks towards the bathroom hallway. I was halfway there when I remembered that

I'd forgotten my shoes. By the time I'd rushed back to grab them from the floor,

Todd had found his key and was opening the door.

With my clothes clutched to my chest I ran back to the hallway, naked from my

ankles to my waist. Poor abused pussy was dripping down my thighs and I was

pretty sure I left a few little drips on the floor. I was so embarrassed I

couldn't stand it. How had I ever gotten myself into this?

I quietly shut myself in the bathroom and pulled on my clothes, listening hard

at the door to see if Todd had noticed I was there. The toilet was so gross

there was no way I was going to use it. I'd die first. Really. But I flushed it

to make it sound like I'd been doing something legitimate in there other than

hiding. I quickly washed my hands.

I was so anxious to get out of there I couldn't stand it. As I walked back down

the hallway I told myself nobody could see how ashamed I was just by looking.

Well, maybe my Dad, but definitely not Todd. I tried to ignore the little waves

of smug satisfaction that pussy was sending me just because she'd had her way

with me.

Todd was surprised that I wasn't Evan when I appeared from the hallway. He said

something about celebrating because he was glad his test was over, but my

attention was drawn to the splash of cum I'd left on the floor by Evan's desk. I

felt myself turn fifteen shades of pink and I tried very hard not to look. Todd

had a beer in his hand, and he even offered me one. But I felt like if I stayed

even a second more than I had to he'd see through me for sure. And I wanted to

be alone to sort out my feelings.

I fed Todd some bullshit about how I must have missed Evan but I had to go. I

hoped that he wouldn't even mention that I'd been there to Evan. The way he was

downing that Budweiser I was pretty sure he wouldn't even remember I'd been in

the apartment.

I took my soaking panties, my gushy pussy and the multitudinous dirty ideas

swirling through my head and escaped.

As I walked through the parking lot to my car I felt giddy, almost buoyant. I

was light on my feet and it was hard not to break out in a little dance there in

the parking lot. My newfound wickedness seemed so right, such a fundamental part

of me that I wondered why I hadn't discovered it sooner. The girl who'd walked

into Evan's room would never have watched a couple having sex, never masturbated in front of a computer, never had a huge orgasm because she knew someone was listening on the other side of the door, and never ever dripped her cum onto the floor while running naked through her brother's room.

But I'd become that girl, and I liked her.

\* \* \*

Next: The final chapter - Alice learns that after school is the right time to

play with her big brother...

After School Hookup

Ch. 03

by rockandrollerÂ©

Alice learns that after school is the right time to play with her big brother...

\*

At the end of the term I went home for a visit. There was going to be a family

dinner but I had all kinds of other plans too - checking in with a couple of my

high school teachers, spending a little time with Sally who was going to be home

visiting at the same time, visiting a couple of friends who were still in high

school. Shopping. But the first plan was to go and visit Evan at his new job. I

was really curious about his school. Evan's degree and high grades hadn't hurt

him any, but his cushy teaching job was due mostly to Dad's string pulling.

Mom told me Evan's school was "over on 68th and Birch," but I'd never even heard

of a school called Elizabeth Cady Stanton. It certainly wasn't one of the public

schools whose names we all grew up knowing. Mom assured me that Evan would love to see me and show off his classroom, if I made sure to go after class had let

out.

I timed things a little too close, because when I got there all of the parking

was full of parents waiting for their kids. I parked on the street a couple of

blocks away and walked back through a very ritzy neighborhood of expensive

houses. I stopped under a couple of trees catty-corner from the school.

I'd learned from Mom that Elizabeth Cady Stanton was a private school -- very

expensive and snooty. Evan was very lucky to have a job there. The new brick

building was designed to look old and classy, and it was obvious even to my

untrained eye that they'd had a lot of money to spend on it. The lawn around the

school was green and as big as a park. But what really surprised me was the sign

over the door -- Elizabeth Cady Stanton High. I guess I had assumed that it was

an elementary school, and I didn't quite appreciate the little tingly feeling

pussy sent me when I realized that Evan would have high school girls in his

classes. While I watched the front doors the bell rang and a minute or two later

the students started to come out, looking for their parents' cars or starting to

walk home.

They were girls. Every single one of them. High school girls wearing tall socks,

shiny Mary Jane shoes and pink and gray plaid ties with matching gray plaid

skirts.

I felt as if I'd been shoved back in time to when I'd discovered the

plaid-skirted schoolgirls on Evan's computer. My legs went weak, and a delicious

shiver emanated from between my legs, pussy perking up like a kitten who's heard

the sound of a can of tuna being opened in the kitchen.

This was where I'd wanted to be all along. This was who I'd wanted to be. A high

school girl in a plaid skirt.

I watched them go by as the school emptied out. Some of them were giggling, most of them were carrying books, their skirts undulating from the motion of taut

little asses.

And my brother, who had always wanted to fuck a girl wearing a plaid skirt, was

their teacher.

Don't get me wrong. I never suspected for even a moment that Evan had designs on those girls. It probably wouldn't have mattered to him even if they had thrown

themselves at him. He had way too much integrity to even consider sleeping with

one of his students. He'd take his responsibilities as their guardian very

seriously. I knew Evan, and he just wouldn't do it.

But I also knew his secret, and it had to be a kind of torture for him to be so

close to the girls of his fantasies and not be allowed to touch any of them.

Damn it. This was all Dad's fault. He had gotten Evan the job, and Evan felt

like he had to take it because it was such a prestigious private school, one

that undoubtedly paid a lot more than he'd ever get in a public school. And now

he was stuck smack dab between his desires and his need to make a living.

I felt so sorry for Evan. I also felt a little trembly inside and a little wet

between my legs. I suppose that the idea had already crawled into my mind, but I

hadn't noticed it yet.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton High emptied out, but I no longer wanted to go inside to

see Evan. No matter how glib my big brother was, no matter how much he'd like to

show off his school, I wasn't about to try to make polite conversation knowing

that part of him was wondering what it would be like if only he could play under

the skirt of the little hottie who'd been sitting in the front row of his class.

I didn't know how he could stand it. I spent way too much time playing with

myself and dreaming of sex and plaid skirts, and that was without the temptation

of them sitting in front of me all day long.

I got in my car and went home.

Since I wasn't alone with Evan at the family dinner I managed to find stuff to

talk about that didn't lead me to saying something inappropriate. Mom and Dad

asked me a lot about school and I kept the conversation squarely on impersonal

stuff like my psych class, the campus food and the football team.

After dinner we all hung out in the kitchen talking and eating Dad's homemade

lemon ice cream with ginger, just like old times. I couldn't help but wonder

about how Evan managed it. I mean, he looked all normal, like he hadn't spent

the whole day staring at his fantasies come to life and wishing he could fuck

them silly. But then, I supposed that I looked normal too.

I tried very hard not to stare at him leaning against the counter, laughing and

spooning ice cream into his mouth. I was definitely feeling a little fluttery

between my legs. He was a tall handsome man and I felt like I had a schoolgirl

crush thing going even if he was my brother. Of course I wasn't all that

innocent where Evan was concerned.

We shared a secret, even if he didn't know it. And as much consternation as it

was causing me, it had to be even worse for him. Evan spent his working day like

a kid with his nose pressed against the window of the candy store, and he would

never, ever have a nickel to spend there. He had to be miserable. The revelation

suddenly swept over me, causing my whole body to feel flushed and my knees to go weak. The only person who was in any position to keep him out of trouble was me, and it was my duty to help my big brother. The certainty stole over me, making me giddy and scared at the same time. I was going to do it. I was going to help Evan.

I was going to help me, too.

We still had our old rooms -- Evan hadn't found an apartment to move into since

he graduated, and Mom and Dad would keep my room for me until I graduated too. I excused myself a little early so I could go to bed.

But when I got to my room I got online. I had a hunch that an upper-crust school

like Elizabeth Cady Stanton High would have a really up-to-date website, and I

wasn't disappointed.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton had been a suffragette, fighting for women's right to

vote way back in time. This private school had been established in her honor

back in 1954, and moved into their new building a few years ago. Reading between

the lines on the web page I learned that it catered to rich spoiled girls whose

parents would never allow them to attend a vulgar public school. Must be nice to

have that kind of money. I navigated through most of the pages, and even read

the little bio they had about Evan. "We are very excited to welcome such a

gifted educator to our school."

After a while I managed to find the page I was looking for -- the uniform code.

It said that "in order to keep our students' minds on their work and not on the

vicissitudes of teenage fashion, a mandatory uniform will be worn at all times,

with no exceptions." The page had pictures of all of the stuff you were required

to wear -- a choice of a couple of different blouses, white knee high socks,

black Mary Jane shoes with a strap across the bridge and of course the very

classy looking gray plaid skirt with little pink stripes running through it. It

also told me where to buy one.

I slipped off my clothes, crawled into bed and masturbated through three nervous

but satisfying cums before I could go to sleep.

\* \* \*

The next day I hung out with Sally for a while. She wanted to know all about the

boys I'd met, but I didn't have anything to tell her. Yet. Sally had hooked up

with this guy she'd met at a party, and the things she told me they did would

have made me blush if I hadn't already seen my big brother screwing his

girlfriend.

Later I went shopping. It was only six months ago that I'd graduated and I was

still eighteen, so there was no reason that I couldn't pass for a high school

student. Even so, I had an excuse about transferring into Elizabeth Cady Stanton

High all ready just in case I was asked. But the old lady at the uniform supply

store down on Lincoln Street didn't say anything about it. She just sold me

everything I wanted and I left with a big shopping bag of schoolgirl clothes.

Before I went home I stopped at the mall for the sundry items I needed -- new

shampoo and conditioner, shaving cream and the like. I had graduated from baby

pink nail polish a long time ago and I wanted a new color to enhance my new

clothes, so that was the first stop. On impulse I went in to the lingerie shop,

and I was glad I had. In a bin marked 'tease!' they had a black satin thong that

harmonized perfectly with my new skirt. And on the front, right over the crotch,

was a little pink Hello Kitty, wearing pink bib overalls and being carried away

by three bright balloons. I couldn't resist.

Although the thought crossed my mind as I was walking by the pre-teen boutique

store I resisted the temptation to buy some fruity perfume. That was carrying

things too far. I wasn't trying to come across like some kind of precocious

twelve year old sex toy. The idea was to seduce him by being his fantasy girl --

a willing, pretty high school girl wearing a plaid skirt that he was free to

play under. I was going to use the Casual that I'd gotten for my birthday.

Mom was at home, so I didn't have the pleasure of trying my new stuff on and

preening in front of the mirror. I'd have to walk through the house to get to my

car and I couldn't take the chance that I'd be seen. If Mom somehow caught me

wearing an Elizabeth Cady Stanton High school uniform, there'd be questions I

couldn't answer.

I showered, shaved my legs and pussy, brushed my hair and put on my makeup --

just a little, like I had worn on school picture day my senior year. My new

clothes I tucked into my backpack, along with my bottle of Casual - I didn't

want to walk through the house wafting a trail of seductive perfume either. I

grabbed my pack and told Mom I was going to school to see someone. Naturally I

didn't tell her which school or who I was going to see or what I was going to do

when I got there. My habit of skirting the truth when talking to my parents was

still in full force even if I had graduated to college.

The neighborhood was quiet when I pulled up a few blocks from the school. The

girls wouldn't be let out for another fifteen minutes, which was just how I

timed it because I needed to finish getting ready before the bell rang.

I tried to tuck away my nervousness about what I was doing. God, I'd be

devastated if this didn't work. Devastated, embarrassed, ashamed, mortified, and

a thousand other bad feelings. I mean, if I couldn't manage to pull this off

then I was just plain hopeless. Even if the target was my brother. Target? I

meant beneficiary. I resolved that if Evan rejected my not-exactly-altruistic

offer I'd just have to shoot myself.

So I tried to concentrate on the task at hand. I slid over to the passenger side

so the steering wheel wouldn't be in my way and peeled off my jeans and

underwear. I pulled my new Hello Kitty panties out of my pack. I cursed myself

for not thinking to put them on while I was in the safety of my own bathroom so

my ass wouldn't be fully exposed. While I turned them right side out I looked

around, but the quiet neighborhood apparently didn't care if there was a

half-naked teenage girl sitting in a car on the street.

The cool vinyl of my car seat felt sinful against my bare bottom. Pussy was

nervous too, because she quivered and leaked little cum droplets onto the vinyl.

I hurriedly pulled my new panties on, but there wasn't much material to the

darned thing and I still felt like I was naked.

The skirt had to come after my shirt, in order to be properly tucked in. I

should have started from the top down, but I hadn't thought of it. Nerves, I

guess.

After another glance up and down the street I scooched off my shirt and bra and

slipped on my new ones. I bent down low while I reached behind me and fastened

the bra, which made me feel like no one could see even if they could. I worked

my way into the shirt, sat up, and shook my hair free while I buttoned up.

I got the skirt out, lifted my bottom and wrapped it around my waist and

fastened it at the side. I felt a little safer then. A girl could sit in her car

and do all kinds of things without attracting too much attention, as long as she

wore a certain amount of clothing.

I changed my socks, pulling the uniform ones up to my knee, and then I slipped

on my new black Mary Jane shoes, fastening the strap across the top of my foot

with a little gold buckle. My new shoes had a very short heel and the toe was

kind of rounded which lent them an innocent schoolgirl air. Most girls would die

before wearing them (if they had a choice), but I felt right at home and I

twisted my foot this way and that so I could see how cute they were.

The matching gray and pink tie was pre-tied, but in a loose knot which could be

tightened. The lady at the store told me to just slip it over my head and then

pull it tight. No problem, and I was able to use the makeup mirror on the sun

visor to make sure it was straight.

Wile I was running a brush through my hair I saw a couple of girls dressed like

I was walking by at the end of the street, and I deduced that school was over.

It was show time. Quickly I wafted a tiny cloud of Casual into the air and let

it settle on me.

I picked up my backpack, now stuffed with my other clothes, and got out of the

car. I had to tug my skirt a little to get it to sit right, and then I was

ready. I just wished I had a mirror to check myself out.

I started walking down the tree lined sidewalk towards the school. I tried to

walk like a high school student. God, was it so long ago I couldn't remember?

But it was hard. It was like I was a whole different girl than I'd been six

months ago. My emotions were running all over the place -- anxious, scared,

embarrassed, proud, horny. Mostly horny.

I'd been longing for this ever since I was a five year old. Before I even knew

the reason why I'd been craving this moment. Sometimes without even knowing

about it, and more recently with more hunger than I'd though possible. But I

felt at home. Gloriously, luxuriously just where I'd always wanted to be. Sexy,

secure, walking down the street to school and ready for some attention. I

wiggled my bottom gently as I walked, feeling the cotton fibers of the skirt

grazing my bare thighs in a maddening to and fro tease. I hoped there were some

boys hiding in their houses watching my sexy ass as I walked by, and I

remembered how I watched out my own window when I was little. Pussy was suitably squishy -- a little wet and ready but not anxious. It was heavenly as long as I kept my fears about what Evan might think all tucked away in a corner.

Girls in gray plaid skirts (girls who I suspected didn't know how lucky they

were) were pouring out of the school when I got there. They didn't pay me any

attention in spite of the fact that I was going upstream against the traffic.

I tried to keep my mind off of what I was planning, but of course that was

impossible. You can't just tuck something this big away in a compartment that

you won't notice, no matter what. I had thought that maybe I should just come

clean to Evan and tell him that I'd wear a plaid skirt for him if he'd fuck me,

but that seemed like a plan doomed to failure. I could just hear myself talking

to him now. 'By the way, I know you like plaid skirts. Me, too! Wanna fuck?'

Nope, that wasn't going to work at all. I needed something that would keep him a

little off guard but still excite him if I was going to have any chance at all.

My plan wasn't much, but it was as stacked in my favor as I could make it.

It was right after I got into the lobby that I found a huge hole in my plan -- I

didn't know where Evan's classroom was. I couldn't just wander around. Elizabeth

Cady Stanton High was big enough that he could easily slip out a different door

without my finding him.

I was going to have to ask somebody, and preferably not a teacher. I'd have to

fake my way past a student with the story I'd made up for the lady at the

uniform store. I didn't want to look like I didn't belong in case a teacher

wanted to question me, and I knew that it was always better to look like you had

a destination in mind while walking around a school, so I turned left and

started walking.

The differences between a public school and a private one were evident in the

quiet halls which reeked of stern silence and decorum. My Mary Janes clacked on

the wood floor.

There weren't many girls left to choose from. I guess private school girls

disappear at the three o'clock bell on a Friday afternoon just like the public

school girls do.

But there were still a couple left, and I walked up to this really pretty blond.

She was facing away from me, taking books out of her locker. Her curves all

gathered in at her tiny waist in its plaid skirt, and I hoped mine looked as

pretty on me.

"Excuse me?" I said. "I'm new here, and they told me I should check in with Mr.

Bradley. Do you know where his class is?"

"New, huh?" she said, turning her head to look at me. Rats. Her face was

beautiful too. "You look great in that uniform," she said.

I simpered and blushed. "Really?"

She laughed. "No. That's just what we tell all the new girls. It's kind of a

school joke."

"Oh," I said, trying not to sound disappointed.

She looked me over appraisingly. "But on you it's not so much of a joke. You

really do look good. Most of the girls here can't stand these things. So, Mr.

Bradley, huh? You're lucky. He's hot."

I was shocked. I'd never even thought that a high school girl would really

notice my good looking big brother. I didn't know what to say, but she spared me

by saying "Well, come on then," before she walked down the hall.

I followed her to a room that didn't look any different from any of the others.

The girl opened the door and she poked her head in.

"Mr. Bradley? There's a new girl here who's supposed to check in with you." Her

voice changed from when she was talking to me. Now it was softer, with a little

twinkle and a touch of flirt. She really did have a little something going for

Evan, the little suckup.

"Thanks, Whitney. Send her in."

"Is there anything I can do to help, Mr. Bradley?"

"No, thank you."

Whitney backed out of the doorway. She turned to me and mouthed, "See? Hot!"

while she fanned her face with her hand. Without another word she left to walk

down the hall.

Now that the moment had arrived I was scared silly. It's one thing to imagine

yourself sitting on your brother's cock, it's quite another to be confronted

with the reality. And my plaid skirt wasn't helping me like it was supposed to.

This was all wrong, from the beginning. I'd come up with this whole idea and

acted on it way too suddenly. What would Evan think of me? He'd be disappointed

that his little sister was such a loser that she couldn't even find boy of her

own to screw. He'd probably never talk to me again.

I was torn between walking into Evan's classroom and following Whitney's taut

little butt right out of here. She was still walking away, her Mary Janes

echoing quietly in the empty hall. I watched her ass swaying under her plaid

skirt and I just knew my big brother wanted her. She was gorgeous, and if she

wasn't ready to sleep with him yet she wasn't far from trying. She'd made it

plain that she had the hots for him. How would Evan resist? And then he'd be

really screwed.

After School Hookup

Ch. 03

by rockandrollerÂ©

That was the thought that made up my mind for me. I reminded myself I wasn't

doing this for me. Well, mostly not for me. I was doing it for Evan, who'd have

an impossible time staying out of trouble with knockouts like Whitney getting

ready to throw themselves at him. Evan needed a plaid skirt to channel his

obsession into or he'd get in trouble in spite of his integrity. And that skirt

was wrapped around my waist, damn it.

I walked in.

Disappointingly the classroom wasn't much different than the ones I was used to.

Less desks for students, maybe. But Evan's desk wasn't one of those cheap public

service ones -- it was lots bigger and made out of a rich red wood, and his

black leather chair looked like something from an executive's office. There was

a new computer on the corner of the desk and a big green chalkboard behind him.

Everything was shiny and new. He was sitting at his desk hunched over some

papers, hardly noticing his newest pupil.

"Yes?" he said graciously enough, but too engrossed in the essay in front of him

to look up.

After one false start I managed to get out the line that I'd rehearsed. My voice

wasn't as smooth as it usually was, but I was happy that I didn't sound like a

total 'tard.

"I'm new to the school, sir. I was told to check in with you."

"What's your name?" he said, still reading the paper.

"Granger, sir. Alice Granger." I'd thought a long time about this. I didn't want

to use my own last name, which would remind us that we were brother and sister.

And it seemed fitting that I borrow the name of the tart in the video who'd sent

me down this path.

In the context of his school job Evan didn't recognize my voice right away.

"I have a sister named Alice...," he said. His voice trailed off as he looked up

and saw his little sister dressed as the girl of his fantasies, and looking

pretty damned sexy if I say so myself.

Plaid skirt - $89. Mary Jane shoes - $139.00. Confusion and hunger mixed

together on Evan's face -- priceless. It's not often a girl can make that much

of an impression on her older brother.

I plunged right in with my lines. "I just transferred from Alexander Hamilton,

Mr. Bradley, and I wanted to see if there was anything I could do to ensure that

I'll be able to keep my grades up here at Elizabeth Cady Stanton." I batted my

eyes at him.

"Alice? What are you doing?"

I slowly walked over to his desk, letting my bare legs and plaid skirt do their

part to help sell me.

I looked down at the desktop and drew circles there with my finger, as if I

couldn't bring myself to look at him while I spoke. Which wasn't exactly untrue.

I couldn't keep my voice from being soft and unsure, which fortunately fit in

with Miss Granger's forward behavior. It was a good thing I'd memorized this

part.

"Well, Mr. Bradley. Sometimes I don't do as well with my schoolwork as I'd like.

I mean, I understand it all, but when it comes time to take the tests I have a

hard time remembering. And Mr. Peters, my old English teacher, used to let me do

some extra credit stuff for him so that my grades wouldn't suffer. I was hoping

that I could do the same thing for you, Mr. Bradley."

Confusion and concern washed over Evan's face. I could tell he thought I'd

flipped my lid, and he was wondering if he should take me home or take me to the

loony bin. He didn't get it. He thought I'd lost my mind, not that I was really

there to help him with his problem by offering myself to him. Maybe he didn't

even know he had a problem. The thought had never occurred to me that he might

think I was just crazy. Mental, maybe. Misguided for sure. But not crazy. This

was going to be more work than I'd feared.

I walked around behind the desk as Evan stood up from his chair.

"Look, Alice," he said in a placating tone like you'd use on a crazy person. "We

should .."

I put my finger on his lips, a trick any girl can use just about any time to get

a boy to shut up. I had to get his mind on the right track, and quickly. I put

my arms around his neck and pulled my body close to his so he could feel my

breasts, stood up on my tippy toes and gave my big brother a long, wet,

not-very-sisterly kiss.

You know that shock you get from a really good kiss? That tingle that tells you

from your head to your toes that this is the real thing? Well, take that and

multiply it by ten and you have an idea of how Evan's lips made me feel. I went

all gushy and weak, and I wanted him to throw me on the desk and take me. Evan

resisted at first, but having a pretty plaid-skirted girl passionately kissing

him was too much the stuff of his fantasies for him not to respond. He gasped a

few times into my mouth and then surrendered and kissed me back.

When we broke for air I let my heels drop back to the floor and looked up into

his eyes. Hidden behind his disbelief there was a glimmer of lust, and I knew

I'd rattled him enough that I had a chance of getting what I wanted.

"Alice!" he said. "What do you think you're doing? Why are you dressed like

that? Are you nuts?"

I drew a line down his chest with my finger, and I didn't stop at his waistband,

either. The bulge between his legs would have gotten him into trouble if any

girls had seen it during class. As soon as I touched it Evan jerked himself

back.

"Alice! Stop it!"

"Aren't you supposed to call me Miss Granger, sir? Would you like to do it here?

Do you want me to take off my panties?" It was time to let him know that for our

purposes today I was not his little sister. I smiled up at him, a willing

student hanging on every word, hoping for a yes.

"No! Stop that! You need to go on home." Evan was confused enough that he

decided to not deal with me at all. He took me by the shoulders, turned me

around and gave me a little shove towards the door. He sat back down in his

chair with finality, dismissing me from his afternoon and his mind even though I

was still behind his desk and only a foot away from him.

I suppose I could have given up right then. Obviously Evan wasn't going to jump

my bones just because I had offered. But this was for his own good, dammit. And

I felt a little miffed - wasn't I cute enough for him? I had figured there'd be

some resistance, and there was the real possibility that I'd fail altogether.

But I'd really thought that by the time I'd made myself clear that he could have

me there was no way he'd be able to say no. This had just turned into a

challenge.

I needed a new tack, a little more inducement. My back was still to Evan and I

thought maybe I should just sit down on his lap, but on the edge of his desk was

a copy of Style: Ten Lessons in Clarity and Grace. I casually gave his book a

little shove and it fell to the floor with a satisfying thump.

"Oops," I said, feigning surprise in my best Shirley Temple voice. "I suppose I

should pick that up." I bent over slowly, letting my plaid skirt ride up to show

more bare legs and ass. I felt wicked and wanton and dirty -- a whore just like

the 'real' Miss Granger. But I loved how it nourished a need in my soul, a part

of me that I'd only just discovered. I caressed the length of my legs, sliding

my fingers with their Malaga Burgundy nails down my bare thighs and knee-high

socks.

Once I had my face on my knees and my hands around my ankles I paused to let

Evan look; my ass in a place where until a few months ago I couldn't have

imagined it would ever be -- offered to my big brother. The heat radiating from

Evan's eyes cooked my bottom, which made pussy feel soft and weak.

But still nothing happened, and the position I was in I couldn't see Evan's face

to know what he was thinking. Was he trying to ignore me, pretending that I

wasn't there while he graded more papers? Or was he staring greedily at his

little sister, trying to rationalize a reason to take me? Maybe he just needed a

little more persuading.

That was it!

I reached behind me and flipped the bottom of my skirt up onto my back. The

coolness of the air touched my hot ass and the sensation caused pussy to beg

even harder for attention. My black satin Hello Kitty panties weren't much cover

at all, and if Evan wasn't turned on by a cute ass in a plaid skirt inches from

his face, then I'd been totally wrong about him.

Once that thought occurred to me my misgivings came back with a rush. Maybe I

was wrong about him. Maybe the junk on his computer wasn't his at all. Maybe it

was Todd's stuff, and he just kept it there to hide it from his girlfriend.

No! I had seen the look in Evan's eyes while he watched that video. And I had

heard him with my own ears tell Kelsey he thought schoolgirls in plaid skirts

were hot. He was just being stubborn because I was his little sister, dammit.

I realized I'd been standing there offering my ass to him while my mind

wandered, and he hadn't done or said anything. I wiggled it a little.

"You can touch it if you want, Mr. Bradley," I said, trying sound like an

innocent schoolgirl. I closed my eyes and waited, silently praying to feel

Evan's hand on my bottom.

There!

I think I had a little orgasm when I felt his finger touch the crack of my ass,

and I knew I had won. There was no way he could go back now, not after he'd

touched me so intimately. He was going to be mine one way or the other. I closed

my eyes to savor his touch while Evan slowly dragged his finger down, gliding

over my Hello Kitty panties, past my asshole to the wet satin nestled between my

legs. Even I could smell pussy's aroma, and my face wasn't as close to her as

Evan's was.

I trembled, hardly able to wait to see what he'd do next. 'Put it in me,' I

thought. 'Please put it in me.'

But Evan was either a tease or he hadn't quite surrendered to the idea of

fucking me. He sat back in his chair.

I took a couple of deep frustrated breaths. I was going to have to push harder.

I picked up the book and stood up. I turned around so I could face Evan while I

put the book back on his desk. I stepped closer to him, working his knees apart

so that I was standing between his legs. Slowly I lifted my knee and rested it

on the arm of his chair, which spread my legs a little farther apart and dangled

my plaid skirt right in front of his eyes. He was trapped in his chair.

Slowly, trying to get closer to him like you'd approach a skittish kitty, I

leaned down until my lips were almost touching his. I paused, trying to keep my

greed in check, teasing him with my breath on his lips. When I couldn't stand it

any more I kissed him.

The surprise I tasted on his lips the first time we kissed had been replaced

with hunger, and I felt even more sure of myself, more confident that this was

going to be good for us both. While we kissed I reached down between his legs

and caressed his hot rod in my hand. This time he didn't stop me.

When we broke for air he caught his breath. His voice was reluctant and warning;

a teacher preparing to give his student the bad news. "Alice..."

"It's Miss Granger, Mr. Bradley."

I looked him in the eyes, willing him to get the message that he hadn't gotten

yet. In spite of his hard cock he needed one more push, and I wasn't sure what

to do. A plaid skirt, the scent of a willing aroused student and a tiny strip of

wet satin nestled in a bare ass apparently wasn't enough to convince him to

screw his little sister. Damn it.

I had to let him know that it was all right, that this wasn't something serious.

I wasn't crazy and I didn't want anything more than some mutually orgasmic

brother-sister sex. I cast my mind around frantically for an idea; a way to let

him know it was still just me, and that I hadn't lost my mind. Then I got it.

I reached forward slowly and ruffled his hair. Then I pursed my lips and stuck

my thumb in my mouth. I sucked it for a few seconds and then popped it out.

"Are you sure there's nothing I can do to help my grades, Mr. Bradley?"

Evan swallowed hard, but I could see the light dawning in his eyes -- he finally

understood. This was a game. And since I was the one who'd initiated it he

didn't have to feel guilty playing along. He wasn't quite confident yet, but

after a few seconds' hesitation he decided to try playing along to see what

might happen.

"Well, Miss....?"

"Granger."

"Miss Granger. I think there might be something we can do."

I stuck my hand in the air and waved it so hard I was practically bouncing. Evan

had to grab the chair because it was shaking so hard.

"I know! I know! Call on me, Mr. Bradley!"

He was catching on. "Yes Miss Granger?" he said, trying to sound professorial.

"For extra credit could I show you what I learned over summer vacation? It's

really neat, Mr. Bradley. You'll like it."

Evan started relaxing into his role. "Miss Granger, I don't know how they did

things where you come from, but here at Elizabeth Cady Stanton High we feel that

our students are too refined to have 'show and tell.'

I stuck my lip out in an exaggerated pout. "But Mr. Bradley! It's the only new

thing I learned this summer, and I wanted you to see how well I learned it."

Evan swallowed hard, and I thought I saw his cock twitch under his slacks. "Very

well, Miss Granger."

I clapped my hands in excitement, and I was hardly acting at all. I had won.

I dropped to my knees in front of my big brother, who obligingly spread his legs

to make room for me. Now it was my turn to swallow hard. Up close, even covered

by his pants, his cock was much bigger than I had remembered from seeing him

fuck Kelsey. Maybe she just had a really big pussy that made it look smaller.

Yeah, that had to be it. My mouth watered, and I couldn't wait to see it again.

I reached for my brother's belt and unbuckled it. The snap on his pants gave me

a little trouble, and so did his zipper. But in a minute I had his pants open,

and I discovered another character flaw I shared with Evan -- underwear choices.

His boxers were bright yellow, with a big eye winking at me. I had to move my

head back a little and wiggle his pants down past his knees before I could make

sense of the picture on his shorts. It was Spongebob Squarepants, with a silly

grin on his face.

I giggled and put the palm of my hand on the stiff rod bulging under the fabric.

There was already a wet spot above Spongebob's eye where Evan had leaked pre-cum into his shorts, and the spot grew even bigger when I pressed the heel of my

hand against his cock and milked it upward. Evan gasped.

"You know, Mr. Bradley?" I said, tucking my fingers under the yellow waistband

and slipping it down past his cock. "I can already tell that you're going to be

a better teacher than Mr. Peters ever was. He just didn't have the equipment

that you do."

And I wasn't kidding, not one bit. Up close I couldn't believe how big it was.

Not only long, but big around. God. I had no idea how it was going to fit inside

me, but there was no way I was going to worry about it.

I rubbed the top with my palm, smearing the clear sticky pre-cum all over my

hand and Evan's cock. It was like a big purple plum, the skin stretched tight,

the little hole in the end marking the seam, the whole thing glistening as if

the watering system at the grocery store had just misted it all over.

I leaned forward, opened my mouth wide and sucked my big brother's dick into my

mouth.

Evan bucked and grabbed my head, involuntarily pushing his cock farther into my

welcoming lips as if they were a pussy begging for cum. I gagged a little bit,

but there was no way I was going to let him think he could get a better blowjob

from that bimbo Kelsey than he could from me.

And I discovered something. Sperm is oily and slippery for a reason -- so it can

lubricate the way for the cock it comes from. The pre-cum coating on his dick

helped it go farther into my throat than I would have believed. Evan gasped in

pleasure. I would have too, but my mouth was full. I had to concentrate on

breathing through my nose while I opened my throat even wider.

I bobbed my head up and down, fucking my big brother with my throat. I couldn't

believe how satisfying it was to feel his need pulsing in my mouth. But not

everyone was satisfied. Pussy wanted her share too, and she wasn't getting any

this way. I lifted my skirt out of the way and straddled Evan's leg, letting

pussy settle herself on his shin and grind herself against him while I licked

and slurped. Since he had spread his legs so far apart for me, I wound up in the

cubby under his desk, hidden from the classroom, which turned out to be a good

thing.

There was a knock at the door that scared the hell out of me, and I stopped

deep-throating my big brother to listen. When was I ever going to learn to lock

the door behind me?

It was Whitney again. She had come back, and was trying her darnedest to suck-up

to Evan from the classroom doorway.

"Mr. Bradley? Did you need some help with the new girl? I can show her around if

you want."

It was mean and I know it, but once I knew who it was I gently wrapped my hand

around Evan's wet cock and began stroking it. I just knew he'd get a wicked

satisfaction out of looking at his blond front-row tartlet in her plaid skirt

while his little sister played with his hard dick.

"No, thank you, Whitney," he said. I admired how almost kept his voice under

control. The ragged edge in his tone was as obvious to me as the cock in my

face, but Whitney didn't even notice. She was too busy kissing ass, volunteering

for anything and everything in hopes of getting closer to Evan.

She finally noticed I wasn't even in the room. "Say, where did she go, anyhow?"

she said, waiting for an answer.

I was stroking pre-cum out of Evan's cock in a steady trickle, and I couldn't

wait to slurp it up. I leaned forward to suck him into my mouth and as I did, I

learned another characteristic that we shared - having an unknowing stranger

nearby made us both cum faster.

Evan gave up trying to keep from cumming. Before I could get my lips around his

rod again a giant glob of white sperm erupted from the end. It splashed onto my

forehead and immediately began sliding its sticky way down my face. It was warm

and gooey, kind of like hot yogurt, and the scent of it made me as dizzy as if

I'd just downed a double shot of Jose Cuervo. Little ripples of impending orgasm

rippled up from Miss Pussy, and I rubbed her harder against Evan's leg while

squirt after squirt of sperm splashed onto my face.

It was wicked of me, but I immediately fell in love with the feeling of having

my face covered in cum. Letting a man's need spatter all over the most public

part of my whole body was gratifying in a way I would never have imagined. It

was visible evidence of a his desire, and at the same time it was secret; no one

besides Evan would ever see his hot sperm trickling across my eyes, down my

cheeks, over my lips. And poor Pussy, as sensitive as she was, could never feel

his warm goo the way my face did - she was always too busy making warm goo of

her own. It was a whole universe different than what I was used to, and I knew I

would never stop wanting hot sperm on my face. Recognizing my new need and

remembering Mr. Peters' lesson, I kept sliding my hand up and down my brother's

wet cock, helping it splurt more and more slimy sperm. I leaned forward to

better catch it on my face, letting it hit my cheeks and my lips and drool down

all over my fingers.

Evan twitched and bucked, sliding his stiff cock in and out of my hands and

trying not to let Whitney know he was cumming. Finally was able to take refuge

in coughing, which allowed him to regain his voice while his cock ran dry on my

willing face.

I felt him sag back into his chair as his cock spurted its last, an oozy little

blob that barely cleared his dick and drooled over my fingers. He swallowed hard

and told Whitney, "She had something she had to do."

I could feel all of his muscles relaxing down into his chair, his cock wilting

in my hand. He went on, "I can't think of anything I need right now, Whitney.

But I'll be sure to call you if I do". He took a deep breath as I gently

squeezed the last drop of sisterly need out of him and licked it up. "Now I need

to get back to grading these papers."

After School Hookup

Ch. 03

by rockandrollerÂ©

"I could help with that!"

"No thank you, Whitney," he said firmly. "Goodbye. Have a nice weekend."

"Goodbye Mr. Bradley," she said brightly, no doubt thinking that she'd scored

some serious brownie points with her teacher. Now she'd be going home to dream

of him and play with herself.

As soon as the door shut quietly behind her Evan pulled his leg from between

mine. Pussy cried 'no' but apparently he didn't hear. When he was clear of me

and his desk he got up holding his slacks so they wouldn't fall and walked over

to the door so he could lock it, his semi-erect cock hanging out of his

Spongebob boxers. I gratefully crawled out from under his desk. It's amazing how

your body can ignore a little physical discomfort as long as you're still having

sex. But as soon as it's over you definitely need to move into a more relaxing

position.

While Evan was locking the door I leaned on his desk and cleaned up, using my

fingers to scrape the sperm off my nose and cheeks and eyes and into my hungry

mouth. God, he tasted delicious! And that damned Kelsey bitch didn't even know

it because she was all 'ewww' about letting him cum in her mouth. By the time

Evan got back to his desk I had wiped my face pretty clean.

I bit my thumb and tried not to look pleased with myself.

"Well, Mr. Bradley? Was my extra credit project acceptable?"

Evan was definitely in the game now that we'd gotten past that awkward first

orgasm. He looked at me like he was wondering just who I was. But he'd liked

fucking my mouth, and he wanted more. Whatever reservations he still had he got

over in a hurry. "Oh, I don't know, Miss Granger. It seems to me that you need

to do a little more homework before you come in here with a project like that.

You did a rather sloppy job."

Evan pointed at my legs and I looked down to see what he was talking about.

Clinging to my new gray and pink skirt right above the hem was a viscid blob of

white sperm. While we watched it dripped off my skirt and onto my thigh, which

made pussy spasm in a little anticipatory orgasm. I just knew that Evan could

tell I was having a little orgasm and I felt myself blushing furiously. I guess

I was even more like Miss Granger than I'd thought. I felt a sudden warm rush of

love for my big brother, who knew my deepest secret and loved me anyhow.

I threw my arms around his neck and gave him a long deep kiss, one of those deep

smoldering ones that you just know you'll remember for the rest of your life. He

returned it hungrily, stealing all of the air from my lungs and all of the

balance from my legs. I relaxed gratefully into his strong arms.

I was proud that I was only panting a little bit when I came up for air. I felt

so safe and loved. Evan knew my secret and he didn't care, not one little bit.

He even loved me more for it.

He looked down into my eyes and said, "Miss Granger?"

"Yes, Mr. Bradley?"

"That wasn't all that you learned, was it?"

I wondered where he was going with this line of thought. I felt a little flutter

deep between my legs. He wanted to fuck me now, didn't he? Maybe I should just

give him a teasing answer to keep me in his mind until I could come back another

time and go all the way. It was what I'd wanted all along, but now that the

moment had arrived I was all kinds of nervous. Pussy let me know her opinion on

things by oozing warm girl cum down my inner thigh.

But Evan had played along with me, so it was only fair that I played along with

him. Wondering what I was letting myself in for, I said, "No, Mr. Bradley." I

managed to sound playful and willing, so I was surprised at his stern reaction.

In a disapproving voice he said, "In this classroom, Miss Granger, when a

student stands before the class for 'show and tell,' I expect that student to

actually bring something to for us to look at."

What, blowing your brother wasn't enough?

Before I could answer Evan lowered his hands to my hips and lifted me onto his

desk. He scooted me back, sliding me into place across the polished wood easily

because of the lubrication provided by my plaid skirt. I guess it had more uses

than seducing your brother.

"I know what you can show me," he said. His voice was raspy; a tone that I'd

never heard before. But some feminine inner part of my soul recognized it

anyway, and it made me shiver. Apparently Evan had decided it was too hard to

talk, and he'd be better off just showing me.

Evan put the bottoms of my Mary Janes on the desktop and spread my legs apart.

It felt so positively sinful sitting on top of a teacher's desk with my legs

spread, wondering just what was going to happen to me. Evan's eyes never left

mine while he came around the desk to stand by my side. Slowly he lowered his

lips and gave me another of those soul-searing kisses while he unbuttoned my

blouse. His hand snuck in and caressed my breasts, but he had a lower

destination in mind and soon he snaked his way down my tummy so he could lift my skirt out of the way and slip his fingers along the satin between my legs.

Pussy bucked against him, ever-so-grateful for finally getting some attention.

Her shudders of release traveled up through my body, out of my lips and into

Evan's, down through his fingers and back into pussy to make me tremble all over

again. It was a slow gradual buildup toward an orgasm I'd been needing forever,

but the drive to the top was proving so enjoyable I almost didn't care if I ever

got there. Almost.

Evan's knowing fingers made little circles around my clit, pressing the wet

satin of my Hello Kitty panties against me. It was maddening. Every slippery

stroke drove me wild, and I didn't want him to ever stop. At the same time I

needed him to stop so he could plunge his fingers into me and I could cum. I was

lost, and I loved every wicked immoral second of it.

Evan drew his hand from between my legs and lifted his fingers to my mouth.

"Open up, Alice," he whispered.

I'd never done anything like that before. I mean, taste myself? Yuck. But I

didn't hesitate even a moment. I was in the thrall of being a slutty schoolgirl

and whatever Evan wanted, he was going to get.

I opened up and stuck my tongue out, and Evan slid his fingers into my mouth. To

my surprise I loved the taste -- liquid scent of wet pussy, all and musky and

piquant with sex. My mouth watered contentedly and I knew I'd never avoid

tasting wet girl again as I sucked the flavor of pussy off my brother's fingers.

It wasn't quite as good as having his cock in my mouth but I slurped him as if

it were. But he didn't keep his fingers there long -- he'd just been getting

them wetter.

He put his hand back between my legs and pushed Hello Kitty aside so he had

access to my dripping slit. My whole body rippled as he pushed his fingers,

slippery with my own saliva, into my pussy.

I jerked once. Twice. Then I had another one of those mini-orgasms. It was

driving me crazy. I mean, it was wonderful and all, but I knew that what I

really needed was a huge, mind-blowing, forget-who-I-am cum. And all I was

getting was these little orgasms that just reminded me of how much pressure was

built up between my legs.

I grabbed Evan's arm and tried to grind pussy down on his fingers, wiggling her

lips apart so she could get more thoroughly fucked by my big brother's masculine

hand. I squeezed my legs together and wrapped myself around his arm as if it was

my lover. I guess, for a few moments, it was.

My hair felt disheveled and I couldn't catch enough air as my orgasm leaked out

of me, even while it promised there would be another larger one. I knew I'd left

a big wet spot inside my new skirt. Pussy felt weak and used but still hungry

for more. So did I.

"Oh, God," I panted into his shoulder.

Evan kissed me gently on the forehead while he slipped his fingers out of me. I

just wanted him to hold me, and I practically fell against him. But I couldn't

because he walked around to the end of the desk so he could spread my legs apart

again.

"Let's see what you've brought for show-and-tell, Miss Granger." Still raspy.

It was amazing how shy I felt. Evan had splashed hot sperm all over my face, and

pussy had gushed all over his fingers. But I still felt ashamed of myself and

unbearably excited while I looked down between my open legs to see my big

brother's hands reaching to lift the hem of my new plaid skirt.

A smile came over his lips when he saw my panties, the little pink Hello Kitty

smiling and waving as she drifted away on a handful of brightly colored

balloons. He looked up at me, and I know my face was turning a shade of pink

that rivaled Hello Kitty herself.

"Hello Kitty? Aren't we a little old for that Miss Granger?"

"Look who's talking," I said breathlessly, nodding at Evan's cock hanging out of

Spongebob's face.

Evan chuckled. "I guess you're right. Up," he said, grabbing my panties by the

waistband. I lifted my ass of the desk and he slid the wet satin down my legs.

He managed to caress them at the same time, and I loved learning that he liked

my legs, because I'd always thought they were one of my best features.

He dropped my panties ceremoniously on the desk and then unfastened the tiny

buckles on my shoes so that he could take them off and drop them on the floor.

He caressed my legs, one a time, making me wish he'd just raise his hands higher

and help me where I needed it most. Somehow when he was done my socks had joined my shoes on the floor. I felt very naked, even though it was only my legs.

Evan cocked his eyebrow at me. "Miss Granger? I thought you had something to

show me." He nodded his head toward my crotch, and I saw that my skirt had

flopped back down over Pussy. While he was staring at my barely covered crotch,

Evan almost mindlessly picked up my wet panties and rubbed them on his dick. It

grew larger and dripped more sperm onto poor Hello Kitty, who was surely amazed

at what was happening to her. The drenched satin looked very black against

Evan's bright yellow Spongebob shorts.

I knew boys masturbated, probably even more than girls. But I'd never imagined

that one would ever do it in front of me. It was so sexy! I blushed furiously at

Evan's lewd display, but I wasn't going to let my embarrassment stop me.

"This is what I brought for show and tell, Mr. Bradley," I whispered. I lifted

my skirt out of the way so that my big brother could see my bare pink slit for

the first time. I was glad I'd taken the time to shave her before I'd come over.

She was such a greedy little hole I couldn't help but give her a quick caress,

and I pressed the heel of my hand against her squishy lips, spreading them

apart. My fingers came away drenched.

Evan's eyes widened, and it was his turn to murmur, "Oh, God." Suddenly he was

in a big rush and he dropped my panties so he could shove his pants down and

kick off his shoes. He had a hard time getting Spongebob down over his erect

cock, but in a minute Evan was naked from the waist down, looking very sexy in

his dress shirt and tie. He grabbed my hips and slid me towards him, my ass

resting painfully on the edge of the desk and my bare legs on either side of

him.

Somehow his cock looked even bigger now, demanding and hungry. It looked too

big. There was no way it was going to fit inside me, I just knew it. But I

didn't care. I wanted it anyhow.

I leaned back on my elbows and wrapped my bare heels around Evan's ass so I

could pull him towards me. He lined his cock up on my little slit and began

pushing it into me. It made me start panting; short little pants that fought

with each other. I was trying to take in life-giving oxygen at the same time the

cock in my pussy tried to push it out of me, and it wasn't easy. It hurt. It

felt wonderful. I felt dizzy and flustered. There were too many sensations

flooding my mind, all wanting to consume me and each one begging for individual

attention.

There was the pain of a big cock pushing its way into pussy, who fought and

welcomed the intrusion at the same time. The sinful pleasure emanating from

between my legs. Guilt for seducing my big brother. The cosmic contentedness of

destiny achieved. Evan's look of steely determination as he started to fuck his

own little sister.

Suddenly his cock slipped in and I was stunned into thoughtlessness by the

overwhelming intimacy. I threw my arms around Evan and he buried his face in the

hollow of my neck. We froze together like that, our souls joined together not

only as brother and sister, but also as lovers. It seemed like an eternity but

was probably just a few seconds. Then he started fucking me. Furiously.

The orgasm I'd been needing all my life, the one that had been slowly heading

towards me since I was a little girl began its final approach. And it wasn't

going to look around for a better runway or radio for permission to land. It was

overdue for touchdown and it was going to arrive, no matter what. I swear, if

Evan had magically vanished right then I would have laid on that desk twitching

for a few seconds and just cum anyhow.

But I didn't have to.

Evan pounded into me, so maddeningly fast and hard that I almost wished he'd

slow down for a minute. I could hardly breathe and I curled up into a ball with

my big brother as my center, panting into his ear and holding on tight with my

arms around his neck. Each thrust of that perfect dick ratcheted me up higher

and higher, until I squealed like a girl and came and came and came.

Maybe it was because he was my brother. Maybe it was just the synchronicity that

good lovers manage to find with each other. My clit was so sensitive that the

slightest touch would have been more pain than pleasure. But somehow Evan knew

that, and after he gave one last thrust he froze with his cock deep inside me. I

quivered around him as the heavenly spasms wracked my body, my bare legs wrapped around my big brother's bare ass. Pussy gushed around his cock, spilling girl cum all over his dick, all over my skirt and all over the polished wood desk. I

was finally cumming in a plaid skirt, pounded into senselessness by my own big

brother. The universe was mine. At least for as long as it took my orgasm to

wend its way through my body.

I held Evan's face in my hands and moved his lips into place for a kiss. Well,

maybe kiss is too strong a word. I was still breathless and fluttery from the

waist down and Evan's dick was still stretching me wide open, so I couldn't give

him a toe-curling thank you kiss like I wanted to. A girl has to breathe, you

know?

Finally, knowing that I was done, Evan started pulling himself out of me, very

slowly. Pussy objected, but she was too tired and too abused to make much fuss,

and I knew that now that she'd gotten what she'd wanted for so long she'd settle

down. Still, every inch that he pulled out made me twitch and wish he was going

the other way. Pussy wasn't the only one who was disappointed, and an unhappy

mewl escaped my lips when Evan's dick finally popped free. I felt warm and sated

and comfortable, and it didn't matter at all that I was lying on teacher's desk,

my just-fucked pussy leaking fresh hot sperm onto the wood.

I'd finally gotten what I wanted.

I took deep breaths of air, trying to get myself oxygenated enough to think

again. All kinds of thoughts swirled around in my head, a hazy cloud that

obscured the real world. I don't know how long I lay there, but Evan finally

decided it had been long enough.

He took my hands and pulled me upright, my bare legs still dangling over the

edge of his desk and spread apart so my brother could stand between them. I was

still feeling kind of lost and dazed.

"Now it's my turn, Miss Granger."

"What?" I said. I had no idea what he meant. Sitting up hadn't caused the hazy

cloud to go away.

Evan didn't bother to explain, and I was too dazed to resist. He untugged my

shirt and began working on the lower buttons. Then he loosened my gray and pink

tie enough so that he could slip it off over my head. He slid my shirt down over

my shoulders and then leaned me forward onto his chest, against his crisp white

shirt and tie. He smelled all masculine and sexy, and I was quite happy to

cuddle there while he reached behind me and unhooked my bra.

Once he'd dropped it on the floor Evan sat me upright again and smiled into my

eyes. I was totally naked except for my plaid skirt, and I felt more loved and

needed and used than I ever had in my life. But my torpor vanished in a

heartbeat when he reached for the zipper on my skirt.

"No!" I practically screamed, slapping his hand away. I was immediately

embarrassed. But I'd waited all my life for this day, and I wasn't going to

spend a moment of it out of my new skirt. Besides, wasn't I naked enough? I took

a deep breath and tried to sound calm and reasonable.

"That stays on," I said, inspiration striking me even as I said it. "I can tell

how much you like it."

Evan laughed and looked a little embarrassed that I knew him so well. He stepped

back, took my hands in his and pulled me from the desk, my plaid skirt sliding

me along until I was standing with my bare feet on the cold floor. I didn't know

exactly what he wanted, but I didn't have to wait long to find out.

Evan made me step over to the wall behind his desk. At the same time he turned

me so that my back was towards him and I was facing his blackboard. Now I was

positioned just where he wanted, standing on our pile of hastily shed clothes;

my tie and shirt, my socks and shoes and Hello Kitty panties, Evan's pants.

My bare feet were on Spongebob's face, which was still a little wet from Evan's

pre-cum. Even though my new plaid skirt was covering the most important parts of

me, I'd never felt so damned naked in my whole life. This was where my life had

been steering me ever since I was a little girl. And it was so much sexier than

any of my imaginings, which always had me in the comfort of a bed when I finally

surrendered my plaid skirted body to a man who wanted me so badly. Instead here

I was, standing in a public classroom on a pile of hastily removed clothes,

naked except for my skirt, waiting impatiently for my brother's swollen cock to

fuck me some more. It was more than I'd ever dreamed it could be. My long

overdue destiny, one that I'd been longing for ever since I was little, was

finally and suddenly achieved, and the sensations were overwhelming. Every

single inch of me was sensitive and alive, as if the slightest touch would be

too much to bear. As if I couldn't stand not to be touched.

Evan bent me forward at the waist and my hands landed naturally on the chalk

tray. My plaid-skirted ass poked into the classroom and my cheek was near the

dusty-smelling chalkboard. He lifted the hem of my skirt, baring my ass to his

hungry eyes.

"God, Alice. Do you have any idea how long I've wished I could see this?" His

voice was definitely more growl than romance, and it made me feel all girly. I'd

never even known Evan had looked at me that way. It was hard to imagine my own

big brother had been lusting after my butt.

I had to smile to myself when I realized that Evan had accidentally recreated

the scene from the video on his computer. My secret giggle was cut short when I

pictured him watching that scene on his computer. Evan's computer. OMG. He'd

seen the Miss Granger video. Until that very moment it had never occurred to me

that he'd actually watched the scenes he'd saved to his hard drive. He knew

exactly where I'd gotten the idea to dress in a plaid skirt and call myself Ms.

Granger. Evan had probably been laughing to himself as soon as I'd walked in the

door. I was so embarrassed I swear I could feel myself blushing from my head to

my toes.

My humiliation was cut short when Evan's dick slid into me again. I forgot

everything. Evan's cock stretched pussy and she whispered to me that her destiny

had been achieved, too. I trembled from head to toe. The slippery-full ecstasy

between my legs drove all thought from my mind. I moaned and dropped my head.

After School Hookup

Ch. 03

by rockandrollerÂ©

Evan's strokes were much more deliberate this time. It was like totally

different from the furious banging he'd already given me. His massive cock slid

in and stretched pussy's slippery walls. I was on fire inside and out, my skin

flushed and hot to the touch. He tangled his fingers in my hair and rested his

hand on my waist, touching both my plaid skirt and my bare skin. He groaned in

pleasure and his whole body shuddered while he slowly fucked his little sister.

Up until that moment sex had always been a participatory activity for me. It had

been my hand between my legs, my fingers inside me, my hand wriggling the

vibrator. I had humped whatever I needed to, using my own physical effort to

urge thousands of delicious orgasms to take me away. I'd also used my

imagination, fantasizing plaid skirts and hard cocks to make me cum.

But this was totally different.

This time it didn't require any effort on my part at all. Not the physical kind.

Not the mental kind. I was wanted and needed, sparkling and alive and sexier

than I'd ever known I could be. It was totally effortless. I wasn't doing a

single thing but stand there while Evan deliberately fucked me from behind and

my orgasm found it's way to pussy.

It was heaven.

I don't know how long he did me. But after a while our bodies began to spasm

erratically, neither of us urging or trying to resist our oncoming orgasms. And

then it was too late. We were committed to our cums and they rolled over us

implacably, like the ocean erasing a sand castle.

I grabbed the chalk tray so hard I thought I'd have splinters while I came.

Evan's fingers in my hair pulled my head back painfully as he tried to push

himself farther inside me, lifting my heels from the floor. His cock jerked,

spewing so much warm sperm into me that it slid out of pussy and down my thighs.

Every spasm of the shaft inside me caused a spasm in pussy too, and our orgasms

wound down together in a loping spiral that lasted forever and was over too

soon, until finally they faded away.

I turned my head for a kiss and Evan obliged, wrapping his arm around my bare

waist and pulling me close. Our breathing was still too erratic for a proper

kiss, but I needed that personal touch from my lover; the touch that was even

more personal than having his swollen dick inside me.

Evan bent his legs and reluctantly slid out of me. Pussy objected, but it was a

frail and tiny complaint compared to her earlier screaming for attention. I

unclenched my fingers from the dusty chalk tray and tried to stop my breath from

coming in loud gasps.

I turned to face Evan and he took me in his arms, his shirt and tie rough

against my sensitive skin as he cuddled my almost naked body close.

"Alice," he gasped.

"Miss, Granger, sir," I whispered into his shirt.

I could have stood there forever.

But reality soon intruded, and Evan and I got dressed. We left the school

together, just another student and her teacher staying after school for a little

extra studying. There were still even a few students in the hallway and a

teacher or two. It obviously hadn't taken as long as it felt.

Of course no good could come if we were seen getting into the same car, and I

couldn't give Evan the goodbye kiss that I wanted to. As I walked back to my car

there was a new spring in my step, and I couldn't stop the knowing little smile

on my face. I wiggled my ass with a little more authority and my plaid skirt

swished gently against my legs.

\* \* \*

I found lots of excuses to come back down from school from then on. But the one

time I cut classes to visit Evan he spanked my bottom and threw me out of his

classroom. He said there was no way he was going to be a party to anything that

hindered my grades. I never cut another class.

But I did spend enough time after school at Elizabeth Cady Stanton High School

that some of the other students and even a couple of teachers learned my name --

Alice Granger. Whitney even asked me if I wanted to come see her play on her

Lacrosse team. I told her I'd like to, but I had an important after school

project with Mr. Bradley.

I think she was jealous.

\* \* \*

Thank you for reading! I hope you enjoyed yourself. As always, feedback and

comments are appreciated. Read some of my other stories, too, and let me know

what you think of them.