Amber - The Making Of A Fuck Toy

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Chapter 1.

Some years ago, I was an assistant high school football coach in a small

town in the Midwest. In addition to the football, I also taught senior

History and a couple of P.E. classes. I was popular with the kids,

particularly the guys on the football team, in part because I wasn't

that much older than they were. This was my first teaching job, and I

was just twenty-three when I arrived.

Although one might think that such a job would be tough on the libido,

being surrounded by hundreds of teenage girls, it didn't do much for me.

Those sweet, corn-fed, All-American farm girls had never much attracted

me, never mind that I was soon fending off one student crush after

another. None of them made a dent in my armor until the day, three

years into my career, that I met Amber Johnson.

I had Amber in both History and one of my P.E. classes. She was

seventeen, blonde and blue-eyed like her Swedish ancestors, with the

sort of natural beauty and bod that often come along with that look.

She wasn't tall--she was maybe five-four, tops--but she packed a lot

into those sixty-four inches. Toned, athletic legs, tight little butt,

flat stomach, and small, perky tits like ripe peaches.

Amber first began flirting with me in P.E. class, though it was

initially nothing overt. Maybe one smile too many, eyes lighting up a

little whenever we made eye contact, asking me just a few more questions

than was really warranted. When she talked to me before and after

History class, she would clasp her hands behind her back, squirming back

and forth a little, eyes shining. Yet, for all that, Amber's fixation

was nothing I hadn't dealt with before, and nothing that was beyond my

ability to resist. Teenage girls rarely have much in the way of wiles,

and Amber was no exception.

The problems, such as they were, really began in History.

A month into school, a few days after the first midterm, Amber

approached me after class, clutching her book to her breasts.

"Mr. Bradley?"

"What's up, Amber?"

"I didn't do so well on the test, huh?"

She hadn't, having gotten a C-.

"No, you didn't. I'm sorry."

"What did I do wrong?"

"Amber, I need more out of you than an ability to parrot back what you

read in your book and hear in class. To do better than you did, you

have to show me you understand what you've learned enough to have some

independent ideas about it."

"But I studied so hard."

"Just memorizing the book isn't enough. You need to think about what

you're reading."

"Could we go over my test together this week? Like after school?"

"Sure. I've got half an hour between last period and football practice.

Come on by."

She beamed at me.

"Thanks."

---

She appeared that afternoon a few minutes after the last bell. I had

her pull a chair up to my desk and we went over her test line by line.

She leaned closer and closer to me as we worked, until her right breast

was pressing softly against my arm. It couldn't have been accidental,

not after the third time it happened, but she acted as if she didn't

notice. I remained where I was, more amused than aroused.

Finally I leaned back, and she pretended to stretch in her chair,

pushing her tits out against her blouse.

"You think you get the idea now?"

"I think so. This is a big help. Thanks."

"I need to get to practice. I'll see you in class tomorrow."

"Bye."

---

I was the team's defensive coordinator, having been a decent safety when

I played in college. I had a good relationship with the players, trying

not to be the aloof dictator I had encountered too often when I was

their age, and we tended to joke and kid each other a lot during

practice.

We were winding up a scrimmage when Tommy Nelson, one of the

linebackers, stopped next to me with a big grin on his face.

"Hey, coach, I hear Amber Johnson has the hots for you."

I gave him a smirk.

"Where'd you hear that?"

"Stacey Bennett was telling me about it. She said Amber's always

talking about you now."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"I guess you guys need to run some wind sprints if you've got enough

energy to listen to crap like that."

He groaned, laughing.

"Oh, man, come on!"

"Next time, maybe. Move it."

He ran off, still laughing.

---

Amber approached me again after class a few days later.

"Mr. Bradley? Could we go over this week's chapter this afternoon?"

"What don't you understand?"

"I just want to be sure I'm getting it all the way you want us to."

I stifled a grin. I suspected that she wasn't getting it all the way

\_she\_ wanted to either.

"I can give you a few minutes."

"Thanks."

She returned to the room right on time and sat down next to my desk.

Today, she had on a thin spaghetti strap top, and if I wasn't seeing

things, she wasn't wearing a bra. She wouldn't have come to school like

that--it was simply too obvious, and I thought I would have noticed it

earlier that day--which meant she had probably just taken it off.

In any case, I could tell by the sly look in her eyes that she knew what

I had just noticed. But we pretended to go over that week's work

anyway.

Once again, she was soon brushing her breast against my arm, and this

time I could feel her nipple through the fabric. It stiffened rapidly

after the first contact, and I could feel the pert flesh sliding against

my arm as she breathed. My cock began stirring in my slacks.

When I withdrew a little, breaking the contact, she came slowly after

me. Within a minute or two, her breast was back against my arm.

I leaned back, looking down at her. Her face colored a bit, and she

inhaled slowly as she met my gaze. There it was in her eyes,

unmistakably: Kiss me.

I didn't, of course. Instead I straightened myself in my chair and

moved backwards. I watched the disappointment flashing through her eyes

as I closed her book.

"I need to get to practice. You think you have a handle on this now?"

She nodded nervously.

"Yeah. Thanks."

---

For a couple of weeks, things continued in that vein. Amber would ask

for help a few times a week, and when she had me alone in the

afternoons, she would do her best to entice me somehow. Some days she

arrived braless as she had that day; other days she wore short skirts

and tried to rub her leg against mine.

The attentions soon spread to P.E. class. One morning when we were

playing volleyball, Amber fell to the floor after stretching for a ball,

seeming to twist her ankle. As the other kids circled around us, I

tried to gauge the extent of her injury.

"Can you get up?"

"It hurts."

I put her arm over my shoulder and helped her over to the bleachers.

The rest of the students resumed the game while I squatted in front of

Amber, feeling her ankle, gently bending it one way, then another.

"Does that hurt?"

"A little."

When I looked up at her after a few seconds, I suddenly realized what

was going on here. She had seated herself to give me a clear view up

the leg of her nylon gym shorts--and there was nothing under there but

her natural blonde charms.

I had to steel myself for a moment before setting her leg down.

"I think you'll be all right. Just rest it for now."

For once she didn't try to hide her disappointment at my reaction, but I

stood up and turned back to the game anyway.

---

Despite my outward restraint, Amber's antics were starting to have an

effect on me. She was a hot little piece of ass, make no mistake about

that--she just wasn't my type. The guys on the team often teased me

about it, and I had to think that Amber was getting some teasing of her

own. She simply wasn't subtle enough about her attentions.

Things finally came to a head after the next midterm. Though Amber

insisted on getting my help beforehand, it was fairly obvious that she

was paying more attention to me than to History. And when the test

rolled around, I got the confirmation with her exam. She had done a

little better, but not much. I cut her some slack and gave her a C+.

The shock that hit her face when I returned the tests put a twinge of

guilt in my gut, but, I told myself, she had gotten what she had earned.

She spent the rest of the class trying not to cry, and when the bell

rang, she left quickly without looking at me.

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I saw nothing of her the rest of the day, and I went home after football

practice. It was a Friday, but we didn't have a game that night, so I

was looking forward to a lazy evening in front of the TV.

Around eight o'clock, the doorbell rang. Behind the door, I found

Amber, dressed in hiphugger jeans and a short halter top.

"Hi."

"Amber, what are you doing here?"

"Can I come inside?"

"First tell me what you want."

She inhaled nervously

"What do I have to do to make you like me?"

I took a slow breath.

"Amber, this is a very bad idea."

She took a step toward me, pushing her shoulders back a little to lift

her breasts. I stayed where I was, and she closed to within a foot or

so. She looked up at me yearningly.

A moment later, she raised her arm and caressed my cheek tenderly.

"Amber--"

"Don't you want to?"

"No, I don't want to."

Her eyes swelled in shock.

"Why not?"

"Because although you are very pretty, you are not my type. You're not

the sort of girl I'm attracted to."

Tears began filling her eyes.

"What do you mean?"

"Amber, tell me something. You're a virgin, aren't you?"

Her jaw vibrated for a moment, then she answered me.

"Yes. You . . . you would be my first. I've never even let a guy take

my top off."

"And why me?"

"Because you're so cute, and so hot, and so smart, and so nice to me

and--"

Her voice broke, and now she pressed herself against me, trying to put

her arms around my waist.

"Please--"

I pushed her away.

"Listen. I'm just not into this sort of thing. I like bad girls,

sluts, girls who aren't afraid to say the word 'fuck' and then do it six

different ways no matter who might see it. That's not who you are."

She sniffled as the confusion spun through her head.

"You don't want me . . . because I'm \_not\_ a slut?"

"Exactly."

She panted against her agitation for a few seconds.

"But if I were?"

"You're not. I can see it in your eyes. You don't have it in you."

"But I could. For you. I'll do whatever you want me to. Whatever you

want to do to me, you can."

I stared hard at her for a few seconds, but she stood her ground. I

realized we were still standing on the porch where anyone could see us,

so I pulled her into the house and shut the door.

"Do you understand what I'm talking about here? Not just garden-variety

perversions like oral sex. I'm talking big league stuff. Is this

getting through to you?"

She gulped.

"Whatever it is, I'll do it."

"This isn't going to be one of those tawdry student crushes where you

change your mind in a month and get me fired. You must surrender to me.

Completely. Whatever I tell you to do, you do. No argument, no

questions. In exchange, you get a commitment, from me, that you will be

mine until you no longer want to be. But a refusal of my instructions

will be the same as a statement that you want out. Do you understand?"

Her face had gone pale, but she nodded weakly.

"Say it."

"I understand. I'll do whatever you tell me to."

I ran my eyes over her body slowly.

"You said you're a virgin."

She nodded rapidly.

"I am."

"If you're lying, you're out of here, okay?"

"I'm not. I swear."

"Follow me."

I led her into the bedroom and shut the door behind us.

"Strip. Show me."

Amber stripped rapidly out of her clothes. She hadn't been wearing a

bra, and under her jeans she wore nothing but a tiny lycra thong, which

she removed in an instant. Then she lay flat on her back on the bed,

spreading her legs.

I squatted between her firm thighs, inspecting her wet blonde pussy.

She was so turned on that her fluids were running out onto her legs.

She gasped when I first touched her, and her legs twitched as I probed

gently into her. Her sex was as cute as the rest of her, slim pink

petals like the inside of conch shell. Just inside, I found her hymen,

still intact.

"Very good."

She gulped.

"Thanks."

I stood back and looked over her smooth, taut body. Her small breasts

were hard and firm, holding their shape well though she lay on her back.

They quivered with each nervous, rapid, breath. I traced my eyes down,

past the curve of her ribcage to the smooth concave swell of her

abdomen, the muscles around her navel, finally down to the sparse nest

of pale blonde pubic hair that surrounded her swollen sex.

She wasn't a slut, yet. But maybe I could make her one.

"Let's begin."

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Chapter 2.

"Get up," I said.

Amber looked at me in confusion for a second and then sat up. She

reached for her top, but I stopped her.

"No. Stand up."

She did, still quivering in agitation.

I searched through my closet until I found a scarf, which I used to

blindfold her. She gasped as I covered her eyes and began breathing

rapidly.

"What are you doing?"

"It's not what I'm doing; it's what you're going to do."

"What is it?"

I took her arm and tried to lead her out of the bedroom. She took a few

steps before speaking up again.

"Where are we going?"

I stopped.

"Amber, do you want to do this?"

"Yes."

"Then stop asking me questions and just do what I tell you to."

"I'm sorry."

"Come on."

I led her to the back door. When I opened it, she squeaked in fright

and began shivering even harder. I could see her jaw vibrating as the

fought the urge to ask me what was going on.

She followed me out to my car, now shaking so hard that she had trouble

walking. I lived on a fairly large wooded lot, and so far no one could

see us. But that was about to change.

Amber climbed into my car when I opened the door. By the time I got

into the driver's seat she was on the verge of tears, shaking and

gasping in her seat.

"You want to ask me where we're going, don't you?"

She nodded violently.

"You'll see eventually. This is part of your training. You want to be

a slut, don't you?"

She nodded again.

"All right. Here we go."

I started the car and drove out of the garage. It was quite dark, and

Amber was short enough that no one was going to see much of her unless

they looked directly into the car. But she probably didn't realize

that.

Her arms were pressed across her body now, one over her breasts, the

other in her lap. I took the arm closest to me and pulled it away from

her breasts.

"Relax your arms. Never cover yourself unless I tell you to."

Still shaking in fear, she lowered her arms to her sides.

I drove outside of town to a local park, finally stopping on a hill

overlooking the town. No one else was around, which was fine for now.

Amber had calmed down a little while I was driving, but when I stopped

the car, she began shaking again. I went around and opened the

passenger side door, reaching for her hand. She was so tense she could

hardly move.

"Get out. Come on."

She took one awkward step out, then another. I helped her to her feet.

She swung her head back and forth, unable to see but trying to listen

for anything around us.

I led her away from the car toward the edge of the hilltop, where there

were a couple of picnic benches. I had Amber sit on one of them, facing

the town. She held her arms tight around her waist, obviously wanting

to cover herself but just as obviously not wanting to upset me.

"Are you all right?"

She couldn't answer me right away.

"Amber?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to go home?"

A few rapid gasps.

"I don't know."

"Yes or no."

"No."

"Because?"

"Because you don't want me to."

"Very good."

I took her arms and removed them from her waist, then spread her legs

slowly. She was still in a lather of agitation, shaking and quivering

on the picnic table.

"Masturbate."

She gasped.

"What?"

"Masturbate. Get yourself off. You do know how, don't you?"

"Um--"

"Have you done it before?"

The shakes intensified, and she began to cry again.

"Amber, answer me."

"Yes," she squeaked.

"Then do it. Now."

One hand moved weakly between her legs, and she tried to play with

herself. But she was shaking and gasping so hard that she could do

little to herself.

"Amber, if you were really a slut, you would have no problem with this.

Sluts don't care about where they are or who might be watching.

They're only interested in fucking. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she gasped.

"We're not leaving until you come. Unless you just want me to take you

straight home."

She fought to get control of herself, and her movements became more

deliberate. She rubbed herself gently with her middle finger, pushing

it in and out of her labia just below her clit. She tried to lean back

a little to get a better angle on herself, and I helped her lie flat on

her back. That seemed to calm her down somewhat.

I watched as she grew wetter and wetter, until her finger was glistening

in the moonlight. I looked around us, watching for other cars, but saw

no one. The local make-out spot was in this park but near the other

end. We were not likely to be disturbed up here.

Amber's legs started to twitch, and her hips began to squirm as her

fingers moved faster. One hand had come up to play with her tits. She

had stopped shaking completely, lost now in making love to herself. I

sat down, straddling one of the benches, right by Amber's head. I

stroked her forehead gently as she neared orgasm.

When she seemed close to the brink, I pushed the blindfold off of her

face. Her eyes flew open and she sat up to look around.

"Don't stop. Keep going."

She gasped, gritting her teeth and closing her eyes tightly. A few

seconds later, her back arched and a little squeak came out of her nose

as she came. Then she shook and quivered gently in the aftermath for

several moments. I bent and kissed the sweat from her forehead.

"Very nice."

Her eyes opened slowly, and she forced herself to look around. She

relaxed visibly when she realized no one else was near.

She sat up slowly, unsure what to do now. Her chest and face were

flushed a deep red.

"Did you enjoy that?"

She shrugged.

"No?"

She nodded.

"Yes."

"You thought we might have an audience, didn't you?"

She nodded again.

"But you did it anyway."

Her eyes met mine again, then looked down.

"Some day you might. Some day I may want you to perform like this for

someone else. I may even want you to fuck them."

Her eyes shot up again in horror.

"If you're going to be a slut, that's the sort of thing sluts do."

Her jaw began vibrating again, but she said nothing.

"Come here."

I took one of her legs and had her sit directly in front of me, one foot

planted on the bench on either site of me. The scent of her arousal

rose up around us.

"Again."

"What?"

"Do it again. Get yourself off."

Taking a nervous breath, she moved her hand back between her legs and

resumed masturbating. This time I watched from only a few inches away,

watched her fingers pumping busily into her sex. She leaned back on one

hand, gasping for breath.

I reached for one of her breasts, and she started when I touched her.

But she didn't stop. I stroked her gently, feeling the firmness of her

little tits. They were ripe and upturned, with prominent pink nipples,

totally ignoring the force of gravity. She twitched as I played with

them, twisting them back and forth.

"Tell me when you're going to come. Tell me right before it happens."

She nodded rapidly, and her hand moved faster. About a minute later, as

her body started to shake, she squeaked out, "Now."

I grabbed her hand and jerked it from between her legs. She gasped,

shaking against my grip, and her thighs tried to slam shut against my

chest. She squirmed in front of me, face contorted in frustration.

"Did you come?"

She fought the shaking of her body to answer me.

"No. It hurts."

I pushed her flat on her back and bent to lick at her. She half-gasped

and half-squeaked, gripping the edge of the table tightly. I stuck my

tongue into her, tasting her sweet fluids, then began pummeling her clit

with my tongue. Another quiet cry burst from her lungs, and she

thrashed in orgasm under me. I kept it up until the tremors subsided a

few seconds later.

I let her rest for a few moments, then stood up.

"Time to go. Get up."

She struggled to her feet and followed me back to the car. We drove

home in silence.

When we got back, I led her into the bedroom. I could see the nervous

anticipation in her eyes, but I was about to surprise her again.

"You can get dressed."

She looked up in confusion, not moving toward her clothes.

"You thought we were going to fuck?"

She nodded weakly.

"We're a long way from that. You haven't earned it yet. Get dressed."

She did, quickly and quietly. When she was done, I took her in my arms

and caressed her gently. I sat on the edge of the bed, and she climbed

into my lap.

"You surprised me tonight."

"I did?"

"I didn't think you would be able to do all that. I didn't think you

had it in you. I half-expected this to simply be a way to get rid of

you."

She didn't answer me right away.

"Do you want to be rid of me?"

"No. Not anymore. You have potential now, I think."

She gulped.

"To be a slut."

"Yes."

She shivered in my arms.

"Go home. Come back tomorrow."

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Chapter 3.

I hadn't given Amber any specifics, but she showed up early the next

afternoon, as I was watching Nebraska lose to Texas.

She followed me back into the living room and stood nervously next to

the television as I sat down. I examined her for a few moments. She

wore just jeans and a white T-shirt, with a sweater vest over it.

"All right," I said finally, "I think I know what we're going to do

today."

"What?"

"Amber, look at yourself. What are you trying to say to the world?"

She looked down over herself in confusion.

"I don't understand."

"Do you think sluts dress like that? Baggy jeans and a sweater top that

makes your tits disappear?"

She gulped.

"I don't have a lot of nice clothes."

"You must have something sexier than that outfit."

"I have a few things."

"Like?"

"I have a miniskirt. Except maybe it's not that short."

"I think we're going to go shopping today. But for starters, get all

that off."

She gasped, and her face paled. I chuckled at her agitation.

"Relax. I'm not going to make you go shopping naked. But we need to

get few things clear first. Now strip."

She pulled the sweater vest over her head, and the rest of her clothes

hit the floor soon afterward. I got off the couch and appropriated her

knickers and bra.

"From now on, underwear is not part of your ensemble unless it's

something trashy. Sluts generally aren't into wearing knickers, and you

don't really need a bra." I reached out and cupped one of her breasts,

feeling the springy flesh with my thumb. "Get dressed. But lose the

sweater."

She did. Now, with nipples erect in fear and excitement and poking

against her T-shirt, she looked a little better. She looked down at

herself, then up at me.

"You have pretty breasts. Are you ashamed of showing them off?"

She gulped.

"No."

"All right. Let's go."

---

We drove a few towns over, where I wouldn't have to worry about being

seen with one of my students, and pulled into a Wal-Mart. There, in the

young women's department, they had a small selection of slutty,

trailer-trash outfits.

I picked through the racks of clothing, and Amber followed me,

pale-faced but compliant. I picked out a few lycra miniskirts and

spandex microdresses, then found some tops to go with the skirts. A

pair of spike heels finished the look. When I was satisfied, we went

toward the dressing rooms.

"Put together a look you like. You know what you're supposed to be

doing."

She nodded wordlessly, took the clothes from me, and went into a stall.

I sat down to wait, watching an assortment of pasty-faced, big-assed

women and their bratty kids wandering in and out of the dressing area.

Amber's stall door cracked open an inch, and I saw her looking out at me

fearfully. I motioned to her with my fingers to come out. After

gathering her courage, she did.

I had half-expected her to pick the most conservative outfit, but she

hadn't. She had picked out the shortest skirt in the collection, little

more than a band of stretchy white fabric about ten inches wide. It

dropped only about two inches below her crotch and rose to no more than

an inch below her navel. On top, she wore a neon pink long-sleeved crop

top that was cut almost low enough to expose her nipples, which were

doing their best to come out anyway.

She glanced around nervously, trying to ignore the wide-eyed glances she

was getting from the other customers, and walked up to me slowly.

"Good. I like that."

She managed a small smile.

"Thanks."

"Take a few deep breaths and relax," I said softly. "It's not like your

naked."

"I feel naked."

"Would you like to be?"

I watched several conflicting emotions at war in her eyes, and it took

her a few seconds to answer me.

"If . . . " She stopped and gasped for breath a few times. " . . . if

you want me to be."

"I could tell you to pull that top off right now. We'd probably get

thrown out of here, but we're fifty miles from home. It's not like

anyone would hear about it."

Her hands began to shake, but she reached slowly for the edge of her top.

I licked my lips, liking what I saw in her pretty blue eyes. Then I

smiled.

"Next time. Get the rest of the stuff; we have some other things to do."

She let out a ragged breath and returned to the dressing stall. I paid

for her collection of new clothes, and then I took her to the makeup counter.

"I think you know what we're doing here," I said quietly as the

counterwoman approached. Amber nodded quickly.

The woman took in her outfit quickly, but didn't show much concern.

"Hi. Can I help you?"

"I'd like a make over. Something more glamorous than what I have now."

The woman leaned over the counter and took Amber's chin in her hand,

turning her head one way, then the other.

"Hmm. Of course. I know just what we can do."

Amber positioned herself on a stool, keeping her thighs pressed tightly

together. The woman returned with her collection of cosmetics and spent

about fifteen minutes transforming Amber from a fresh-faced farm girl

into a big-city model wannabe.

When she was done, I paid for Amber's new cosmetics, and we left.

Hiding behind all the makeup, she seemed to have gained some confidence,

and we as walked across the street to a nearby diner for a late lunch,

she actually appeared to be enjoying some of the attention she was getting.

"You're not a slut yet," I said quietly, "but maybe you see what it's about now."

She nodded.

"Yeah."

When we got to the diner, I took us to a booth near the front, facing

the counter. The waitress gave Amber a brief look of distaste but took

our orders.

"Keep your eyes on me," I said. "Don't look around."

"Okay."

As casually as I could, I took in the other customers in the diner.

Most of them weren't paying much attention to us, but some of the men

were. One in particular, who looked like a trucker coming through town,

was giving Amber a major eye, though he glanced away when he saw me

watching him. I turned back around, certain that he had resumed his

ogling once it was safe.

"Don't look over there," I said softly, "but out of the corner of your

eye, you should see a guy at the end of the counter staring at you."

Her eyes flashed to the side very quickly, then back at me.

"See him?"

She nodded carefully.

"Turn yourself a little and open your legs a few inches, so he can see

up your skirt."

Her face colored in embarrassment, and her jaw tightened.

"I'm not going to let him touch you. I want him to see what he can't

have. Do it."

Slowly and awkwardly, she shifted slightly in her seat, then pretended

to stretch her shoulders.

"Good. Stay like that."

She smiled at me weakly. The waitress appeared with our drinks, and

Amber began to relax. I saw her glance over my shoulder again.

"Is he still watching you?"

She nodded.

"Do you think he can tell that you don't have any knickers on?"

Another nod.

"How does that make you feel?"

She looked up at me, eyes swelling.

"A slut would tell me it was turning her on," I said. "How about you?"

She shivered, too nervous and unsure to say anything.

"In time, I suppose. You can stop now."

She shifted again in her seat, sliding over a bit toward the wall.

"You're doing well," I said. "This will take some time."

She smiled shyly, then dropped her eyes to the table again.

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We returned to my house just after three o'clock. Amber stood fidgeting

in the middle of the room as I unloaded our purchases. Then I turned to

her.

"What would you like to do now?"

Surprised for a moment, she took a deep breath and answered me.

"I want you to fuck me."

I laughed softly.

"That's good. But you're lying to me."

Her eyes swelled in shock.

"No, I'm not."

"Amber, what you want me to do is take your virginity in some touching,

gentle, romantic fashion. You don't want me to fuck you. There's a

difference."

Her jaw began to vibrate in humiliation.

"Until you can say that and mean it, it's not going to happen."

I watched her struggling with herself for a few seconds.

"Amber, you're free to leave whenever you want. I've been as clear with

you as I can be, I think. If this isn't what you want, you should go.

Don't waste any more of your time or mine."

She took a few gasping, ragged breaths, but stood her ground.

"All right. Get undressed."

She was naked again in a matter of seconds. I walked up to her,

examining her slim nudity. Her tits were perky and upturned, but the

rest of her was smooth and athletic, almost boyish. Her blonde pubes

stood out in a narrow little tuft from between her thighs. I reached

down and brushed my fingers over it.

"I think this is going to have to come off. Maybe the next time we go out."

She nodded, not saying anything.

I reversed my hand and felt between her legs with my middle finger. She

was hot but still dry. I pushed upward, working myself between her lips

until I found her clit. She quivered slightly in front of me, breath

catching in her throat.

I caught her clit between my thumb and forefinger, twisting it ever so

gently, feeling the bud trapped between her inner lips. She whimpered

softly as I did it but didn't otherwise move.

I kept it up for a minute or so, until I felt a squirt of moisture

emerge from within her. I wet my middle finger inside her and used it

to masturbate her, dipping and sliding in and out of her the way I had

watched her do herself the night before.

Her eyes had closed now, and her breath was whistling through her

nostrils. After a few minutes of this, her legs were starting to twitch

and her hands were fists at her side. I could tell she wanted to grab a

hold of me somehow but was afraid to move. Finally, as I rubbed her

rapidly with my finger, her legs buckled and a squeak escaped her nose.

She gasped, letting out a soft cry as she struggled to remain on her

feet. I continued playing with her until her orgasm subsided. Then I

withdrew and stepped back.

She stood unsteadily in front of me, legs still quivering, and finally

opened her eyes. As she had the night before, she was blushing fiercely.

I shook my head.

"What are you so embarrassed about?"

"I don't know. I'm sorry."

"You didn't enjoy that?"

"I did."

She gasped for breath and ran her hands over her face as if she could

wipe the blush from her cheeks.

I stared at her hard for a few seconds.

"Amber, do you really want to be a slut?"

She answered me instantly.

"Yes!"

"Then this may take more drastic action than simply dressing you up."

"What?"

"Something to get you a little jaded. These baby steps just aren't

going to cut it."

Her face paled, and her breathing sped up again. I walked back and

kissed her gently on the forehead.

"I have to think about this. Go home. Call me at eight o'clock

tonight. By then I may have some ideas."

"Okay."

She dressed rapidly and left.

---

Chapter 4.

In truth, I wasn't quite sure what to do with Amber. Oh, I wanted to

fuck her; that wasn't the problem. I wanted to fuck the daylights out

of her, and I knew she would let me. What held me back was the sense of

something else inside her, the embryo of something much bigger, if only

I could nurture it to viability. And going straight into fucking would

kill it off as surely as giving up this whole project.

But what I had said that afternoon was true as well. Amber still had a

shell of modesty and propriety protecting that embryo, and I had to

break through it somehow. She would go along with what I wanted to do,

these silly exercises we had engaged in that afternoon, simply because I

wanted her to do it. But \_she\_ wouldn't want to do it until I broke

that shell inside her.

What to do?

There were all sorts of things that \_I\_ could do to her, but that maybe

was part of the problem. She still viewed this thing as an "us," things

she was doing for me. The closer we got, the more she would settle into

the idea that she was just my girlfriend. She would rationalize the

things I made her do as just pleasing her man, and it would probably do

nothing but reinforce the shell inside her.

And that gave me an idea. I had, over the three years I had lived here,

occasionally employed a local escort service for nocturnal entertainment

when I got lonely and horny enough. Maybe what I really needed was some

outside help.

I called the number I had been using and obliquely explained to the

woman on the other end that my girlfriend was bored and we were looking

for someone else to "party" with. She professed to understand and told

me she would call me back in a few minutes.

Five minutes later she called back saying one of her girls was

interested. Did she understand that this was mainly for my girlfriend?

I asked. Not a problem, she replied. When did I need her?

I told the woman to send the girl by around eight o'clock. Then I went

looking for the things I needed. Most of them I found around the house

or the garage, and then set them up in the living room. I went out to

the hardware store for the rest and stopped by the ATM to get some cash.

---

I was finally ready around seven-thirty and sat down to wait. Just

before eight, the doorbell rang. Behind the door I found a reasonably

attractive blonde girl (though with a bad dye job) of about twenty or so.

"Hi. I'm Candy."

"Of course you are," I said.

I ushered her into the living room. On the coffee table was the

envelope with her fee. She spotted it and went straight over.

"Is this for me?"

"It's not mine. I don't know what it's doing there."

Grinning a little, she picked it up and looked inside. I watched her

counting the money, then slipping it into her purse.

"So what are we doing? Where's your girlfriend?"

"She's coming over. This is actually a surprise. A present for her."

She nodded.

"So what do I do?"

"Get into costume and wait in the bedroom. I'll come get you when it'stime."

I showed her where to get ready, and as I was doing it, the phone rang.

It was Amber. I told her to come straight over.

When I got off the phone with Amber, Candy called the agency and told

them where she was and what was going on. Then she stripped down to

her underwear, a matching black lace bra and panty set. Her tits were

nice enough, though obviously fake.

"When you come out, she's going to be tied to a chair waiting for you.

Don't say anything and try not to touch her with anything except your

mouth. I want her to think it's me at first."

"Okay."

"She may or may not be willing to do anything for you. We'll just have

to see."

"What about you?"

"Don't worry about me."

She smiled.

"Just going to watch?"

"Most likely. But this is liable to get a little twisted. I'm not sure

how she'll react, but I think once she gets over her surprise, she'll be

all right. Just play along with whatever I do."

She nodded.

"Sure. No problem."

I checked on the last of my preparations and waited for Amber. She

showed up about five minutes after I had talked to her. She had changed

into one of her new outfits, a green lycra microskirt and a matching bra

top. No underwear was in evidence.

"Nice."

"Thanks."

"Come in here."

When she saw what was waiting for her, her eyes swelled in concern.

"Strip."

She did, quickly.

"Sit in the chair."

"What are we doing?"

"You're going home if you ask me another question."

She sat in the chair instantly. As I tied her ankles to the chair legs

and her wrists to the arms, she began shaking again but said nothing. I

blindfolded her and fitted her mouth with the makeshift ball gag I had

made from a one-inch rubber ball washer and a bungee cord.

"Amber, do you still want to be a slut? My slut?"

She nodded rapidly.

"Tonight is going to be a big test. Call it a go-no-go test. You

either get through this, and do what I want you to, or it's all over.

Understand?"

Her face had gone even paler than normal, but she nodded again. I went

back to the bedroom and fetched Candy. Her eyebrows went up a little

when she saw Amber, but she said nothing, as I had instructed. I

motioned her forward and sat on the couch about two feet away to watch.

Candy knelt carefully in front of Amber, leaning forward. She opened

her mouth and took Amber's left nipple between her lips. Amber gasped

slightly but remained still. Candy suckled her gently for about a

minute, running her tongue around and around Amber's nipple. She moved

to Amber's right breast and continued her attentions.

I watched Amber getting less nervous and more aroused, and it was quite

clear she thought I was the one pleasuring her. I was going to let her

continue to think that for a while.

Candy went back and forth over Amber's perky little tits for some time,

getting both nipples red and swollen. I noticed that she had disobeyed

my instructions and moved a hand between Amber's thighs, stroking her

gently. I tapped her foot with my shoe. She looked up and I shook my

head. The hand returned to her side.

Amber hadn't seemed to notice anything, and Candy began kissing her way

down Amber's belly. Amber sensed what was coming and pushed herself

forward, opening her thighs. Finally Candy reached Amber's damp sex and

kissed it. Then she extended her tongue and ran it slowly up and down,

wiggling it over Amber's clit. She probed forward, splitting Amber

open, and licked up and down again.

Amber was flushed in arousal now, bright pink over most of her chest and

neck. Her breath came in shallow gasps as Candy began licking her more

purposefully. Candy's tongue was a hard little point, flicking all over

and around Amber's clit. Amber's hips began to shake, pushing forward,

but Candy withdrew, maintaining her light and teasing strokes.

Amber let out a whimper, straining against her bonds. My cock was stiff

and aching in my pants, and I shifted to free it. I watched Candy's

tongue fluttering and dancing all over Amber's sex. Amber let out

another little cry, and this time Candy stopped teasing her. She pushed

forward, sucking Amber's clit into her mouth, and went after her

eagerly. Amber threw her head back, gasping for breath. Thighs shaking

and breasts heaving, she at last shivered into orgasm. Candy held on

through the end of it, finishing her off expertly.

When Amber finally sank back into the chair, letting her head sink

forward, Candy leaned back, looking to me for instructions. I motioned

for her to remove the last of her clothes, which she did. Then I

gestured toward Amber again, and Candy went back to work.

She returned to Amber's breasts, though working her harder this time,

holding her nipples between her lips and worrying at them like a

terrier. Amber responded by pushing forward at Candy's mouth,

whimpering in need.

When Candy slid back down between Amber's thighs and began eating her

again, tongue buried inside Amber's pussy and driving her back toward

climax, I finally stood. I went behind Amber, watching her carefully,

watching for the moment when she was on the brink of orgasm. Candy was

sucking and slurping on Amber's clit now, shaking her head back and

forth. When Amber began gasping rapidly for breath in the way she

always did when she was about to come, I reached out and pulled off her

blindfold.

She started in surprise, then let out a squeal of horror when she saw

what was really going on. Her head swung around, looking for me, and

her eyes locked onto mine. I bent down, holding her head between my

arms.

"Let it happen, Amber," I whispered. "Just let go. Remember what I

said in the beginning. Go-no-go, remember?"

She whimpered in defeat, screwing her eyes shut. I caressed her cheek

and kissed her nose.

"Let it go. Just let her get you off. Let it happen."

I couldn't tell whether Candy had been paying attention to this, but she

hadn't slowed down at all. Amber's thighs began to shake, and her break

whistled rapidly through her nose. She seemed on the brink of tears and

the brink of climax at the same time. I kept stroking her face,

whispering comforts to her, and slowly her resistance began to ebb. She

went limp in my arms, though her eyes remained tightly shut.

Then she came. She let out a squeak, slamming her hips forward at

Candy's mouth. She shook and convulsed against her restraints for a

good ten seconds before I motioned to Candy to withdraw. She sat back,

looking up at us uncertainly.

Gradually Amber came back to earth, and I untied her. She remained

where she was, limp and unmoving.

"Amber."

Nothing.

"Amber. Look at me."

Her eyes opened slowly, fearfully. I untied her gag.

"This is Candy."

She glanced down at the girl between her thighs, then back at me.

"Did you like that?" I asked.

Her jaw vibrated, but she said nothing.

"You came. Twice. You didn't like it?"

"I--I--"

"Thought it was me?"

She nodded.

"Does this change what you felt? Erase those orgasms she gave you?"

She glanced at Candy again, jaw still shaking. "I don't know what you

want me to say," she whimpered.

"I want you to tell me the truth. Did you enjoy what she did to you

when she was doing it?"

She nodded weakly.

"It felt good?"

Another nod.

"Would you like her to do it again?"

Her eyes closed, and she said nothing. I looked down at Candy.

"Give us a minute. Go smoke a cigarette or something."

She nodded and went back into my bedroom. When she was gone, I caressed

Amber's face slowly.

"Amber, I never said this was going to be easy. I just said it would

make you into the person I want you to be. Do you still want that?"

She nodded rapidly, fighting tears.

"Sluts tend to be bisexual. They don't really care who they fuck as

long as they get off in the process. And Amber, I think you have that

in you. You just have to let go of what everyone has told you about who

you're supposed to be. You can either go home and be a good little girl

like your mother tells you, or you can stay here and let me show you how

to be someone else. Which is it going to be?"

She pried her eyes open.

"You enjoyed what Candy did, didn't you?"

She answered me in a tiny voice. "Yes."

"I think you're just surprised and worried about whether this is

perverted or wrong or something equally silly. You're afraid to admit

to yourself that you liked it because that would mean letting go of the

old Amber."

She didn't answer me, but I saw the truth in her eyes.

"But that's what you have to do, Amber. You've got to let go of the

person you used to be if you want to be the person I want. Go-no-go

time. Decide now which way you want to go."

She screwed her eyes shut and gasped for breath a few times. She had to

force the reply out.

"Slut."

"You want to be a slut?"

She nodded.

"All right. Let's get started."

I got Candy from the bedroom and had her sit next to me on the couch. I

motioned to Amber, who rose nervously from the chair.

"Return the favor," I said to her. "I think you know what to do."

She stood in front of us gathering her courage for a few seconds,

glancing at me and then at Candy, who merely sat there smiling with her

thighs spread. Then she dropped slowly to her knees in front of the

other girl.

Candy positioned herself, sliding forward and offering her smoothly

shaved pussy to Amber's mouth. Amber looked down at it as if it was

about to bite her.

I reached over and stroked her arm.

"Go on. Remember what I said."

She nodded, placed her hands on Candy's thighs, and leaned forward. She

closed her eyes as she made contact. She kissed Candy's sex weakly,

once, twice, before extending her tongue about half an inch and

beginning to lick.

At first she simply lapped slowly without any real focus. Candy

stretched out a little and caressed Amber's head. When Candy touched

her, a shiver shot through Amber's body, and she briefly stopped what

she was doing. Then she took a deep breath and resumed.

Bit by bit Amber seemed to get used to this, licking more firmly and

deliberately. Candy sighed, beginning to roll her hips slowly. I had

no illusions about Amber being able to get her off the first time, but

that wasn't really important. It was Amber I cared about, not Candy.

Candy let out a soft squeak.

"Faster."

I watched in mild amazement as Amber complied, speeding up her

movements. Her attentions were far less imaginative than Candy's had

been--little more than simply up-and-down licks against Candy's clit.

Candy suddenly pulled her closer, pushing her pussy into Amber's mouth.

Amber briefly froze in surprise, then tried to do what Candy wanted.

She sucked on Candy's clit and labia, working her tongue into Candy's

pussy. Candy kept a tight grip on Amber's hair now, breathing rapidly

through her teeth.

I reached over again and stroked Amber's forehead.

"You're doing great. Just keep at it."

She glanced over at me--and actually smiled, very quickly, around the

pussy she had in her mouth. Candy quivered again, moaning at what Amber

was doing now. Amber sped up, licking faster, eyes shut and

concentration etched on her face.

I wasn't sure whether Candy was faking this, but I didn't suppose it

mattered since Amber could not possibly know the difference. Finally,

with a whimper and a quaking of her abdomen, Candy came into Amber's

mouth, thrashing around beside me. Amber continued eating her until it

was over, then leaned back. She looked up at me, hopeful and nervous,

and I rubbed her head.

"Good job."

I looked at the clock. I had bought Candy for an hour, and we still had

about twenty minutes left.

As Candy recovered, I stood up and undressed. Amber remained where she

was. Candy looked up at me, then at Amber.

"So what now?"

"Lie down on the floor beside her."

Candy slid down off the couch. I had her lie flat on her back and

directed Amber to sit on her face. She complied quickly, and Candy

began eating her again. I sat directly in front of Amber and opened my

pants, my erection gooey with precum and pointing toward the ceiling.

"My turn."

Amber shivered for a moment at what Candy was doing, then took my dick

in her hands.

"What do I do?"

"You should have the general idea. It's nothing complicated."

I intended to teach her a lot about cocksucking in the future, but for

now I simply needed to get off. Amber leaned forward and took me into

her mouth. I felt her gag a couple of times, but she held on and kept

her grip. I guided her head and got her to bob up and down slowly.

I looked around her to see Candy with her arms wrapped around Amber's

butt, face buried in her pussy. She was fucking Amber with her tongue

and sucking roughly on her clit. Amber squirmed and twitched in my lap,

trying to concentrate on sucking me but unable to resist the sensations

Candy was sending through her.

I had been hard all night watching the two of them, so this would not

last very long. Amber bobbed up and down awkwardly but rapidly,

whimpering through her nose. Her hands dug into my thighs, and a shiver

ran through her body. I reached down and began stroking her breasts and

tweaking her nipples, trying to add to what Candy was doing.

I wanted to come when Amber did, and I tried to hold myself back. I

held onto her, feeling the tremors in her abdomen and the rhythm of her

breathing. She bobbed faster now, beginning to shake between my legs.

I grew closer and closer, fighting it every second. Only when I felt

Amber let out a low cry and start to shake in my arms, when her teeth

bit down gently on my cock, did I let go. Long gooey ribbons of sperm

flowed into her mouth. She squeaked at the first shot, slurping and

trying to hold on in the midst of her own climax. I felt a drop of come

squirt from her mouth and run down into my lap. Only when it was over

did she let go and lean back, mouth full of come and unsure what to do

with it.

I lay still in the aftermath of my climax, stroking her face and neck.

I felt her gulp awkwardly and then gasp for breath. Candy wriggled out

from under her and sat up, leaning against the couch beside Amber. She

reached over and brushed the hair back from Amber's face.

"You've got a real nice pussy, hon."

Amber shivered.

"Thanks," she managed. "Did I do okay? With you?"

"Yep. Real good."

Candy looked up at me.

"I think it's time for me to go, unless you want to work something else

out."

"No. That's it for tonight. Thanks."

She bent over and kissed Amber on the cheek, then went to get dressed.

I pulled Amber close and gave her a quick hug. She wrapped her arms

around my waist.

"How did I do?"

"Great. That was great. You're on your way, I think."

"This wasn't so bad. Once I got into it."

"You've got a long way yet to go, but this is a good start."

---

I showed Candy out and then led Amber to the bathroom. I turned on the

shower and pulled her in with me. She tried to hug me, but I made her

stand still as I washed her from head to foot. I played with as I did,

massaging her breasts and pussy until she came one last time in my arms.

"Tomorrow we have a few more things to do."

"What?"

"You're getting more into the slut mindset, but we need to work on the look."

"Okay."

"After that, we're going to be off until next weekend. No funny

business during school."

"I know. I'll be careful."

"What we're doing tomorrow is going to be hard for you, maybe harder

than tonight. You just have to trust me."

A shiver of fright shot through her.

"Okay. I will."

---

Chapter 5.

Per instructions, Amber arrived at ten a.m. Sunday morning in another

one of her new outfits, this one an orange lycra minidress.

"My folks are kind of pissed at me," she said when she showed up.

"Why?"

"They wanted me to go to church this morning. We had a fight about it,

then they left."

I smiled.

"You're a bad girl now, or at least on your way there. Bad girls don't

go to church."

She nodded, not looking up at me. I took her arm.

"Let's go."

---

We drove to Lincoln, about an hour away, because what I wanted do was

not possible in this little town we lived in. I had made a few calls

last night after Amber left, and Lincoln was the closest place to do it,

at least the second half of what I had in mind.

The first place we went was downtown. I parked outside the salon and

turned to Amber.

"What are we doing?" she asked.

"Do you remember what I said yesterday about your pubic hair?"

She thought for a moment, then gulped. She nodded.

"I want you to go in there and get a bikini wax. Only tell the woman

that you want it all taken off."

Her face paled.

"All of it?"

"I know it will hurt. But shaving leaves stubble and Nair is

disgusting. You don't have that much hair. It's not going to kill

you."

"But I would have to . . . "

"Get naked. I know."

I watched her wavering in the seat beside me.

"Amber, modesty is for the good girls. It's not a concept that's in a

slut's vocabulary. Besides which, you had a strange woman's face in

your crotch last night. I don't think this could be any worse than

that."

She took a deep breath, then nodded. She got out of the car and went

into the salon. I watched her going up to the counter, talking to one

of the women inside. They talked for about thirty seconds, and Amber

seemed to be getting increasingly agitated. Another woman came over.

Amber squirmed some more, glancing out the front window toward me. I

saw the second woman shaking her head. Then Amber came rapidly out to

the car, fighting tears. She jumped into the car, swallowing gulps of

air as she tried not to cry.

"What happened?"

"They won't do it. They said I need my parent's permission."

"Oh, shit." I hadn't even thought of that. Amber was, of course, only

seventeen.

I sat for a few moments trying to decide what to do. Then I had an

idea. I started the car and pulled away from the curb.

"What are we doing?"

"We're going to get married."

Amber gasped in utter shock, and I laughed.

"Not for real. But I'm going to get us a couple of cheap rings. Then

you'll be my wife and we won't need anyone's permission."

Understanding dawned in her face.

"Will that work?"

"I don't see why not."

I found a jewelry store nearby and had Amber stay in the car. I bought

a couple of cheap, gold-plated rings, one with a little CZ in it, for

about forty bucks, and brought them out to Amber. I gave her the one

with the stone. She slipped it on slowly, and I had to fight the urge

to grin at the emotions filling her eyes.

"Does it fit?"

She wiggled it a little and nodded.

"Pretty much."

I put on mine and went looking for another salon. Amber kept looking

down at her ring as I drove around, extending her fingers and moving it

back and forth.

I found a different salon about ten minutes later. This time I went

inside with her, and Amber nervously explained that she wanted a bikini

wax. The girl behind the counter looked at me, then at the ring on

Amber's finger.

"Okay," she said. "It'll be just a few minutes."

We sat down in the waiting area, and a stylist appeared a couple of

minutes later. Amber went with her and disappeared into the back.

---

She was gone about half an hour, and when she returned, I could tell she

had been crying. Her eyes were red and she walked gingerly toward me.

"You okay?"

She nodded, head down. I paid the stylist and led her out to the car.

She sat forward on the seat, spreading her thighs. I pulled up the hem

of her dress to inspect the results.

Her pubic area was angry red and swollen, but completely denuded. I

stroked her gently, feeling the silky smoothness. She flinched as I

touched her but didn't stop me.

"How was it?"

She took a ragged breath.

"It hurt \_so\_ bad. \_So\_ goddamned bad."

"But it's over. You did good."

I leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. She remained still, eyes

closed.

---

I took her to lunch and let her recover for about an hour. She was

still sore, but her mood began to improve after we ate.

"It feels weird now, especially without any knickers on."

"Drafty?"

She smiled.

"Yeah."

She reached across the table and squeezed my hand gently.

"Do you like it?" she asked. "Does it look good?"

"It looks great."

"I'm trying. I really am."

"I know you are. If you weren't into this, I would have called it off a

long time ago."

She nodded, looking down at the table.

"Are we going to do anything else?"

"Yes. Two things. The first is fairly mundane."

"What?"

"Birth control. There's a Planned Parenthood near the University. I

want you to get a shot of Depo-Provera. It will keep you from getting

pregnant for a few months."

She nodded.

"The second thing is not so mundane. That part is going to be harder

than this morning."

Her eyes shot up, the fear rapidly returning.

"What is it?"

"This is less a slut issue than a fetish of mine. I have thing for

girls with body piercings." I watched her eyes swelling and went on.

"I know this is a lot to take at once, so I'll let you decide what you

want to have done. Belly, nipples or clit. It's your choice."

The blood had drained completely out of her face. Her eyes closed, and

she began fighting the tears yet again.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked in a tiny voice.

"It's your decision. I think you can guess my preference, but it's up

to you."

Her breath came in ragged draughts for a few seconds, and when she spoke

I almost couldn't hear her.

"My . . . " Her voice trailed off as she fought to push out the next

word. "Clit?"

"If that's what you want to do."

Her eyes opened, staring at me, moist and pale blue.

"Is that what you want me to do?"

I leaned back, reaching out to take her hand.

"Amber . . . ultimately, I think I'm going to want you to do it all. So

it's not so important to me which is first. But maybe you want to get

the hardest part out of the way."

Her eyes closed again. Then she nodded slowly.

"So it's the clit?"

Another nod.

I leaned forward, taking her head in my hands and kissing the tears from

her cheeks.

"You're beautiful. Just beautiful."

---

The Depo-Provera took us all of half an hour. We walked in, Amber

explained what she wanted, and they fixed her up. Then we set out for

the last event.

As near as I had been able to find out, there was exactly one place in

the entire state where you could get your clitoris pierced. It was a

tattoo parlor not far from the University of Nebraska, so that was where

we headed.

It was the middle of the afternoon on a Sunday, so there was very little

traffic when we arrived. Two bearded guys in their thirties, both of

whom looked like bikers, sat behind the counter watching television.

One got up as we came in, and I briefly explained what we wanted to do.

The guy looked Amber up and down.

"How old is she?"

"She's underage, but we're married. I'll sign for her."

He grunted and dug around under the counter until he found a waiver for

me to sign. I filled it out with various bogus information and then

scrawled a signature across the bottom.

Amber had been very quiet and pale, keeping her eyes down toward the

floor. I held her hand to reassure her as we followed the guy into the

back. He explained what was going to happen and had Amber lie back on a

massage table. She screwed her eyes shut and held my hand tightly. I

sat behind her, at her head, and stroked her face with my free hand.

The guy brought out a little box of rings, and I picked one I liked,

gold and about half an inch across. Amber refused to look or even open

her eyes. He pulled on a pair of latex gloves and began by disinfecting

her pubic area thoroughly. Then he tore the needle and a few other

items out of their sterile wrappings and set everything up beside her.

"Where do you want it exactly?"

"Right through the middle."

He found a pen and marked a spot on Amber's labia, right next to her

clitoris. She cringed, squeezing my hand even harder.

"How's that?"

"Perfect."

"You ready, hon?"

Amber nodded rapidly. I bent down and held her face between my arms.

She took my other hand in hers. I looked up as the guy brought the

needle into place. As he pushed it through, Amber let out an agonized

squeal and every muscle in her body went rigid. She squeezed my hands

so hard I felt my knuckles cracking. I looked back down, seeing a long

silver needle stuck right through her clitoris, and I felt momentarily

faint. But he deftly slipped the ring into the needle and slid the ring

into place. A few seconds later it was over. Amber was bleeding a

little now, and he cleaned her up for a moment or two.

"That's it. You can rest as long as you need to. It's a slow day."

"Thanks."

He left us alone, and I tried to comfort her. She was still rigid under

me, sobbing now from the pain. I stroked her face and kissed her gently

for a few minutes until the endorphins finally settled her down.

"You going to be okay?" I asked.

She nodded weakly.

"Does it . . . does it look good?"

"Just great. Once it heals up, I think you're really going to like it."

"I really did it," she sobbed.

"You did."

"I did it for you."

"I know. It means a lot."

"I'm yours," she whimpered. "All yours."

---

Eventually Amber was able to stand up, and we went back out front. I

paid for the piercing and the guy explained about keeping the area clean

and maintaining it until it was healed. Then I helped Amber into my

car, and we headed home.

She held my hand most of the way, leaning against my shoulder.

"You want to know something funny?" she asked about halfway back.

"What?"

"It almost makes me horny. It doesn't hurt so much as it makes me hot

now. Everything is all swollen and throbbing down there."

"Just wait until it heals. You'll be coming just from walking around."

She laughed softly.

"School is going be interesting now."

---

For the next week, I tried to keep things cool. Amber did not come to

school on Monday, calling in "sick," although I had a good idea what the

problem was. But she was back on Tuesday and did her best to behave

normally, even in P.E. class. She was a little less active than

usual--no surprise there--but did her best.

That afternoon, I asked her stay after class for a minute. When the

other students had cleared out, I handed her a brown paper bag. She

tried to open the bag, but I stopped her.

"Wait until after school, when you're alone."

"What is it?"

"Two things you're going to need. The instructions are inside. How are

you feeling?"

"A little sore. But okay."

"Good. See you tomorrow."

She nodded and left.

---

In the bag were a butt plug and a pink jelly dildo, which I had

purchased in a nearby town after an extended search on Monday. One

could find such things in Nebraska, but it still took a certain amount

of work.

I had instructed her to begin wearing the butt plug at all times, in

order to relax her sphincter muscles. I intended to eventually use her

ass thoroughly, but she had to prepare first--I didn't want to tear her

apart. The dildo was for her to practice oral sex and to learn how to

take a cock down her throat. In the instructions, I had told her to

practice with it as much as possible so she could learn to suppress her

gag reflex.

The instructions also had another element. I had asked her to plan

something for Friday night, to come up with something that would show me

she understood what it meant to be a slut. I gave her no hints; it was

a test. I merely told her I wanted to be impressed.

I watched her carefully in class on Wednesday. The uncomfortable

squirming in her seat throughout the hour told me she was doing what I

had asked.

I had to fight the urge to grin. I was really looking forward to seeing

her on Friday.

---

Chapter 6.

Amber appeared at my door on Friday night after the football game was

over, wearing another one of her lycra/spandex outfits. I inspected her

briefly. Her clit ring was healing nicely and there was no sign of

regrowth in her pubic area yet. And the butt plug was properly in

place.

"Mike?" she asked softly as I stood up.

"Hmm?"

"I'm doing my best to follow along with what you want me to do but . . .

"

"What?"

"When are we going to ma . . . when are we going to fuck?"

"Soon. Maybe this weekend, if you feel up to it."

She looked up at me hopefully.

"I'm ready."

"You're almost there."

"I can't do what you wanted me to do with the dildo yet. I've been

practicing as much as I can, but it still makes me choke."

"It will take some time. It takes a lot of practice to do it right.

Don't worry about that now."

I looked her over for a few moments, arranging her hair around her face

and caressing her breasts through the thin fabric of her top. I tweaked

her nipples until they were both standing out.

"All right. I'm waiting."

She took a deep breath.

"Please understand that I really want to make you happy, but I just

don't know all that much about sex."

"I know that. I'm taking that into consideration."

"I thought really hard, and I used my dad's computer to look for stuff to do."

I smiled.

"Did you run a search for 'slut'?"

She returned the smile.

"Yeah. But it came back with like five million hits. So I had to kind

of look around at random."

"And what did you find?"

"I didn't know if we could fuck yet, so I thought of other stuff to do."

"Being a slut is about a lot more than fucking."

"I know. At least I think I get that now."

"So what do you have in mind?"

She smiled at me, then pulled her top over her head. She stepped out of

her skirt, leaving herself naked except for her high heels. Then she

picked up her purse and took my hand, leading me out to the car. I got

in, and she climbed into the passenger side.

"Where are we going?"

"I tried to think about what you said about modesty and not caring what

other people think. About letting go of the person I used to be. So I

tried to think of something I would never be brave enough to do before I

met you."

The look in her eyes at that moment told me I had finally cracked that

shell inside her. It wasn't broken completely, but it was getting

there.

"So . . ."

"So I want you to take me to the water tower. We'll climb up to the

top, and you can do whatever you want to me."

My jaw dropped. I was, to be blunt, shocked. Not at the idea but that

she would come up with something that extreme.

"There may be people there on a Friday night."

"I know. That's what these are for."

She reached into her purse and pulled out a plastic bag. Inside were

two costume masks, the kind that concealed the upper two-thirds of your

face but left your mouth uncovered.

"People might see us, but they won't know who we are."

She grinned at me and pulled one over her face. Now she was just a

short blonde teenager, and there were plenty of those around here.

I smiled, laughing softly to myself.

"I'm impressed. I'm very impressed."

She beamed at me.

"Really?"

"Yes. Let's go."

She giggled as I started the engine and backed out of the garage. The

water tower was just outside of town, and was a popular hangout for the

local high school kids. You weren't supposed to climb it, but everyone

did anyway. My concern was that there would be kids up there already,

which meant that climbing up there, with Amber stark naked, would be

problematic to say the least.

When we got there, it was after eleven. No one seemed to be around.

Amber hopped out of the car and walked over to the ladder. I helped her

up and climbed up after her. I looked up at her pert little butt as we

climbed, watching the ring in her clit twitching back and forth.

We got to the top rail in about a minute. Amber leaned back against the

water tank, exposing herself to the entire town. There were no lights

on the tower except for a red navigation aid at the very top, but the

moon was out and anyone below was going to see us.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

Her hands were shaking though she was trying to appear brave.

"Um . . . naked."

"You are. Naked and exposed to everyone. Anyone who looks up here is

going to see your bald pussy and the ring in your clit."

She nodded.

"I know."

"Play with yourself."

She moved a hand between her legs and began to masturbate gingerly. I

could tell that she was still sore, but it was not enough to stop her.

I leaned back against the tank beside her, looking at her, then out at

the town. A few cars drove past on the road but no one stopped.

Amber continued stroking herself, working her fingers in and out gently.

I squatted down to watch her more closely. She was getting wet now.

"The real test, of course," I said, "is not that you're brave enough to

do this, but that it turns you on."

"It's starting to."

"Knowing people could be watching you get off."

She nodded rapidly.

"Keep going," I said. "I want to see you come."

She worked diligently for another few minutes. I occasionally stroked

her belly or played with her tits, but in general I let her take care of herself.

Then it happened. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a pickup truck,

followed by another car, turning off the road toward the water tower.

They pulled up next to my car, about twenty yards away from us.

"Here we go," I said.

Amber gasped, her breath speeding up.

"They can't see your face, remember. Just your body. Your pussy, your

ass, and your tits, but not your face."

"I know," she blurted out.

"Keep going. Don't stop."

She rubbed at herself faster, breath whistling between her teeth. Below

us, I could see several boys, no doubt classmates of Amber's, getting

out of the two cars.

It took longer than I expected for them to spot us, but when they did,

they began whooping and howling in disbelief. A couple of them ran up

to the base of the tower and stopped short, looking up in shock.

"Oh, God," Amber gasped.

"I won't let them up here. Don't worry."

She squeaked and her legs buckled.

"I'm coming," she whimpered.

Her hand rubbed furiously against her slit, fingering grinding against

herself. I stroked her belly as she shivered in climax, looking down at

the incredulous reactions of the boys below. Some of them appeared to

realize what exactly was going on--that they had arrived at the moment

of Amber's orgasm--and howled in approval.

I let her drop to her knees beside me and unzipped my pants. Amber

recovered in a moment or two and reached out for my erection. I

positioned the two of us so our audience could see, then pushed my cock

into Amber's mouth.

She took the base in her hand and began to work as the boys below

cheered and whooped up a storm. I saw one of them grab the base of the

ladder, but the others immediately pulled him away from it--they didn't

want him interrupting anything. We were not so far away that I could

not make out their faces, and I scanned them for anyone I knew. No one,

luckily. In fact, they looked maybe a bit too old to be high school students.

Amber bobbed rapidly over my dick, and I alternated between watching

her--naked and completely exposed to the world--and our howling

audience. She sucked and slurped over me as if she wanted to take it

clean off, and if I was not imagining things--if it was not wishful

thinking--she was finally getting turned on by this spectacle.

She took me closer and closer, hand tight around the based of my cock,

mouth latched onto me like a vacuum cleaner house. I felt my balls

tightening and my cum beginning to boil in my groin. I took Amber's

head in my hands, listening to the whoops and cheers below us. I forced

myself to open my eyes, looking down at Amber and past her to the boys

on the ground. And then I came into her mouth like a fire house.

She gulped and slurped as it came, struggling to take it all. She did

her best, but some of my come ended up on her chin. She tried to wipe

it off, but I stopped her instantly.

"Leave it there," I gasped. "Sluts like having come on their faces."

She swallowed the last of it and inhaled raggedly.

"Okay."

I rested for a few seconds and buttoned myself up. Then I laughed

softly.

"Okay, baby. You got us up here. How are we going to get down?"

Amber gasped. She looked down at the boys below, then up at me in

horror. I laughed again.

"We maybe should have thought this through a bit better. I don't think

they're going anywhere. We're going to have to climb down and walk out

past them."

She put her arms around herself and shuddered.

"Oh, God."

"They can't see your face, Amber. And I don't see anyone I recognize.

It's just a matter of letting them see your body. You're a slut,

remember. Sluts do stuff like that."

Her breath came heavily for a few seconds, and I watched her breasts

heaving on her chest.

"Okay."

"I'll go first."

I climbed down, watching the boys below still whooping and cheering.

Despite my reassurances to Amber, I was in fact concerned about them

doing something stupid. But we had apparently rendered them speechless.

They kept their distance and merely stared raptly up at Amber as she

descended the ladder in all her naked glory. ("Her pussy!" one of them

exclaimed. "Check out her pussy!")

When she got to the bottom, she pressed herself against me, and we

walked quickly toward the car. As we left our audience behind, I heard

them laughing to each other in disbelief. ("She had come on her face!

I saw it!") But they didn't follow us, and we were soon back on the road.

As we drove away and Amber finally realized we were safe, she began

laughing weakly.

"Oh, God. Oh, my God."

I reached for her and pulled her to me. She hugged my arm, laughing

freely now.

"You did it, babe. You did it."

"I'm a slut."

"You're on your way. We've got a lot ahead of us, but you're definitely

on your way."

"They liked my pussy."

"You've got a great one."

She giggled.

"How would you know? You haven't done anything with it yet."

I took a deep breath.

"I'm about to."

She looked up at me, eyes wide.

"Now?"

"It's time."

"Tonight?"

"Tonight."

She hugged me tightly. I stabbed down on the accelerator, racing toward

home.

---

Chapter 7.

Amber was quiet beside me for the rest of the trip home, staring out at

the road in anticipation. She almost seemed to have forgotten her

nudity, even when we passed other cars. When we arrived home, she

stepped out of the car but waited for me, watching to see what I wanted.

I expected her to say something else, to ask what I intended to do with

her, but she didn't.

It seemed that my training was taking hold.

She followed me into the house and back to the bedroom. Her hands were

squirming nervously in front of her, and she finally brought them

together, holding herself tightly. She glanced up at me once, then down

at the floor.

I looked her over slowly, from her slim, well-shaped legs, her smooth

pubic mound with its gold ring between her plucked labia, her firm

abdomen, pert little breasts, finally to the halo of pale blonde hair

around her face.

I reached out and pushed her hair behind her left ear.

"Are you nervous?"

She nodded, not looking up.

"What do you want to do?" I asked.

She looked up now, briefly confused, then looked down again.

"Whatever you want to do to me."

"Lie down on the bed. Spread your arms and legs out to the corners."

She did, quickly and without complaint. I undressed slowly and then

went looking through the house for the things I needed.

Amber was where I had left her, flat on her back and staring up at the

ceiling. I slowly tied her wrists and ankles to the bedposts, just

tight enough to restrain her but not to make her uncomfortable. Her

breathing accelerated as I worked, and a flush spread over her chest.

Her nipples erected and tightened, and as I finished, I saw a drop of

fluid emerging from her inner lips.

I sat beside her on the bed and began caressing her slowly, idly, for my

own amusement rather than her pleasure. I hooked her clit ring with my

pinkie finger and pulled on it gently.

"How is this doing?"

She sucked in a gulp of air.

"It's still sore. But only a little."

I released the ring and trailed my handed up to her nipples.

"I'm going to want to do these soon, maybe this weekend."

"Okay."

"Once you're properly pierced, I'll probably want you to start wearing

chains connecting all of this."

"What about the belly ring?"

"That too."

Her chest was rising and falling rapidly now, breasts quivering under my

fingers.

"This isn't how you envisioned losing your virginity before all this

started, was it?"

"No."

"What did you envision? I'm curious."

"I don't know."

"You didn't think about it at all?"

"I did, I just . . . "

"Something very vanilla, the backseat of your boyfriend's car, or maybe

your bedroom one afternoon after school, when your parents were still at work?"

"I guess so."

"It's not too late. You could still have that, if you want it."

She answered me instantly.

"I don't."

I reached between her legs where the hot fluid was still oozing out of

her. Amber gasped. I slipped a finger between her slick labia, finding

her hymen. I probed against it gently.

"I believe you."

She looked down at me, surprised.

"You do?"

"Yes. I just checked. I believe you now."

She blushed fiercely, laying her head back down on the pillow and

closing her eyes. Her sex seemed to throb around my finger, and another

squirt of moisture emerged from her.

"You see Amber, I think I know you better than you realize, maybe better

than you know yourself. At least better than you'll let yourself know."

I continued playing with her as I talked.

"I've known it since last weekend. I wouldn't have let this get this

far otherwise. I know that inside you is a shameless slut ready to come

out, but you won't let go of her just yet. You're still afraid of her.

But Amber, you need to accept something. I don't think you would have

done any of this if that slut were not inside you. I don't think you

would be lying here, tied up on my bed, so turned on that you're soaking

my sheets, if you were really a good little girl through and through.

That good little churchgoing farm girl would never have shown up on my

doorstep in the first place."

"I know," she gasped.

I teased her clit gently.

"You're a bad girl."

She gulped.

"I'm a bad girl."

"You're a slut."

"I'm a slut."

I ran my fingers up and down her slit a few more times.

"And what do you want me to do to you?"

The dam inside her finally broke, and she arched her back, trying push

herself at my fingers.

"I want you to fuck me! Oh God, fuck me please!"

I rolled between her legs, taking my stiff cock in one hand and guiding

it into Amber's swollen pussy. I pushed the head in, pressing against

her cherry, and then tore into her. She let out a shriek as I filled

her up, straining against her bonds, and came at once. I felt her

quivering around me as I drove all the way in, grinding my pubic bone

against hers. I withdrew and thrust in again, trying to lift her off

the sheets with my cock. I looked down, seeing her virgin blood

streaking my erection, and began thrusting rapidly into her. She let

out another cry, trying to fuck back at me as best she could in her

inexperience and restrained state.

I bent down, taking a pert breast between my lips, and worried at it. I

sucked at the nipple until it had to hurt her, then moved to the other.

She shuddered in climax again under me, slamming her hips upward with

each stroke since it was the only thing she could do. Finally I let go

of her tit and kissed her as deeply as I could manage. She kissed me

back fiercely.

I groaned into her mouth, thrusting faster, and as she realized I was

closing in on my climax, she began begging for it, telling me to come in

her, to fill her up. I let out a grunt, then a cry of my own and

stabbed the last bit of myself into her. She came as I did, whimpering

and shaking around me as my come spurted deeply inside her body.

Slowly we came back to earth. I nuzzled her face, and she kissed me

weakly. I stayed inside her until my wilting erection slipped out on

its own. Then I rolled over and untied her. She curled up next to me,

head on my chest.

"Thanks," she said a moment later.

"Thanks?"

"For fucking me. I asked, remember?"

I laughed softly. As she stretched out beside me, I noticed the plug

that was still in her butt. I reached across her back and pulled it

out. She giggled as I did.

"I completely forgot about that thing."

"Me too."

"Do you . . . want to do it that way?"

I grumbled at her. "Amber."

"I mean, do you want to fuck me in the ass?"

"Maybe. Later."

"I think I'm ready. You can if you want."

"All right."

I played with her hair for a few seconds.

"Amber, I want you to understand something. I think you've done your

best to be honest with me, so I want to be honest with you."

"What about?"

"This isn't the end, what happened tonight. It's only the beginning.

There are a lot of other things I'm going to want you to do. One of

them, in particular, may be more than you're capable of doing, but I

want to be honest about it now so you know."

I paused, but Amber was quiet.

"My biggest fantasy, for most of my life, has been to watch my

girlfriend get gangbanged. To fuck ten or fifteen or twenty guys at

once, one after another. Two or three at once, doing everything they

want her to do. I know full well that may be too much for you, and I

don't want to pressure you into it. What I want is not someone who goes

through that because of some emotional blackmail. I want a girl who

wants it as much as I do, maybe more. Who'll do it because she gets off

on the idea, because she knows she'll be coming like crazy through the

entire episode."

Amber had gone cold and still beside me.

"And you want me to do that?" she ask softly.

"I want you to \_want\_ to do it. Not because you're afraid of losing me

if you don't."

"But you'd want me to."

"Amber, I won't lie to you. The idea of watching you do that turns me

on like nothing else. When I think of it, I almost lose control of

myself."

She snuggled closer to me, pushing her face into my shoulder.

"I just want to be honest with you about that. That's all. I know it's

a long way off, if it ever happens."

Neither of us said anything for a long time.

---

"Mike?"

"Hmm?"

I realized she was looking across me toward the clock on my nightstand.

"I'll stay however long you want . . . but if I don't get home soon,

I'll miss my curfew."

Damn it. I hadn't even considered that issue.

"What will your folks do if you're late?"

"Probably ground me. So I wouldn't be able to see you tomorrow, or next

week."

"Unless you snuck out."

She gulped.

"Yeah. But that would just get me in more trouble."

I didn't say anything.

"But I'll do whatever you want me to," she said.

"What would your mother do if she knew you had a ring through your

clit?"

She laughed.

"Faint, probably. Then want me to talk to the minister at our church."

"What if she knew you were sleeping with one of your teachers?"

"Faint again." She was quiet a moment. "But I don't think she'd ever

say anything."

I looked down at her in surprise.

"No?"

"No," she said bitterly. "Because it would make her look like a bad

mother and embarrass the whole family, you know? That's all she worries

about sometimes. The truth is never important. It only matters what

other people know and think about you."

I smiled.

"And you get that from her."

She shivered next to me.

"Sometimes."

"You hate it, don't you?"

She nodded.

"I \_hate\_ it."

"You want to be someone else. You want to be outrageous and wild, but

that mother in your head won't let you."

She didn't say anything.

"Amber, this is what I really want you to do. I want you to be

yourself. I want you to let that slut inside you out. Fuck your

mother. You're seventeen. You're almost an adult. You have the right

to be whoever you want to be."

She sat up beside me, swallowing hard.

"I'm scared."

"Because that mother in your head won't give you permission. Well,

Amber, forget her. She doesn't matter anymore. I'm in charge now, and

\_I\_ give you permission to be a slut."

Her face paled, and she struggled with herself for a moment. Then she

took a deep breath and exhaled.

"Okay. Starting right now, the old Amber is dead. I'm going to live my

life however the fuck I want to."

I smiled again.

"Very good. You can go home now."

---

Chapter 8.

Amber made it home in time for her curfew. One day I would want her to

confront her parents, but there was a time and a place for everything,

and this was not it. Not yet. I had a great deal more I wanted to do

to her first.

She returned the next morning around eleven, and we drove back to

Lincoln. I played with her almost continuously as I drove, tweaking her

clit ring or sliding my middle finger in and out of her. I didn't let

her come, though--I kept her on the edge for nearly an hour, until both

my hand and her pussy were soaked and Amber was squirming in

frustration.

The first thing I did was buy her more slut clothing to wear. After

paying the bill, I sent her into the dressing room to change. She

returned in a short lycra miniskirt and a cropped baby T-shirt that made

her nipples stick straight out. I took her to lunch, where the outfit

earned her a look of distaste from the waitress. Amber looked like a

trailer-trash slut, but that was the point.

---

"Tell me something," I said.

"What?"

"You've been changing clothes before you come to see me, haven't you?

You leave your house dressed respectably and then change somewhere on

the way."

Her eyes swelled for a moment and then dropped to the table.

"Don't you?"

She nodded.

"That's going to stop, starting now. From now on, you need to start

living like a slut, not just playing one on TV."

"My mom would never let me out of the house like this."

"What did we talk about last night? Living your life the way you want

to?"

"It's going to start a lot of crap with my folks."

"I'm not asking you to start dressing like this 24/7. Work up to it.

Just stop dressing and acting like the quiet little Amber Johnson

everyone knows. It's time for you to break out of your shell."

"Okay."

I finished the last bite of my sandwich and sat back in the booth.

"I want to do another piercing today. You can decide what."

She swallowed hard.

"Nipples."

"Sure?"

She nodded.

"All right. Nipples it is."

---

Amber's hand was cold and damp in mine when we returned to the tattoo

parlor. The same two guys were inside, and they appeared to remember

us. I signed another permission form, and one of them led us into the

back. Amber sat down in a chair as the tattoist and I picked out some

appropriate rings. I wanted the same style, just not quite as large.

We settled on gold, about three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

Amber removed her top, and the guy set to work preparing her. She kept

her eyes closed, breathing hard, not looking even when he marked the

spots to pierce. I told him to go ahead.

It was tense, bloody, and agonizing as it had been the first time. When

it was over, Amber lay down to rest, both nipples swollen to twice

normal size, almost as if they were about to erupt off her breasts. But

it looked very, very nice. So good I got weak in the knees looking at

her.

"Do you like it?" she whispered a few minutes later.

"I love it."

"I love you."

I bent down and kissed her nose.

"And I love you too."

---

Amber almost wanted to run out to my car topless rather than put her

T-shirt back on, but that was out of the question. But as soon as we

were back in the car and back on the road, she pulled her it up over her

tits and lay back in her seat.

"Better?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Why don't you just get naked and relax?"

Her eyes popped open in surprise. It was only four in the afternoon and

the sun was an hour or so from setting.

"Do you want me to?"

"Yes."

The top came off, and she wriggled out of her skirt. Her seat was back

flat so she was not completely exposed, but neither was she too

concealed either. She seemed to think she was, but I had other ideas.

I played with her as I drove, avoiding her nipples for now (one touch

told me she was way too sore for that) but paying close attention to her

pussy. We had been driving for a few minutes before I saw what I had

been waiting for.

Up ahead was a big eighteen-wheeler. I pulled up beside it as if to

pass, then slowed down. Amber lay still beside me, eyes closed and

resting, paying no attention to anything except my hand between her

legs.

I drove beside the truck for about five or ten seconds, then accelerated

slowly. As I expected, the driver of the truck suddenly began trying to

keep pace with me. I played with Amber more deliberately now, certain

that the driver was not only watching but probably telling every trucker

in the state what he could see.

Amber moaned softly as I finally stopped teasing her and began trying to

get her off. She arched her back a little, spreading her legs for me.

I finger-fucked her slowly so the trucker could see everything I was

doing. He was still staying perfectly abreast of me.

Ahead of us, I saw another truck driving quite a bit slower than us in

the right-hand lane--no doubt dropping back to get an eyeful. When we

were close enough that the other trucker had to start slowing down, I

accelerated, pulling up beside the truck ahead of us. As soon as my car

reached the cab, that truck accelerated as well, trying to stay even

with me.

Amber was breathing heavily, breasts heaving, abdomen rising up and

down, very close to orgasm. I moved the finger inside her more rapidly

now. She let out a little squeak. Then her hands shot down to mine and

held me close as she finally came. She shook beside me for about five

or ten seconds before relaxing.

"Like that?" I asked a moment later.

She sighed contentedly.

"Mmm-hmm."

"So did our audience, I think."

Amber's eyes flew open. She sat up and looked out the window, up at the

truck beside us. I grabbed her arm as it came up to cover her breasts.

"Don't cover yourself. Never cover yourself. I told you that."

Her eyes screwed shut, though she remained frozen in her seat. Her face

and chest had gone bright red, almost making her swollen and distended

nipples disappear.

"Amber, try to relax. This is no different than the water tower. That

guy probably lives in Washington. There is no way he knows anyone you do."

Behind us, I could see the other truck had changed lanes and come up on

my tail. Amber slowly unwound, though her eyes remained shut. I

accelerated suddenly, pulling ahead of the truck beside us and moving

into the right-hand lane in front of him. In the rear-view mirror, I

could see him cursing as the other truck drew up beside us in the left

lane. He held his CB mike up to his face and said something into it.

"Amber."

She whimpered.

"What?"

"Come here."

Her eyes opened. She realized we had changed lanes and looked around.

Then she looked over at me.

"What do you want?"

"Suck me off."

"While you're driving?"

"Yes. The road is straight enough."

She leaned over and saw the other truck beside me.

"I know he'll see it," I said. "That's the point."

Steeling herself, she crawled across the center divide and began digging

into my pants. She freed my aching erection in a few moments and

immediately took it into her mouth. I felt the tight ring of her lips

around me, felt her trying to force me into her throat as I had told her

to practice with the dildo. She gagged a couple of times, then rose up.

I guided her head, and she was soon bobbing rapidly over me. I watched

the two trucks jockeying for position around us, not making eye contact

with either driver. They were obviously having a heated conversation

over their radios, and I would have given quite a bit to have been able

to listen in.

Amber continued gobbling my cock insatiably.

"They're watching you, babe," I gasped. "They're going crazy. They're

liable to run off the road trying to keep in view."

She moaned, bobbing faster. One hand dug further into my pants and

began playing with my balls. I closed my eyes for a second, wallowing

in the hot wet friction of her mouth on my cock. Her tongue attacked

the head, rubbing and swirling. I was already very turned on from her

previous performance for the truckers, and this was not going to last

very long at all.

I grunted, leaning back in my seat. The trucker behind us blew his

horn.

"I'm going to come any second," I moaned. "Don't swallow it. Hold it."

Amber nodded, as best she could under the circumstances. She bobbed as

rapidly as she could, jaw quivering against me. A moment later I

convulsed and squirted off into her mouth. She held on, pumping it out

with the hand on my balls. She stayed there until she had every last

bit, and only then did she sit back in her seat.

I caught my breath after a few seconds and buttoned myself up. Amber

sat nervously beside me with a mouth full of semen.

"Roll down your window."

Her face paled, but she complied. The road-wind whipped through the

car. I stomped on the gas, shooting ahead of the two trucks.

"Climb out until you can get your head above the roof of the car. Then

spit my come into the air so they can see it."

I wouldn't have thought she could manage it, but her face went even

whiter. She sat beside me as still as a statue for a few seconds.

"Amber. Do it, please."

She took a deep breath, gathered herself up, and then backed up out of

the window, leaning against the door. She put her arms on the roof of

the car and pulled herself out. As both truckers began frantically

blowing their horns in approval, I looked in the rear view mirror and

saw a stream of come fly into the air behind us. Then Amber fell back

into the car. Loud and repeated truck horns continued to chase us down

the highway.

She wrapped her arms tightly around herself and closed her eyes. I was

about to chastise her for such timidity when she started laughing.

"Oh my, God. The guy behind us--he looked right at me--I thought he was

going to crash his truck when I did it--when I spat your come into the

air."

She laughed again, shaking in her seat.

"Oh my fucking God. I cannot believe I did that."

I laughed with her and reached over to stroke her leg.

"But you did."

We continued laughing for a good five minutes. More trucks were

dropping back ahead of us, but I told Amber to get dressed. You snooze,

you lose, as far as I'm concerned.

---

We spent the rest of the evening in bed. The swelling in Amber's

nipples had begun to go down by the time we got home, but she was still

too sore to play with. Instead, I began her instruction in anal sex.

I began by giving her an enema in my bathroom. She was quiet and red

with embarrassment as the soapy water flowed into her, but she complied.

I had her hold it for as long as she could, which wasn't nearly as long

as I would have liked. Then we took a shower, and I washed her

thoroughly. When we were both clean and dry, I had her get on my bed on

all fours. I found some massage oil and began working it into her.

The butt plug had had its intended effect, and she was now more relaxed

than she had been before. I had little trouble getting three fingers

into her.

"How does that feel?"

"A little weird. But it doesn't really hurt."

"It would have hurt had you not been doing what I told you."

"Really?"

"Most likely. Keep that in mind. When I tell you to do something, it's

for your own good. If you don't understand something I tell you to do,

you just need to trust me."

She shivered.

"Okay."

I played with her pussy as I worked my fingers into her oiled rectum.

She was already quite wet, and getting wetter, oozing hot fluid out

between her denuded labia. I flicked her clit ring a few times as it

hung down under her. My cock had been achingly erect throughout this

exercise, so I needed no help from her.

I positioned myself behind her, and keeping my fingers where they were

for the moment, slipped into her wet pussy. She moaned and pushed

herself back at me as I bottomed out. Thus lubricated, I withdrew both

fingers and penis and moved myself upwards.

"Spread your buttocks and push yourself as if you're moving your

bowels."

She did. The head of my cock slipped inside her. As she grunted and

gasped, I slid slowly up to the hilt. Her sphincter spasmed on me

several times, gripping me tightly.

"Oh, God," she gasped.

"It doesn't hurt?"

"No. It just feels like nothing I've ever felt."

I moved slowly inside her.

"Do you think your mother has ever done this?"

She laughed around her arousal, pinching me again.

"God, I \_doubt\_ it." She laughed again. "Don't make me think of things

like that."

I reached under her to play with her clit.

"What would she think if she saw this?"

"She'd die of a heart attack."

She settled down to the bed, resting her shoulders on the mattress and

opening herself wider. One hand came up, and she began playing with

herself rapidly.

"Does it feel good?" she moaned.

"Like nothing else."

I fucked her steadily, luxuriating in the oily pressure around me. I

felt my balls slapping against her damp pussy, so hot it almost scalded.

Her fingers brushed against me as she masturbated herself.

"Squeeze me," I gasped.

Her sphincter pinched down on me. I thrust at her faster. She let out

a little cry, shuddering under me. I held her hips tightly as I fucked

her, closing in on my release. Her fingers were blur between her thighs

now, and her free hand was clawing at the pillow under her head. I

grunted, driving myself as deeply into her as I could get. She cried

out as I did so, and shook in orgasm. As her sphincter bit down on me,

I finally lost it and spurted inside her. For a moment, the come could

not get past the tight ring of muscle, and my head swam with the

sensations. Then it squirted--painfully and pleasurably at once--past

the obstruction and into Amber's bowels. I pushed myself forward until

I was lying on her back, still buried inside her.

Amber rose and cleaned herself up after a while. She lay beside me

resting for a long time.

"Things have really changed," she said finally, "haven't they?"

"Yes," I said. "They have."

---

Chapter 9.

For a few weeks, nothing significant happened. I saw Amber on the

weekends but remained studiously professional during the week. As I had

instructed, she began dressing more and more like a bad girl when coming

to school, losing the demure sweaters and baggy jeans she had once

favored. Now she wore more makeup and more jewelry, tighter clothes,

shorter skirts, midriff-baring T-shirts--all the stuff I had bought for

her on our shopping trips. Nothing to get her in trouble with the

school dress code, for now, but it was enough to get people's attention.

I heard one student or another remarking on it from time to time, how

quiet little Amber had gradually morphed into some kind of delinquent.

The boys at school noticed too, and I could see her getting more and

more attention from various elements. After a few discreet discussions

with me, she stopped fighting it and let them flirt with her. But she

turned them all down flat when they asked her out. Not long afterward,

I first heard someone calling her a tease. I tried not to let them see

me smile.

Her parents had noticed as well, and she fought more frequently with her

mother. Amber told me they were worried about this change in her and

talked about having a session with the minister at their church. They

seemed to suspect that she was seeing someone but had no idea who.

Amber, to her credit, had done quite well in concealing our

relationship. She didn't appear to expect any special treatment at

school, and she became even more reserved in class than she had been

before. Oh sure, I saw it all in her eyes even when she was trying to

be aloof--but as far as I could tell, no one else did.

As I grew more comfortable with our arrangement, no longer so worried

about getting caught and getting fired, I was distracted by more mundane

concerns at school. Our football team that year was not very talented,

and by the midpoint of the season, they were a mediocre 2-3. The other

two coaches and I felt they could do better, but we were at a loss about

what to do.

Our school had a tradition in which the coaches sometimes offered some

kind of incentive to the team to improve its performance, usually some

special event at season's end. It was known simply as "The Bet." In

years past, decades ago, the coaches had sometimes taken the entire team

to a whorehouse outside of Lincoln, but those days were long gone. Over

the last few years, when the team earned it, the payoff from The Bet was

usually nothing more salacious than a big party at the head coach's

house in which the local authorities would wink at any alcohol

consumption.

I was not so far out of high school to see how little that would

motivate the kids nowadays, and I had been thinking over the past couple

of years that we had to come up with something more rewarding. I hadn't

gotten any specific ideas for The Bet that year until I began seeing

Amber, but the idea I finally got was so far out that I didn't see how I

could possibly pull it off. I would have dropped it immediately had it

not appealed to \_me\_ so fundamentally. Bit by bit that fall, as I got

more involved with Amber, and as our team's performance grew more and

more pathetic, my resistance began to ebb.

One day I simply decided to go ahead with it.

I couldn't be specific about my offer--it was just too outrageous. But

I \_could\_ drop a few oblique hints coupled with stern warnings not to

discuss them. I could set the bar high enough that the odds of the team

reaching it were slim. Then I could sit back and wait to see if I would

have to make it happen.

That afternoon, after the end of practice, I pulled a couple of the kids

aside, both seniors who were the leaders of the defense: Tommy Nelson,

who was one of the linebackers, and Jack Kelly, who was one of the

defensive linemen. Both of them had been working with me since I

arrived three years before, and both of them were good kids who I

thought could keep their mouths shut.

"What's up, coach?" Tommy asked.

"Things have been a little disappointing this season."

They both nodded and looked down at the ground.

"I think it might be time to make The Bet."

They looked up at me now, but I could see that neither one of them was

too excited--the team had unauthorized keggers nearly every weekend

anyway. Why would one more be any incentive?

"The only thing is," I went on, "you've got enough work to do that I

think we need to have something different this year."

Sparks of interest grew in their eyes.

"Like what, coach?" Jack asked.

"Used to be, The Bet was about something a lot more interesting than a

keg of Bud Lite. Used to be the team got to enjoy itself quite a bit

more."

The two boys glanced at each other, then back at me, beginning to grin

in disbelief.

"Coach, what do you mean?" Tommy asked.

"I think you know what I mean. What they used to do a while back. Not

a lot of beer drinking. Something a lot more fun."

Tommy's jaw dropped, and Jack's quickly followed.

"Are you serious?"

"Maybe. If you earn it. I think if you guys can qualify for the

regionals, I might think about it. That's going to require winning out,

probably an 8-3 finish. You think you guys could manage that?"

They exchanged another disbelieving glance.

"Are you talking about--" Jack began, but I cut him off.

"You \_know\_ what I'm talking about. Let's just not say it out loud,

okay?"

Both of them laughed nervously.

"Fuck, yeah," Tommy said. "We can do it."

"Okay. But keep a couple of things in mind. This is my show. Coach

Harris and Coach Everett don't know a thing about this, and if they find

out, it won't happen. Ditto if you guys go blabbing it around the

school. Certain folks around town would hit the roof over something

like this. You know what I'm saying?"

They nodded rapidly.

"Yeah, coach, we get it," Jack said.

"And because it's just me, this Bet is just with the defense. No one

else knows about it."

"We're cool," Tommy said. "We won't tell anybody else."

"We swear," Jack said.

"Okay. Then do what you have to, and we'll see what I can do for you."

I smacked them both on the shoulder pads and went back to my office. I

could hear them giggling to each other in disbelief, and I prayed that I

had not just done something very stupid.

---

Now that I had taken Amber's virginity--fore and aft, as it were--I told

her to begin using the dildo to exercise her vaginal muscles in addition

to using it to learn how to deep throat. I gave her a set of tension

and fluttering exercises to do, telling her that one day I wanted her to

be able to hold the dildo tightly enough that I couldn't take it out.

She promised to her best.

Amber and I went back to Lincoln again, and she got her navel pierced a

week after her nipples. Her clit ring was by then no longer sore,

though she was still tender at times. Between that and her new nipple

rings, she had no problem complying with my edict against undergarments,

even during P.E. One day I heard a few girls remarking on Amber's new

fetish for going braless, and I allowed myself a smile as I listened

them cattily dismissing her as a "stupid slut."

I hadn't given much thought to Amber's reputation with the girls of the

school, but it was clearly going south in a hurry. That gave rise to an

incident I hadn't expected.

Despite the rural Farm Belt culture of our town, it wasn't all jean

jackets and snap button shirts amongst the students. A lot of the kids

who had grown up in Nebraska hewed to that stereotype, but not all of

them did, and there were also a few urban kids whose parents had moved

out to the country for one reason or another. Many of those students

rejected conformity altogether and reached for one extreme archetype or

another, whether it was Fly Girl, Riot Grrl, or Goth Girl. They tended

to keep to themselves and avoid the farm kids, most of whom avoided them

in turn. And when Amber began her descent into slut-dom, it wasn't just

the ruling cliques who noticed the change.

Amber had had a few girlfriends when the semester started, but every one

of them ditched her within two weeks after she began her "coming out."

She confessed some depression about this, and I in fact felt a twinge of

guilt over it, but she assured me she was willing to go through it for

me.

Not long after I had talked to Tommy Nelson and Jack Kelly, I was

walking down the main hall of the school when I happened to see Amber

sitting out in the courtyard with Meredith Carnaghan. Meredith had

arrived at our school the year before. She had come from Los Angeles

with her mother, who had just divorced Meredith's father and wanted a

change in lifestyle. Meredith was a skate grrl through and through.

She had a silver stud through her tongue, favored Vans, frayed cargo

pants and skateboard logo T-shirts, and changed her hair color about

once a month. She had already been suspended twice for skateboarding on

campus and once for sticking her tongue stud out at the principal.

Meredith was in Amber's History class, and she was actually a fairly

good student. But she kept to herself and rarely participated in class.

She had few friends and seemed to like it that way.

But there she was with Amber, and the two of them seemed quite deep in

conversation.

Approaching Amber during school hours was too risky, and calling her at

home was completely out of the question. I had to wait until our usual

Friday night rendezvous to see what was going on. Over the next few

days, I frequently saw the two of them hanging out together, and by

Friday, something was clearly up. At lunch that day, I sat in the

teacher's lounge looking out the window at the two of them in the

courtyard for nearly twenty minutes. They were occasionally laughing or

shoving each other playfully, then began writing something back and

forth in a spiral notebook as if they were playing some sort of game.

That afternoon Amber appeared in my classroom just before I was about to

get ready for the football game that night. She checked to make sure we

were alone before shutting the door.

"Hey," I said.

"Hi."

She clearly had something on her mind.

"What's up?"

"Um, could I ask a really big favor?"

"What?"

"Could I, you know, come by a little later tonight?"

"Does this have something to do with you and Meredith?"

Her eyes swelled a little in surprise.

"Yeah. How did you know?"

"I've seen the two of you hanging out together a great deal this week."

She looked down at the floor and fidgeted for a moment or two.

"She just wants to do something tonight. Just hang out."

"Do you?"

"I want to see you, I promise. I could just come by a little later."

"Does she know about us?"

She blushed.

"No. Of course not. I'll never tell anyone." She squirmed again.

"It's just that all my other friends have ditched me since this thing

with you started. I don't really have any friends anymore. Except

maybe for Mere."

She pronounced it "mere" instead of "mair." Odd, I thought.

"Mere? Is that what you call her?"

Amber blushed ever so slightly. The sight of it, that flush of pink in

her pale cheeks, made me want to throw her on the desk and fuck the

daylights out of her. But I restrained myself.

She nodded.

"She doesn't like people to call her Meredith."

"All right. Do what you want with her. Maybe bring her by if you feel

brave enough."

Her face paled.

"By your place?"

"If you feel brave enough. As I said."

She didn't say anything else. She just fidgeted for another second,

nodded rapidly, and left.

---

As it happened, we actually won that night, 6-0, after an unusually

inspired performance by my charges on the defense. Tommy Nelson assured

me afterward that he and Jack had discussed my Bet with some of the

other kids on the team but that no one else knew. I began to wonder if

my plan might actually have to happen. Of course, I might watch my kids

pull off their end but be unable to hold up mine. That was a prospect I

found even more chilling.

After the game, I arrived home at around ten-thirty. I sat around my

living room waiting to see what Amber would do, and by about eleven, I

was ready to go to bed and give up. But just as I shut off the TV set,

the doorbell rang.

I hadn't been entirely serious that afternoon--I really didn't think

Amber was brave enough to bring Meredith to my house--but she had

apparently taken me at my word. On my doorstep, I found Amber, dressed

in tight jeans and a short tank top, and Meredith (or Mere, I reminded

myself), wearing her skate gear and a sly grin. Her hair was sort of

red this month, and she wore it in two ponytails hanging over her

shoulders.

"Hey, Mr. Bradley."

"Girls." I watched Amber giving me a nervous smile. "Want to come in?"

"Isn't that, like, illegal or something?" Meredith asked.

"Probably."

"Cool."

She stepped past me into the house, followed by Amber, whom I gave a pat

on the shoulder. She gave me a more confident smile now, as if she was

waiting to see what I was going to do.

Meredith went into the living room, looking around a little.

"Want a beer?" I asked.

"I guess. You wouldn't, you know, have any bud?"

Somehow I heard the lowercase "b" in her voice and knew she wasn't

asking for a brand name.

"It's a little hard to find out here."

Confusion filled Amber's eyes.

"You mean Budweiser?" she asked.

Meredith laughed, and I tried not to grin too hard.

"No," Meredith said, "I meant, you know, weed. Dope. Marijuana?"

"Oh."

"I haven't got any," I said. "Sorry."

"That's okay."

"But I think I could get some."

For the first time, Meredith's attitude cracked, and she registered some

real surprise.

"Are you kidding?"

"No."

"But you're a teacher. You can't, like, give drugs to your students.

They would throw you in jail for like a thousand years or something."

She glanced at Amber. "Wouldn't they?"

"Only if you turned me in."

She glanced back and forth between me and Amber a few times, her

confusion growing.

"Whoa. Okay. What's going on here?"

"I don't know. What did Amber tell you?"

"She said--" Meredith's face suddenly went white, and she gasped. She

stared at me, then Amber, in shock. "Oh, my God. You two are fucking,

aren't you?"

Amber looked at me in horror, but I tried to smile at her calmly. She

was too frightened to see what I could, that Meredith as more intrigued

than shocked by this revelation.

"What gives you that idea?" I asked.

Meredith continued looking back and forth between me and Amber.

"No way. Oh, Jesus," she said to Amber, "\_he's\_ the guy you said you

were 'sort of dating'? The one you wouldn't tell me about?"

Amber looked to me for help. I sat down on the couch and smiled at the

two of them.

"Does that disgust you?" I asked Meredith. She laughed in disbelief.

"Are you guys really doing it?"

I stared at Amber, and she regained some composure, apparently realizing

how I wanted to handle this.

"Yeah," she said softly.

Meredith laughed again.

"Oh, my God. That's totally radical. I can't believe this. How long

have you guys been seeing each other?"

"A couple of months maybe," I said.

"You're not worried about getting busted?"

"Not really."

She laughed again.

"God."

"Anyway," I said, "the beer is in the refrigerator if you want it."

The girls exchanged a glance and then headed into the kitchen. They

returned with three bottles of beer, one of which Amber handed to me.

Meredith sat on the far end of the couch on her feet, leaning against

the armrest. Amber sat between us.

"So, like what do you guys like to do?" Meredith asked. "As if there's

shit to do around here."

"We go over to Lincoln some times on the weekend."

"Oh. I guess that makes sense. You couldn't, like, hang out together

anywhere around here."

"No."

"What do you do in Lincoln?"

I looked at Amber, who had begun to relax.

"What did we do the last couple of times we went?" I asked her.

She looked at me, then Meredith.

"I got a belly ring. And, um, I got my nipples pierced."

Meredith's eyes widened, and she looked down at Amber's breasts.

"I knew it. It looked like you did, I just didn't think anyone in this

retard town would actually do that. Where the hell did you get it done?

Or did you do it yourself?"

"There's a place in Lincoln, by the University."

Meredith was still staring at Amber's tits.

"Do you want to see?" I asked.

She looked up at me in surprise, then glanced at Amber. She gulped.

"Um. Okay."

Amber reached down and pulled her T-shirt over her head. She was

braless, as she should have been, and her breasts sprang loose as she

pulled the tight fabric of the T-shirt over them. Her nipples were no

longer swollen, although they stood out almost continuously anyway,

piercings or not. Meredith's hand came up slowly, hesitantly.

"Does it still hurt?"

"Not really."

"Can I touch it?"

Amber glanced at me very quickly.

"Sure."

Meredith took Amber's right nipple ring between her fingers. She

twisted it a little. Then she looked up at me, though she didn't let go.

"How did you get it done with her underage?"

"We lied."

She reached over and felt the other ring for a second.

"You know I have my tongue pierced?"

"I've seen it," I said.

"I love that whole look. I'd get a bunch more done if my fucking mother

would let me. She let me do my tongue, but after that she changed her

mind."

"Amber has another piercing."

She glanced at me, then at Amber, looking up and down. A wary look came

into her eyes.

"Where?"

I grinned.

"Guess."

She gave Amber another once over, finally looking down at Amber's lap.

Her jaw dropped slowly.

"No way. No fucking way."

"Show her," I said.

Amber stood up, smiling at me a little, and began unbuttoning her jeans.

Meredith watched in total shock as Amber shoved jeans and thong knickers

down, revealing her bald pussy and the half-inch gold ring through her

clitoris.

The color had drained completely out of Meredith's face by this point.

She stared in shock at Amber's clit ring. Then she started laughing

nervously. She started to reach out to touch it, then froze.

"Go on," I said.

Hand shaking, she touched the ring with the tip of her middle finger.

She swallowed roughly.

"That is the most perverted fucking thing I have ever seen in my life."

"Do you like it?"

"Did she do all this for you? Shave her puss and everything?"

"Not shaved. Waxed."

"But she did?"

"Yeah," Amber said. "But I like it."

Meredith finally sat back against the couch, and, after looking at me

for approval, Amber pulled her jeans back up and sat down. Meredith

took another long swig from her beer.

"What else have you guys done?"

"A lot of stuff," I said.

"Like what?"

I looked at Amber.

"Tell her."

Amber took a breath to compose herself.

"We went up to top of the water tower, and I gave him a blow job. While

I was naked."

"You climbed up there naked?"

"Yeah."

"And nobody saw you?"

"Actually, a bunch of people did," I said. "They showed up while we

were up there."

Meredith laughed.

"What else?"

Amber paled a little, glancing at me.

"He got another woman to go down on me while I was blindfolded. I

didn't know it was a girl until afterward."

I watched Meredith's reaction very carefully, watching for the flash of

interest or disgust, the one that would answer the question that had

been nagging at me all week.

What I saw was not disgust. Meredith's jaw dropped a little, then she

smiled slowly. Then she laughed, biting her lower lip.

"I \_knew\_ it. I just \_knew\_ when we started hanging out together.

Somehow I knew."

"How?" I asked. She laughed again.

"I can tell. Something in a girl's eyes will tell me if she's ever had

her face another girl's puss."

"And you saw that in Amber's eyes?"

"Yeah."

"Have you?"

"Yeah. Only, not since my mom and me moved out here. I had a girl I

dyked with sometimes in L.A., but she stopped even writing me like six

months ago."

Amber was still sitting there topless, and Meredith was glancing at her

as she talked to me. Amber seemed a little uncomfortable with the

topic, but no more than that.

"I suppose that's less of an issue in California."

She snorted.

"Tell me about it."

Meredith relaxed a bit more, and reached over to slowly play with

Amber's hair. Her eyes narrowed at me.

"So . . . basically . . . you don't have a problem sharing her?"

"No. It turns me on."

"Huh. And do you share her with guys?"

"Not yet. But we might. Only when Amber is ready to, though."

"But you've shared her with girls?"

"Only that once."

She smiled slowly, then licked her lips.

"You want to watch me fuck her, don't you? That's what this is all

about. Typical het boy bullshit."

"I just told her she could bring you by if she wanted to. It appears

she wanted to."

"I've never done anything like this before. I've fucked guys, and

girls, but never both at once."

"You needn't do anything you don't want to."

"But what do you want to do?"

I took a swig of beer and stared at them. Amber had settled down by now

and was beginning to look turned on.

"I'd like to fuck both of you. Repeatedly."

Meredith giggled, nervously.

"Uh . . . " She laughed again. "Okay."

She looked at Amber. Amber glanced quickly at me, but I tried to remain

as impassive as possible. Meredith gave me another glance, then leaned

over to kiss Amber. And the two of them began making out.

---

Meredith was clearly taking the lead, but Amber showed none of the

reticence I'd seen that first night with Candy. I wondered why.

Despite what the local evangelists like to prattle on about, I didn't

believe people just decided one day to be bisexual. Had Amber really

been like this the whole time? Had I--as I kept telling her, though I

wasn't sure I believed it--really just awoken something inside her? It

almost made me grin to think about it.

Meredith was now playing with Amber's breasts, twisting her nipples

rings around. They kissed slowly and softly, and Amber began groping at

Meredith, pulling at her top. Meredith finally withdrew far enough to

pull her T-shirt over her head. She wore a simple white bra under it,

which she removed a moment later. Her breasts were smaller than

Amber's; her torso was smooth and athletic, no doubt honed by endless

skateboarding. As she continued fondling my girlfriend, I noticed a

scar on her elbow, most likely the result of a nasty wipeout.

Now Meredith threw a knee over Amber's legs, straddling her, and the two

girls embraced. My view was obstructed now, so I got a fresh beer from

the refrigerator and sat beside them on the couch. They stopped kissing

long enough to grin at me. Meredith reached for my hand and put it on

her breast. She was softer and broader than Amber, nowhere near as

pointy. I played with both of them, stroking and teasing. They pressed

their tits together, trapping my hand between them. Meredith giggled,

rubbing herself against Amber and my hand.

Amber reached down and began unbuttoning Meredith's cargo pants.

Meredith lifted up far enough to let Amber pull them down, knickers and

all, then returned to Amber's lap. They resumed kissing. Amber slipped

a hand under her friend and began stroking her. I sat back again to

watch, but Meredith instead grabbed my arm, pulling me closer. She

wanted me to kiss her, to kiss both of them as Amber played with her.

The three of us came together, groping and kissing each other.

Meredith was soon humping Amber's hand, face buried against Amber's

shoulder. I reached around behind her, between her buttocks, feeling

Amber exploring. A squirt of hot fluid oozed out of Meredith onto my

fingers. I pushed my middle finger up, inside her. She gasped,

throwing her head back. Together, Amber and I drew her closer and

closer to orgasm. Amber had bent down and was now suckling Meredith's

nipples. Meredith wrapped her arms around Amber's head, bouncing up and

down on our hands. Finally she let out a little cry and began

shuddering against us. I felt her spasming around my finger and pushed

it deeply inside her, wiggling it around.

Rather than drifting slowly back to earth, Meredith immediately pulled

Amber's face up to hers and kissed her deeply. The two girls groped and

caressed each other for a few moments before Meredith slid slowly to the

floor, kissing her way down Amber's chest, taking Amber's jeans with

her. Soon both girls were naked beside me.

Meredith took Amber's hips in her hands and pulled her forward, pushing

her thighs open and diving right in. Amber squeaked softly at the first

contact and squeezed my hand. I lay back on the couch beside them,

watching Meredith fluttering her tongue all over Amber's pussy, flipping

the ring back and forth, catching it between her teeth, or sucking it

all into her mouth.

Meredith looked up at me briefly, sliding her hand into my crotch. She

went back to eating Amber, but now began digging into my pants. She

found my erection in a moment or two, and with some help from me, got it

out. Then she started stroking me as she licked my girlfriend.

I pulled my shirt over my head and moved closer to them. Meredith

suddenly came up from Amber's pussy, replacing her tongue with her hand,

and dropped her mouth over my cock. As she bobbed rapidly over me, I

glanced at Amber, seeing a jumbled mixture of jealousy, nervousness, and

excitement in her eyes. I reached for her, and she lowered herself

beside Meredith, who giggled around my dick and withdrew, letting Amber

take over. She returned to Amber's pussy and resumed her attentions.

Now Amber sucked me rapidly as Meredith ate her. She moaned around me,

trying to concentrate on pleasuring me but unable to control herself

completely. I felt myself going deeper into her than I ever had before

and realized she was trying to deep throat me. She got the head of my

cock past her soft palate, but could hold it there only a moment or two

before gagging. But she tried again, and slowly calmed down. She

couldn't get it all, but she managed most of it.

I withdrew after a minute of this and led the girls back to my bedroom.

I had Amber lie on her back and Meredith sit on her face. That

accomplished, I crawled between Amber's thighs and began fucking her

slowly as she ate her friend.

Meredith had gotten her very hot, wet, and bothered, and I slipped into

her easily. I looked up to see her with her arms around Meredith's butt

and her tongue deeply inside her. The timid Amber who had only

reluctantly pleasured Candy that night was gone--in her place was the

eager slut I had been training. Meredith soon lost herself in what

Amber was doing and braced herself against the headboard. Amber had not

forgotten me, and I felt her trying to squeeze and pulse herself around

me as I fucked her. She had a long way to go in that respect, but she

was certainly trying.

I held myself off, luxuriating in Amber's hot, pulsating wet pussy and

watching the show in front of me. Meredith rode Amber's tongue eagerly

now, whimpering almost continuously. A series of low cries, then

shrieks, announced her second orgasm of the night.

When Amber had finished her off, I withdrew and had her reverse herself

so the two girls were in a sixty-nine position, diagonally across the

bed. Meredith required no convincing--she dove right back into Amber's

bald pussy.

I watched the two of them for a minute or two until I sensed Amber

getting close to coming. Then I went around behind Meredith, squatting

above Amber, and positioned myself to enter her. Amber's face was a fog

of arousal, this act having overwhelmed all her other concerns. I saw

no reluctance in her eyes now. She simply positioned herself under me

and curled her tongue up to guide my cock into Meredith.

The other girl gasped as I pushed into her, momentarily stopping her

attack on Amber. Then she bent back down, and the three of us were lost

in fucking each other.

Amber came first, thrashing around under us and groping at my legs.

Meredith came right after her, and again I felt the tremors of her

orgasm around me. That was enough to push me over the edge, and I

squirted off deeply inside her as Amber licked all around us.

I remained inside Meredith as long as I could, but when I withdrew, my

come slowly oozed out of her. Amber was waiting for it, and slurped it

up slowly. I reached down to caress her forehead as she cleaned up her

friend.

Meredith rolled on her back beside Amber, grinning up at me.

"You're a pretty good fuck."

"Thanks."

She stroked Amber's leg.

"You too."

Amber smiled, but said nothing.

The two girls played with each other while I rested. Amber restored my

erection about fifteen minutes later, and we replayed the previous

encounter, this time with Amber on top and me fucking her. The third

time I simply fucked Amber in the ass while Meredith watched and got

Amber off with her hand.

It was much too late when the girls finally left. Amber mumbled

something about her curfew, but Meredith just laughed and said she would

cover for her. I got the distinct impression she wanted to do this

again some time.

I wasn't inclined to discourage her.

---

Chapter 10.

The phone woke me up at 11:15. I'd slept like a rock after servicing

the two girls together. I reached across my bed and fumbled for the

receiver.

"Hello?"

"Mike?" It was Amber, and she was whispering.

"Uh. Hi. What's up?"

"I'm in deep shit with my folks. For coming home so late last night.

They were both waiting for me, and they chewed me out for like an hour."

I lay back on my pillow and threw an arm over my face.

"What did you tell them?"

"Nothing. But that just made them more upset. I'm grounded for at

least a week now, plus I have to go see the minister at our church

tomorrow."

I rubbed my eyes as I finished waking up.

"There are ways around that. Let me worry about it."

"What can you do?"

"Give me a minute. What happened with you and Meredith after you left?"

"Um. Not much. We just walked back to her place. She was really cool

about it, and you. She said she won't tell anyone. She thinks it's so

cool that I'm sleeping with you."

"You believe her?"

"Yeah. I guess so. I'm not worried about her, I'm worried about my

folks."

"All right. This is what we're going to do. Hang up, and I'm going to

call your house in a minute. Don't answer it. Let your folks get it.

You'll know what to do when they get off the phone with me. Just play

along."

"What are you going to do?"

"You'll see. I'll see you in a little while."

"Okay."

She hung up, and I got out of bed. I had never called Amber at home

(for obvious reasons) but I had her number and that of every other

student in my teacher's manual. I found it in my office and looked up

her number. The phone rang a couple of times before a woman answered.

"Hello?"

"Hi, can I speak to Mrs. Johnson please?"

"Speaking."

"Mrs. Johnson, my name is Mike Bradley. I have your daughter Amber in

my American History class."

A long maternal sigh came over the line.

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"I'm concerned about Amber's performance in class. She was a decent

student when the semester started, but things have really gone downhill.

She's on the verge of failing if things don't improve."

"Oh, no."

"I'm sorry. It's frustrating, because I know she can do better. She

used to participate in the class discussions, but lately she just sits

by herself and doesn't say a thing."

Another sigh.

"Believe me, I know what you mean. We've been having all kinds of

trouble with her."

"Well, what I'd like to do, if it's not too much of an imposition, is

have her come by school this morning so she and I can go over her

classwork. I'm hoping that might be enough to get through to her.

Sometimes kids just get lazy and need a kick in the butt to get moving

again."

"Do you think it would help?"

"It might. It may also be that Amber is having trouble but is too shy

to ask for help. If she's having trouble in one area, it can cause a

downward spiral in other areas. The kids can just get frustrated and

give up. I've seen it happen before."

"If you could help her, it would be just wonderful."

"I can't promise anything, but I at least want to try."

"Of course. I'll send her right over."

"Actually, I'm not at school right now. Why don't you bring her by

around noon?"

"Certainly. Thank you so much."

I grinned to myself.

"It's my pleasure."

---

I showered and dressed and drove over to school. I got there just

before noon. I found Amber waiting on the front steps of the school

with her backpack over her shoulder.

"Hey."

"You know, my mom is even more pissed off now."

"Don't worry about her. I can take of her."

I let her in the school, and she followed me to my room. I shut the

door behind us.

"What did she say?"

Amber shook her head.

"Just whining about my schoolwork and 'how did things get this bad.'"

"When is she expecting you back?"

A smile creased her face for the first time.

"She's not. She told me I was going to spend the entire day here if

that was what it took."

I returned the smile and sat at my desk.

"Let me see what you have in that bag."

She set it down on a desk and unpacked. She had brought her History

textbook and class notes, but buried in the bottom were a spandex

miniskirt and a cropped baby T-shirt.

"Take off all your clothes."

Hesitating only briefly, she did. In about ten seconds, she was

completely naked. I pulled my key ring out of my pocket and slid a key

off of it.

"This is the key to the teacher's lounge. Go make me some coffee and

bring it back here. Black, no cream or sugar."

Amber's face went pale, but she took the key.

"I don't think anyone else is here today, but you'd best be careful.

You know how to make coffee, don't you?"

A frightened nod.

"Off you go, then."

She glanced toward the door, took an awkward step, then stopped. I

stared at her.

"Amber. Go, please."

She took a deep breath and scurried out the door. I waited a couple of

minutes and then dialed the teacher's lounge on my classroom phone. It

rang about ten times before someone answered very timidly.

"Hello?"

"Amber?"

The sigh of relief that came over the line was almost tangible.

"\_God\_. You scared me to death."

"Did you make it there all right?"

"Yes."

"Having any trouble with the coffee?"

"No. I've got it all right."

"Good. Here's what I want you to do. In the cupboard above the sink

are a bunch of coffee mugs. Do you see it?"

I heard her moving around for a few seconds.

"Yeah."

"You should see a purple mug with a Northwestern University logo on it.

Is it there?"

"Uh-huh."

"That's Principal Barclay's mug. I want you to take it down and set it

on the floor."

"Okay."

"How's the coffee?"

"I think it still has a few minutes to go."

"Good. I want you to start playing with yourself. Finger yourself

until you start getting wet."

Amber gasped, then starting breathing hard into the phone.

"Just do it, Amber. Think about last night. Think about Meredith

eating your pussy."

She whimpered softly.

"Okay."

"Think about all the things I still have to do with you. I'm sure

you've been doing a lot of worrying and fantasizing. What's the

nastiest thing you've thought of so far?"

Her breathing came slow and heavy through the phone.

"The . . . the gangbang."

"You've been thinking about that? About fucking fifteen guys at once

while I watch?"

"Yes," she gasped.

"What have you been thinking?"

"How you would do it. What it would feel like. Who they would be."

My dick began stiffening in my pants.

"Did it turn you on?"

She gasped again, and the gasp turned into a whimper.

"Oh, God. I don't know."

"Yes you do."

Nothing but a sob--half pleasure, half despair--came over the line.

"Are you still fingering yourself?"

"Yes!"

"Are you wet?"

"Oh, God. Yes."

"Take the Principal's mug and rub it all over your pussy. Especially

the rim. Get it as wet as you are."

She whimpered again, and I heard her fumbling phone as she complied.

"Okay," she said finally. "I did it."

"Now piss into it. Hold the phone by the mug so I can hear it."

Another gasp, another whimper of confusion, then Amber repositioning the

phone. For a few seconds there was nothing, and then I heard the

unmistakable sound of her passing urine into the mug. It went on for

about ten seconds before trickling off. Then Amber came back on the

line, giggling nervously.

"Oh, my God. Oh, my God."

"Pour your piss into the sink, but don't clean out the mug. Just put it

back where it was to dry."

"Okay."

I heard her moving around, and when she came back on the phone, she had

succumbed to an attack of the giggles.

"Just finish the coffee and get back here."

"Okay."

She hung up. About two minutes later, she came rushing back into my

room, flushed beet red from head to toe. She slammed the door and

panted for breath against it.

"Amber. My coffee, please."

She staggered over to my desk and set it down. I took a sip.

"It's too strong."

Amber's giggles vanished.

"I'm sorry."

I set the coffee down.

"Where is my key?"

Amber's face went white.

"Oh, no."

I laughed softly.

"You'll have to go back and get it. And while you're there, look in the

broom closet in the corner of the room. I think there are a couple of

yardsticks in there. Bring me one. And don't forget to lock up this

time."

She stared at me, jaw vibrating, tears filling her eyes, and didn't

move.

"Amber," I said impatiently.

She turned and ran out of the room. I waited thirty seconds before

dialing the lounge again. It rang about fifteen times before Amber

answered.

"Hello?"

"Don't forget the yardstick."

"Okay."

"Are you still wet from what we were doing?"

Another whimper.

"Yes."

"Good. When you lock up the lounge, I want you to put the key in your

pussy so you don't forget it and carry it back here like that. I'm

going to look for it when you get here."

"Okay."

I hung up. About a minute later, Amber burst back into the room holding

a yardstick. I motioned for her to approach. She did, eyes down.

"Spread your legs, then bend over and hold your knees."

When she assumed the position, I took a moment to admire her tight

little butt. Underneath her, I could see all the piercings hanging down

from her tits, navel and bald pussy. I pushed a finger into her. She

was dripping wet and almost hot enough to scald me. I found the key and

pulled it out. Amber began to stand up, but I stopped her.

"Stay like that. I told your mother I was going to discipline you, and

that's what I'm going to do."

"Oh, God," she gasped.

"This won't hurt too much."

She gasped for breath a few times but stayed put. I swished the

yardstick through the air once or twice, then brought it around on

Amber's butt. Not too hard, but hard enough to make a loud "smack" and

leave a red stripe across her ass. Amber cried out and convulsed once.

I swatted her again, this time coming up from below and smacking the

lower part of her buttocks. She cried out again, and the cry turned

into a sob. I swatted her five times, getting her butt quite red,

before letting her up.

When she stood up, her cheeks were streaked with tears, and she rubbed

her behind with both hands to smooth away the burn. I motioned her to

come forward, and she climbed into my lap, sobbing onto my shoulder.

"Come on. I didn't hit you that hard."

She buried her face against my neck, saying nothing. I reached between

her legs, finding her even hotter and wetter than before, and began

playing with her. She convulsed in my arms, shuddering, and I brought

her to orgasm in little more than fifteen seconds. I kept two fingers

inside her, fucking her slowly, working her clit ring back and forth.

Gradually she let go of her grip on my neck. I wiped the tears from her

face.

"Did that feel good?"

She nodded, not looking at me.

"Because I spanked you first?"

She shuddered again, then nodded.

"Remember what I told you a while back. Everything I do is for your own

good."

She swallowed down the last of her tears.

"I know. I'm trying so hard."

"I know you are. Come on, back to work."

She slid off my lap and stood before me. I found the key to the

teacher's lounge and slipped it back inside her pussy. She quivered for

a moment but let me.

"Go back to the lounge. I'll call you and tell you want to do."

"Okay."

She took a deep breath and ran out the door. I waited a couple of

minutes before calling her this time. She answered on the second ring.

"Mike?"

"Tell me something."

"What?"

"How does it feel to be running around the school halls naked? What are

you thinking of on these trips back and forth?"

"Um. I'm scared. Nervous that someone else is here."

"Go on."

"It doesn't feel real. My whole body is shaking."

"You're thinking about all the other days you've been at school, with

all the other kids around."

"Yeah."

"Is it turning you on?"

A whimper.

"You know it is."

"I do. I just want to hear you say it."

"It's turning me on," she gasped. "I'm so wet the key keeps slipping

out while I'm running. I have to, you know, squeeze my pussy to keep it

inside."

"All right. Very good. Here's what I want you to do. Get all the

coffee mugs out of the cupboard, including Principal Barclay's. Line

them up on the counter in one long row."

"Okay."

She set the phone down and I heard her clinking around for about a

minute.

"I did it. Now what?"

"Come back here and give me a blow job."

I heard a short gasp, then she hung up. Soon afterward, she burst back

into my room. I had already dropped my pants, and I now held out my

erection for her. She knelt in front of me without a word and swallowed

me up. I caressed her hair as she bobbed over me, sucking and slurping.

I reached down to play with her nipple rings, twisting her firm little

nips back and forth. She bobbed faster, forcing more and more of my

cock into her throat. She couldn't get it all, but neither was she

gagging on me as she used to. She got all but the last inch or two,

inhaling me, before withdrawing and trying again.

I was too turned on to withstand much of this. Amber sensed my growing

arousal and pulled back to suck on just the head. She held it between

her tongue and palate and slurped on it rapidly.

"When I come," I grunted. "Don't swallow it. Hold it in your mouth."

She nodded her assent, and a few moments later, I emptied my balls in to

her cheeks. She milked the last bits out with her fist and sat back.

"Go back to the lounge," I gasped. "Spit my come into the coffee mugs.

Just a drop or two each. Get some into every one. Then wait for my

call."

Amber stood up slowly--the look on her face told me she had expected

this--and left the room. I pulled up my pants and straightened myself

up. I waited a few minutes and called her.

"Mike?"

"How did it go?"

She giggled nervously.

"I got them all. I still had some left when I did the last one, so I

spat it into Principal Barclay's mug. Was that okay?"

"Wonderful. Now put them all back where you found them."

She did, then returned to the phone.

"Now what?"

"Come back here. I have another job for you."

She hung up and returned to the room. She was stifling laughter when

she came through the door.

"Oh, God. I don't know if I can come to class on Monday. I'll never be

able to keep a straight face."

I smiled at her.

"Me neither. Come here."

I extracted the lounge key from her pussy and inserted another.

"That's my key to the administration office. Go there and wait for me

to call you."

She gulped.

"But someone might be there."

"Yes. Perhaps. Go."

Amber lurched toward the door, fighting her agitation, then left. This

time I waited almost five minutes before calling her, just to let her

stew. She answered the phone in the middle of the first ring.

"Hello?"

"Make it there all right?"

"God! What happened? I was going crazy waiting for you."

"Nothing happened. I just wanted you to get situated."

I listened her labored breathing over the phone for a few seconds.

"Go see if the Principal's office is locked."

She set down the phone and came back a moment later.

"It's not."

"All right. Hang up and go sit at Barclay's desk."

"Okay."

I called her back on the Principal's direct line.

"Mike?"

"In the left corner of his desk is a little gold statuette. It's a

community service award Barclay got from the Rotary Club. You see it?"

"Yeah."

"What's it remind you of?"

Silence for a moment or two, then--

"Oh, my God."

"The teachers like to call that thing 'Barclay's Dildo.' It's an inside

joke around the teacher's lounge. I think it's time to see if it can

live up to that appellation."

"Oh, no. Mike, I can't do that. Not here."

"Amber, since when is the word 'no' in your vocabulary?"

She began to cry over the phone.

"Mike, please."

"Put your feet up on Barclay's desk. Put your heels on the edge. Then

I want you to start masturbating with that thing. Keep doing it until

you come. I'm going to sit here and listen to you."

Nothing but a couple of sobs came over the line.

"Amber, do you remember every other time we've gotten this point? When

I've pushed you to what you think are your limits?"

"Yes," she whimpered.

"And what happens when you give in and do what I ask?"

She sniffed once, then answered me.

"I like it," she said very weakly.

"So?"

I listened to her gasped for breath as she battled her inhibitions.

"Okay. I'll do it."

"Very good."

I heard her moving around, then Barclay's chair squeaking as she got

into position. Nothing but various snuffling and breathing noises came

over the line for about ten seconds.

"Where is that thing now?" I asked.

"In me," Amber gasped.

"All the way?"

Another gasp. "It is now."

"How does it feel?"

"Cold. But . . . it feels good."

"Keep going."

As I listened to her getting herself off, I quickly realized that I was

missing ninety percent of the show. I battled my indecision for a few

seconds before setting the phone down and getting up. I left the room

and headed down the hall to the Admin office.

When I got there, when I entered the outer office, I could hear Amber's

moans and gasps of passion. I walked quietly up to Barclay's office and

peered in the door.

Amber was leaning back in Barclay's chair, feet up on his desk, with

that stupid statuette buried in her pussy. She was rapidly fucking it

in and out of herself with one hand and holding the phone with the

other. But her eyes were closed and she seemed to have no awareness of

my presence.

I watched her growing closer and closer to orgasm, and my cock began

stiffening in my jeans. Finally, Amber let out a sharp cry, threw

herself back in the chair, and came all over Barclay's award.

I waited a few more seconds before speaking up.

"Very nice."

Amber started so violently that she almost fell out of the chair. The

statuette went clattering onto the floor. She gaped at me for a few

seconds, heart hammering in her chest.

"I decided I wanted to watch."

She sagged in the chair.

"God. You almost gave me a heart attack."

"Get out of the chair. Turn around and sit on the edge of the desk."

She complied as I came around to where she was. She watched mutely as I

freed my erection, simply positioning herself so I could enter her. As

I slipped easily into her drenched, overheated pussy, she simply wrapped

her arms around my chest and buried her face against my neck, holding me

tightly.

I fucked her slowly for a few moments.

"How was that?" I asked.

"Good," she said softly. "I started thinking about Principal Barclay.

About how he gave me some crap about the way I was dressed a couple of

weeks ago. Then it wasn't so hard."

I paused, letting myself soak inside her.

"What were you wearing that day?"

"Um. That blue skirt, the lycra one. He said it was too short. So I

pulled it down a couple of inches, but that really exposed my midriff.

His face got kind of red when I did it. I think he could tell I didn't

have knickers on, but he couldn't make himself say it."

"Do you think you turned him on?"

She shuddered as I pushed myself all the way into her.

"I think so."

"I wonder if you're the first student to get fucked on his desk."

Actually, I doubted that Steve Barclay was dumb enough for something

like that, given his high profile, but there \_was\_ one other person he

might have boned in his office. That person was a middle school teacher

named Cindy Reynolds, whom Barclay had been dating on and off the last

few years. But that was nasty bit of gossip I didn't want to be

responsible for starting.

Amber laughed at my joke, and it felt good around me.

"Squeeze me," I said. "Show me what you've been doing with that dildo I

gave you."

Her pussy immediately contracted around my cock, more tightly than I

would have expected. Then she began to pulse and flutter herself around

me.

"Do you like that?"

I groaned, thrusting faster. She giggled and kept it up. As it had

been with her blow-job, the lead-in to this had been too arousing, and I

squirted off inside her after scarcely another minute. She just held me

close, taking it all.

When I withdrew, my come oozed slowly out of her onto Barclay's desk.

She watched it, giggling nervously.

"Should we clean it up?"

"It should be dry by Monday. Leave it."

She let it all out, then hopped off the desk. I replaced Barclay's

Dildo in its spot in the corner and led her out of the Admin office. I

walked slowly back to my room, as much as I could tell Amber wanted to

run. She watched around every corner for anyone who might see us.

When we got back, I found the outfit she had brought with her.

"Get dressed. We have more to do today."

---

Chapter 11.

I watched as Amber quickly donned the miniskirt and top. I closed up

the room and took her out to my car, checking first to make sure we were

alone. It was only 12:45, and we had plenty of time. I drove all the

way back to Lincoln, having Amber blow me casually most of the way,

though I didn't let her get me off. The traffic was light and we had no

spectators as we had on the previous trip.

Lincoln was a fairly conservative city, but it was not entirely devoid

of adult entertainment--such was simply confined to the seedier areas.

The previous week, I had made a few phone calls and found what I was

looking for: an adult book store and sex toy shop just outside downtown.

We pulled up there just before three o'clock.

The outside of the place was painted entirely with flat brown paint, and

nothing more than a simple sign declaring "Adult Bookstore" gave any

clue as to what was inside. Amber saw the sign and quivered slightly.

"What are we doing?"

"Going shopping. Or rather, you are."

She gulped.

"Me?"

"Yes." I handed her two twenty-dollar bills. "You're going to go

inside and buy two things: a chain for your nipple rings and a set of

Ben-wa balls."

"Ben-what?"

"They're chrome balls about the size of big marbles. They come in sets

of two, and women put them in their pussies to masturbate themselves

while they're walking around. They sell them here, and the chains, but

you're probably going to have to ask for them. I'm going to follow you

inside in about a minute. Don't look for me. Don't act like you know

me. After you make your purchases, I want you to put them on right

there in the store. The chain and the balls. Put the balls in your

pussy and the chain on your nipple rings. If you have to expose

yourself to do it, that's what you'll do."

Her face had gone ghost-white, and she sat there motionless.

"No one is going to hurt you. I'll be right there the whole time, and

if anything goes wrong, I'll step in. But you're a slut, Amber. Sluts

do things like this and don't think twice about them."

She gulped again, took a long, deep breath, and opened the car door.

She stepped out onto the sidewalk and went inside.

Heart pounding in anticipation, I forced myself to wait sixty seconds

before following her. Then I jumped out and went for the door.

This place was about as sleazy as it could possibly get. The lighting

was harsh white fluorescents, many of the bulbs bare in the ceiling

where the covers had fallen out or broken. Every square inch of wall

space was covered with glossy hardcore magazines and adult videos--wet

pussies, erect cocks, point-blank fucking, cum shots, dildos buried up

the hilt in some slut's ass, latex, leather and chains, extreme

piercings--almost every perversion you could imagine.

It was the middle of the day, so the place was not full. But neither

was it empty--about ten men were inside, of varying ages and builds, all

of them avoiding eye contact with each other.

Through the middle of the store were two long display shelves filled

with various cheesy sex toys, from foot-long dildos to vibrating rubber

vaginas, complete with hair. Near the door, right in front of me, was a

glass display case containing the more expensive items like jewelry and

bondage gear. In front of it stood Amber, nervous and trembling. She

gave me a quick glance before turning back to the man behind the

counter.

I stepped between the center aisles to inspect the dildos, then looked

back at Amber. The other men in the store were doing likewise, watching

her but trying not to be obvious about it. I realized that in this

environment, the way she was dressed, she looked like nothing so much as

a streetwalking teenage whore.

The man behind the counter was showing her their collection of nipple

clips.

"Is this what you meant?" he asked.

"Uh. I just need something to attach to my--" she gasped for breath

"--my nipple rings."

It was obvious enough that every man in the store was listening to this

transaction, as several heads shot around at the sound of "nipple

rings." Some of the men now stared openly at Amber.

The guy behind the counter, though, was jaded enough not to react much.

"Well, any of these would work. I guess you could take the clips off

and open the rings on the end of the chains."

Amber struggled against her agitation.

"Could you do it?"

"You mean take the clips off? I guess. Which one do you want?"

"Uh. Uh." She examined the chains again, then pointed to a long gold

one. "That one."

The man nodded and took it out of the case. He fiddled with it for a

few seconds before getting the clips off. Then he handed it to Amber.

"How's that?"

"Uh--good. Thanks."

Whether because her anxiety had maxed out, or because she was starting

to get into this, Amber seemed to be calming down. She took the chain

and examined it for a second.

"What do I do?"

"Uh, I guess just get a pair of pliers or something, and close the rings

around the ones on your nips."

Amber gulped, then reached up under her top and quite obviously felt for

her left nipple ring. The guy's eyebrows began climbing up his

forehead, and every man in the store was now watching this undertaking.

Amber took a deep breath.

"Could you do it for me?"

The man's eyes bulged.

"Put the chain on you?"

She nodded.

"Uh. I guess so."

Amber slowly pulled up the front of her top, exposing her tits to

everyone in the store. My dick went instantly rigid, so hard it hurt.

The other men gaped at her, incredulous.

The guy behind the counter stared at Amber's tits in disbelief for a

second or two, then began putting the chain on her nipple rings. It

took nearly a minute, during which the other men in the store edged

around to watch.

Amber's face was flushed now, a mixture of embarrassment and arousal.

She glanced at me, then at the other men watching her. A small smile

creased her face.

"How's that?" the guy asked when he was done.

Amber stuck her tits out to inspect his work. Then she turned around to

the rest of the store, displaying her perky little boobs--now pierced

and chained--for everyone to see.

"What do you guys think?"

Most of the jaws in the store nearly hit the floor, but a one man was

able to answer her.

"It looks great, honey."

"Thanks."

She dropped her T-shirt down and turned back to the guy at the counter.

"Do you have any Ben-wa balls?"

His eyes goggled for a second, then he nodded, pointing to where I was

standing. Amber walked over to me, giving me a casual smile, and

inspected the display. I could smell her arousal now, and could see the

horny flush over her face and chest. Despite her act, she didn't seem

to know what she was looking for, so I subtly pointed them out. She

picked up a box of them and opened it up. Then she turned to the guy at

the counter.

"Do you mind if I put them in in here?"

The last remaining jaws dropped to the ground.

"Uh. Be my guest," he said.

Amber took the balls out of the box, and I fought to remain in control.

"Do you want some help?" I asked unevenly.

She restrained her growing amusement, trying to answer me as if we had

just met.

"Would you mind?"

"No, ma'am."

She handed me the balls and hiked up her skirt. By now, the other

customers in the store had gathered around us to watch. I dropped to

the floor and pushed one ball, then the other, into her sopping pussy.

I felt her squeezing herself around them to hold them in, and for a

moment, I was afraid I would squirt off in my shorts. Then Amber

stepped away from me and pushed her skirt back down.

"Thanks."

Smiling at everyone, she went back to the counter.

"How much?"

The guy laughed weakly.

"Honey, I think this one is on the house."

Some of the men laughed, but most of them just stood there in disbelief.

"Great. Thanks a lot. Bye!"

She turned and strutted out of the store without another word. The rest

of us exchanged a look, and most of the men started laughing.

"Jesus Christ," one of them said.

"Do you get a lot of that here?" another asked the guy at the counter.

He shook his head.

"Not on a Saturday afternoon."

As the customers laughed nervously, I left the store as unobtrusively as

I could. Amber was not by my car as I had expected. I looked up and

down the street, seeing her walking up the sidewalk about a block

away--the teenage hooker on the prowl.

I got in and followed her. When I pulled over, she stopped and

approached the car, bending over into the passenger side window. Her

top fell open and I could see the chain swinging from her tits.

"Hi," she said. "What can I do for you?"

"I'd like to fuck you senseless."

"Sounds good to me."

She opened the door and got inside. I looked in the rearview mirror,

seeing that a few of the men from the store had come outside to watch

this scene. I laughed softly to myself.

"Did you like that?" Amber asked.

"I was about to come in my pants when you had me put in those balls."

She reached over to grab my erection through my pants.

"Well, let's take care of that."

As I drove away from the curb, Amber bent over and took my cock in her

mouth. It took only a few strong slurps before I was flooding her

cheeks with sperm. She sucked it up as it flowed out, gulping with each

ejaculation. This was my third time today, and I came so hard I saw

spots before my eyes. I jerked the car over to the side of the road

lest I wreck it.

Amber finished me off slowly, getting every last drop of come. Then she

sat up, smiling.

"I make a pretty good slut once I get going, huh?"

"Yeah," I gasped.

When I had recovered, we got back on the road for home. I had Amber

lean back in the seat and squirm around to get the Ben-wa balls going,

but her complete lack of experience with them kept her from getting off.

At one point, her frustration caused her to grope between her legs, but

I stopped her. By the time we were halfway home, she was almost crying

in her unfulfilled need, jerking and thrashing around in her seat.

"All right," I said finally. "Finish yourself off."

Her hand shot between her legs. Five seconds later, she let out a cry

and came all over herself, shuddering and moaning. I reached out to

play with her as she coasted down, and when her paroxysm was over, I

felt inside her, drawing the balls out.

"Oh, God," she moaned. "That hurt. I came so hard it hurt."

"You had quite a good old time in that store."

She nodded.

"Once I got used to it."

"It's going to be like that at the gangbang. Only a lot more intense.

They won't just be looking at you. They'll be fucking you. Sticking

their cocks in your mouth and ass. Coming in your face."

She drew in on herself, shivering.

"I know."

"Do you think you're ready for that?"

"I don't know. Not yet."

"Not yet. But someday."

She gulped, the nodded slowly.

"I think so," she gasped. "Someday. But soon."

---

We got back to school just after six. On the way home, we had discussed

a few things for the upcoming weeks. I had decided that I wanted Amber

to wear her Ben-wa balls full-time, at home, at school, and everywhere

else.

"No one is to take those things out of you but me, do you understand?

Except when you're doing your exercises with the dildo."

"I understand. I'll do my best."

"It should help you develop your pussy muscles even more."

Then there was the issue of her meeting with the minister at her church

tomorrow.

"What do you think he's going to do?" I asked.

"I don't know. He's actually kind of cool, in a geeky sort of way.

He's not that old."

"Is he married?"

"Yes. And I don't like his wife. She can be really bitchy at times.

She's one those people, you know, who are really out there about being

Christians. Reverend Ellis is okay, but she can be really annoying.

She's gone on this total virginity crusade with the youth group lately."

"Like how?"

"Do you know what Promise Rings are? Have you heard of those?"

"Where you put them on and promise not to have sex until you get

married?"

"Right. She's been pushing all the kids at the church to wear them."

I glanced at Amber's hands, just out of curiosity. She had a little

gold ring on her left ring finger that I'd never really paid any

attention to.

"Don't tell me that's one of them."

She grinned.

"I sort of broke my promise. But I only put it on to shut my mom up."

A few wheels began turning in my mind.

"Let's just suppose, for the sake of argument, that someone was to come

on to Reverend Ellis. To give him a taste of truly open sexuality that

I gather he's not getting from his wife. What do you think would

happen?"

If I though I had seen Amber look shocked before, it was nothing

compared to what I saw now. She couldn't even answer me for about five

seconds.

"Mike, I \_can't\_," she squeaked. "I can't do something like that."

"I'm just speaking hypothetically. Don't put yourself in that scenario

yet."

She took a deep breath and gulped.

"I don't have a clue. He's tries to be really in with the kids, you

know? To be everyone's friend, not the stuffy old minister. But if one

of us were to come on to him . . . I just don't know."

"I'm just thinking. You want to be on his good side. I'm willing to

bet his wife has strong opinions on oral sex."

"Oh, God," Amber gasped. "She does. She does. She gave us a little

spiel about that once, about how there were 'forms of lovemaking God

approves of, and forms he does not.' Oral sex is on God's shit list,

according to her."

"Which means, I would bet, that old Reverend Ellis has probably never

had a blow job."

"Mike . . ." she whimpered.

"I'm leaving this up to you. You'll have to make the call, since you

know him a lot better than I do. But it would give you something to

hold over him, something to help him keep your parents happy. And

there's something else to consider."

"What?"

"The gangbang. Do you really want that to be your very first exposure

to performing on other men for me? Or would you rather work up to it?

To see if you can do it?"

Amber's jaw dropped. Then she turned and stared out the window

silently. She didn't speak again until we pulled into the school

parking lot. Then she took a deep breath and turned back to me.

"Okay. I see what you're saying. But what if he freaks out? What if

he doesn't want me to do it?"

"As I said, that's up to you. Flirt with him a little. See how he

reacts. Work up to it."

"And then . . ."

"If you think he can take it, show him just how good you are at sucking

cock."

She gulped.

"Am I?"

"Yes. You've gotten very good at it."

A little smile rose out of her agitation.

"Thanks."

"And I think it's time to broaden your horizons."

She didn't say anything, though I saw the answers in her eyes anyway.

---

I called Amber's mother and gave her a little speech about all the work

we had done on Amber's classwork, and that I was confident things would

improve.

"But I think we should keep doing this for the time being, if it's okay

with you."

"Of course. I'll have Amber there next Saturday morning."

"Great."

Amber changed back into her old clothes and followed me out to meet her

mother.

"If this doesn't work, there's no telling what will happen," she said.

"I know. But life is nothing without a few risks."

I kissed her on the forehead.

"You can do it. Call me as soon as you get home tomorrow."

---

I spent the rest of Saturday night and into Sunday morning wondering

what I'd set in motion. In the back of my mind, I suspected that

Reverend Ellis was too pious, and Amber too unsure of herself (now, at

least), for anything to happen.

And yet. And yet.

What if she really did it?

I kept breaking into fits of nervous giggles at the thought of my

girlfriend blowing her minister. Sucking him off right there in his

office in the church. Probably while Amber's parents sat waiting

outside. The scene was simply too delicious to resist. I had to fight

repeated urges to masturbate.

Ten o'clock came and went. So did eleven. Nothing happened.

I sat around my living room in my gym shorts trying to pretend I was

watching the Cowboys play the 49ers. Then, just as I watched Deion

Sanders pick off an errant Steve Young pass over the middle, my phone

rang.

I leapt for it and picked it up before the first ring was complete.

"Hello?"

"I did it," Amber blurted out instantly. "I can't believe I did, but I

did it."

I laughed.

"Oh, my God. Tell me everything."

Her voice was uneven and quavering.

"After the service . . . my folks made me wait for him. We went back to

his office. We all sat together at first while my Mom went on and on

about how much trouble I am for her. We talked for a little while, then

he asked if he could speak to me alone."

"And?"

"At first, I couldn't do anything. I was too scared. Then he asked me

if there was a boy mixed up in this. I told him there was. We talked

about that a little, and bit by bit I got braver. I told him about

getting my nipples pierced. About my pussy being bald. He got more and

more uncomfortable, and I could tell he was starting to sweat. Then . .

. this was the weirdest thing . . . I suddenly didn't feel scared

anymore. I looked at him and I realized something had happened between

us."

"You had taken control of the discussion. You hung Amber the Slut out

there, and he swallowed the hook."

"Yeah," she gasped. "That's it. That's what it felt like. So I

started talking dirty to him. I asked him if his wife had ever sucked

his cock. His face turned so red I though he was going to have a

stroke. But he just sat there as still as a statue."

"Then what?"

"Well, understand that I was dressed for church, okay? I had on just

this basic white knee-length dress. It's kind of lacey, but in a

little-girl way, you know? Totally boring, but my Mom made me wear it."

"But under it--"

"Was nothing. So I slowly put my foot up on his desk and showed him my

pussy, and my clit ring. He was just mesmerized at this point. Then I

asked him if he wanted a blow job."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He didn't even move. So I went behind his desk and did it."

My dick was so hard at this point that it hurt. My hand slipped into my

shorts and closed around it involuntarily.

"You sucked him off."

"Yeah. I knelt down between his legs and unzipped his slacks. He was

as hard as a rock when I found his dick."

I began stroking myself.

"And how did it go?"

"He lasted like twenty seconds. If that. But at the end, he grabbed my

head and let out this little cough. Then he came. I finished him off

and made a big show of swallowing it."

I grunted, gasping for breath.

"Mike?"

"What?"

"Are you stroking yourself?"

"Yes," I gasped.

She was quiet for a moment, and when she spoke, it was in a voice I had

heard only very rarely, usually when we were in the middle of fucking.

"Come for me. Shoot it. Pretend you're shooting off in my mouth like

Reverend Ellis did."

I cried out, on the brink, and a second later spurted all over myself.

As I caught my breath, I could hear Amber giggling softly.

"How was that?"

"Unh. Good. So what happened?"

"Well, afterward, he got all embarrassed and confused and start

apologizing, you know, like 'I'm sorry, I should never have let that

happen. I'm so sorry.'"

I laughed.

"He thought it was his fault."

"Basically. So I asked him what to do about my folks. He said he'd

take care of it. When he brought them back in, he gave them this speech

about how I was a good person, just confused, and needed more love and

caring, not anger. That my folks shouldn't be so upset with me."

I laughed again.

"How did they react?"

"At first they were just totally floored. But they came around. My mom

promised to do her best. On the way home, she was babbling about 'You

know we love you' and 'We should do a better job trying to understand

you.' That kind of stuff. So basically, we're okay now. I'm not even

grounded anymore."

"Good."

She quiet again for a few moments.

"You were right, Mike," she said softly. "Afterwards, I realized you

were right. I was so scared beforehand, but afterwards, I understood.

I think I can do it now. Not like tonight, but eventually."

"Do what?"

"The gangbang."

Oh. My. God. It hadn't been real before that moment. Honestly, it

hadn't. Even after everything we had done. But when I heard those

word, it all exploded in my head.

"I want to do it," she said again. "From now on, whatever you want me

to do, I'll do."

It took me a few seconds more to answer her.

"Okay. That's good, Amber. That's very good."

---

Chapter 12.

A couple of uneventful weeks went by. Amber's folks were thoroughly disoriented

by that meeting with Reverend Ellis and had backed off on the excessive

parenting. Amber in turn, at my advice, had stopped acting out quite so much, so

they would think they might be getting through to her. I helped her cause by

telling her mother that her schoolwork was improving.

That Monday, I made a point of being in the teacher's lounge when Principal

Barclay arrived for his usual morning cup of coffee. When he sniffed his mug and

made a strange face after taking the first sip, it took all my effort to keep

from laughing. What he made of the encrusted semen on his desk, I would never

know.

The week after that, our football team recorded its second straight shutout,

winning 10-0. The game was against the weakest team on the schedule, but I was

beginning to think that my Bet with the defense was paying off. Which meant, of

course, that I would have to pay off as well at the end of the season. Coach

Everett even complimented me on the improvement after that game. We won the next

week too, 13-6, and again my charges played inspired football. The team was now

5-3, and people were beginning to talk about possibly making the regional

playoffs.

Only a couple of times did any of the players try to joke with me about our

arrangement, and each time I silenced them with a stern look. They seemed to get

it, and as far as I could tell, none of them had spilled the beans.

I generally saw Amber hanging out with Meredith, and though the two of them were

definitely a unit, and though Meredith gave me a few sly looks during class, I

did not see her outside of school. Meanwhile, Amber continued her slut routine

with me, wearing her Ben-wa balls round-the-clock. Now and then, when I had the

chance, I would reach under her skirt to inspect her. She assured me she had no

trouble keeping them in after the first few days. Her pussy muscles quickly

adjusted to the added load.

"The only problem is that I'm coming all the time now because of them," she told

me one day. "Every morning and afternoon on the bus, and sometimes when I'm just

walking around school."

"It's good exercise," I said. She just grinned slyly and ran off to her next

class.

I wanted to keep exploring her limits, to keep pushing her to ever greater

expressions of her slut-hood, but any further encounters with other men--until

the gangbang, that was--were simply too much of a risk. Even her thing with

Reverend Ellis was more of a risk than I wanted to admit.

And that was when Fate, such as she was, dropped a perfect opportunity right in

my lap.

The school I where worked taught both middle and high school kids, although they

were divided into two different wings. In the center was the Administration

offices for both schools, and the teachers from both wings mixed thoroughly

together in the lounge. A few of them even taught classes in both wings.

One night, the day before the next exam I had to give in History class, I got

home to discover that I had left some important papers behind at school. All the

teachers were supposed to file copies of their exams with the Admin office (for

some arcane record-keeping reason that I had never completely understood), and I

realized that in doing so that afternoon I had also left behind my curriculum

for the next week, which I had meant to review that night. I dug through my bag

before deciding that I must have accidentally mixed it up with the exam

paperwork. Since I would have sixty exams to begin grading tomorrow night, I

didn't want to get behind. So I climbed into my car and went back to school.

I had conducted football practice and gone home to eat dinner before turning to

my evening's work, so it was nearly nine o'clock before I got to school. I let

myself in with my keys and went down the hall to the Admin office.

When I arrived, I realized someone else was in there--someone was in the back of

the office kneeling down in front of the special locked file cabinet where they

kept copies of the state aptitude tests, which the middle school would be

conducting next week.

Only one person was supposed to have access to that cabinet, and that was

Principal Barclay. The woman now rifling through the files was Cindy Reynolds,

one of the middle school teachers and Barclay's sometime girlfriend. In a flash

of indignant insight, I instantly realized what was going on.

Cindy was the star teacher of the middle school. Her classes had scored at or

near the top of the scale on the state aptitude tests every year I had been here

and for several years before that. She had been voted the favorite teacher of

the middle school for three years running, although the quiet joke among the

male faculty was that her success in that respect had been largely due to her

oversized bustline, which was an object of fixation for nearly every boy in the

middle school. She was cute, blond, and busty, though not cute enough to be

unapproachable, and dressed well enough to show herself off. She was about

thirty but looked younger. It was no mystery what Steve Barclay saw in her, but

Cindy's motivations were an object of frequent gossip around the lounge.

And now here was Cindy, quite obviously trying to get copies of the aptitude

tests. I had arrived late on the scene, and it looked as if she were putting

things back together. Fixated as she was on restoring order to the file cabinet,

she had not noticed my arrival.

As someone who had spent most of his life in competitive sports, deliberate

cheaters fell very low on my scale of humanity. Even without that background, I

took my responsibilities as a teacher seriously, and what I was seeing made my

blood boil.

Did Barclay know what she was up to? I didn't have a lot of respect for Steve

Barclay's intellect, but I had no doubts about his integrity. Unless Cindy had

him really, really pussy-whipped, he would never have gone along with something

like this.

The keys to the file cabinet were still in the lock. Moving quickly and quietly,

I stepped up behind her and snatched them out, though I was careful to grab the

ring and not the key.

Cindy shrieked in surprise and leapt to her feet. She backed unsteadily away

from me, gasping for breath.

"Mike! What are you doing?"

"What am I doing? I think that's my line."

"I--I--I forgot something in here today. I was just getting it."

I looked down at the files. I didn't try to hide my disbelief.

"You left something inside the locked state aptitude test file cabinet?"

"I--I--" She was unable to finish her explanation.

"Cindy, I think it's quite obvious what you're doing here."

"No! I mean, it is, but I can explain. Steve asked me to get something out of

here."

I laughed.

"Bullshit. Until the day of that test, it's against the law for him to let

anyone else at it. He would never let you in there. You're getting copies to

help your kids cheat. I bet you've been doing it for years."

Cindy began to shake now, and she put her face in her hands.

"Oh, my God. Oh, my God."

I shook my head.

"Cindy, what do you want me to do here?"

"Please. You can't tell anyone. I'll lose my job and my credentials."

"You want me to just walk away from this?"

She caught her breath, and a harder look came into her eyes.

"You couldn't prove it. It would be my word against yours, and I have more

seniority than you do. I'm the star teacher, and you're just a football coach."

I stared at her for a few seconds. Something clicked in my mind, a way out of

this, and a way I could exploit it. I dangled the ring of keys on my finger.

"You'd still have to explain how you got these keys."

Her mouth tightened.

"I don't have them now. You do. I could say I caught you in here."

"Doing what? What would I want with the middle school aptitude tests? I teach

senior U.S. History and P.E."

"You--you--"

I cut her off.

"Cindy, your fingerprints are on these keys and probably all over that cabinet.

It wouldn't take much to tie you to this. And, if I'm not mistaken, you broke

the law here. You might even be looking at jail time. And I don't think Steve

would come out of this smelling too good given that you've been letting him into

your knickers for the last few years."

Her resolve broke again.

"Please. You can't tell anyone. I'll do anything."

I began to realize what I wanted out of her, but it was too soon to say it. Let

her stew for a while.

"Cindy, go home. Let me think about this."

"Mike, please."

"Go home."

Crying and shaking, she walked past me and rushed out of the office. Being as

careful as I could not to touch anything with my hands, I closed up the cabinet.

I stuck a paperclip through the cabinet key and used it to lock things up again.

Then I dropped the key in my breast pocket, found the curriculum notes I had

come for in the first place, and went home.

I did nothing that night or the next day. I saw Cindy in the teacher's lounge

around lunch time, but she just gave me a nervous, fearful look before rushing

out. By the time I got home, my plan had begun to gel. But I continued to wait.

I waited for Cindy, as desperate as she was, to come to me.

Thursday night, she did. My phone rang just as I was doing my dinner dishes.

"Hello?"

"Mike, it's Cindy Reynolds."

Her voice was ragged and uneven.

"And?"

"And." She took a nervous breath. "And I wanted to know what you planned to do

about the other night."

"What do you want me to do?"

"If I swore I never do that again, that I would play by the rules from here on

out . . ."

"You want me to trust you? Trust a habitual cheater?"

She let out a sob.

"Oh, God. What do you want? Just say it."

"If you want me to forget this, you need to make it worth my while."

"Oh, my God. Oh, my God. Are you asking me what I think you're asking me for?"

"Depends. There's no point in discussing it if there's no chance you'd do it."

"Mike, I'm seeing Steve. You know that."

"So I should tell him about this?"

She sobbed into the phone for a few seconds.

"Cindy, here's what I have in mind. I don't want to get you fired, but I also

don't want you to think you can just walk away from this. What I'm going to do

is resolve this quite neatly, not just give you the keys back and forget about

it, but give you something to hold over me, so you can be sure I won't ever talk

about it."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll see. If you go along with this."

"You want me to sleep with you."

"That and more. There needs to be a punitive aspect to this."

Something caught in her throat, and she couldn't answer me right away.

"Punitive?"

"Punishment."

I heard only her rapid gasps for breath over the phone for several seconds.

"What are you going to do to me?"

"Whatever I feel like. You may not be sitting down for a while afterward."

She let out a tortured squeak, and I remained quiet until she was able to reply.

"All right. What do you want me to do?"

"Several things. First, I want you to go out and get a complete bikini wax. Go a

couple of towns over if you have to, but I want it off. All of it. Don't wimp

out and shave it, either, because I hate stubble."

Nothing but a whimper came in reply to that.

"Then I want you to put together the sluttiest outfit you possibly can. If you

have to go shopping for it, you do it. I want anyone who sees you to think

you're a hooker. Then I want you to show up at my house at noon on Saturday,

ready to do whatever I want you to."

I listened to her breathing hard for several seconds.

"Saturday?" she said finally.

"Saturday. At noon. See you then."

I hung up.

Friday night, when Amber came over after the game (which we won, again, 6-0),

the first thing I did was explain to her what had happened with Cindy. She went

into orbit.

"No way! Miss Reynolds? I had her in eighth grade!"

"Did she seem like she knew a little too much about the aptitude tests?"

"Well . . . she sure knew seemed to know her way around them. She gave us a lot

of practice tests, things that turned out to be really close to the real ones."

I shook my head.

"She was doing it even then. God knows how she's had keys to that cabinet all

this time."

"What are you going to do her?"

"The question is, what are we going to do to her?"

Amber's jaw dropped.

"You mean--?"

"Yes. You're going to teach her how to eat pussy, among other things."

Amber let out a squeal and slapped her hand over her mouth.

"Oh, my God. But then she'll know. About us."

"Yes." I explained that part of my plan. "Then we both have incentives to keep

our mouths shut. So she won't be worrying about me forever, and I won't have to

worry about her doing something stupid because she can't stop dwelling on what I

know. Besides which, when the evening is over, she'll have fucked you too.

She'll be in the same boat I am."

"You're going to fuck her?"

"Yes. And spank her. Which means we have some stuff to do tonight."

I showed her the ropes and pulleys I had gotten from the hardware store and

several dog collars from the local pet store. Together, over the next few hours,

we built a makeshift dungeon in my basement. The centerpiece was a sort of stock

I built from a pair of 2x4's and the seat from an old weight bench that I had

pilfered from our equipment cage at school. It was designed to immobilize Cindy

in the "doggy-style" position, locking her wrists behind her to the top of the

side posts and her knees to the base. A collar around her neck would lock to the

front of the bench seat, holding her tightly in position.

"You're going to put her in this?" Amber asked.

"Unless you'd like to try it out."

She grinned.

"We should take it for a test drive first."

"Be my guest."

Amber rapidly stripped out of her clothes and knelt on the bench. I locked in

her into place and adjusted the restraints.

[Note to readers: Click here for a picture of this thing with Amber in it]

"I like it," she moaned.

I played with her rapidly moistening pussy for a few seconds. Then I found the

yardstick I had brought home from school and swatted her a few times. When her

butt was bright red and her pussy dripping wet, I freed my aching cock and

thrust into her. After that, the construction was over, and the fun began.

Amber went home around eleven. I called her mother the next morning, telling her

I wanted Amber to come early to her tutoring session that day. She agreed at

once. I picked Amber up at school and drove her back to my place. I told her to

strip out of her clothes and wait for us in the basement, which she did. Then I

sat down to wait for Cindy.

In truth, I wasn't entirely sure she would go for this, and I was more than a

tiny bit nervous about her chickening out completely and trying to turn me in

for blackmail. But just before noon, I saw her car pull into my driveway.

She had taken my instructions to heart. She wore a green silk blouse on top,

knotted tightly under her breasts, and judging by the bounce behind the fabric

as she got out, she didn't appear to be wearing a bra. Her midriff was bare, and

I noticed that she had a ring in her navel. Something new, or had she had it all

this time? Down below, she wore a very short black leather miniskirt over black

nylons and black spike heels. Her short blonde hair was heavily teased and

styled around her face, and she wore quite a bit of makeup. She indeed looked

like a hooker, though a high-class one.

Gathering herself up, she shut the door to her car and stalked up to my porch. A

moment later, she rang the bell. I got off my couch and went to the door.

When I opened it, she had a look on her face that I couldn't quite read. Part

fear, part humiliation, part something else. She met my eyes only briefly before

looking down.

"Here I am," she said.

"Come in."

She stepped into the foyer and I shut the door.

"Nice belly ring. Is that new?"

"No," she said, voice quavering. "I've had it a couple of years."

"Why did you get it?"

"I don't know. I just liked the idea."

I looked her up and down slowly.

"Is this what you wanted?" she asked.

"Yes."

"What--" Her voice broke. "What are we going to do?"

"Come with me."

She followed me to the back of the house, though she lost a step when she

realized I was taking her down to the basement.

"Why down there?"

"Because you're liable to make a lot of noise, and I don't want anyone hearing

us."

A shudder ran through her body, but she stood her ground. She followed me down

the steps.

Amber was waiting for us, naked, on the old couch I had along the back wall. She

had a grin on her face and the yardstick in her hand across her knees. Cindy

didn't immediately see her, but when she did, she let out a yelp and jumped

backwards.

"Hi, Miss Reynolds."

Cindy gaped at her, then at me. She struggled with her recognition for a few

seconds.

"A--Amber?"

"Yep."

"Oh, my God."

"This is my dirty little secret," I said. "Amber and I have been seeing each

other for a while."

Amber stood up, and I could see Cindy taking in all of Amber's piercings and the

gold chain suspended across her tits. I led Cindy to the center of the room and

positioned her under the rope-and-pulley set-up Amber and I had built. When I

took her wrist in my hand, she shook for a second but didn't resist me. I

attached the little dog collars to her wrists and lifted her arms into the air

until she was held in place. Then I sat on the couch.

"Amber, you know what Cindy was supposed to do for us. Why don't you perform an

inspection?"

Cindy closed her eyes and shuddered as Amber approached. Amber stepped up close

and reached under her skirt. Cindy let out a little cry and threw her head back.

"Knickers?" I asked.

"Nope."

"Is she bald?"

"She's wet, Mike. Dripping wet."

I watched as Amber began stroking her slowly.

"Her pussy is wet?"

"Very."

"Let me see."

Amber withdrew her fingers and displayed them. They glistened with Cindy's

vaginal fluids.

"Oh, my." I laughed. "Cindy, you slut. This is turning you on, isn't it?"

Cindy shuddered, not opening her eyes. I motioned for Amber to get to work on

her. Amber pushed the miniskirt up over Cindy's hips, revealing a black garter

belt and Cindy's newly denuded pussy. Then Amber knelt before her, took her

Cindy's firm butt in her hands, and pulled her forward to lick at her.

The reaction was instantaneous.

"Oh God, no! I've never--I can't--I'm not--"

"Cindy, relax. You and Amber are going to get to know each other very well

today, so you may as well used to it."

She let out a cry of frustration and threw her head backwards, surrendering to

her fate. Amber was eating her eagerly by now, tongue dipping and fluttering

against Cindy's bald pussy. In less than a minute, Cindy was gasping for breath

and pumping her hips at Amber's face. Then she shrieked in fulfillment, and I

watched as the orgasm wracked her body. When it was over, she went completely

limp, hanging from her arms. Amber withdrew and stood up.

"She has a nice pussy."

"Clean?"

"She tastes pretty good."

Cindy cringed at this exchange. I stood up.

"Open her blouse."

Amber untied the knot in Cindy's blouse and freed her breasts. She was indeed

braless, and she was big. Some of the biggest tits I'd ever seen that weren't

store-bought.

"So this is the chest the whole male middle school lusts after. What size bra do

you wear, Cindy?"

"32DD," she said weakly. "Sometimes 34. It depends on the bra."

"Wow," Amber said. "You must have a hard time finding nice stuff that fits."

"I do," Cindy gasped.

I reached out and tweaked her left nipple.

"I like that belly ring. You really ought to think about getting your nips

pierced too, like Amber did."

Cindy opened her eyes and looked Amber over in defeat, then dropped her head. I

let go of her tit and reached between her legs to feel her sopping pussy. She

twitched slightly as I slipped two fingers into her. She was as smooth as a

baby's butt, definitely not shaved.

"Why are you so turned on, Cindy? Does some part of you really want to be

treated like a cheap slut?"

She whimpered.

"Well," I said, "Let's find out."

I got the yardstick from the couch and had Amber resume her place between

Cindy's thighs. She began licking her again as I walked around behind them. I

swung the yardstick through the air a few times and then brought it down hard

across her ass.

She let out a shriek and clenched her buttocks, which of course only pushed her

forward at Amber's mouth. I did it again, leaving a narrow red stripe just below

the first. Amber continued eating her mercilessly, even reaching under to

finger-fuck her as I swatted her.

I hit her again, and again, keeping it up until her butt was bright red and

swollen, until both of her rear garter straps had popped loose. Halfway through,

she came like a freight train, legs flailing under her, shrieking like a scalded

cat. Amber held on tight, tongue spinning away, and I kept swatting her. She

came a second time, nearly fainting, and after that I finally relented. Amber

leaned back and wiped her mouth. Cindy hung limply in her restraints, panting

heavily.

As I let Cindy catch her breath, I stripped out of my clothes. Amber and I

lowered her to the floor and freed her wrists. She lay there in a heap.

"Cindy. Get up."

She climbed unsteadily to her feet.

"Get out of your clothes. Keep the stockings on, but lose everything else."

She complied rapidly. I led her to the stocks, and she knelt in place without

protest. In about a minute, I had her tightly restrained.

She was so wet now that her thighs were sticky and glistening. I played with her

idly.

"I gather you've never done something like this before."

"No," she said weakly. "Steve . . . Steve will spank me sometimes, but that's

it."

"You're a bad girl, Cindy. A complete slut. That's what you want to be treated

like."

She let out a sob and tried to nod in the restraints. I motioned for Amber to

take my place and then crawled around in front of Cindy. I presented my stiff

cock to her mouth, and she swallowed it up without another word.

As Cindy bobbed slowly over me, Amber went around behind her and began playing

with her again. Fingers, lips, tongue, nothing too deliberate, just enough to

keep Cindy hot and bothered.

"Mike?" she asked after a minute or two. "Can I swat her?"

Cindy whimpered around my cock.

"Go right ahead. Just nothing hard enough to break the skin. We don't want to do

any permanent damage."

Amber hopped up and found the yardstick. Grinning at me, she swung it hard

against Cindy's already reddened behind. Cindy let out a yelp through her nose

but kept sucking away on me. But of course, she could do nothing else. The

restraints were tight enough that she would have trouble even getting my cock

out of her mouth, and as for escaping Amber's torment--well, that was

impossible.

The longer Amber kept swatting her, the faster Cindy sucked on me. She shuddered

in orgasm just as I was getting close myself, letting a little whimper out of

her nose. By now, Amber was hardly smacking her at all, but Cindy's butt was so

swollen that the contact alone was enough. Finally, as I felt the come boiling

in my balls, I took her face in my hands and began fucking rapidly. A few

seconds later, I shot off down her throat. She gulped it all down without being

asked.

When I withdrew and sat on the couch, I saw a wicked gleam in Amber's eye as she

looked over Cindy in the stocks. I grinned at her.

"You want her."

"Can I?"

"Go for it."

Cindy didn't seem to understand what we meant until Amber sat down in front of

her and spread her legs. She scooted forward until her pussy was right in

Cindy's face.

"Return the favor, why don't you?" I said.

Cindy shuddered.

"I can't--I've never--I'm not a lesbian."

"No. You're a slut. Sluts just fuck people, without regard for niceties like

gender. Just do it."

Amber pushed her pussy against Cindy's mouth, and after a second or two of

hesitation, Cindy began to lick.

At first, she was very hesitant and reluctant, doing nothing but move her tongue

around weakly. Then I had an idea. I got up from the couch and picked up the

yardstick. A few hard swats on Cindy's angry red butt improved her pussy-eating

dramatically. Amber was soon writhing around on the floor in front of her,

moaning, pushing her hips at Cindy's face. I kept swatting her lightly, and

Cindy came close to swallowing Amber's pussy whole.

My erection had returned from watching this display, so I dropped down behind

Cindy and caressed her abused buttocks. When I pushed my stiff cock between her

thighs, she shuddered but did not protest. She kept eating my girlfriend as I

thrust into her slowly.

Amber came, loudly and enthusiastically, but stayed put. Cindy kept eating her;

I kept fucking Cindy. I fucked her roughly, pushing her against her restraints,

bouncing her around in the stocks. Amber came again, as did Cindy. I felt her

spasming around me and drove into her harder, smacking her tender ass with my

hands as I did it. She came again, and finally I felt my come beginning to rise.

As Amber convulsed in yet another orgasm, holding Cindy's head in her hands and

lifting her hips up in the air, I spurted off as deeply into Cindy as I could

get.

I withdrew and left her there, dripping with my come and hers, and went upstairs

to get a couple of beers. I returned to find Amber sitting beside her, stroking

her hair, telling her what a good pussy-eater she was. Cindy's face was red and

her eyes were closed, but I could tell she was listening. I tossed Amber one of

the beers and opened the other.

We kept Cindy there until nearly six o'clock, spanking her and abusing her,

until both of us were sated. For my last come of the day, I deflowered Cindy's

ass while she ate Amber out for what had to be the fifth or sixth time--her

reservations about cunnilingus having completely dissolved by that point.

Afterwards, Amber lay down on the couch to rest and actually fell asleep. I

helped Cindy get dressed and led her upstairs. I found an ice pack in my freezer

and handed it to her. She pressed it against her butt as I found the file

cabinet keys. I had made a point of filing the pattern down to make them

useless, and I now dropped them into her purse.

"All done. We're quits now."

"Mike?" she asked softly.

"What?"

"What now?"

"What do you mean, what now? You can go home."

"But--"

I just stared at her. Her jaw started to vibrate, and she looked down.

"If there's something you want to say, just say it."

"I--I--" her voice broke for a moment "--I want to--to be your slut. To do keep

doing what we did today."

I thought about that for a moment or two.

"I have Amber. And another girl. You'd be a long way down the totem pole."

"I know."

"You wouldn't just be my slut. I'd give you to Amber, and let her do whatever

she wanted with you. You said you weren't a lesbian. If you do this, your face

is going to be buried in pussy quite a lot for the foreseeable future."

"I know."

"She's still learning about all this. She was a virgin when we first started

going out. God only knows what she's liable to do to you, and make you do."

"I know."

"Can you live with that? Right now, I'm making Amber come to school without bra

or knickers, carrying a set of Ben-wa balls around in her twat twenty-four/seven.

I'll want you to get your nipples pierced, and your clit. Among other things.

Can you do that?"

"Yes!"

"All right. Let me think about this. I'll have to ask Amber too."

"Please. Please."

"We'll see. For now, go home."

She took a deep breath, then exhaled. She nodded slowly in resignation and

walked unevenly out to her car.

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Chapter 13.

I found Amber still asleep in the basement. I kissed her nose to wake her up.

Her eyes fluttered open, and she stretched out.

"We need to get you home."

She nodded and got dressed. On the way back over to school, I broached the idea

of keeping Cindy around.

"Did you like that?"

She nodded.

"It was a lot of fun."

"You got to see a different side of yourself. Sluts need not be exclusively

submissive. It's possible to be dominant and still a slut."

"Like with other girls."

"That's one way. Would you want to do that again?"

"With Cindy?"

"Maybe. I got the distinct impression she wanted to. She all but begged me for

it."

Amber's eyes went unfocused.

"I don't want to share you with her."

"It would never be like it is with us. I think she wants something different.

I'm just thinking we could have some fun playing with her."

"How?"

"The sorts of things I've been doing with you. Changing her wardrobe. Making her

come to work without knickers. Getting her pierced. That sort of thing."

Amber was quiet a moment.

"I liked spanking her. That really turned me on."

"Me too."

"She would be ours, right? Not just for you?"

"Exactly. Don't give me answer now. Just think about it."

Amber was pensive, and I drove on.

Sunday afternoon, she called me up around one, giggling.

"You're never going to believe what happened."

"With what?"

"At church. Reverend Ellis took off. He's taking a break at this retreat in

Colorado."

I laughed.

"Oh, my God."

"They say there's no telling when he'll be back. Everything is in an uproar."

"You think it's because of you?"

"What else could it be?" Her voice was full of mirth. "He's been acting really

uncomfortable around me ever since that afternoon. Last week during the sermon,

he kept making eye contact with me. So I stared at him and licked my lips really

slowly. He stuttered and lost his place for like five seconds. So yeah, I think

it was me."

Monday morning, Amber agreed to bring Cindy into our little ring of sluts. That

afternoon, during some free time, I typed up a list of instructions for her.

Essentially, she was to cease wearing any undergarments (to the extent practical

with her bustline), keep her pussy waxed clean as necessary, get her nipples and

clitoris pierced with rings to match the one in her navel, and be prepared to

expose herself to or service anyone Amber or I told her to. If she found this

agreeable, she was to place her knickers in my center desk drawer. Then I sealed

the instructions in an the envelope and stuck it in her box in the lounge.

An hour later, after returning from the bathroom between classes, I found her

knickers in my desk. The crotch was still damp.

On my way to football practice that afternoon, I came upon Amber and Meredith

sitting in one corner of the quad. They both grinned at me.

"So Mr. B.," Meredith began, "Amber was telling me about your little faculty

conference this weekend."

"Uh-huh."

"Did you talk to Miss Reynolds today?" Amber asked.

I explained what I had done, then discreetly showed them the knickers. Both jaws

dropped, and Meredith began laughing.

"Are those really hers?" Meredith asked.

"Unless someone else stuck them there."

She reached for them, and I handed them over. She inspected them gingerly, then

handed them back.

"Eww. Teachers wear such boring underwear."

I grinned.

"Not anymore, at least not in her case."

"So, like, what are we going to do with her?" Amber asked.

"Whatever you want to. Use your imagination."

"We should make her wear a dildo and a butt plug all the time. To school, you

know? Make her try to teach that way."

Meredith laughed in disbelief.

"God, you guys are awful."

"She's yours as much as Amber's," I said to her. "If you want her."

Meredith's face paled a little as she absorbed this.

"So, like . . . if I wanted her to eat me out, she would?"

"Yes. Do you want her to?"

"Uh." She glanced at Amber. "You mean right now?"

I took my clipboard and wrote a quick note: Cindy: Please show Meredith what a

good pussy-eater you are--Mike. I tore it off and handed it to her. She stared

at it in awe."

Her classes are over for the day. You can probably still catch her."

The two of them looked at each other and began giggling.

"I have to go to practice. Have fun."

Football went well enough. My players, having realized that they were better

than they had thought, were now doing their best to live up to their new

expectations. We had a good workout, and things began breaking up around dusk.

Tommy Nelson approached me as I was packing up my gear. His slightly nervous

manner and the way he seemed to make sure no one else was in earshot told me

what he was about to ask me.

"Coach?"

"What's up, Tommy?"

"Um, about the Bet, I know you told us all not to talk about it or anything--"

"Yes, I did."

"I know. It's just, some of the guys, we kind of want to, just, you know, be

sure what it is you're going to do."

I stared at him for a second or two.

"I'm not going to say it, Tommy. You guys should have figured it out by now. I

mean, if I was just talking about a party, I could be more explicit, you

understand? I'm not going to be explicit about this."

"But . . . that is what you're going to do, right?"

"Yes."

He laughed nervously.

"Okay. I got it. Thanks, coach."

"You haven't earned it yet anyway."

"I know. We will, coach. I swear we will. It's just two more games."

"I know you can do it. Just prove it to me."

"We will, coach."

He turned and jogged off toward the other players.

Two more games. Two more games, and then I would have to turn Amber over to

them. I walked unsteadily off the field, trying not to come in my pants.

When I got to my car, I found Amber and Meredith waiting for me, both of them

wearing big grins on their faces.

"Well?" I said.

"She's not that great," Meredith said slyly. "She got me off, but she's not that

great." She reached over and played with Amber's hair for a second or two.

"Amber's a lot better."

"Cindy has very little practice. She'll get better at it."

I looked around to be sure we were alone. I saw nobody else in the parking lot.

"How did it go?"

"We just walked into her room and shut the door," Amber said. "She looked a

little shocked when she saw us, especially Meredith, but when I showed her your

note, she got right to work."

"She did me right on her desk," Meredith said.

"Me too," Amber said giggling.

"And then?"

"We made her get herself off," Amber said. "I made her fuck herself with a big

magic marker."

I laughed.

"Poor Cindy. I need to get home. You girls need a ride?"

Meredith laughed.

"Yeah, a ride. We need a ride, all right."

"A long, hard ride," Amber said.

They both stared at me, eyes big and horny. Meredith gnawed briefly on her lower

lip, fighting a grin.

"Your folks aren't going to wonder where you are?"

Amber shrugged.

"They're being normal, for now. Like I told you."

They got in the car, and we drove back to my house.

Meredith and Amber went straight down to the basement to inspect my little

dungeon. I followed them down with an armload of beer. They were fiddling with

the stocks when I came down.

"You locked Miss Reynolds up in this?" Meredith asked.

"Yep."

She stood up, looking at the ropes in the ceiling. Then she turned to Amber.

"Let me tie you up."

Amber glanced at me, but I motioned for them to continue. Meredith attached the

collars to Amber's wrists and pulled her into position.

"What should I do to her?"

"Undress her first."

She pushed Amber's T-shirt up over her tits, then unbuttoned her jeans and

tugged them down. In a few moments, Amber was nearly naked. Meredith played with

her clit ring briefly, smiling at me. Then she reached around and smacked Amber

on the butt.

I found the yardstick and handed it to her.

"Here."

I sat down with my beer and watched as Meredith swatted Amber repeatedly. Every

now and then, she would stop and reach between Amber's legs, rubbing her

briskly. Amber's face fogged with arousal, and she was soon flushed and gasping

for breath. Finally, as Meredith played with her, she shuddered and came

quietly. Her head sagged and she went limp in the restraints.

Meredith grinned at me.

"This is pretty cool."

"What's sauce for the goose should be sauce for the other goose."

Her forehead wrinkled.

"What?"

"It's only fair that you let Amber reciprocate."

Understanding bloomed.

"Oh."

She helped Amber out of the restraints and began undressing. When she got down

her knickers, she stopped and turned to me.

"Oh, hey. Check it out."

She pushed her knickers down, and I saw that she was as bald as Amber now.

"Nice. Shaved?"

"Yeah. 'Cause there's no way I could get a wax. Like it?"

"Yes. Actually, I'll take you to get waxed if you want."

She glanced at Amber.

"That would be cool. Thanks."

They reversed position, and Amber tied Meredith up. She began swatting her

friend, who took a little while to get into it. But instead of using her

fingers, once she had Meredith's butt nice and red, Amber dropped to the floor

in front of her and began eating her. Meredith went limp, writhing around, and

came in a few minutes.

We went upstairs after that and fucked in a variety of positions for about an

hour. I ordered a pizza, and the girls lounged around my bedroom eating it in

the nude.

"Mr. B?"

Meredith was lying on her stomach across the bed, finishing off a piece of

pizza. One calf was up, and she was twitching it back and forth in time to the

music on my stereo. Amber sat beside me against the headboard, reading my copy

of "The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty."

"What?"

"I had an idea."

"Which was what?"

"Have you ever been to a rave?"

"No."

"My sister Jessica is coming home for the weekend. She's going to the University

of Colorado, and the two of us usually go out partying when she comes home. I

thought we could all go with her."

"I don't know."

"Wait. This is the cool part. We'll bring Miss Reynolds and make her have sex

with people. Like give away free blow jobs and stuff."

Amber laughed.

"I love it. Let's do it."

I cocked my eyebrow at Meredith.

"Your sister wouldn't see anything wrong with that?"

She shook her head.

"No way. She's into stuff like that. S&M, you know? She's got pierced nips like

Amber, plus she has this totally awesome dragon tat on her back. It's huge, like

all the way from her butt to her shoulders. My mom hates it, but I think it's

really cool."

"What does she look like?" Amber asked.

Meredith shrugged.

"Sorta like me, I guess. Red hair and all. But she's taller. And bigger boobs. I

think she'd get off on what you guys have got going. I'd like to see what would

happen if we all got together."

"The three of us, plus her and Cindy?"

Meredith grinned.

"Yeah."

"All right. Ask her and see what she thinks."

The next night, I got a call from Meredith informing me that not only was her

sister willing to go along with this idea but that she was "totally psyched"

about it. There was indeed a rave going on somewhere not far away, and Jessica

had the line on getting us there.

"Oh, and, um, you do know that everyone will be doing drugs at this thing,

right?"

"Like?"

"Mostly just E and acid."

"E?"

"Ecstasy."

"Oh. Well, that's not really my thing, but if you guys want to indulge, go

ahead."

"I've never done acid, but I like E. It gets you really horny."

I suddenly had an idea.

"Do you think you could get us some beforehand?"

She laughed.

"What, are you changing your mind now?"

"Not for me. For Cindy."

"Ohhh. Gotcha. I'll ask Jessica."

I called Cindy immediately after hanging up with Meredith.

"How would you like to go to a gangbang this weekend?"

I heard her gasp over the line.

"A what?"

"You heard me. The girls and I are going to a rave this weekend. They wanted to

take you along for some extra entertainment. You're going to be the party

favor."

A few moments of silence.

"Oh."

"Yes or no?"

"I--I--" Her voice trailed off.

"It's up to you. But if the answer is 'no,' you can consider our arrangement

over."

I heard a quiet whimper. She didn't answer me for a few seconds.

"Okay," she said softly.

"This is going to be mostly kids, so no more of that high-class hooker nonsense.

Dress to look as young as you can. Slutty, but young. If I don't like what you

show up wearing, I may just make you go in the nude, okay?"

"All right."

"Good. Be at my place around nine."

I hung up.

We conveniently did not have a game that weekend, so we began assembling at my

place on Friday night. Amber showed up at seven, wearing very low-cut hiphugger

jeans and a spandex bra top. It was tight and thin enough to make her nipple

rings quite obvious.

"Is this okay?"

"Wonderful."

"Meredith and I pulled a double whammy with our folks," she said grinning. "They

think we're spending the night at each other's houses. So we can stay out as

late as we want."

Meredith and her sister showed up a little later. Jessica proved to be a

slightly older, taller, curvier version of her sister. She wore jeans and a

short T-shirt, exposing the stud in her navel, and from the ample jiggle behind

the shirt, she didn't appear to be wearing a bra. Meredith had on her usual

skategirl threads, cargo pants and an olive-green Hurley T-shirt.

She introduced me to her sister.

"This is Mr. B. Mr. B, this is Jessica."

She gave me an appraisal that came dangerously close to being a leer.

"Hey," she said.

"Nice to meet you."

She looked around the living room.

"So, like where's this slave of yours?"

"Not here yet."

Amber introduced herself. Jessica gave her another once-over.

"Mere said you've got your nips pierced."

"Yeah."

"Can I see?"

Betraying only a little surprise, Amber pulled her top up. Jessica reached out

to tweak the ring in her left nipple.

"Pretty hot. I've got studs in mine. Never been much for rings."

"Show them your tat," Meredith said.

Jessica nonchalantly pulled her T-shirt over her head and turned around. Her

breasts were full and nicely formed, pierced with silver studs, but the tat was

definitely the main attraction. She unbuttoned her jeans and pushed them down a

few inches to show the whole thing off, a Chinese-style dragon stretching from

her butt-crack to her shoulder blades."

Wow," Amber said.

"How long did that take to do?" I asked.

"A few weeks, with all the detail."

"I like it."

"Me too," Amber said.

"I want to get something like it," Meredith said, "only I'm thinking like a

tiger or a panther."

"That big?" Amber asked.

"I can't decide."

The doorbell rang.

"That should be Cindy," I said.

I found her on the doorstep, wearing a black lycra miniskirt and a white halter

top. She had no make-up on and her hair was loose around her face. She indeed

looked quite a bit younger, as I had instructed.

She stood there nervously waiting for my judgment on her outfit.

"That will do. Come in."

She followed me back to the living room, where Jessica was still topless. Cindy

quivered for a moment when she saw Jessica but stood her ground.

"This is her."

Jessica leered at her, and Cindy's eyes dropped to the floor.

"Nice tits," Jessica said.

"Which I reminds me," I said, "you were supposed to get your nips and your clit

pierced this week. Let's see it."

Hands shaking, Cindy disrobed. Through both nipples and her clitoris were gold

rings matching the one in her navel. The flesh around each was still red and

swollen. Jessica walked up and took Cindy's clit ring between her fingers. She

began twisting it slowly."

Does this hurt?"

Cindy whimpered.

"Yes."

Jessica gave it a final tweak and laughed.

"I like her."

She finally put her top back on, and I let Cindy get dressed. Jessica went to

call for the directions for the rave and returned a minute later.

"Okay. It's a couple of hours from here, so we should probably go."

The five of us piled into my car, and we got on the road.

---

Chapter 14.

The rave was being held at someone's farm about 70 miles to the north.

Jessica took the passenger seat to navigate; Meredith and Amber sat in

the back with Cindy in the middle. They made her take her top off and

amused themselves for much of the trip by slapping her big tits back and

forth or playing with her new nipple rings.

As we got close to our destination, Jessica passed out the Ecstasy. I

demurred, but Meredith and Amber both took some. Cindy took hers

without complaint, especially after Jessica assured her that it would

make her work tonight a lot easier.

After following a succession of narrow farm roads, we turned off onto a

dirt trail between a couple of fields. In the distance, about a mile

away, I could see lights flashing around a barn and a couple of silos.

A car turned in behind us about a minute later.

Halfway down the road, two guys stopped our car to get the cover fee for

the five of us. Jessica knew one of them and tossed a greeting through

the window. We parked amongst the other cars behind the barn and got

out.

The rave was being held in what amounted to an empty field, but the

set-up looked professional. There were multicolored dance lights around

the perimeter and a big DJ table set up along the barn. There were

already a lot of kids there, swaying to the loud, thumping music, many

of them waving glow sticks around in the darkness.

I also saw a lot of kids wearing surgical masks and nudged Jessica,

raising my eyebrows. She laughed at me.

"They're rolling. On E. The masks have got Vicks Vapo-Rub in them. It

intensifies the high."

I looked at the other girls, seeing faces beginning to glaze over.

Cindy was worst, face flushed even in the darkness, nipples poking

through her halter top.

Meredith took my arm, leaning against me, giggling.

"So what are we going to do with her?"

"Nothing yet. Let's just enjoy ourselves first."

We plunged into the dance pit, and I quickly got into the scene, though

I had never been to one of these before. The girls were dancing around

randomly, and at one point Meredith and Amber came together in a deep

kiss. Jessica saw them, laughed, and kissed me, then Cindy, who had

lost her agitation and seemed hornier than ever. Jessica stuck her hand

under Cindy's skirt and openly masturbated her. The kids around us just

watched and grinned, equally under the influence.

Jessica started moving through the crowd, fondling people at random, and

no one seemed to mind. A few minutes later, she took her top off and

began dancing topless, making the dragon on her back writhe and dance

with her. Cindy had been hanging close to me, and when I saw Jessica's

display, I told her to follow suit. She did. Fogged with Ecstasy and

lust, she joined Jessica in the middle of the pit, big tits bouncing

with the music. I watched the two women kissing and fondling each

other. Another girl I didn't recognize joined them, then another. Soon

there were half a dozen girls dancing around topless as the other

partygoers hooted and cheered.

Meredith and Amber had appeared at my side, flushed and sweaty from

dancing. Amber had somehow acquired a pair of cheap plastic bead

necklaces.

"What do you think, Mr. B? Is this wild or what?"

"I like it."

"I think it's time for Cindy to put out."

I nodded.

"Yeah. Go get them."

They waded into the dance pit, and though it took a minute or two, they

returned with the other two women. Behind them, they left the mosh pit

of tits Jessica had started. A few guys had plunged into the mix, and I

watched the girls laughing and pulling the boys' clothes off.

I took Cindy's arm and led the rest of them toward the barn.

"You're on. Are you ready?"

She nodded rapidly. Inside the barn, we found several knots of kids

making out, spacing out on various pharmaceuticals, or both. I led

Cindy to a dark stall and the other three girls circled around us.

"Okay. Here's how it's going to go," I said. "You three are going to

fetch people for us, however you feel like doing it. Cindy is going to

stay here and give out as many blow jobs as she has to."

"What about you, Mr. B?" Meredith asked.

"I'm just going to stay here and watch. So Cindy won't be completely

alone."

"Cool."

They disappeared, and I had Cindy kneel on the floor of the stall. She

was still topless, and her big breasts heaved with her labored

breathing. The stall had a low shelf along the back, which I now sat

on.

"How many men have you fucked in your life before tonight?"

She gulped.

"Four. Including you."

I laughed softly.

"Will probably be a hundred and four after tonight. At least."

She shuddered, but stayed put.

The first victim appeared quickly, following Jessica's lead. I heard

him muttering something like, "Is this a joke?" before she led him into

the stall. It was a kid of maybe sixteen, wearing a tank-top, baggy

jeans, and a look of disbelief. Then he saw Cindy kneeling before him

and his jaw dropped.

"Holy shit."

"Drop your pants," I said. "Make yourself at home."

Struggling with his jeans, he got his cock out in about five seconds.

Cindy took it and began blowing him without preliminaries.

As Jessica watched, grinning evilly, his legs began to shake.

"Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck."

It was over in less than fifteen seconds, and he came violently into

Cindy's mouth. Then he withdrew, staggering backwards, dick dribbling

come, shiny in the dim light. Another kid had already appeared with

Meredith. He took one look at the scene before him and whipped out his

cock. Cindy took him in his mouth and began to bob slowly.

As I had expected, it took all of five minutes for the news of this

undertaking to spread through the entire party. We soon had a long line

of guys waiting for bjs. Other kids filled the stalls on either side of

us, watching and laughing as Cindy sucked off this endless succession of

cocks. She soon had come all over her face, in her hair, splattered all

over her tits. I stopped her when she made a half-hearted attempt to

wipe some of it off. She was swallowing each load per my instructions,

but a lot of it got loose.

Small cocks, medium cocks, cocks so big she could hardly get them in her

mouth. Cindy sucked them all. I watched one guy spurt such a big load

in her mouth that most of it squirted out around her lips and dribbled

all over her jutting breasts. Another pulled out early and deliberately

came in her face, smearing her chin and cheeks with sperm.

After the twentieth guy, a girl appeared at the head of the line. She

looked Cindy over in amazement.

"Does she, you know, eat pussy too?" she asked me.

"Yes. Help yourself."

The girl was wearing a short skirt, and she hiked it up and dropped her

knickers. The audience howled in approval as Cindy took the girl's pussy

in her mouth and began to lick. The girl came with a shriek about three

or four minutes later.

As the girl left, Meredith jumped the line and took her place, dropping

her pants and pulling Cindy's face into her shaved crotch. When Cindy

had gotten her off, loudly and enthusiastically, Meredith went behind

Cindy, yanked up her skirt, and masturbated her from behind. Cindy's

pussy was so wet her thighs were glistening with fluid, and Meredith got

her off in about ten seconds.

On and on it went. Cindy serviced Jessica a few minutes later, and

Jessica proved to have a shaved pussy like her sister. Amber came into

the stall and sat beside me, watching raptly. Her nipples were like

little rocks, threatening to pop through the spandex of her top.

"Thinking about your gangbang?" I asked softly as Cindy swallowed up yet

another cock. Amber nodded, slipping her hand into mine.

"What are you going to do?"

"It won't be like this. Not this open and cheap. Something more

private."

"Who are they going to be?"

In front of us, the guy in Cindy's mouth came with a grunt. I watched

his balls throb, pumping sperm down her throat.

"I'll tell you when the time comes. But your identity will be

protected. I'm going to make sure of that. I'm getting you a big face

mask so they won't be able to recognize you afterward. You won't see

them; they won't see you."

She nodded again, pensively.

"Thanks."

More girls showed up to get eaten out, to the delight of the spectators.

Jessica climbed up on the stall railing and began providing a loud

play-by-play for all the kid who couldn't see. The sound of it seemed

to inspire Cindy even more. About every five or ten bjs, Meredith or

Jessica would stop things and masturbate Cindy again. By this point,

Cindy was effectively naked except for a coating of semen splattered

across the front of her body.

More than one guy asked if he could fuck her, but I denied them. This

blow-job-fest was enough for tonight.

I lost count after about fifty people, but it went on for at least an

hour afterward. I began seeing people coming back for seconds. Past

two o'clock, people began losing interest, and it finally petered out

around two-thirty. As near as I could tell, Cindy had serviced just

about every kid at the party, a lot of them more than once. She

collapsed on the stall floor in exhaustion as Meredith got her a bucket

of water to clean up.

As Cindy began cleaning the come from her body, Jessica sat down next to

me and Amber.

"You guys sure know how to party. How did you ever find her?"

"Long story," I said.

"You never did anything with her."

"I like to watch these things rather than really participate."

She looked me up and down.

"You're not one of those guys who just watches and never does anything?"

Meredith laughed.

"No way."

Jessica looked at Meredith, then back at me. I don't know how she

hadn't made the connection before now, but she did then. A grin spread

over her face.

"You fucked my little sister?"

"A couple of times," Meredith said. "He's pretty good."

I could see the wheels turning in Jessica's head, but she said nothing

else. We watched Cindy, weary and bruised, getting dressed again. She

staggered to her feet, eyes still glazed over from the drugs and the

sex.

"You're good," Jessica said. "I don't think I could ever do that many

people at once."

"Thanks," said Cindy hoarsely.

---

We drove home. Cindy passed out in exhaustion on the way back, and

Amber and Meredith chatted quietly about school. Jessica sat beside me

picking idly at strands of lint on the car seat.

"You know . . ." she began.

"What?"

"Don't take this the wrong way, but when I saw you, I thought you were

kind of a scrub. Not somebody who would ever do something like this.

Just a dumb jock. I mean, really don't take this the wrong way, you are

cute, but you've kind of got that look."

"I know."

"But that's not who you are."

"No. As you saw."

"I've done it with more than one person before. But that . . . God.

I've never done anything like that. Ever."

"Seemed like you enjoyed yourself."

She nodded. She was quiet a moment.

"My sister and Amber are fucking."

"Yes."

"And you're fucking them."

"Yes. Mostly Amber, but yes."

"So where does Cindy fit in to this?"

"She's our fuck toy. This gangbang was Meredith's idea, actually."

She nodded again. She said nothing more until we got back.

---

Cindy left when we got home, staggering out to her car in a daze. It

was very late by now, almost four a.m., and I fell asleep on the couch

in the basement as the girls showed Jessica the little dungeon we had

built.

I awoke to someone sucking my cock. I groped clumsily at the head in my

lap, feeling long hair that was not Amber's.

I opened my eyes. It was Jessica, topless, bobbing slowly up and down

on my erection. Across the room, Amber and Meredith were asleep in each

other's arms on the floor, clothes in disarray.

Jessica looked up at me, watching my reaction. Keeping her mouth locked

on my dick, she began undressing. As soon as she was naked, she climbed

onto my lap and sat down slowly, swallowing me into her bald pussy.

I fondled her full breasts and pierced nipples as she rode me, looking

over at Amber.

"She and Mere were making out for a while after you passed out on us,"

Jessica said softly.

"And you?"

"I watched. I was waiting for you to wake up." She squeezed me with

her inner muscles. "I finally decided not to wait anymore."

We rolled onto the floor after a minute or two. Jessica wound up on top

again. The two girls were only a few feet away now. Jessica leaned

back, taking me completely inside herself, rolling her hips back and

forth.

When I looked over at Amber again a minute later, she was awake.

Watching us. She untangled herself slowly from Meredith, who remained

asleep, and sat up. She disrobed slowly and crawled over next to us.

Jessica leaned over, putting her hand behind Amber's head, and pulled

her close to kiss her. Amber returned the kiss, cupping Jessica's left

tit in her hand. Jessica continued fucking me, and now made out with

Amber at the same time.

I reached out to stroke Amber's butt, and when she looked down at me, I

motioned for her to sit on my face. She did, facing Jessica, and

dropped her bald, pierced pussy onto my mouth. The two girls embraced,

kissing and fondling each other's pierced nipples. Jessica began to

moan softly, riding me faster. Amber rubbed her clit against my mouth

as I pummeled her with my tongue.

I felt Jessica's pussy begin to pulse around me as she approached

orgasm. Suddenly I felt something between us, and I looked out from

between Amber's thighs to see Amber fingering Jessica as she rode me.

Finally Jessica let out a soft cry, drove herself down on my cock and

Amber's fingers, and came hard. Amber began to shake and quiver over my

mouth, and she came shortly afterward.

I don't know when she had awoken, but I realized Meredith was kneeling

beside us. Jessica rose off my cock, and then Meredith threw a leg over

my waist, taking her place. Meredith and Amber were soon making out

again as I fucked up at Meredith. I was getting close myself, thrusting

upwards at her. Meredith came, and Amber came again, throwing herself

to the side as it peaked. Jessica, laughing, took her place, and now I

had both sisters at once, one on my cock and one on my mouth. It was

enough to send me over the edge, and I spurted violently into Meredith,

all the pent-up energy of the night blowing free at once. I came so

hard my head spun. Meredith and Jessica fell together on top of me,

giggling, and Amber piled on top of us.

I lay still, resting. Someone was sucking my cock again. This time it

\_was\_ Amber, cleaning up the accumulated come, male and female, all over

me. Jessica squirmed around to lick my right nipple, and Meredith

quickly copied her. With that kind of attention, I regained my erection

quickly, and began fucking Amber in earnest. Meredith and Jessica took

turns sitting on Amber's face as I fucked her, each getting off in turn.

I kept fucking Amber until I came, dick burning with the effort as

Amber got off herself.

By now it was nearly dawn, but the girls were still not sated. Amber

and Jessica wound up sixty-nining each other as Meredith idly sucked my

cock, rubbing her tongue stud back and forth over me. When she had it

erect again, a while later, I fucked Jessica from behind as Amber ate

her from below. Meredith then stood over her sister so I could eat her

as I fucked Jessica, and the four of us managed to get off together.

Having come with all three of them, I then collapsed into my own bed

upstairs. Amber came with me while Meredith and Jessica slept in the

basement.

---

I woke up around two. Amber was still asleep beside me, curled up

against my chest. I played idly with strands of her blonde hair, images

from the previous night spinning through my head. Not too long from

now, it would be Amber where Cindy had been, fucking and sucking the

football team, taking their cocks up her ass and their come in her face.

I had woken up with an erection, and it got even harder as I though of

what she would do, so hard it hurt.

Could she do it? Would she? I had no real doubt in my mind about that

now, not after watching her watching Cindy last night. She wanted to be

where Cindy was. Had I told her to take Cindy's place, she probably

would have.

No. She \_would\_ have done it. She would have stood up and shoved Cindy

aside to suck that parade of cocks without a moment's hesitation. I had

seen that in her eyes. She wanted it as bad as I did.

Maybe more.

She stirred beside me, waking. She snuggled against my shoulder.

"Mmm."

I rolled over, taking her in my arms.

"It's almost two. You might want to call your folks."

She moaned in displeasure.

"No. I told them I was going straight from Mere's to school. For our

thing."

"Oh."

She found my cock, squeezing it.

"Fuck me."

She dove under the sheets, taking my erection in her mouth, sucking it

hard, forcing it down her throat. For the first time, she managed to

swallow the entire length, getting her nose down to my balls. I

groaned, groping at her head. She bobbed rapidly, for nearly a minute,

keeping most of it in her throat and pulling back only to catch her

breath. After three times that morning, it took a while for my balls to

wake up, but she managed to do it.

Then she was up, on me, enveloping me, swallowing me up. Her face was a

mask of lust, filled with a predatory gleam I had never seen before.

She squeezed me with her pussy, so hard it hurt.

I groaned, arching my back.

"Do you like that?"

I groaned again, incapable of speech.

"It's those fucking balls you make me carry around. I think I could

open a beer bottle with my pussy now."

She did it again, almost pinching it off. I grabbed at her hips,

throwing her to the side, rolling on top of her. I tried to withdraw,

but I couldn't do it. She was squeezing me too hard. Spots appeared

before my eyes.

She pulled me down and licked my ear.

"I'm your fuck toy. This is what you've made me into. Like it?"

Like it? I lost it. I fucked her like a wild animal, driving into her

so hard I must have hurt her, but she took it all. Her pussy pulsed

around me like a vibrator, pinching the head of my cock every time I

pulled out. She came with a shriek, limbs flailing, then clamped down

so hard she pinched off my incipient orgasm. I came, but my sperm could

not flow out of me. My head spun.

I lost control of my body. My conscious mind dissolved into a fog of

sex. I didn't come back to earth until I realized I had collapsed on

top of Amber, both of us gasping for breath, chests heaving.

I rolled off of her, staring at the ceiling, feeling the sweat cooling

on my forehead.

Amber sat up slowly, pushing her long blonde hair back over her head.

"God. That hurt. I'm going to be walking bow-legged."

"Ungh."

She giggled weakly and fell across my chest.

"Fuck. Fuck," I gasped.

"Toy," she giggled. "Fuck toy. Yours. Your fuck toy."

I slid my arms around her, still shaking.

---

Chapter 15.

Amber's dodge with her parents appeared to have worked, and I took her

over to the school around four so her mother could pick her up. I

stayed to chat with her, telling Mrs. Johnson how much Amber had

improved, how much she seemed to be learning now. Amber's mother was

beaming at me by that point, so she didn't see the evil grin on her

daughter's face.

Cindy called me later that day, trying to tell me in a backhand and

halting fashion how much she had enjoyed the previous night. Her voice

was still hoarse and weary, but she got the point across.

"I was counting," she said at one point.

"Counting? You mean the people you were doing?"

"Yes. I'm not certain, I got a little lost toward the end, but I

counted a hundred and eighty-one. That includes your three girls."

"Wow. I didn't think it was that many."

She was quiet a moment.

"Mike," she asked hoarsely. "Could I ask you something?"

"What?"

"Why didn't you fuck me? I think I did everyone at that party except

you."

"I don't like to participate in gangbangs. I just like to watch them."

"Did . . . did you fuck the girls when you got home?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry. I should have stayed. I just thought . . . I thought that

somehow you didn't want me. That I had disappointed you somehow. That

was why I just left."

"It's all right. It wasn't you. You did great."

"All right. Thank you for that. And for everything. I could never

have done something like that myself. I'm not brave enough."

"There are other things we could do. If you enjoy that sort of thing."

"Like what?"

I had gotten this idea the previous night, after watching our jeering

audience.

"Like your entering an amateur strip contest. There are places we could

all go in Lincoln. With your tits and piercings, I bet you'd be quite

popular. You and Amber both. Odds are you'd get propositioned by some

of the men in the audience afterward. You might end up fucking some of

them in the alley behind the bar."

A few moments of silence.

"Is that what you want me to do?"

"Let me talk to Amber. I'll let you know."

---

I wasn't comfortable calling Amber again that day--I was afraid it might

look suspicious--so I had to wait until she showed up Sunday afternoon.

I pitched the idea, and she pointed out an immediate problem I hadn't

even considered, though I should have.

"How am I supposed to get in? I'm only seventeen."

"You don't have a fake I.D. or something?"

"No. Meredith might, but I don't."

Meredith and Amber looked nothing alike, so that wasn't a solution.

"I wonder if we could scare one up."

"I've heard of people sending away for them," she said, "but that--"

"--would take weeks. I know. And there's no telling if the I.D.'s

would even work."

I sat down and thought for a few moments.

"Are you interested in doing this otherwise? If we can get you in?"

She shrugged, utterly unconcerned.

"Sure. It would be fun."

My God, had she changed. This was the girl who, months earlier, had

been shaking like a leaf at the prospect of just getting into my car

with her clothes off. Now it was, amateur strip contest-- great, let's

go.

"I wonder if Cindy could get you guys inside."

"How?"

"She might be able to talk the bouncer into it, if you know what I

mean."

She pursed her lips to keep from grinning.

"Oh. You mean--"

"Whatever it took."

"Okay. Let's do it then."

"It may not work. It might mean a trip to Lincoln for nothing."

Her eyes got a mischievous glint.

"If he's not interested in her, I bet I could convince him."

I struggled with the primal thrill that shot through my gut when I saw

the look on her face.

"Not yet. I have something special planned for you."

She fidgeted for a second, then sat down beside me on the couch, pulling

her feet up under her butt.

"Are you going to tell me what's going to happen? Or is it going to be

a surprise?"

"It's not quite set up yet. But I'm thinking it will happen in another

week or two."

Her face paled a little.

"Next week?"

"No. The weekend after next at the soonest."

"So what is it?"

I stared at my hands for a few seconds. I don't know why I was so

reticent about this--maybe I was afraid that when I finally told her,

she would reject the idea. But it was probably time.

"It's the Bet," I said softly.

"The bet?"

"\_The\_ Bet. With the football team."

She sucked in a little gasp. "Oh." Her breathing accelerated. "Oh."

Her face got a little paler. "Oh, my God."

She sat there breathing rapidly for a few seconds.

"Do they know about me?"

"No. They never will. They don't even know what I'm going to do,

exactly. Just that if they finish 8-3, I'm going to get them all laid."

"The whole team?"

"No. Just the defense. Twenty guys. No one else knows."

She looked past me at the wall. She was quiet for about ten seconds.

"I'm going to fuck all of them."

"Well . . . that's the Bet, at least."

"They would have to win the next two games."

"I know."

"The last game is against Carson. We haven't beaten them in, like, five

years."

"I know."

"What if they don't?"

"I don't know. I'll figure that out if it happens."

She sat there squirming for a few seconds.

"I need to think about this."

"Do you still want to do it?"

"Well . . . I did . . . as a fantasy, I guess. This is different. I

mean, God, some of those guys are my friends. Or they were, before I

started this thing with you. I went out with Tommy Nelson a couple of

times in tenth grade."

"It may not happen."

"Part of me wants it to. But I don't know."

She closed her eyes and clenched her fists a few times.

"I can do it. I can do it. You just need to give me some time to get

used to the idea."

"You have all the time you need."

She took a couple of deep breaths, then relaxed slowly.

"Okay. What about the strip contest?"

"I'll talk to Cindy. I'm sure she'll be cooperative."

---

Cindy, as I expected, was receptive to the idea. "I'll do whatever you

want me to," she told me. Meredith wanted to come along but was not the

least bit interested in stripping. Amber, of course, was looking

forward to it.

I called this topless bar in Lincoln that I'd been to once or twice, and

discovered that they still conducted Amateur Night every Tuesday. Bring

your own outfit and music, topless only, otherwise do what you want.

Twenty-one and over, of course, but we had that problem covered.

Meredith and I helped Amber pick out her outfits Monday afternoon.

Meredith wanted her to do some deranged Catholic Schoolgirl bit, but I

thought that was asking for trouble. Since she had two dances to do, we

settled on The Farmer's Daughter (cut-off jeans and flannel shirt) and

Trailer Trash Slut (multiple layers of spandex).

Everyone arrived at my place around eight on Tuesday, and we piled into

the car. Cindy had shown up in what appeared to be her work clothes (a

trim wool-knit suit) until you got a look at her underwear. I told her

she had to do at least one dance as the Sexy Teacher; the other was up

to her.

The bar was in downtown Lincoln, not far from the adult bookstore we had

visited a few weeks back. The neighborhood was on the seedy side, with

a vacant lot next to the building and a couple of boarded-up businesses

nearby.

I gave Amber and Meredith some money for the cover charge and told them

to stay put for the moment. They stayed in the car while Cindy and I

went up to the entrance.

"Just follow my lead," I said quietly.

She nodded, face tight and nervous.

I paid the bouncer, who let us in after checking our I.D.'s. I asked

him about the strip contest, and he pointed me toward an office in back,

where we were supposed to talk to someone named Steve.

This place was far from being some kind of high-class "gentleman's

club." I saw about ten or fifteen kids who were almost certainly

students from UNL, and about an equal number of random middle-aged men.

More than one of them ogled Cindy as we walked toward the back.

There was only one stage, a long narrow platform sticking out into the

main room. The bar was along the back wall, and in the far corner was

Steve's office. The door was open and Cindy followed me in. There I

found a beefy, balding guy in his late forties.

"We're here for the contest," I said.

He looked Cindy over briefly, then shoved a clipboard across the desk

toward her.

"Sign up there. Entry fee's ten bucks."

As Cindy bent to fill out her spot on the clipboard, I slowly closed the

door. Steve's eyebrows went up as he saw me do it.

"Actually, I've got a couple of other girls who want to enter, but there

might be a slight problem with them."

He eyed me suspiciously.

"What kind of problem?"

"Let's just say they're not going to be able to show their I.D's at the

door."

He snorted.

"Underage? No fucking way. Get out of here."

"My friend here really wants to see them dance. She'd be willing to do

just about anything to change your mind."

He glanced back and forth between me and Cindy. I nudged Cindy, and she

began removing her suit. The nervous agitation in her eyes was at war

with the aroused flush spreading over her neck and chest. She handed me

her jacket, then slipped out of her skirt. As I had instructed, she

wore only white stockings and a garter belt under it. Steve's eyebrows

rose even further when he got a good look at her clit ring. Cindy

continued disrobing until she was naked except for the stockings,

handing me each item of clothing as it came off.

Steve swallowed hard. His eyes moved back and forth from Cindy's pussy

to her big DD-cup tits.

"Are you a cop?"

"Would a cop let things get this far? Nah, I just want my other friends

to have a fair chance to compete tonight."

"What . . . what will she do?"

"Name it."

"Can I fuck her in the ass?"

"Be my guest."

I motioned to Cindy, who moved around behind Steve's desk. He slid back

in his chair as Cindy dropped to her knees in front of him. I watched,

more amused than aroused, as she dug out his dick and sucked it into her

mouth. He groaned, grabbing her head and moving it faster. Cindy's

tits dipped and swayed as she blew him.

She sucked Steve off for about a minute before he pulled her up and

pushed her toward his desk. She bent over completely, pushing her ass

out for him, and he struggled to force his cock inside her. I watched

Cindy grimacing as he began to fuck her, but she wasn't fooling me. I

could smell the scent of her wet pussy even across the room.

Both of them began grunting and moaning as Steve fucked her roughly,

making her big tits pancake on his desk. He reached around for them at

one point, squishing and manhandling her. Cindy didn't seem to mind.

She shoved a hand underneath herself and began masturbating rapidly.

She let out a cry of release just as Steve dumped his load in her guts.

He pulled out with a "pop" and fell back into his chair.

"Shit. Shit," he gasped.

I saw a box of tissues on the desk and handed them to Cindy. She

cleaned herself up and got dressed quickly.

"So do we have a deal?"

"Uh. Uh. Yeah. Hold on a second."

He pulled up his pants and motioned for me to follow him. We went out

to the front door.

"Where are they?"

I leaned outside and put my fingers to my mouth, whistling for Amber and

Meredith. They emerged from my car and came walking up the sidewalk.

"Fuck," Steve muttered. Then he turned to the bouncer. "Don't card

these two."

The bouncer's eyes swelled.

"What?"

"Don't card them. Just let them in."

"Uh . . ." He looked back and forth between me and Steve. "Okay."

The girls reached the door and paid the cover. Amber gave the bouncer a

flirty smile and took my arm. Meredith just grinned.

Steve stared angrily at the floor as we entered the bar.

"They do anything stupid, it's your ass, not mine."

"They'll be fine."

"They don't drink. Just strip."

"They're not here to drink."

Shaking his head, he returned to his office, where Amber signed in for

the contest as well. After that, she and Cindy had to go into the back

to get ready with the other girls, and Meredith and I took a table near

the stage. She kept looking around, more intrigued than nervous.

"This is pretty sleazy."

"It's a topless bar. What do you expect?"

The waitress came by, and I ordered a beer for myself and Diet Coke for

Meredith. We watched the regular girls finishing their sets before the

contest, and no one paid us much attention.

Finally, at 10:30, the DJ announced that it was time for the Amateur

Contest, which provoked a round of cheering from the college boys.

There were only three other contestants besides Amber and Cindy. The

first two looked to be girls from the university, reasonably cute and

reasonably good dancers, but the first girl had really droopy tits, and

the second girl was sporting a bad blonde dye job. Neither one get much

of a reaction from the crowd.

Then came Cindy. She started nervously and tentatively, like she was

trying to pretend to be a dancer instead of just dance. She lost her

jacket, then her skirt, and at this point, the college boys began to

realize just how big her tits were. When she unbuttoned her blouse,

leaving herself down to white bra, knickers and stockings, some of them

jumped up and started hooting and pumping their fists.

By now, she seemed to be getting into it--more than into it, in fact. I

could see the familiar flush of arousal on her chest, and her movements

were more natural. She began teasing the crowd with her bra, playing

with her tits, and only when the college kids were thoroughly riled up

did she finally expose herself. They cheered at the sight of her big

tits, and then cheered again as she held them up by her nipple rings.

She spent the rest of the dance bouncing around, bending over, and

otherwise getting as much mileage out of her bustline as she could.

While the rest of the men were watching Cindy's tits, I was watching the

white satin knickers I had specifically told her to wear. The first spot

of wetness over her pussy appeared about two-thirds of the way through,

and by the end of her song, it was about the size of a quarter. I

couldn't have been the only person to see it. She left the stage to

considerable cheering.

The fourth girl appeared to be yet another college student, and she was

the most disappointing of all--small tits and bulges of fat around her

knickers, although she could still dance fairly well. She got a little

attention, but not much.

Knowing Amber was next, my heart began beating faster in my chest.

Meredith nudged me, and I saw her grinning.

"Nervous?"

"A little."

She laughed a little and turned back toward the stage.

Amber had picked out a fast, funky dance tune to do her first set, and

she came strutting right out as soon as it started. I could see the

other men in the bar reacting to her apparent youth, and several of the

older men whispering something to each other.

Amber was far more modestly endowed than Cindy, but she was also--if I

may say so--the prettiest of the bunch tonight. Furthermore, she was

more into this than I would ever have expected. She was in her Farmer's

Daughter outfit, and she began swaying with the music while she gripped

the waist of her cut-offs, running her hands up and down between her

legs, and pinching her nipples through her blouse. She unbuttoned it

about halfway but kept it on, did a spin around the pole, then bent over

so far that the crotch of her cut-offs almost split her labia.

"Wow," Meredith said. I glanced at her quickly, seeing a look of

amazement on her face.

Amber wriggled out of her cut-offs, exposing a pair of thong knickers

that were probably too skimpy for this venue. Lincoln had strict rules

about exotic dancing, and one of them required "full bottoms," that is,

not exposing anywhere near as much butt as Amber was now doing.

No one seemed to mind. The college kids were getting riled up again as

Amber licked her lips and pressed her middle finger against her pussy,

pumping it rhythmically toward them. Then she threw off her blouse,

exposing her tits and the gold chain connecting her nipple rings. She

licked the tips of her index fingers and, in unison, used them to tease

her nipples into erection as the college kids cheered.

My cock was so hard I couldn't move. The slightest friction would have

me squirting off in my pants. This was not Amber, at least not the

Amber I had known up to now. I didn't know who she was, this shameless

sexpot up on the stage.

She continued in that vein until the song ended. Then she waved to the

crowd, collected her clothes, and left to an even bigger ovation than

Cindy had generated.

The second round of dances began, and it became clear that the crowd was

no longer interested in the other three girls. More than one of the

guys yelled for the DJ to bring Amber or Cindy back right away.

Getting the message, they sent the other three girls out first.

Finally, when it was Cindy's turn, the college kids jumped up and

cheered. She emerged from the back in an orange string bikini, and

again gave the crowd as much of her tits as they wanted. Her top came

off at once, and I could tell she had shed her nervousness entirely. As

before, I watched her bottoms, and she was wet almost immediately. When

she bent over at the waist toward the end of her song, everyone in the

bar had to see it.

"I can't believe she teaches at my school," Meredith said.

"No kidding."

"She's like, somebody else tonight."

"Her and Amber."

She nodded, still amazed.

Amber's dance was the last of the night, and she emerged in her Trailer

Trash spandex, miniskirt and multiple bra tops. In contrast to her

first song, this one was slow and rhythmic, with a lot of heavy bass.

She writhed to the center of the stage, and then--there was no other way

to put this--proceeded to make love to herself in front of the entire

bar.

She began by massaging her breasts, pinching her nipples through the

spandex until they were standing out like peanuts under the fabric.

Then she slowly worked the miniskirt down, exposing another thong. One

hand covered her pussy, the other her breasts, and she rubbed herself

slowly and smoothly in time with the music. The hand on her crotch came

up, she sucked her middle finger in and out of her mouth several times,

then returned to it spot between her thighs.

The first bra top came off, then the second. She lowered herself slowly

to the stage and lay on her back, pulling on her nipple rings until her

tits were stretched out away from her chest. She slid a hand down, and

began rubbing herself again, only this time she humped her hips up at

the air as she did it. She kept that up until the end of the song, and

by then the entire crotch of her knickers was soaked through. When she

was done, the entire clump of kids from UNL jumped up and howled in

approval.

I glanced at Meredith, who sat there pale-faced. I took her hand and

squeezed it. She finally shook her head in shock as Amber left the

stage.

"Jesus."

"I know," I said weakly.

The DJ brought all five girls back out on stage, all of them still

topless. He made a half-hearted attempt to present the other three, but

the college boys jeered and called for Cindy and Amber. When Cindy came

up, about half of them jumped up to cheer. Cindy beamed, blushing, and

looked toward Meredith and me. I waved toward her. Then came Amber.

The rest of the college kids cheered for her, but so did the rest of the

bar, including, of course, Meredith and myself. She was sporting a

mile-wide grin and not a trace of nervousness.

The DJ moved the other three to the back and presented Cindy and Amber

again. He had the customers vote a couple of times, and Amber finally

won by about 60-40. She took a big bow and teased her nipple rings one

last time. Then the DJ passed out the cash for first and second place

and led the girls off the stage.

Amber came bouncing out of the back after about a minute and gave me a

big hug.

"Did you like that?"

"I'm still in shock. I didn't know you had that in you."

"It was fun. I had a blast."

"We could tell," Meredith said. "Jesus, girl."

"Too slutty?"

"Over the edge. I swear."

Amber gave us an evil grin.

"Good."

I saw Cindy coming out, and as she approached, I could sense some

embarrassment in her. Amber stroked her arm rapidly.

"You did pretty good."

"Thanks. Congratulations."

I led my little harem out the car, and we headed for home. Amber teased

me most of the way back, knowing I was sporting a major woody. It was

late by the time we got back, so I sent them all home after letting

Amber and Cindy give me a quick blow job.

---

We won again that Friday, taking the team to 7-3 and setting up a

season-ending contest against Kit Carson High School a few towns over.

We hadn't beaten them in years, as Amber said, and I had my doubts this

year too, even though we were playing them at home. They were 8-2, and

this game would determine who represented our conference in the regional

playoffs. Amber and I knew what this game also meant, as did my charges

on the defense. With that in mind, she and Meredith came with me that

Friday to watch the game.

It started out well enough, with our defense stopping Carson on the

first drive after one first down. They punted, and our offense took

over. Unfortunately, they could do nothing, and the drive ended after

two consecutive sacks.

So it went for the rest of the first quarter. Neither team could do

anything on offense, and we ended the first fifteen minutes with a

scoreless tie. The second quarter began with our team finally putting

together a drive, moving sixty yards up the field on simple smash-mouth

runs up the middle. We got down to the fifteen-yard-line, and I could

feel something starting to happen. I looked up in the stands for Amber,

seeing her sitting with Meredith about four rows up from the field. She

gave me a quick grin and a thumbs-up.

Two plays got us nowhere. On third down, Coach Everett sent in a run

around the left side, and our tailback broke through the line. He raced

down toward the end zone, and at the five yard line, the Carson safety

caught up to him. I and everyone else on our side of the field then

watched in horror as he poked the ball out from the tailback's grip. It

went flying out of his arms, bounced over the goal line, then out of

bounds for a touchback. Various groans and cries of disgust filled the

air around me as the Carson players and fans cheered wildly.

Carson took over at the twenty yard line, and the turnover seemed to

have knocked the wind out of our guys. Carson moved quickly across

midfield. When that play was over, I waved Tommy Nelson over to the

sidelines. He ran over as quickly as he could.

"Come on! You guys have got to get your shit together! This is going

to be a low-scoring game, and we can't afford to let them get anything!"

"We're trying, Coach, we're trying."

"Tell James and Alan to stop waiting for the blocks. We've got to keep

that line closed before they get at us."

I smacked him on the butt and sent him back in. Carson got down to the

thirty-yard-line on the next two plays, then we were finally able to

stop them. They tried a long field goal that went wide right.

Our offense took over, but again could do nothing. The halftime whistle

blew with our drive stalled at midfield and the score still 0-0.

Coach Everett alternately praised and ranted at the squad during

halftime, trying to figure out some way to put some points on the board.

When we returned to the field, I looked up again for Amber. She was

still there, though she was starting to look nervous. I wasn't quite

sure why, though, whether she was nervous about the team winning--or

about it losing.

The third quarter produced more of the same, back and forth up the field

with no one managing any points. A tie was as good as a win for Carson,

since they would go to the regionals by virtue of a better record. We

had to win. Unfortunately, our offense was going nowhere.

Five minutes into the fourth quarter, something finally started to

happen. We got another drive going, and got down to the

twenty-yard-line. Coach Everett called a reverse, and I watched as our

quarterback handed off to the fullback, who darted across the backfield

toward the tailback.

Then everything went to shit.

The fullback somehow botched the handoff, and the ball went flying. One

of the Carson linebackers had read the reverse by this point and had

squirted through our offensive line. The ball bounced right at him, and

he snatched it out of the air. As our fullback and tailback tried to

get untangled, the Carson linebacker raced past them toward the opposite

end zone. Some of our players chased after him, but it was futile. The

Carson stands went wild as their team finally scored.

Coach Everett began cursing and screaming at the offense as the kids

trudged off the field, heads down. The Carson kicker missed the extra

point, but we somehow all knew it wasn't going to matter.

For the next ten minutes, our offense did its best to atone for the

turnover, but managed nothing. The game, and our season, ended at 6-0.

I tried to comfort the kids as best I could, not that it made much

difference. Then I looked up in the stands for Amber. She was sitting

quietly, staring down at her hands. Meredith was saying something to

her, but I was too far away to hear it. I tried to ignore the ache in

my gut and wondered what we were going to do now.

Not much I \_could\_ do at this point. I followed the players off the

field and into the locker room.

---

Amber was waiting for me, alone at my car, when I finally emerged from

the building. She looked up once, quickly, then back down at her feet.

"Hey." I said.

"Hey."

"How you doing?"

She shrugged weakly.

"We lost."

"I know."

"Which means they lost the Bet."

I swallowed hard.

"I know."

I got in the car. She got in the passenger seat and immediately laid

her head on my lap.

"Where's Meredith?"

"She went home. I told her I needed to talk to you alone."

She was quiet as I drove home.

"I guess this means no gangbang."

"I don't know. I need to think about it."

"They did pretty good, though, don't you think?"

"The team? Yeah."

"It's not the defense's fault we lost. It was a fumble."

"I know."

She didn't say anything for a few seconds.

"So . . . I was thinking, maybe . . . that it's not fair that they lost

the Bet."

I took a ragged breath.

"You could say that."

"The defense guys didn't lose the game."

"No. They did great."

I had to stop the car. Amber sat back in her seat. I took her hand and

held it tightly.

"Amber, if you want to say something, say it."

She took a deep breath and exhaled slowly.

"I want to do the gangbang. I don't care about the game. I want to

give them what you promised them."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Yes, I am sure."

"It's twenty guys. Twenty teenage boys, some of whom--hell, maybe most

of whom--haven't even been laid before. They're going to go crazy on

you. You'll probably have to fuck them all twice, maybe even three

times each."

"I know. I want to do it."

I closed my eyes. My heart was pounding my chest so hard that I almost

couldn't breath.

"Mike?"

"What?"

"Are you all right?"

"I'm fine."

"You're okay with this, right?"

"Yes. I'm okay with it."

She squeezed my hand.

"Take me home. Take me home and fuck me."

I took my foot off the break and stomped on the gas. The rear wheels

cut loose for a second, squealing across the asphalt. I raced back to

my house, and we ran inside as soon as the car was stopped.

We didn't make it to the bedroom. Amber dragged me down on the floor,

tearing at my clothes. I shoved her top up to expose her tits and then

frantically began unbuttoning her jeans. She opened my pants and then

shoved down her jeans and knickers, kicking them off her legs. I fell

onto her, burying my cock into her with one thrust.

She was as wet as a river, and we fucked like two wild animals. Her

nails left claw marks on my back as I hammered into her. She came,

shrieking, pussy pinching down on my cock. It was over within a minute,

and I erupted inside her like a fire hose.

I rolled off of her as I came back to earth. I could smell the scent of

our coupling in the air.

"Get my the phone," I gasped.

She came up on her elbows.

"Why?"

"I need to call Tommy Nelson. To tell him the Bet is on after all."

"Oh. Oh."

She got up and staggered toward the kitchen.

---

I found Tommy Nelson at home, commiserating some of the other players.

"Hey, Coach."

"Who else is there with you?"

"Uh, just Jack and Tony. And Wesley. We weren't in the mood to do

much."

All kids from the defense. That was good.

"I was thinking about the Bet we made."

"Uh." Signs of life sprang back into his voice. "What about it,

Coach?"

"The thing is, I've kind of already set some things in motion. I guess

I was jumping the gun thinking we could win tonight. And I've been

sitting here thinking that it's not our fault we lost. It was those

numb-nuts on the offense who screwed it up."

"Uh. Yeah, Coach." He wasn't trying to hide his excitement now. "It

was. It was."

"So, what, I'm thinking, is that you guys held up your end of the deal.

So I'm thinking I have to hold up my end of it to."

"Oh, fu--I mean, uh, you mean it, Coach? You really mean it?"

"Yes. If you don't mind, tell the rest of the defense to come by my

house tomorrow night at eight exactly, okay?"

"Okay, Coach." He laughed giddily. "Oh, Jesus. Oh, Jesus."

"Don't come by too early, and for Christ's sake, don't be late."

"We won't Coach, I swear."

"All right. See you then."

I hung up, hearing him howling with glee over the line.

Amber had been watching me, face tight.

"It's done," I said.

She just nodded and looked down at the floor.

---

I spent the next day organizing and sanitizing the basement. I ordered

a keg of Budweiser from the liquor store and picked it up around four.

I called the local Dominos and ordered ten large pizzas to be delivered

at eight. Amber came over at five, explaining that Meredith was

covering for her, that her parents thought she was spending the night

over there.

"How much does Meredith know?"

"Nothing. I just told her that I was spending the night with you."

"Okay. The fewer people who know about this, the better."

She helped me set up the exercise mats I had borrowed from the school

gym, and we laid them across the basement floor to create a wide

"performance area." Amber was quiet most of the afternoon, helpful but

saying very little. It wasn't nervousness, exactly, really just

profound anticipation. I asked her several times if she was sure about

this, and each time she assured me she was.

At six, there was nothing left to do but wait. I sat down in the living

room and tried to watch television. Amber went back into my bedroom to

lie down.

At six-thirty, she emerged, wearing what she knew was my favorite

outfit, a blue silk baby-doll nightgown. She knelt on the floor by my

knees and took my hand.

"What's up?"

"Would you make love to me first? Before they get here? I want you to

be the first and the last tonight."

I gulped.

"Okay."

She led me to the bedroom and lay down. I took her in my arms and began

caressing her slowly. She seemed to have regressed to the old Amber,

shy and quiet, and let me take the lead. I kissed her all over, nursing

her breasts, then sliding down to use my mouth and tongue to make love

to her. She came quickly, deeply, quietly, and pulled me up immediately

to enter her. We moved together, holding each other. She was so wet I

could hardly feel her, even when she squeezed herself around me. She

came again, and again, slowly coming to life. We rolled over, and she

began riding me eagerly, bouncing up and down on my erection. She came

with a shriek this time, hammering down onto me, and the sight of it was

too much. I squirted off as deeply as I could get, lifting her into the

air.

We lay together afterward, not talking. Amber got up to take a quick

shower, and when she emerged, I handed her the leather facemask I had

gotten for tonight. All they would see was her hair and her mouth. She

went down to the basement, and I returned to the living room to wait.

The first carload of kids arrived at seven-forty-five, Alan and James,

two of the defensive linemen, and with them Jason and Evan, the two

cornerbacks. The next group, Tommy Nelson, Welsley Warner and about

five others, pulled up in Tommy's pickup truck a few minutes later.

I showed them into the living room and just smiled when they asked me

what was going to happen. The available seats filled up quickly and the

others just sat on the floor.

The rest of them arrived over the next couple of minutes. The pizza

delivery guy showed up at 7:55, and my charges were momentarily

distracted by the food. By eight, everyone was here.

I shut and locked my front door and then returned to the living room,

seeing twenty eager, nervous faces watching me. They stopped wolfing

down the pizza and waited expectantly.

"All right. Welcome to my Bet."

They erupted in cheering and high fives.

"I know I have been very vague about this, but you should have all

gotten the idea about what is going to happen tonight. Just to clear up

any misunderstanding, yes, you are all going to get laid."

The cheers and howls rattled the walls this time, and I was momentarily

worried about the neighbors complaining. I motioned for silence.

"However. What I have planned may not be quite what you're expecting.

I do not, in case you're wondering, have the money to take you all to a

whorehouse. What we're going to do is something a little different."

I paused to watch their reactions. Every eye in the room was fixed on

me. Even Wesley had stopped eating, and believe me, that was an

accomplishment.

"I have a friend, a girl I knew in college, who is on the wild side

sexually. She likes to experiment and push her limits, and one of her

fantasies has always been to get gangbanged by a football team."

Jaws dropped around the room, and amazed giggles and eager laughter shot

through the group.

"She is downstairs in the basement right now waiting for you."

More hoots of excitement erupted, and several of the boys shot to their

feet. I held up my hands to stop them.

"Before we get started, I need to lay down some ground rules. First,

you are not going to see her face. She is wearing a face mask because

she does not want anyone to know who she is. You don't know her anyway;

she just wants to be safe. Leave her mask alone. Don't try to take it

off. That will just screw this up for everyone else, okay?"

Several of them nodded rapidly, bouncing eagerly in their seats.

"Second: this girl is kinky. I doubt there is much you could do to her

that will turn her off. Basically, whatever you want to do, you can do.

Fuck her in the ass. Come in her mouth. Come in her face. Talk to

dirty to her if you want. She likes that. She won't be talking to you,

but don't worry about treating her nicely. She wants to be treated like

a slut tonight."

By now they were so eager and horny that some of them seemed ready come

where they were sitting.

"Third: there is no time limit to this orgy tonight. We'll be here

until you want to leave. You can have her until you don't want any more

of her. She's in good shape, and she can take it."

"What about you, Coach?" Tommy asked. I shook my head.

"This is for you guys. She and I have already taken care of our

arrangements."

Various cheers and laughter came in response to that, and to be honest,

I was starting to feel quite giddy myself.

"Next, because you can't all have her at once, we're going to pull

numbers out of a hat to determine the order. However, don't let this be

too rigid. I should tell you that this girl is hoping to get more than

one of you at once tonight, however you want to do it. Work that out

between yourselves, but she'll be quite disappointed if it doesn't

happen."

As they waited, almost ready to burst, I found my Nebraska ball cap with

the twenty folded numbers in it and held it up.

"One at a time, and no fooling around."

They jumped to their feet and crowed around me, all reaching for the

cap. One by one they opened their number, reacting with hoots or

groans. Josiah, one of the linebackers, got the first number, followed

by Tony and James. Ben Tyler, the backup safety, got number twenty,

groaning in disappointment. Tommy and Tony laughed at him, yelling

"Sloppy twentieths! Sloppy twentieths!"

I motioned again for silence.

"That is about it. Just enjoy yourselves. There's a keg down there,

but you won't want to get too drunk, I think."

I turned and held my arm out toward the door to the basement.

"Have at her, boys."

---

Chapter 16

Amber asked me the other day why I'm spending so much time on this

project, why I've used up 50,000 words detailing her teenage exploits

when so much has happened since then. It's hard for me to articulate

why--I guess at some point I began to wonder how all of this really

happened, how on earth we got to where we are now.

And where am I?

In New York City, sitting outside Howard Stern's studio, waiting to go

on the air. Not me, exactly; I'm with Amber, because she's the one he

wants to talk to. I may or may not get to do anything, which is the way

it usually is these days. Not that I mind.

To recap: I used to be a high school teacher and a high school football

coach. Then I met Amber, who was then only seventeen. She pursued me

unsuccessfully for a month or so, before I began trying to turn her into

someone else. First I got her to change her wardrobe. Then I got her

to wax off her pubes. Then she got a clit ring. Pretty soon she was

screwing me, her best friend, one of my fellow teachers, and doing just

about anything I asked her to. At least that was how it seemed to me at

the time.

When did the change begin? It's hard to pinpoint exactly. It began

happening long before I really noticed it, long before I really realized

what was going on. I don't know if that first gangbang I orchestrated

for her was what cemented it. ("For her," I find myself saying--back

then I thought she was doing it for me. Ha. As if.) I don't know if

that was the Point of No Return. But if it wasn't, we were already past

it by then, which is what I'm inclined to think.

The gangbang, you ask? Oh, yes.

This is what happened:

---

When I waved my arm toward the basement door, there was a stampede to

make any cattleman proud. Everyone of them shot to their feet and

charged across the living room toward the kitchen. Wesley paused only

to gather up the remnants of the pizza, even though he was going number

six. Ben, who had number 20, slowed down enough to help him, but the

rest of them thundered down the stairs into the basement. I came up the

rear after Wesley and Ben.

The players had circled around the room around the edge of the exercise

mats. In the center, naked except for the black face mask, was Amber,

sitting on her feet. Her hands squirmed nervously and her chest was

flushed in arousal, but otherwise she was still. Excited comments about

her looks, her piercings, and her absence of pubic hair shot through the

basement.

The other players shoved Josiah toward her. He was a tall, skinny kid

with short black hair, and he glanced around the room, at Amber, at the

other guys, then at me.

"Uh, what do I do?"

Some of the others laughed at him.

"Whatever you want," I said.

Amber came up off her feet and crawled toward the sound of his voice.

When she found his leg, she came up and began unbuttoning his jeans. He

began laughing nervously.

"Oh, fuck."

As the rest of them watched, displaying various levels of amazement and

shock, Amber dug Josiah's dick out of his pants. Then she bent forward

and took him in her mouth. He groped at her head, leaning backwards and

closing his eyes. She bobbed over him slowly, going deeper each time.

Finally she was deep-throating him, causing several of the other guys to

howl in disbelief.

Josiah shuddered, obviously going faster than he meant to. Amber

withdrew, keeping her hand on his erection. He rapidly shoved down his

pants and pulled his shirt over his head. Amber reversed herself, going

to her hands and knees, and presented her ass for him. Josiah dropped

to his knees, and after fumbling with her for several seconds, thrust in

to the root.

Gasps and nervous laughter continued to shoot through room as Josiah

fucked her rapidly. It was over in less than a minute, and I watched

him quiver and shake as he unloaded his cum deeply in Amber's belly. He

fell backwards onto his feet, gasping for breath.

Not waiting any longer than necessary, Tony shot to his feet. He was

shorter and more muscular than Josiah, and proved to be more heavily

endowed. He was already erect when he shoved his pants down, displaying

a nearly eight-inch erection. He grabbed Amber's head and thrust it

right into her mouth. She squeaked in surprise but took it all.

Tony fucked Amber's mouth roughly, though she didn't seem to mind,

taking every bit of it down her throat. Josiah withdrew and pulled up

his pants, and I watched his cum running down the inside of Amber's

thighs. All of us watched Tony pistoning in and out of Amber's mouth,

and I wondered if he meant to take this all the way. I got my answer

about a minute later as he indeed spurted off down her throat. Amber

coughed and choked a little, and some of his cum oozed out around her

pursed lips. Tony withdrew with a pop.

"Fuck, man," Alan exclaimed, "you done already?"

"I'll fuck her later. I haven't had a good blow job in too long."

"You mean ever, numb nuts."

Their banter was interrupted as James, one of the defensive tackles,

took the next spot in line. James was a big guy, 6' 4", 260lbs, and I

wondered if he might be too much for Amber, who barely topped a hundred.

James dropped his shorts and presented his cock to Amber's mouth, and

she dutifully swallowed it up. Unlike Tony, James was more interested

in straight sex, and pulled out of Amber's mouth after less than a

minute. He told Amber to lay flat on her back, which she did. Then he

dropped his enormous body on top of her.

Amber pulled her legs out to her sides to accommodate him, making her

hamstrings stand out on her thighs. James thrust into her and began

fucking rapidly as the other guys began cheering and chanting. I

couldn't even see Amber from where I was standing, so I moved around to

where I had set up the keg. I got myself a cup of beer and squatted

down to watch.

Amber had arched her spine and thrown her head back against the mat

under her as James continued pounding between her thighs. Her tits, as

small and firm as they were, were shaking on her chest, and her hands

were splayed to her sides, clutching and clawing at the mat. She began

to whimper and did her best to fuck up at him with each thrust. She

brought her legs up to James' waist and suddenly threw her arms around

his shoulders. I don't know if he was paying attention, but I watched

her convulsing in orgasm from what he was doing to her.

Finally James let out a groan, came into her, and collapsed. Amber let

out an "oof" as he fell onto her but remained still. James withdrew and

sat back, gasping for breath.

Alan was next, and he was almost as big as James--and bigger in one

respect, as we all saw when he dropped his pants. He was even bigger

than Tony, a thick nine inches. He stripped out of his clothes rapidly.

"Her pussy," James gasped, "her pussy is so fucking tight."

Alan laughed. "Gonna be tighter for me, dude. Gonna be a lot tighter."

Amber sat up toward Alan, and he guided his cock to her mouth. I was

concerned about her being able to take him, but she did. I watched her

gulping and struggling to deep throat him, but after about ten seconds,

she managed to do it. Then she let Alan fuck her throat deeply for a

while, gasping through her nose each time he withdrew.

Like James, Alan was less interested in oral sex than something else.

He pulled out and had Amber get on her hands and knees. Then, as the

rest of the crowd howled in approval, he proceeded to force his big cock

into her ass.

Amber had prepared for this, though, and I could see her butt glistening

with the massage oil she had no doubt lubricated herself with. She

gasped and grunted as Alan pushed himself into her, but she took it all.

When Alan was in up to the root, he began fucking her with long smooth

strokes, in and out, in and out, trying to pace himself.

I looked over at Floyd, who was next and who was about to burst with

anticipation. He was one of the linebackers, tall though not too thick.

He wore a scraggly goatee, and I knew from seeing him in the locker

room that he had a couple of tattoos.

I got his attention. "Go on ahead. Her mouth is open for business."

The others shoved him forward, and Alan waved him in. He dropped his

pants in one quick motion and grabbed ahold of Amber's head. Amber

opened her mouth to swallow him up, and now Alan and Floyd were fucking

her back and forth between them as their audience howled and cheered.

Amber was completely overwhelmed now, pinned between two overeager

adolescent cocks. Floyd buried himself in her throat, Alan in her ass.

I watched her shuddering in orgasm and hoped she didn't bite Floyd's

cock off accidentally. The two boys were oblivious to her reactions

though, pounding her back and forth like a tackling dummy. Alan's hands

clawed at Amber's narrow waist, and he let out a loud groan. I watched

his cock throbbing as he dumped his load up her butt.

As soon as Alan withdrew, Floyd rushed around to take his place, burying

his cock in her sopping pussy. Quivering, virginal Wesley was next in

line, and no one wanted him to wait any longer. Wesley was a good kid,

a "nice boy," overweight and hopeless with the girls despite being on

the football team. He had been watching this scene in utter paralysis,

and now he seemed unable to comprehend that he was next. Luckily for

him, his comprehension was irrelevant, as the guys behind him shoved him

forward. James came up and jerked his pants down from behind, jeans and

jockey shorts down in one motion. The rest of them howled in laughter

and began chanting Wesley's name.

Wesley lurched toward Amber and Floyd. His dick was limp and shriveled

in nervousness, but Amber was about take care of that. She slurped his

cock into her mouth, and Wesley went cross-eyed, shaking and whimpering.

He grew rapidly erect, and Amber was soon bobbing slowly over him.

Meanwhile, Floyd was still pounding Amber's pussy, forcing her forward

against Wesley. He began to shout, "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" as he neared

orgasm, slapping at Amber's butt. Finally, he leaned backwards, shoving

himself as far into her as he could get, and came.

Wesley was on the verge of orgasm himself, and I think Amber must have

sensed it, because she pulled back as soon as Floyd was done. She lay

on her back, pulling Wesley with her, and guided him between her thighs.

Wesley struggled to follow her, and Amber pulled his cock into her

pussy. Wesley got off exactly three awkward thrusts before squirting

off inside her. Everyone cheered as he got up with a big shit-eating

grin on his face.

Amber's pussy and inner thighs were now drenched in cum, but no one

seemed to care. Chuck Hsu, another one of the linebackers, was next,

and he quickly took Wesley's place. Amber blew him for about a minute

before laying back to let him fuck her.

As Chuck buried his cock between her thighs, Daniel, who was next in

line, lurched forward.

"Chuck, let me fuck her in the ass while you're fucking her. Let's both

fuck her at once."

Chuck stopped long enough to look confused.

"How?"

"Lean back," I said. "Pull her into your lap, and let her get her legs

up enough to stretch herself open for him."

I could see Amber tensing in anticipation as Chuck followed my

instructions. Daniel dropped his pants, exposing his erection, and

knelt behind Amber. Amber pulled her legs up into a squat so Daniel

could get at her ass. Daniel crawled into position, and I watched as he

slipped his cock between her buttocks, the way already greased by

massage oil and Alan's cum.

Amber let out a soft cry as Daniel moved into her. The two boys were

both about six feet, athletic and muscular, and they proceeded to fuck

her back and forth. Amber was suspended on their cocks now, unable to

do anything but take this treatment. She held Chuck's arms tightly,

and--though once again no one else seemed to notice--I saw the quiver of

orgasm shooting through her abdomen.

The joint fucking seemed to arouse both Chuck and Daniel at once, and

they moved more rapidly now, pounding her from both directions as their

teammates cheered them on. I stayed toward the back, hoping none of

them noticed how close I was to losing it, to squirting off in my boxers

at the sight of my girlfriend getting reamed fore and aft. Amber came

again, as near as I could tell, and she was lost in a fog of sex.

Chuck and Daniel came within a few seconds of each other, filling

Amber's belly. Daniel pulled out first, and Amber fell back away from

Chuck. I watched for their cum, seeing it oozing out of both ass and

pussy. She was a mess now, cum smeared all over her legs and butt.

Dave, another defensive lineman, was next. He was almost as big as

James, 6' 5" and 240lbs. He presented his cock to Amber's mouth and she

slurped him up without a break, deep-throating him immediately. He let

her suck on him for about a minute before pulling her to her feet and

lifting her into the air. Amber seemed to sense what he had in mind and

pulled up her thighs. Then he dropped her right down onto his cock and

began fucking her standing up. Amber wrapped her legs around his waist

and leaned backwards, hanging her head back.

Dave fucked her for about thirty seconds like that before turning to

Jason, who was next in line.

"Jase, fuck her in the ass like Chuck and Dan did. Let's fuck her

standing up."

Jason was one of the safeties, and quite a bit shorter than Dave, so

Dave had to squat down as Jason dropped his pants and closed in. Jason

grabbed Amber's butt and slipped his cock into her ass, which was now

quite open and stretched out. Jason and Dave bounced her back and

forth, keeping her impaled and suspended on their cocks, but the height

difference was making it difficult. Dave finally pulled out and let

Jason drop to the floor. Amber went to her hands and knees with Jason

still buried in her ass as Dave returned his cock to her mouth. He

fucked her mouth rapidly for almost a minute before suddenly pulling out

and splattering his come all over her face. Amber tried to catch it,

but he smeared most of it over her cheeks.

We were halfway through the group now, and the guys who had fucked Amber

were collecting around the keg to watch as the rest eagerly awaited

their turn. Colbey, another of the linebackers, took Dave's place in

Amber's mouth as I refilled my cup of beer.

Alan and James leaned against the wall next to me.

"Fuck, Coach," James said, "were did you find this chick?"

"Long story."

"Did you guys, like, used to go out or something?"

"Or something. Like I said, it's a long story."

"Did you ever do shit like this before?" Alan asked.

"Not with her. With another woman, but not her."

"Damn."

Jason and Colbey were now mercilessly impaling Amber from both

directions. I watched her struggling to take Colbey's cock down her

throat as Jason repeatedly forced her forward. But she was enjoying

this, clearly. She seemed to come again just as Jason spurted off in

her ass. He withdrew and Colbey pushed her back to fuck her missionary

style. Amber wrapped her legs around his waist as he buried himself

inside her and began to thrust away.

Beside me, James jabbed Chuck to get his attention.

"What do think of that pussy? Pretty fucking tight, huh?"

"She was squeezing me. Making it fucking vibrate almost."

James laughed.

"I fucking thought she was going to break it off."

Colbey had lost it now, holding himself up on his arms and ramming into

Amber so fast he was making audible smacking noises. He let out a groan

as his ass started shaking back and forth, dumping yet another load of

come inside my girlfriend.

Tommy Nelson and Jack Kelly were next, and they had clearly been

planning to fuck Amber in tandem. They came up together, letting Amber

suck both of them alternately. Then Jack picked up Amber like Dave had

done, and he and Jack fucked her fore and aft while standing up.

When the two of them were done, Amber collapsed onto the mat between

them, settling into a gooey pool of sweat and semen. Her thighs were

smeared with cum down to her knees now, and her entire pubic area was a

glistening mess. Dave's facial had covered most of her left cheek and

clumped up the hair around her ear.

Evan was next, but I stepped forward and stopped him.

"Hold on a second."

I stepped up next to Amber and squatted down. She sensed my presence,

quivering slightly. I handed her my beer and she took several long

swigs.

"You okay? Sure you can keep going?"

She nodded rapidly, not saying anything. I rubbed her shoulder and

stepped back.

Evan was one of the cornerbacks, a little guy compared to Alan and

James. He had bleached white hair and a couple of earrings, and had he

not been on the football team, he would probably have been something of

an outcast around the school. As it was, the other players just teased

him about his appearance from time to time.

He stepped forward, cock ready, and Amber swallowed him up. I took a

seat by the keg and watched her bobbing rapidly over him. Unlike the

others who had tried to fuck her in the mouth, he just stood there and

let her work. Amber responded by alternately deep-throating him or

slurping noisily on the head of his cock. He stood it for about a

minute or two before having her turn away on her hands and knees, then

entering her from behind.

Christopher, another linebacker, stepped forward and took his place in

Amber's mouth. He was bigger than Evan, with black hair to Evan's

white, and the contrast between them reignited my interest. As with the

previous threesomes, the two boys bounced Amber back and forth, leaving

her little room to move. Amber shuddered in orgasm yet again from this

treatment, just as Evan groaned and spurted off deeply inside her.

Instead of moving around, Christopher stayed where he was, too engaged

with Amber's mouth and the sensation of fucking her throat. When Evan

withdrew, Amber wiggled her ass at the group, trying to get someone else

to come up and fuck her. Michael Martinson was next and he got the

message. Michael was quite hairy, not quite a sweater but getting

there. He grabbed Amber's waist and immediately plunged his erection

into her ass. Amber let out a whimper at his rapid penetration, but was

soon fucking back at him, meeting him stroke for stroke.

Meanwhile, Christopher was almost finished. He fucked Amber's mouth

rapidly, and then, on the brink, pulled back and spurted all over her

face. He must have been saving this load up for days, because he

covered her from nose to jaw. She slurped it up as it dripped down,

running her tongue around her lips.

As soon as Christopher withdrew, Kane stepped forward, exposing a cock

as thick as a smoked sausage. He had Michael lift Amber up against him

so they could fuck her together. Michael lay on his back, supporting

Amber as Kane forced his tree-stump cock between Amber's thighs.

Amber withstood this dual fucking for nearly a minute before motioning

at the crowd. She wanted more. John Achatz, the last linebacker, who

was a good 6'3" and 210 lbs, was pushed forward by the other players.

He struggled to open his pants and stepped up over Michael. Amber hung

her head backwards, opening her mouth, and John fed his cock between her

lips.

Now Amber was taking on three of them at once as the players cheered and

howled. Kane and Michael fucked her in pussy and ass respectively,

lifting her upward with their thrusts. Amber kept one hand locked

around the base of John's cock to hold him close, and sucked as much of

him into her as he could.

The three boys were soon lost in this three-way impalement, driving

their cocks into her in a frantic rhythm. Amber convulsed in orgasm

from what they were doing with her, urging them on. Soon they were

grunting and groaning with the effort, sweat popping out across their

bodies. Somehow, they all came within seconds of each other, John

shooting off down her throat, Kane spurting into her pussy, Michael

firing yet another load into her bowels.

One by one, they withdrew, leaving Amber with cum dribbling out of every

orifice. She coughed once, sending a spray of it across her chest. But

there was no rest for her, because Luke and Ben were still waiting for

their turn. Luke took her mouth as Ben began disrobing. I saw, with

some surprise, that Ben's penis was pierced, with not only a Prince

Albert but an ampallang (a horizontal barbell through the head). A few

of the other players looked on in shock at this, but the rest of them

were too engrossed with Amber.

Ben thrust his multiply studded cock into Amber's pussy, and he and Luck

fucked her back and forth as she knelt on her hands and knees. The feel

of Ben's piercings seemed to drive Amber into a frenzy, and she was soon

ramming her butt back at him as he fucked her. This was more than Ben

appeared prepared for, and he came scarcely a minute or two into it.

Luke immediately took his place and thrust his cock up Amber's ass,

pushing her face down toward the mat. He finished after another minute,

filling Amber's already distended bowels with another load of cum.

That completed the first round, and by now Josiah and Tony were ready

for seconds. They took her together, ass and pussy, with Tony on his

back and Josiah kneeling over them. Then Alan stepped forward, shoving

his cock into Amber's mouth, and Amber was once again servicing three of

them at once.

I was still mesmerized by this endless gang-fuck, watching Amber getting

further coated with sperm after every encounter. My cock had been hard

for so long that it ached, but I knew I had to wait until everything was

over. I didn't want to do anything to interrupt this.

Then something interrupted it for me.

Michael came up and grabbed my arm.

"Coach, I think someone's upstairs. I thought heard someone banging on

the front door."

I looked up the stairs to the kitchen. I couldn't hear anything over the

noise we were making.

"Hold on."

I went carefully upstairs, closing both lower and upper doors behind me

as I went. When I reached the kitchen, I indeed heard someone

knocking--pounding, really--on the front door.

I couldn't quite see who it was, but whoever it was, they were big. I

peeked out the side window, and my balls suddenly climbed into my gut.

I went to the door. Behind it, I found Tom Everett, the head coach of

the team. He did not look happy.

"Mike. What the hell is going on here?"

He motioned to the mass of cars parked in my front yard.

"Uh."

He looked past me into the house, looking for anyone inside.

"Uh, Tom, look--"

"Mike, don't bullshit me. That's Tommy Nelson's truck over there. I

got word that the kids on the defense were having some kind of party

tonight, and I'm rather intrigued that you didn't think to mention this

to me."

I tried to keep him out, but it was pointless. Tom Everett had played

nose guard at UNL and even tried out for Green Bay after graduating. I

was twenty years younger than him and in very good shape, but he was

6'5" and easily outweighed me by fifty pounds. A lot of that might be

accumulated Bud Lite, but most of it was muscle, and there was no way I

could keep him outside if he wanted in, which he did.

He pushed his way past me into the den and looked around, seeing a few

empty pizza boxes and pizza crusts the guys had left behind in their

stampede for the basement.

"Tom, look, some of them came over, but they just left. They went, uh .

. ."

"They left without their cars?"

Oh. Shit.

"Uh."

He finally seemed to hear the revelry below and went for the kitchen. I

lurched after him to stop him.

"Tom, wait--"

He ignored me. He opened the door to the basement, and I stumbled after

him, struggling for an explanation for what he was about to see.

The noise of our orgy burst into the stairwell as he opened the lower

door. He took a few steps inside the basement and froze. The racket

rapidly dropped off to nothing. I squeezed past him, seeing the players

all looking at Tom in horror. Tony and Alan had been engaged with

Amber, but they had abruptly withdrawn and were now struggling to get

their pants up. Amber knelt on the mat between them, confused but

unable to tell what was going on.

Tom stared, pale-faced, at this scene. He ran his hands once through

his salt-and-pepper hair and then looked at me.

I gulped.

"This was, uh, my Bet. With the defense."

He looked around at the players and then at Amber.

"Who is she?" he asked hoarsely.

"A friend of mine."

"She's not a pro?"

"No. It's not like that."

I battled internally for a way out of this.

"Um, Tom, look. This was supposed to be a secret. I don't know who

told you we were getting together tonight, but this was just something I

wanted to do for them."

I looked at Amber, who had gone ghost-white. I knew why. She was

terrified that her identity was about to be exposed.

Tom was still speechless, and suddenly I had an idea.

"If you wanted to stick around, take a turn with her, I don't think

anyone would mind."

His jaw dropped. Around us, I saw the players' faces changing slowly

from horror to anticipation.

"Yeah, come on, Coach," Tommy said.

"Come on, Coach," half a dozen of them chimed in.

"She's a great fuck, Coach," Alan blurted out, causing the rest of them

to laugh.

Tommy began chanting, "Coach, Coach, Coach," pumping his fist in the

air, and soon the entire room had joined in. "Coach! Coach! Coach!"

Tom swallowed hard, staring at Amber. The chant continued.

All at once, he lurched into action, charging toward her as he struggled

with his pants. The players cheered lustily, continuing their chant as

Tom finally got his dick out. Amber gobbled him up immediately.

As the players circled around, cheering and chanting, Tom began fucking

Amber in the mouth, realizing with amazement that she could deep throat

him. But Tom was much older than these kids, and far more experienced,

so he was hardly in danger of shooting off immediately. He turned Amber

around, getting her on her knees, and thrust into her from behind. The

players cheered again.

He fucked her rapidly, causing Amber to cry out and reach between her

thighs to masturbate herself. I watched in awe, seeing my boss fucking

my girlfriend after she had been ravished by twenty of my football

players. Tom withdrew from Amber's pussy and pushed into her abused

ass, burying himself up to the root. From that point, he fucked her

with long strokes, all the way in and all the way out, back and forth

until Amber screeched in orgasm. Finally, with a groan and a shudder,

he buried himself between her buttocks and spurted off inside her.

I got another beer.

Things settled down after that. Amber was subjected to more two- and

three-way fucks, more facials, more of the same. Everyone went a second

time, and many of them went a third. Wesley and Jason even took her

fourth time, though only Wesley was able to get off, which he did to

cheers and applause some time after midnight. When they were finally

finished, Amber had been fucked, in one fashion or another, at least

fifty times.

---

I showed the players out around one a.m. Tom Everett stayed behind as

Tommy Nelson finally drove off with the last batch of kids.

"So this why we played such good defense this season?" he asked wryly.

I laughed weakly.

"Part of it."

"What gave you this idea?"

"Long story. I knew her in college. She's a wild one."

He laughed with me. "No shit." Then he grew more serious.

"Mike, I suppose I don't need to tell you that no one needs to know

about this."

"No."

"I mean, the school . . . Phyllis . . . they just wouldn't understand."

Phyllis was Tom's wife, a good church-going salt-of-the-earth type.

"No. Don't worry about it."

He thumped me on the shoulder.

"Okay. See you on Monday."

"Bye."

I watched him drive off. Then I went downstairs.

I found Amber laying on her back in the middle of the array of exercise

mats. She looked half-dead from exhaustion, bruises all over her legs.

She had dried and half-dried semen caked all over the inside of her

thighs, cum all over her belly, her breasts, her face, gooey dreadlocks

of it in her hair. I had never seen so much cum in all my life. The

odor of it was strong and sour in the air.

I knelt down beside her, sliding my arms under her back and knees, and

picked her up. She was as limp as a rag doll. I carried her upstairs

to my bathroom and set her in the bathtub.

When I pulled the mask off her face, it left a sweaty red impression

behind. She shut her eyes against the sudden glare, not looking at me.

I ran a warm bath for her, and slowly and tenderly cleaned her up. I

combed the cum out of her hair, washed it out of her ass and pussy. Her

pubic area was red and swollen, but she scarcely reacted to my

attentions.

She still seemed lost in slut-space, you might call it, not fully aware

of my presence. Her eyes remained closed until I was done. Then I

lifted her out of the bath into a towel and carried her to my bed.

I dried her off. She was still limp and motionless. I found the

massage oil and began rubbing the bruises and knots out of her muscles.

Bit by bit, she seemed to emerge from the experience.

"Are you all right?" I asked finally.

"Tired," she said very softly. "Sore."

"You did good."

She nodded, closing her eyes. She looked like she wanted to sleep, so I

got up to let her rest. But her hand suddenly closed around my wrist,

tightly enough that it surprised me.

"Wait."

"What?"

"Fuck me . . . please."

I gulped.

"Are you sure?"

She nodded.

"First and last," she said weakly. "You have to be first and last."

I disrobed slowly. She lay there looking up at me, with a look on her

face that I couldn't quite read. My cock ached as it rose to erection

again, so long had I been about to burst that night. Amber simply

spread her legs for me, waiting.

I climbed onto the bed, settling between her thighs. I pushed forward

into her tender pussy, feeling her squeezing me weakly. I bottomed out,

lying on top of her bruised body, and she wrapped her arms around me.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I love you, too."

I made love to her slowly and carefully, remaining deeply inside her and

not withdrawing too far. She writhed under me, rolling her hips against

me. I kissed her, finding the faint odor of semen still lingering in

her mouth. The taste of it spurred something inside me, sending images

of that night spinning through my head. I moved faster, more

purposefully, beginning to lose a grip on my control. Amber moaned,

arching her back, pushing up at me. Her inner muscles continued to

massage me. In my mind, I saw Dave spurting his come in her face, saw

Kane and Michael and John taking her three-on-one. I cried out,

stabbing into her, spurting off before I meant to. But it didn't stop

me. It wasn't anywhere near enough. I kept thrusting, my erection not

subsiding. Amber let out a groan, spiking up at me, and I felt her

quivering in orgasm around my cock. I was gone by this point, fucking

her as hard and as fast as anyone had that night. She didn't seem to

care, didn't seem as sore or as battered as I had thought. Her hands

clawed at my butt, pulling me back into her with each thrust. I slammed

against her pubic bone, making little tits shake on her chest. She

reached behind her against the headboard, bracing herself to fuck back

at me.

I cried out with each thrust now, lost in the fog of everything that had

happened that night, drawn only by the primal need to come inside her

again. All of a sudden she bucked me off of her and rolled over,

pushing her butt back at me. I saw my cum running out of her and buried

my cock in her ass. She pinched her sphincter muscle around me as

tightly as she could. I hammered at her butt, and she met every thrust.

Both hands were gripping the headboard now, bracing herself. I held

tightly onto her waist, feeling my cum rising again. I cried out,

almost screaming, as I approached another orgasm. Amber came, and came

again, each time almost tearing my cock off with her inner muscles.

Finally I rammed myself as deeply into her as I had ever been,

straining, trying to lift her off the bed with only my cock, and came as

hard as I ever had in my life.

Gasping and shuddering, we collapsed on the bed. I dozed off for a

moment, coming to as I realized that Amber was returning the favor now,

cleaning me up with a wet washcloth. When she was satisfied, she took

me into her mouth and began sucking slowly.

I didn't know what she thought she could do, but I lay there and let her

do it. She blew me for ten or fifteen minutes before my erection had

returned, and then she set out drawing yet another load out of me. One

for the last orifice, I realized, having come in her pussy and her ass

already. Somehow, she did it, alternately deep-throating me or slurping

on the head like a lollipop. What I came wasn't much, but it was enough

to satisfy her.

Afterward, she lay beside me, under my arm, head on my chest.

"I had fun," she said softly.

"I'm glad."

"Who was the old guy?"

"Coach Everett. He must have come by to check on me or something."

"Oh. Wow. I did him too, huh?"

"Yep."

"It was better . . ." she said a moment later.

"What was?"

"--than I thought. It was better than I thought it would be. Tonight."

"Oh."

"Once I got going."

"You really got going."

She snuggled against me, burying her face against my neck.

"I'm all yours, Mike. All yours."

---

What happened after that? Well, it's something I probably should have

anticipated. Late that spring, one of the players--I would never learn

who it was, though I had my suspicions--had an attack of conscience and

confessed what had happened that night to his parents. They were not,

as you might expect, too damned happy.

One morning after P.E. class, I was summoned to the principal's office.

There waiting for me were Steve Barclay, Tom Everett, and one of the

members of the local school board. When I saw the look in Tom's eyes, I

knew immediately what was up.

We had a very long discussion, during which I learned that no one was

particularly eager to have this come out. You know what the goddamned

press would do with this, Steve said. I professed remorse, they

professed to understand what had motivated me. Tom said relatively

little, and I realized he had probably pushed Steve toward the idea of a

cover-up. It won't help the team at all, he said at one point. Luckily

for us, the player's parents weren't interested in a scandal

either--they just wanted my ass hung out to dry.

We talked and strategized, but it became clear that I really had only

once choice. I offered to resign and leave town. Steve and the school

board member agreed that that would be the best solution. School would

be out in a few weeks anyway. I could finish the term, but after that,

it would best if I left as soon as possible.

So I did. We kept it low-key, though several of the players wanted to

start a campaign to keep me around. I got out of my lease on the house

and packed up my belongings. I moved out to California, finding an

apartment in the San Fernando Valley in Los Angeles. I got my

California teaching credentials and soon found a job with L.A. school

district.

What's that? What about Amber? Well, fuck--of course I took her with

me. You didn't think I would leave her behind after all the work I did

on her, did you? I could hardly have kept her away anyway.

She was eighteen by then, and no one could have stopped her, though her

parents tried. There had been no more gangbangs, but we had spent much

of that spring visiting various perversions upon Cindy every weekend.

Jessica came to town again, and we all went to another rave. Then came

the scandal.

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Once we were settled in L.A., Amber found a job as an exotic dancer, a

vocation I encouraged. She was soon making three times as much money as

I did, and after six months of it, I just quit and managed her career.

We had been in L.A. eight months when she asked me when I would

orchestrate another gangbang for her.

Not if, mind you. When.

So I did. I went on the Internet and carefully recruited about ten men

for her, and we rented a motel room for the event. Soon we were doing

it about once a month, and every time, as with that inaugural night in

Nebraska, Amber wanted me to go first and last.

That was three years ago. Since then, I've watched her deep-throat

cocks that would choke Secretariat. I've watched her fuck five guys at

once, one in each orifice and two with her hands. I've seen her with so

much cum on her body that it looked as if she had bathed in it. None of

it ever sates her for long.

She's kept up all her exercises, all the stuff I asked her to do back in

Nebraska. Last year, after I joked about her being able to open a beer

bottle with her pussy, she tried to do it. And succeeded. It took some

practice, but she actually managed to do it.

Two months ago, she first broached the idea of doing a porn movie. But

not just any porn movie--no, what she wants to do is the next

installment of the World's Biggest Gangbang. The last girl fucked 700

guys, I told her. I know, she said, I want to do a thousand. That

should be enough to make the record last.

Then she called the porn company to audition. I wasn't sure whether

they would give her the time of day, but somehow she got the spot.

A thousand men. She wants to fuck a thousand men. Me, Ron Jeremy, and

998 other strange guys. I shouldn't be surprised at this, I guess. I

started her down this path. And don't get me wrong--she still loves me

and I still love her. I still find her uncontrollably arousing.

But, to tell you the truth, I'm more than a little afraid of her now.

She's turned into more of a slut than I ever hoped for. I'm not in

control anymore; I haven't been for a long time. I'm just along for the

ride. I only hope she wants to keep me around for it.

And that's why she's about to go on the Howard Stern Show this morning,

to promote this movie. Howard got wind of her beer bottle trick

somehow, and his producers are making noises about wanting a

demonstration. I'm sure Amber will do it for them.

I don't mind.

But it's not like I could stop her anyway.

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Epilogue.

TRANSCRIPT OF THE HOWARD STERN TELEVISION SHOW #527

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HOWARD: How many men would you say you've had sex with?

AMBER: At least five hundred.

ROBIN: Five hundred? You've had sex with five hundred men?

AMBER: About that many. I'm estimating.

HOWARD: What about other girls?

AMBER: Sure.

HOWARD: How many?

AMBER: Probably about forty. Forty to fifty.

HOWARD: I'm crushed. You like men, what would it be, ten times more

than women?

AMBER (laughing): No. Probably about the same. It's just harder to get

girls to gangbang you.

HOWARD: I'm losing control here. I'm going to have to visit the

restroom in a second. Amber, if I could get fifty women to gangbang

you, would you be interested?

ROBIN: Howard, my God, women do not do things like that.

AMBER: Sure, I'd do it.

HOWARD: And you were telling us your boyfriend doesn't mind any of this.

AMBER: It's his thing. He's the one who really turned me on to it. I

was a virgin when I met him.

ROBIN: And he got you to have sex with other men?

AMBER: Right.

HOWARD: You lost your virginity in a gangbang?

AMBER: No, just to him. The gangbangs came later.

JACKIE: Came later. There's a joke in there somewhere.

ROBIN: I cannot imagine a man doing something like that to his

girlfriend.

AMBER: I like it. I always have.

HOWARD: All right. Now, Amber, before the program, you were telling us

about this little talent of yours, that you can open beer bottles with

your female organ?

AMBER: Right.

JOHN: What, twist-offs? Or pop-tops?

AMBER: Twist-offs.

ROBIN: I do not believe this. It is not physically possible for a woman

to do something like that.

HOWARD: How exactly do you do this?

AMBER: Well, I have to wrap one of those rubber jar-opening things

around the cap first. Then I, you know, put it inside me and twist it

off. It took me a while to figure out the trick to it.

JACKIE: There's a trick to it?

AMBER: It's mainly the positioning.

ROBIN: I still do not believe this.

HOWARD: I gather this took some practice.

AMBER: Well, it took me a long time to develop my muscles, you know,

inside me. I started doing that when I was a teenager. My boyfriend

gave me these--Ben-wa balls? Can I say that on the air?

ROBIN: You just did.

AMBER: Oh. Sorry. Well, anyway, he had me carry them around all the

time, and I'd do exercises with them. We started joking about my being

able to open beer bottles, you know, and one day I just tried it to see

if I could. It took a while, but I managed to do it.

ROBIN: I will believe this when I see it.

HOWARD: Well, Robin, Amber has agreed to demonstrate this trick for us.

I have here a bottle of beer, and--where is it?--this rubber bottle

opener. Is this what you need?

AMBER: Yeah.

HOWARD: Go ahead.

ROBIN: I cannot believe I'm watching this.

[About ten seconds of dead air here]

ROBIN: Oh my God!

JACKIE (yelling): [unable to transcribe]

JOHN (yelling): [unable to transcribe]

HOWARD: Ladies and Gentlemen, we have just made radio history. I know

you can't see this at home, but this woman has just opened a beer bottle

with her vagina.

ROBIN: Oh, my God.

JACKIE (yelling): [unable to transcribe]

JOHN (yelling): [unable to transcribe]

HOWARD: We have just witnessed the first gynecological beer-opening in

radio history.

JACKIE: This belongs in the Guinness Book of Records.

AMBER: Does anyone want the beer?

JACKIE: Here.

JOHN: I'll take it. Give it to me.

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THE END