Amy My Exhibitionist

by Liv2licku ©

Chapter 1 – CB's First Encounter

"Did you finish the quadratic equations and the factoring?" Amy asked me.

She was the math wiz in the group.

"Yeah, they weren't too bad this week. You probably breezed through them.

How about Mrs. Sovern's English assignment? I can't write about a

significant experience from childhood! Do you get what she's after?"

Others call smart, conscientious seniors like us, 'nerds', but everybody

(including ourselves) called us CB's: 'College-Bound.' We were the kids

who joined the science club, the photography club, dressed in frumpy

clothes, and got good grades. We were studious, shy, awkward seniors.

I was at Amy's house studying. She was on her bed and I was sitting on the

floor. Both of us were reading and writing notes for a report due soon. As

she was reading, she would roll around, from her back to her tummy and

back again to get comfortable. Her skirt got folded up underneath her

stomach so when she rolled onto her back I could see her knickers from my

position on the floor. What I saw caused me to stare openly. They were not

little-girl, cotton print knickers. They were pale blue, lacy, very

exciting - and very weird – this was Amy the CB!

Amy was slender, average height, with small breasts. Her dark blond hair

was kept straight. She was attractive but not beautiful - wide, sensitive

eyes with long dark lashes - the girl who will become a librarian or

bookkeeper. I was taller and thin too, not handsome, not ugly, with a

toothy grin. I was on the cross country team, the only approved sport for

nerds, which at least kept me fit. Of course, we wore glasses.

I'd often go over to her house to study or hang out. I thought of Amy in a

truly platonic way: a friend, another good student, a science and math

nut, never a GIRL. I had a rich fantasy life, masturbating to conjured

images of Playboy Playmates and the beautiful but inaccessible girls in my

classes. I'd never brought Amy into those scenarios until…

"What are you staring at? You were staring at my knickers, weren't you?"

she asked, sitting up and adjusting her glasses.

"Uh, No! I mean, yes, sorry" as I averted my eyes. "They looked pretty,

that's all. It caught me by surprise so I couldn't help staring. Amy, I

apologize, it won't happen again," I offered in a sincere, conciliatory

tone.

"No!" she blurted, "I mean, don't be sorry. Did you say, 'pretty'?" Then

she paused, frowned, staring into her lap.

"How many dates have you had?

"Two, maybe, I said, sheepishly, "Why do you ask?"

"I've had one real date in my entire high school career and it was a

disaster. Three dates between us. Pretty pathetic for 18 year-olds poised

for college," she said, pushing up her glasses. "I mean, when is a dork

like me ever going to date, go steady, much less fall in love and have

sex? So maybe I fool myself a little. I wear a pair of sexy knickers that

make me feel like a girl, feminine, in hope... hope that someday,

somebody, some boy would see. I mean, see me as a girl."

The vision of those knickers coupled with this conversation caused a

stirring in my pants as it dawned on dorky me that Amy was a real girl,

not just a sexless student friend. "If you're a dork, I'm an even bigger

dork," I said, "and I don't think you're a dork. And, yes, I did say they

looked pretty. I liked seeing them."

"You did?" There was a long pause. "I… I guess I'm flattered." Then she

sat up and swung her legs over the edge of her bed. She slid her buttocks

forward until she was at the edge, with me sitting on the floor in front

of her. Even though she was nervous, she pulled her skirt up toward her

waist, spread her legs a little, and then leaned back on her left arm,

holding up the skirt with her right – a little clumsy, but very effective.

I got erect instantly, both excited and troubled by the strange mix of

anticipation and fear I felt. I stared. I examined the small bulge in the

lacy, blue knickers formed by her pussy lips. I saw the cleft between the

two lips and was fascinated. I instinctively wanted to reach out and touch

and stroke, but I was too paralyzed, awed to do anything.

I raised my eyes to hers and saw an 'I-don't-know-why-I'm-doing-thislook',

but she was still smiling, going through with it. I brought my face toward

her knees to look a bit closer when she finally asked, "Do you like what

you see?" then smoothed her skirt back down. The raging hardon I had was

being painfully cramped by my pants.

"Yes, yes, of course I do!"

"It was kind of exciting showing off my knickers for you. I kind of liked

doing it. Maybe the CB's can help each other be a little less nerdy.

Would, ah, would… would you like me to show off for you again sometime?"

What a question. "Yes!" And then I quickly added, "Maybe you could find a

pair of even sexier knickers to wear. You know the ones that are silky and

thin?" I might be a nerd, but I wasn't stupid.

She looked at me curiously, pausing, and then just, "Okay." As she said

that she took on a knowing, bright look in her eye. We knew we'd both

crossed a line; from a platonic, academic relationship to something

sexual, though nothing had happened - yet.

I ran home quickly that afternoon, in spite of the crowbar of an erection

in my pants. I raced to my room, closed the door, undressed, flopped on my

bed, gripped my cock, and with a few strokes masturbated, giving myself

exquisite release. From that point on I started taking a lot of showers,

beating off. And each time I saw Amy slowly pulling her skirt up to her

waist. I saw her knickers slowly come into view with juicy pussy lips

hidden behind the lacy triangle right in front of my face. I imagined

myself touching, stroking, and even licking, although at the time the

thought of putting my mouth there was more repulsive than seductive. But

deep down, we CB's knew we were onto something.

The next time I went over to Amy's house, homework was only an excuse. We

worked for a little while, both of us jittery with anticipation, before I

bravely said, "Well, are you going to show off for me again? I really want

to see your knickers." And then I tentatively added, "…and your pussy."

Amy smiled and slid her legs over the edge of the bed like the last time.

Her desire to show off, to exhibit herself for approval, overcame her

natural shyness. She slid her hips forward on the bed in front of me and

slowly reached for the hem of her skirt. She pulled it up to her waist,

looking at my face the whole time. This time, she separated her knees wide

and remained sitting while I stared between her legs.

She was breathing quickly when she asked me if I liked what I saw. "Does

it turn you on?"

I was in heaven. She had done what I asked and found a pair of knickers

made out of silk or nylon. They were plain white and thin enough for me to

clearly see the outline of her mound and pussy. My heart was pounding in

my chest.

"I can see your pussy lips," I squeaked out. "It turns me on a lot!" I was

erect, throbbing, and dripping into my briefs. I glanced up at her face

and she was smiling.

"Okay, you like looking up my skirt, but do you like me?" she asked. "I

mean all of me? Do I turn you on?"

"Yes, I like you a lot. I like you as a person because you enjoy showing

me your knickers and your pussy, you know what I mean?"

"I'm not sure, but this is sort of fun, so you tell me what you like the

best." Then she stood up, removed the skirt and did a slow, slightly

clumsy spin around. The knickers were cut high at the hip and were narrow

across her butt so that her ass cheeks were on display. My friend had a

wide, curving heart-shaped ass and I never knew it! Hidden under the usual

baggy culottes or frumpy skirts were truly shapely hips and legs.

She sat back down on the bed and leaned back onto her elbows, grabbed the

front of the waistband with her fist and pulled the fabric tight against

her little pussy while thrusting her hips out and forward against the thin

material. "It feels good when I do that," she whispered. It obviously

excited her to pull the material tight against her labia while I watched.

It filled my brain with hormonal lust. I was close to exploding.

I slid forward a bit so my head was almost directly between her knees. Now

I could clearly see the outline of her entire genitalia. "Amy!" I

whispered, "I can see your pussy lips through your knickers - a pretty

mound with a line through the middle. There's a little a bit of pubic hair

near the top and there's a darker spot down here," and I reached out and

gently touched her right in the center of her sex, where she was slightly

wet.

"Oh, that tingled," she breathed, rather than said out loud. "Touch me

there some more."

While still sitting, I began cautiously stroking her slit through the

tightly stretched knickers with my index finger. She began to breathe

harder so I stroked a little harder and faster. She lifted her hips off

the edge of the bed and began to strain and moan.

"Your pussy is so pretty," I said, and cautioned her to quiet down a

little so her mom wouldn't hear us. "I can use both hands if you like," I

offered in my own clinical way, "but do you have to groan so much?"

"Yes, use both hands," she said staring down at my face. I boldly reached

between her legs with both hands and put the four fingers of my right hand

on her mound and used my thumb to stroke her. I stretched my left hand

under her butt and used that thumb to stroke in unison with my right.

I looked up to see her face, but now she was arching back, straining

towards the ceiling. I whispered to her how soft and sexy her pussy was,

how I loved how it looked and felt, stroking her faster and faster.

Finally, she gasped and let herself flop backward onto the bed, breathing

hard.

"Thank you, Thank you, THANK YOU!" she almost yelled as she enjoyed the

first orgasm that she didn't give herself.

"Can I see yours now Blaine?" she asked, sitting in front of me on the

bed. She was waving her knees open and closed, giving me shots of her damp

crotch. "You've seen me in my underwear and touched my vagina. Now I want

to see your penis.

"Come on Amy, it's embarrassing," I protested.

"Do you have an erection? It's okay, I want to see it."

I was completely, painfully rigid - frightfully embarrassed about the

whole concept of exposing myself. Nevertheless, I did as she asked,

unbuckling and pushing my pants down, staying sort of hunched over, trying

to hide the erection throbbing in my briefs.

"Blaine, stand up straight," she instructed, "The whole idea is that we

have to do this with each other, together, if we're ever going to learn

about sex, right?"

I stood up, kicking my pants off my feet. My stiff penis pointed toward my

right shoulder making a long, curving bulge in my briefs from my crotch

right to the edge of the waistband.

"Ooh! I had no idea they got that big. I wonder if there's enough room in

me," she said. It doesn't hurt, does it?"

"No. It's just what happens when a guy gets turned on." 'Enough room in

me?' I said to myself.

"I turned you on? Looking at your erection in your underpants is turning

me on," she said, and then she reached forward, stroking it tentatively

with the flat of her hand. I jerked back a bit at the sudden stimulation.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you. I can see the shape of your thing -

your cock - is it okay to use that word? But I can't see enough. I want

you to take off your underpants."

My hormonal lust was winning over the embarrassment I felt, and her

hormones had clearly bested her sensibilities. I put my thumbs in the

waistband and tugged them down and off, standing back up with my rigid

cock bobbing and swaying slightly.

"Ooooh. It's so big and beautiful," she said, admiring the view. "Keep

still." She stared for a few minutes. "Now stand sideways." I turned

ninety degrees to the right. "Now cup your ass cheeks with your hands." I

reached back and did as she said which caused my hips to naturally thrust

forward.

"It really sticks out far!" At which point she reached up with her left

hand and gripped it with her long, cool fingers. "It's so warm and soft

and hard all at the same time!" she cooed, and started stroking up and

down the shaft.

"Uh, Amy that feels really good. You're going to make me cum if you keep

doing that."

"Really?" she said, enthusiastically. "Does that mean I'm giving you a

hand-job like the cheerleaders talk about when they brag about their jock

boyfriends?"

"Yes!" I managed to croak out as I got closer and closer. "A little

faster."

"Turn toward me so I can use both hands." I turned and she cupped and

massaged my balls in one hand and stroked with the other. I began to grunt

and groan, straining forward and came suddenly in several jet-propelled

spurts that hit her right under the chin.

"Wow! That was impressive! We need to do this more often … so we can

really learn about sex, Okay?" she said. "You head home, but let's do this

again next week. It's a date?" she said, smiling brightly.

"Yes, it's a date – more than a date."

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Chapter 2 – My Exhibitionist

When I got home, I masturbated and came again with visions of Amy's

beautiful pussy visible through thin, tight nylon knickers swirling through

my head. I stroked my penis to orgasm daily, and we arranged to study

together often. Now she knew she had a power over me. She loved exhibiting

herself, getting off, feeling my eyes and fingers on her body.

She wasn't horny like I was - at least not in the same

teen-with-hormones-raging way. She was searching for the appreciation and

lusty admiration that an awkward, average-looking, CBgirl just doesn't

receive. She wanted stares up her skirt, gaping looks at her crotch and

her breasts, just like a curvy cheerleader. She wanted my attention as a

sexual person, and as smart as she was, she figured out how to get it. She

teased, she acted helpless like a vulnerable little girl, and she took off

her clothes with a wanton willingness to display herself.

At school, we talked and decided her knickers weren't sexy enough, so we

went shopping at the mall one evening. We avoided anyone we knew because

we were on a mission to find sexier knickers – thin, tight, and

translucent. We found a pair at JC Penney of all places. They were made

out of a silky nylon, cut high at the hips, curved down in front so they

were lower at the navel than at her hips. They didn't have one of those

cotton crotch liners either. Amy bought three pairs: black, white, and

pink.

For our next homework session, she said she wanted to show me her new

knickers while walking around as well as sitting in front of me. I

masturbated to an imagined Amy in sexy knickers several times in the days

before our 'date'.

"I think taking my clothes off - a striptease? - would be a good thing for

both of us, don't you?" she said brightly, like a teacher in front of

class. Once behind her bedroom door (if her mom only knew!) she arranged

her desk chair about 5 feet from the bed. She had me sit on the floor

again with my back against the bed. She had on a tight sweater and her

school skirt, little white socks and black shoes.

"Please watch carefully and tell me if I'm doing anything wrong," she

said, and started removing clothing one piece at a time. She took off her

sweater revealing a plain white bra. She reached behind her back to undo

the clasp and shook the bra off her shoulders while moving slowly back and

forth in front of me. Amy was a wanton hottie disguised as a future

librarian! An awkward, nerdy girl can be very hot when she thinks and acts

like she's hot.

Though all I had thought about till now was her pussy, I loved her

breasts. They were small, still developing, but her nipples were quite

long and aroused, with dark, conical areolas about the size of half

dollars that were mounded and firm. She pranced around without her shirt

on asking me if I liked her breasts, all the while rubbing and pinching

those long nipples.

"Your breasts are very sexy, Amy."

"Not too small?" she asked, pushing up her glasses.

"The size doesn't matter. I like the way they're shaped and the dark area

around them."

She smiled at my compliment, and said, "Ooh! Well, then I want you to

touch them please," and she leaned down to me, with her chest thrust

forward. I reached up and gingerly took a nipple between each thumb and

forefinger. I squeezed very gently.

"Mmmmhh, that's nice. Pinch them harder. Pull on them too."

I thought I pulled and pinched hard enough to hurt, but she seemed to love

it, 'mmmhhing' and 'aahhhing' as I massaged them.

"Now, here's your special treat," she said backing away. She pulled up the

skirt flashing me with her new knickers. She danced around pulling up the

skirt in front and back, obviously getting a kick out my wide-eyed

admiration. She put her ass in my face and bent over to touch her shoes

giving me a view of her sexy little package from behind and underneath.

She faced me again and put one leg on the chair while she held the front

of the skirt up and began stroking her slit with her middle finger. The

white knickers were so tight and translucent that I could see everything.

My penis began to throb against my shorts.

She finally stopped in front of me while I was still sitting on the floor,

unzipped the skirt from the side and let it fall. Directly in front of me

was a vision, Amy clad only in those revealing knickers, short white socks

and shoes.

She put her hands on her hips and thrust them forward right into my face.

Her stomach was flat like any thin young girls' should be, and the

flatness of her stomach enhanced the vision of her mound and pussy not 12

inches away. The dip in the front of her knickers between her navel and

crotch accentuated her puffy pussy lips. I could clearly see both lips

separated by the little valley between. There was some curly blond pubic

hair crushed against the fabric.

"You like this?" she whispered as she teased her nipples and gently

rotated her hips in front of my face. "Do you want to touch me again and

give me one of those orgasms?"

"Oh yes," I croaked, reaching up to gently stroke her. I leaned forward,

resting my face against her right thigh while reaching up to draw my

finger up and down her slit with my left hand. I could smell her musky

sweetness and was enthralled. I stroked gently from the top of her mound

where the valley began to the soft spot centered between her legs where I

felt her getting moist. I lovingly and patiently stroked her while she

began to breathe more quickly and softly said "mmmmhhh, that feels so

nice."

The cleft actually became deeper and wider as I stroked, her lips

separating inside the knickers. I began to feel the little prominence of

her clitoris. Whenever my finger moved over it she breathed in quickly,

almost gasping. I began to stroke a little harder seeing the pinkness of

her pussy lips showing through the thin fabric and the moistness along the

entire length.

"I can feel your warm breath on my pussy, and each time you rub me here,"

she said, touching her clitoris through the knickers, "I feel like I'm in

heaven. I want to feel your tongue on me. Will you kiss me there?"

"Kiss your pussy?" I asked, and a thrill went through me as I said the

words.

'Yes, kiss me … and lick me - through my knickers."

This was new and exciting - a little disgusting and dirty, but I really

wanted to. I didn't mention something important about myself before, and

that is that I have a big tongue – almost Gene Simmons big, long and wide.

I learned, after being mercilessly teased as a kid, to keep it my mouth

except for the dentist.

She stepped away a few inches and then bent both knees slightly, bringing

her crotch down onto my waiting mouth and tongue. I reached up with my

chin and stuck out my tongue and licked the smooth, damp fabric from her

vagina to her clitoris. I moved my tongue up and down getting the fabric

wet and transparent. I planted several long wet, kisses in the center of

her knickers. I stiffened my tongue and massaged her clitoris through the

fabric until she jerked away moaning. My sexy librarian collapsed on the

bed, with her legs spread wide, cupping her crotch while she had a

convulsive orgasm.

I quickly knelt between her legs, gripped the waistband of her knickers and

pulled them down and off her hips before she finished cumming. I plunged

my tongue into her vagina and started licking. She smelled and tasted so

delicious, I couldn't stop licking, sucking and teasing her. She began

bucking and convulsing again as I made love to her pussy with my mouth. I

really didn't know what I was doing, but apparently cunnilingus came

naturally to me. Or maybe it was just the big tongue. Whatever - it

worked.

"Blaine! My God! What are you doing to me? Your tongue feels so wonderful!

Mmmmh! Ohmigod! Mmmmh! Yes!" she screamed as I inserted my tongue a couple

of inches into her. She bucked and writhed, impaled on it as she continued

cumming. I loved eating her, but now I needed release.

I popped up off the floor, ripped open my belt and zipper, shoved my pants

and underpants down to my ankles and stood directly in front of her,

stoking my rock hard cock with my fist. I stared at her crotch, almost out

of control with lust. She propped herself up, her eyes moving from my cock

to my face as I stared at her gaping pussy. I spit on my hand, stroking

faster until I came in several long spurts that made wet splats on her

chest, navel and pubic hair.

"Wow," she said. "Did I help you come like that? Without even touching

you?"

"You did, Amy, you're so hot! I couldn't control myself."

"Just licking me … and kissing me between my legs…kissing my pussy lips…my

clit?" she said, slowly, raising her hips off the bed and rolling them,

while she wiped the sperm around on her hard nipples with her hand. This

average-looking girl, my nerdy friend from grade school was talking in the

sexiest possible way, using the dawning knowledge that with sex she could

get me to do anything to her, for her, with her.

"Bring me your cock," she said and sat up on the bed with me standing

right in front of her. My erection had wilted but she took my penis in

both hands and began to stroke it gently. I got hard.

"Ooh, it feels so warm and soft and hard all at the same time," she cooed.

"Do you think you can come again? Am I sexy enough to make you come again

for me?" And at that point she parted her lips slightly and slid them over

the head of my penis. I watched her slide her lips up and down the shaft

and it made me harder than I'd ever been. While she slid her mouth up and

down my shaft, I could feel her tongue dancing on the underside, massaging

me toward a second climax.

"I'm going to cum, Amy," and all she did was look up at me with my penis

deep in her mouth and give me a muffled, moaned, "Yes," while she

continued sliding her lips up and down my shaft until I came for the

second time in less than 15 minutes. I shot several loads into her throat

and she swallowed all of it.

"Mmmh, THAT was nice," she said in a girlish, teasing voice. Study session

completed.

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Chapter 3 –Sex and Exhibitionism

We both continued to do well in school in spite of the amount of time we

spent in sex play. I treated her well. I was even romantic, bringing her

flowers, a card or candy. We studied together without sex occasionally.

But each time we got together to play, whether it was in her room, or some

other room in her house if her parents were out, the level of her

wantonness increased.

I was addicted to her exhibitionist nature, her sweet pussy and her

pointy, dark nipples. I admired her willingness to be completely open

about her body even though she wasn't anywhere near looking like a

balloon-tit Playmate.

Several times, she had me lay back on her bed, while I slowly stroked my

exposed, hard cock. She stood over my chest wearing only the tight,

translucent knickers and a dirty, sloe-eyed smile. She would grind her

hips, thrust her mound forward and stroke her slit with a wet finger while

I stroked my erection. The centerline of the knickers would become dark and

transparent with lubrication from her finger and her pussy. Her pussy lips

would become puffy and prominent behind the fabric

"Do you want to see more?" she asked as I stared up into her wet crotch.

"Yes," I whispered, "show me more of yourself, show me your cunt." At

which point she stepped to one side of me, slid the knickers off her hips

and stood back over, grinding and thrusting. She spread her lips,

displaying the pink juicy inner lips of her sex. I once used a flower from

a bouquet I bought to tickle her slit from below. Flattening her fingers

against the pubic hair on her mound, she would pull up and back, opening

and exposing herself even more to me. She would rub her clit and give

herself an orgasm while I watched, stroked and tickled.

I gained some control over my own orgasms when she did this to avoid

messing up my clothes and her bed. When she was done showing off for me,

she knelt beside my hips, gripped my cock in her hand and stroked me

slowly to orgasm. Sometimes she gave me slow blowjobs lying between my

legs. But she instinctively knew that for me, release was just a necessary

end, that the real treat for me was her, her pussy, her nipples, her

ability to arouse and thrill me.

There were a couple times I visited while her mom was there, and she would

flash me when her mom wasn't looking, sometimes wearing the tight,

translucent knickers, sometimes with no knickers at all!

Once, when her mom was out, she laid down on top of their dining room

table wearing only a tight little sweater and the pale pink knickers. She

spread her legs wide and I licked, stroked, and ate her for what seemed

like an hour through the knickers. I pulled them down and off her legs and

told her to her kneel on the table so her ass and pussy were up in the air

about head high. She put her thumb in her mouth, crouched on the table top

while I sat in a dining room chair and licked her, kissing, licking and

even biting. I stuck my tongue deep in her cleft and sucked on her pussy

lips and clitoris. I rotated my tongue into her vagina until she arched

her back and came like never before.

The next afternoon she wiped a thin layer of baby oil all over her chest,

nipples, and belly. She rubbed more and more into her knickers and her

crotch until the knickers were completely see-through. She paraded around

the room, bending over, spreading her legs, and asking me, "Do you like

this? How about this?" She pulled the wet fabric way up on her hips, tight

against her pussy. "Do you like, hmmm?" Then she grabbed the fabric from

the front, scrunching it together until it was just a thin little string

from the waist to her ass so it found its way between her pussy lips,

pushing them to either side while I stared at the juicy sight. Then she

stripped off the knickers.

She repeated the spectacle of displaying herself standing over me,

rotating her hips and thrusting her beautiful pussy out, except that she

then knelt over my chest, grinding her pussy against my face and chin. I

reached up and pinched each slippery nipple between thumb and forefinger.

I rubbed them and stroked them while she writhed above me, her pussy lips

repeatedly brushing my chin, lips, and nose. She came, grunting and

moaning, while I gripped her nipples, pulling on them as hard as I dared

without hurting her.

She then reversed her position, putting her knees on either side of my

head. She lowered herself toward my cock, while she wiggled her baby-oil

soaked pussy above my face. I inserted my finger into her pussy enjoying

the close-up view of her pink lips, while she licked my cock from the base

to the tip and back again. She pursed her lips and literally sucked all of

me into her mouth. I couldn't believe how good her tongue and lips felt

gripping my erection. She bobbed her head up and down using her mouth like

a vagina until I came in waves. I stroked in and out of her vagina until

she came. She swallowed it all, letting only a little dribble out of the

corners of her mouth, while I slowly slid my finger around in her until I

drew it out all shiny and wet.

I breathlessly thanked her and told her I wanted to give her another

orgasm with my mouth and tongue, but I wanted to taste her, not a coating

of baby oil.

"I'll take a quick shower, and come right back to you. Give your tongue a

rest." Then with a little of my cum still on her lips, she moved over to

face me and had me watch her while she licked me clean. I was erect again

within minutes, and she said, "Eager, aren't we? I'll be right back." I

could hardly wait.

I couldn't believe how beautiful and sexy she looked when she strutted

into her bedroom. My nerdy girlfriend was in the shower longer than it

should have taken because she'd shaved off all her pubic hair. Thin, and

without pubic hair she looked like she was a tall, sexy 10-year old, and

she knew it. I had to taste her, but first, I gathered her into my arms,

kissed her hard, and asked her to please just show off for me while I lay

back on the bed stroking my erection. She put on a pair of heels and

strutted around the bed.

"I forgot my knickers, so my mommy might spank me. Mister, do you like my

pussy?" she said to me, in a little girl's voice. "I think my nipples

stick out too much. Do you?" She backed up to the head of the bed, placed

her feet about 18 inches apart and bent over to touch her toes. I could

see her dark asshole, and beneath, her shaved, pink lips, getting puffy

and wet.

"Will you hold me and protect me mister, so I won't get a spanking?" She

babbled on while walking around the bed, then stood next to it, lifting

her right foot onto it adjacent to my ear, teasing her pussy with her

fingers, while she talked like a little girl. I looked right up into her

cleft just inches from my face. Her smooth pussy lips were wet and shiny

with her lubricating juices and separating further as her excitement

built. I could see her clitoris extending outward from its hood.

Then I did what I'd learned to do well. I got up and laid her onto her bed

placing a pillow under her head and under her butt. Then I lay down

between her legs and started kissing the inside of her ankles, knees,

thighs, getting closer and closer to her shaved pussy. I licked my way up

the inside of her thigh till I reached her smooth lips. I looked into her

eyes from my vantage point, extended my tongue, and slid it between her

lips, right into the entrance to her vagina. I slowly licked my way up her

cleft to her clitoris, teased it a little and then licked my way back

down.

"I'm making love to your pussy with my mouth and tongue. Do you like it?

Should I keep doing it?" She mouthed a wide-eyed 'Yes', nodding

vigorously. I opened wide and planted my lips over her entire mound,

stiffened my tongue, and teased her clitoris for a long while, looking

into her eyes the whole time. I sucked her gently till she gasped with

pleasure. I stopped before she came and of course, she whispered, "Please

don't stop; it feels so good and so dirty with you looking at me like

that." I continued my wet ministrations to her smooth, juicy cunt.

I angled my head and sucked the plump outer lips into my mouth

one-at-a-time and made wet, slurpy sounds. I used my fingers to separate

her lips and licked the wide open inner lips. I stuck my tongue out while

looking into her eyes and slowly drove it in and out of her, fucking her

with my stiffened tongue until she came in several waves, moaning and

gasping.

Finally, I climbed up on top of her and slowly slid my cock into her

slippery vagina. She was incredibly warm and wet, gripping my cock with

her inner muscles. She extended her legs up and crossed her ankles around

my back, pulling me into her. I began to thrust in and out faster and

faster until we were both moaning and grunting.

"Unhh, Unhh, Unhh, oh Blaine, I'm cumming!" she screamed as I pumped

furiously.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Amy I'm cumming inside you!" At which point I unloaded a

blast that shook me so hard I rammed forward into her with enough force

she yelled.

"OW! BLAINE! THAT's SO GOOD, Blaine!!! And we collapsed into each other,

exhausted.

"Let's do this again so we get it right, Okay?" she said with a silly

grin. Another successful CB homework session!

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Chapter 4 – Mrs. Jorgenson

Gail Jorgenson, Amy's mom was very busy - a single professional mom for

the last 8 years, but apparently made good money, judging by their

beautiful house. Now, Gail Jorgenson was a fit Norwegian, with dark blond

hair and, like Amy, not beautiful, but attractive enough with curvy hips

and good legs. I guess that's where Amy gets her shapely bottom half.

One Friday, she came home from work early for a change and sent Amy out to

run errands that had piled up. Amy set me up at the dining room table to

work on the school assignment for both of us while her mom puttered around

upstairs. I sat there reading the boring English material, daydreaming and

fantasizing about what Amy and I had recently done on that very table and

what might come next. In my reverie, I imagined being virile,

irresistible, demanding that Amy, "...suck it deep. Yeah. You like sucking

that big cock, don't you?"

Incredibly, I'd said it out loud, because Mrs. Jorgenson, standing in the

doorway, softly questioned, "Did I hear you say, 'suck that big cock,'

Blaine?" I sheepishly looked up at her from my book. I was not greeted

with the furious look I expected, instead, she said, "Blaine, I need to

talk to you." There was a long pause while she stared at me.

"I know what you force my daughter to do in her room. I saw you two a few

days ago, naked and pleasuring each other."

I force Amy? No way! She loved getting naked and showing off. "Oh god,

Mrs. Jorgenson, I'm sorry you saw that, but Amy start ...uh, we, we really

love each other," I lamely offered as justification.

"Don't talk to me about love, that's lust, pure and simple."

"Mrs. Jorgenson, I didn't force Amy to..."

"Don't tell me stories! My daughter wouldn't prance around her room in

front of you wearing only her knickers. And not knickers I bought her -

those 'sex knickers' she wears for you!" And suddenly, she stepped forward

and kissed me hard on the lips. It shocked me and I brought my arms up to

push her away, but she wrapped her arms around me.

She broke off the kiss and said huskily, "Force me. Force me to do things

like you make Amy do. It'll be our secret."

I was in shock. Maybe in her motherly fantasy world, she really believed I

was forcing her daughter to endure oral sex, to prance around in her

knickers. My face was red, and my hands were shaking so I took three deep

breaths to calm myself. She must have thought I was puffing myself up to

be angry or defiant and stepped back a half-step.

"No need to get physical with me," she said meekly, "just tells me what

you want me to do." She sat down, looking at the floor. "My ex-husband was

gentle and kind and always treated me politely - like a lady, which was

fine in company but not what I wanted in the bedroom. I wanted him to be

forceful with me. I told him to talk dirty to me and make demands of me

but he never could. That caused us to drift apart till we agreed to

divorce amicably. I've been hungry for a demanding, potent lover since I

was young, and here you are," she said softly, looking shyly up at me.

A bomb went off in my head. She wantedto be told what to do; to be forced

to do something dirty. Apparently, a forceful male was her fantasy and she

wanted me to be the one to realize it for her. I quickly came to my

senses, realizing I needed to take over. I took another deep breath and

ordered her upstairs.

"Do you want me to wash myself?" she asked and moved forward kissing me

lightly on the lips.

"Yes. Strip and then get into the bathroom, Gail, " I said in as

authoritative a voice as I could muster, even though it felt funny using

her first name like that.

I followed her upstairs into her bedroom. She had a plain face with

sensuous lips, wide, curvy hips and small breasts. I wondered what her

body would look like without her office professional clothes. I watched

while she took off her shoes and blouse. She wiggled those wide hips

seductively as she let her skirt drop to the floor.

"Take off your bra," I demanded, "and remove the panty hose also." Then I

noticed she was wearing the pink pair of the knickers that Amy and I had

bought months ago for our sex play. Holy shit, Mrs. Jorgenson had planned

this! I was helping her act out her fantasy!

She had one of those bras that have a front clasp which she undid and then

slowly opened so I could see her breasts. They were small but they had

much larger, dark pink areolas than a breast that size should have. I

thought they looked very sexy, but the knickers were really the attraction

for me.

She had the most prominent mound and pussy lips I'd seen, including Amy's

and all the graphic photos in Playboy and Penthouse. Her mound pushed out

the front of the semi-transparent knickers, and her pussy lips were clearly

defined and visible in the knickers, which were pulled very tight to

contain those wide, womanly hips.

"Now into the shower?" she asked, with her hands on her hips as she swayed

back and forth.

"Yes," I said gruffly, and put my own hands on her hips, steering her from

behind into the bathroom. I sat down on the toilet and had her stand in

front of me. "Peel off the knickers," I ordered, with my sense of control

gaining a little steam.

She put her hands flat against her stomach and worked them under the waist

band, then pushed the knickers down off her hips and legs till she stepped

out of them. I stared at her bald pussy. She shaved – everything – there

was not a shred of pubic hair!

"You shaved your pussy. Why Mrs. Jorgenson?"

"I noticed several weeks ago when Amy stepped out of the shower that she'd

shaved her pubis. I assumed that you demanded that she do it, so … I guess

I did it to feel young and sexy again. It's been so long since I've been

fu… had sex. I just went ahead and did it."

"Your pussy is very attractive this way. I think it worked," I said and I

ran a finger carefully down her tummy to her plump lips and slid it along

the slit. She breathed in sharply but I waved her into the tub. I watched

her shadowy form behind the curtain, bending, washing, rinsing. I left the

bath as she turned off the water and told her to meet me in her bedroom.

I removed all my clothes and sat on the very edge of the bed, leaning

back, waiting for her with my erection prominent between my outstretched

legs. When she walked in, her eyes widened and she gasped as she stared at

my erect cock. I don't think she dated much after the divorce so many

years earlier.

"Put some lipstick on." She looked a little startled at my demand, but

leaned over her dressing table and applied a bright red, shimmering

lipstick.

"Take this pillow and kneel here. Make love to my penis with your mouth,"

I demanded, pointing at the floor. Her look was clearly grateful as she

knelt down between my legs and reached for my vertical cock. "No!" I said.

"Put your hands down by your sides. Start by using only your tongue and I

want you to look up at me while you perform."

She put her hands down, resting them on the tops of her thighs, and leaned

her head forward until she tentatively kissed the tip of my penis. A

little bit of lipstick was left on the head as her red, pursed lips drew

away. Her face looked angelic as she stuck her tongue out and licked the

lubricant from the tip, then kissed it again while her upturned eyes

looked into my face. Her wistful, hungry look told me this was what she

wanted.

"Lick it starting at my balls and work your way slowly all the way to the

tip," I ordered and she obliged, licking my cock slowly up and down like a

warm Popsicle. It was really exquisite watching a woman twice my age lick

my stiff dick so lovingly.

"Is this what you want, Gail?" "Are you a slut, licking my cock like a

hungry little girl?"

"Yes, Blaine," She said quietly, breathlessly, "This is what I need.

Please force me to do dirty things."

"Ask permission to suck me."

"Can I please suck your beautiful cock, Blaine? It's so big and strong, I

can't help myself."

"Yes, suck it slowly so I can see your pretty red lips - make it wet and

shiny and hard," I demanded. She began to breathe harder and moaned

slightly as she sucked my dick slowly through her pursed lips. As she made

her way down, she angled her head slowly left, then right, sucking all the

way, looking into my eyes.

She made several long trips up and down the shaft this way until I was

close to coming. I loved watching her lips stretch around my erection. It

was now glistening with a coat with her saliva and my pre-cum. I became

filled with adrenaline driven lust and a feeling of sexual power over her

that made me talk to her not like the suburban PTA mom she was, but a

kinky, sex-crazed bitch in heat.

"I'm going to cum on your face, Gail. Use your slutty mouth and lips to

love my cock till I tell you to stop, then I'm going to pull out and cum

all over you, okay?" I knew that if I came outside her mouth, I could get

hard again quickly, allowing me to get her to do still more for me.

"Mmmmh," she moaned as her head began to bob up and down more rapidly on

my very swollen member. She used her pursed lips to great effect to suck

and stroke me without ever using her hands.

"I'M CUMMING! Oh, Mrs. Jorgenson, you SLUT, you DIRTY SLUT!" I quickly sat

up, withdrew my throbbing dick from her mouth, grabbed it and aimed at her

face. I came in great globs all over her mouth, chin and chest.

"Rub it all over your tits," I told her, "Show me how much you love it."

She looked up at me with a surprised, questioning look and I hissed at

her, "Do it!" She used both hands to start rubbing my sperm all over her

chest as it dripped off her chin.

"Am I doing it right, Blaine?" She asked, looking up at me with a

coquettish smile. "You know I can't resist you. Your cock is so big and

hard, and you're so commanding and strong," she said, fulfilling her part

of the fantasy bargain - convincing herself that her daughter's

high-school boyfriend was forcing her.

"Yes, Mrs. Jorgenson, you're a very good cock-sucker; a first-rate slut,"

and she smiled at my filthy compliments as she continued to rub her tits

and pinch her nipples.

"Now you're going to have to make me hard again. Kneel between my legs and

use your sexy mouth some more. Come over here on the bed," I told her,

propping up a pillow on the headboard, then sprawling out, legs spread,

with my hands behind my head.

She gave me a small smile and dutifully crawled up to me kneeling between

my legs. My cock was still soft after the massive blast I'd sent onto her

face. I watched her kiss and lick my limp dick and then slurp it

completely into her mouth.

"Just hold it in place with your lips and massage it with your tongue. I

want you to feel my cock grow big and hard while it's in your mouth."

I felt it begin to stir. I felt her warm, wet tongue massaging the

underside of my penis while I watched her red lips get wet around the base

of the shaft. My cock got bigger and bigger, stretching her lips and

gradually extending deeper into her mouth. She felt this happening and

began to moan and squirm excitedly. She was getting very turned on as she

felt my hardening cock expand into the recesses of her mouth!

"I'm going to fuck your mouth, Mrs. Jorgenson. You're a terrific

cock-sucking slut with a talented mouth that I just have to fuck!" And

with those dirty words she moaned loudly - my throat-filling erection

muffling the sound of her voice as had a massive, bucking orgasm. She

reared up like she was coming up for air from the deep end of a pool, my

cock popping out of her mouth as she pushed her palms into her shaved

crotch and came and came and came.

"Oh God! That's so dirty and so GOOD!" she yelled, "Fuck my mouth Blaine!

Please fuck it now," she pleaded as I lay there, my hard cock glistening

wet and throbbing.

"Kneel back down here and suck just the head into your mouth." She wrapped

her lips around my shaft about 2 inches from the head. I grabbed a handful

of hair with both hands just above her ears and held her head steady while

I slowly raised and lowered my hips off the bed, sending my cock deep into

her throat and back out again.

"That's right; use your lips and tongue to make your mouth into a pussy."

I began to increase the speed and intensity of my upward thrusts - up,

down, up, down.

"Mmmfff! Mmmfff!" she moaned as I held her head and stroked - up, down,

up, down.

"Do you like it when I fuck your mouth? Are you a slutty blow job artist?"

I felt her shake her head 'Yes' between my hands. I angled my hips,

sliding my cock up, down, up, down, in and out of her mouth alternating

the angle from left, right, left, right. I just wanted to keep thrusting

and cum again, but I also loved the feeling of power I had over her and

wanted that feeling to continue. Finally, I conjured up the will power to

stop.

"Come up here and kiss me and tell me what you like," I said gripping the

sides of her head and speaking like I was talking to a little girl. She

crawled up to my face and kissed me gently, rubbing her cunt lips against

the underside of my throbbing erection as she lowered her face to mine.

"I love it when you talk dirty to me. I love the feeling of your hard,

young cock thrusting in and out of my mouth. Make me suck it some more.

Make me feel like a cock-crazed teenager again," she said and she kissed

me hard, rolling her tongue around in my mouth. I kissed her back just as

hard, sending my tongue out to meet hers.

I broke away and told her, "I'm going to pull you down to my cock with

your nipples. I'm going to make you take me deep in your throat and suck

me till I cum in your mouth." I reached up to her chest with both hands

and firmly gripped her long, stiff nipples, hard, but not enough to hurt,

and began to pull on them, drawing her back down to my erection.

"Yes, oh yes, that's so good," she whispered, as I rolled her nipples

between my thumb and forefinger, still pulling down till she reached the

head of my dick. "Make me suck your cock, make me your slut."

"Mmmmhh, Mmmmhh," came out of her throat as she took my cock in. I began

to pull harder, then ease up, alternating hard pulls on her nipples and

relaxing, forcing her to take me deep into her mouth, then pushing up a

bit forcing her to keep stroking me. I began to twist her nipples a little

with each pull, and then she really started making obvious pleasure

noises. Her sucking and moaning was pushing me closer and closer to

another orgasm.

"I love your sexy nipples. I love to twist and pull them while you suck. I

think you're going to make me cum with your dirty, sexy mouth, Gail!" I

groaned as I began to shoot another huge load, this time down her throat.

"Mmmm, Mmmmm, Mmmmm, Mmmmm," she moaned as she swallowed each powerful

spurt and had her own second orgasm. She dropped down onto her back, next

to me, breathing hard, like she just finished swimming a lap. "Now what?"

I was tired, but this whole fantasy of hers - me, a forceful, demanding

male, making her do dirty, slutty things against her will - was

intoxicating, addictive. I'd been drawn into it and wanted to continue

until I couldn't go on - or she couldn't! I really wanted to make love to

her. I wanted to fuck that shaved pussy of hers, but there was no way I

was going to be hard again soon. But I had a pretty good idea that I

thought Mrs. Jorgenson might go along with.

I couldn't believe I said it, but I blurted out, "If you can get me hard

again, I'll fuck you like you've never been fucked, Mrs. Jorgenson."

She got off the bed and stood next to it, hands on hips, with her feet a

little further apart than necessary. She was giving me a good view of that

pronounced pussy mound, shaved and still glistening from her orgasms.

"You're so demanding, Blaine, even on yourself! You came twice already?

How can you possibly get hard enough to fuck me?" she asked, shifting her

weight from one foot to the other, sending a seductive hip slowly right,

then left, in front of me.

"Amy likes to show off for me, tease me, perform a little. That'll get me

hard again; it always works."

"Oh, I couldn't," she resisted, still swaying back and forth.

"Of course you can. You've got a good body, sexy tits, and a beautiful

pussy. Show it off! Entertain me! Put on makeup, like you're going on a

date which ends with a good fuck. Use your imagination. Dress up in sexy

clothes, and you'll feel like the sexy woman you really are. I want you to

be my porno-fantasy, Mrs. Jorgenson! I'm going to sit downstairs in the

family room and wait for you."

She got that same kind of sloe-eyed smile on her face that I find so

attractive in Amy and offered "Yes sir!" before walking into the bathroom,

a pronounced hip sway with each step.

I went downstairs, turned on every light, and waited on the sofa. I heard

her rinse off in the shower, then the blow dryer, then silence for a

while.

She entered looking like a walking wet dream. She had on heavy eyeliner

and more bright red lipstick. She had applied some makeup, accenting her

cheekbones and her clear skin. She'd combed her hair into a pony tail with

a blue ribbon. She was wearing one of Amy's skirts - a thin, summery thing

that was very short on her. She had a sheer blouse on with no bra. It was

unbuttoned and tied at the bottom above her waist so I could see her

midriff, but I could see right through the material to her dark, pointy

nipples. She was wearing a choker around her neck. Her legs were encased

in sheer white thigh-highs with and her feet in black heels.

She stood in front of me, hands on her hips, swaying from side to side,

and asked, "Do I look foolish?" She pulled up the skirt in front and

showed me her knickers; sheer, high cut and tight. "How about these? Are

they part of your 'porno-fantasy?"

"Come here," and I sat up reaching around behind her to put my hands

firmly on her ass under the skirt and pulled her crotch into my face. I

rubbed my face and chin against her mound through the thin skirt and

knickers.

"I guess the clothes are a success!" she said pushing her crotch against

my face. She stepped away, removed the skirt and strutted around like Amy.

She sat down in a chair, slouching down with her hips far forward and her

legs spread and started stroking her pussy through her knickers. She ran

her finger delicately along her slit while she watched me react. It was a

profound turn-on to see my girlfriend's mother acting like such a slut. My

cock began to respond.

"You have a nice, big cock, Blaine, and I want it in here," she said while

making little circles with her finger against her wet, ripe cunt. Like

mother like daughter. "Will you do me from behind? My 'ex' knew only the

missionary position - nothing else. I want something more! I'll suck you

to make you hard enough," she purred.

"I want to eat your beautiful pussy first," I said, with a smutty grin.

"Take off the knickers and lay here on the couch with your legs spread," I

ordered. She wriggled out of the tight knickers, her hands shaking as she

stripped them off. Her shaved pussy was pink and wet, her clitoris

distended. I laid down between her legs and put my hands under her ass

cheeks, sending my warm breath onto her pussy. Her eyes were open wide and

dancing and she was breathing in short, nervous gasps. I was curious.

"When was the last time someone ate you out, Mrs. Jorgenson?" There was a

long pause.

"Never," she whispered. "I told you about my prudish ex-husband. Before

him, my only experience was clumsy intercourse in the back of a car. I've

always wondered what getting eaten would feel like."

I looked into her eyes and slowly brought my mouth down on her puffy pink

lips and planted a noisy kiss, just for fun. Her excitement was apparent

as she took in a sudden deep breath. With my lips still clamped to hers, I

extended my tongue into her vagina, a lick, a prod, then deeper, tasting

her musky secretions.

I pinched her clitoral hood between my pursed lips and sucked gently. I

knew she was already cumming, but I continued to stimulate her with long

slurpy licks between her inner and outer lips, around her love hole. I

extended my tongue as far as I could into her, lifting her ass off the

sofa and pulling her pussy against my face. Then I rapidly flicked my

tongue inside her, finishing her off with a gushing orgasm.

"Oh Blaine. Mmmmh! Mmmm, Mmmm, Mmmm!" she moaned as she came in ripples of

ecstasy.

I was stiff as a closet rod by now and I wanted to give her that fucking

I'd promised.

"Bend over the back of the sofa and spread your legs." Her surprised look

was followed by a breathy smile that said this was exactly what she

needed. She put her arms on the back of the sofa and bent over at the

waist, presenting her delicious-looking ass and pussy for me.

I stood up and put my cock at the entrance to her vagina. I pushed very

gradually into her slippery canal then stopped with my cock buried to the

root in her pussy.

"How hard do you want it?" I moved in and out once. "That hard?"

"Oh!" she said, and then, "Harder."

I thrust twice again, forcefully and deeply. "Like that? Do you want it

hard and fast?"

"Oh! Oh! Yes, hard and fast!"

I began to piston into her vigorously. I bent over to reach for her

breasts. As I pumped in and out I pinched and twisted her long nipples.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she yelped as I continued my machine-like thrusts. "That's

what I want! Fuck me HARD! FUCK ME HARD!" I let go of her nipples, gripped

her hips from the sides, and repeatedly pulled her into me and then pushed

away with each stroke. Her ass and my hips made loud sounds as we

collided: Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

"Don't – Stop – Don't – Stop – Don't - Stop," she said matching the rhythm

of our collisions.

"OH! I'm cumming! CUMMING! OH GOD!" she yelled, and I felt her vagina grip

me as she came again. I continued to pound her pussy from behind while

wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure ripped through her. After two

orgasms, I could now hold back my own.

"Stop! - Blaine! - Stop! - Blaine! - Oh! - Oh! - Oh!" she blurted in

staccato bursts as I pummeled her pussy.

"Hard enough now?" I asked rhetorically as I felt my orgasm rising,

pumping furiously.

"Yes! – Yes! – Hard – Enough – Stop! – Stop! – OH!" And with a final deep

thrust I stood up on my toes and started pumping into her. Cum began to

trickle down the inside of her thigh.

"Jeez," she breathed as I slid out of her, dripping. Her head collapsed

onto her crossed arms resting on the back of the sofa. "They say be

careful what you wish for – it might just come true. Mine came true with a

vengeance!" she said, then stood up and kissed me hard. "What are you

doing tomorrow afternoon?" Oh boy.

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Chapter 5 - Lucy

"Do you suppose Lucille has ever had sex?" Amy asked one day about another

nerd in our loose-knit group. "She's one of my only friends, but she never

talks about dating, or her friend, Chuck."

"Dating? Two or three dates is not dating, not love, and not sex. I don't

think they're any different than we were up until a few months ago - Pizza

and a movie, then home. Chuck and Lucy are both cherry."

"You're right. So I want you to help me introduce Lucy to sex. I want you

to fuck her."

"Amy??!!! I can't do that! Think of what we have together - we shouldn't

mess with that. Besides, you're more than enough for me already."

"I know. That's why I'm willing to share you so Lucy can learn. Then she

can teach Chuck," she said confidently.

"What if she doesn't want to? I mean, she's another wallflower like the

rest of us."

"Oh, she wants to all right, she just doesn't come out and say it."

"So you've talked to her about dates and stuff, haven't you? Have you told

her about us?"

"Okay, we have talked, but she's knows nothing about what we do together.

She's coming over to study with us tomorrow afternoon. My mom is going to

church right after work, so we'll have plenty of time."

Amy had made her decision and set it up, so I decided not to argue. The

next afternoon the three of us studied for an hour when Amy got into it.

"Lucille, have you had sex with Chuck?"

"Amy!! NO! How could I? I'm not that kind of girl," Lucy protested.

"You've gotten into heavy petting and kissing with him, though, haven't

you?" she asked, but she knew the answer.

"Well, no! Amy, why the questions about my non-existent sex life. I don't

think we ought to talk about these things in mixed company. I mean Blaine

is here."

"Lucy, Blaine and I fuck all the time - almost every time we're together.

Think about it. We may not be beautiful. We're definitely not cheerleaders

and Blaine's not captain of the football team. But just because we're part

of the clutzy, studious crowd doesn't mean we can't enjoy sex. So Blaine

and I are going to show you and then you can instruct Chuck. Blaine, take

off your clothes so we can start."

"AMY!! Your language! And Blaine, you're not really going to ... Oh my

god," she babbled, but she made no move to leave. Meanwhile, I quietly

stripped and stood there, a pawn in Amy's grand plan. I was too chagrined

to feel any excitement over the prospect of being naked in front of these

two. Not yet.

"Sit next to me on the bed, Lucy. Blaine, stand in front of us. See how

his penis looks? Watch what happens when I massage it. Amy took my limp

dick in both of her warm hands, and I couldn't stop my cock from growing,

despite the weird situation. "See how it starts to get bigger?"

Lucy stared, infatuated. "You stroke him now, Lucy, see how it feels." Amy

guided Lucille's hand to my hardening cock. She was tentative but started

moving her hand up and down the shaft, instinctively.

"Oh my," she said, staring and stroking while I grew even further in her

loose grip.

"You can keep him excited and hard different ways," Amy said

matter-of-factly to Lucy. "Sometimes I suck it, sometimes I put baby oil

on my hands and give him a thorough stroking - a hand-job - but the most

fun is to tease him by showing off my body in sexy clothes – usually just

knickers. When I dress sexy, I don't even touch him and he stays hard as a

rock. I'm sure you can keep him hard the same way."

"Oh, Amy, this is all so crazy," Lucy weakly argued, but she stayed right

there, still gently stroking me.

"Ok, let go of his cock," Amy ordered, "And Blaine, switch places with us

and lean back so we can see your erection sticking out." I sat on the bed

and leaned back on my elbows with my dick prominent between my splayed

legs. I heard Lucy sigh a little as she continued staring at my cock.

"Lucy, just do what I do, and Blaine, you watch Lucy take off her clothes

- don't watch me." Amy began to slowly remove her shoes, blouse, then her

skirt while Lucy just stood there. "Come on, Lucy, this works, trust me.

Start by taking off your blouse, and kick your shoes off."

Lucy complied reluctantly, slowly unbuttoning and then removing her

blouse. She was wearing a slip in addition to her bra.

"Ok, now the skirt, and then the slip," Amy instructed. Lucy removed her

skirt, pausing with a pleading look before pushing the slip down off her

shoulders and stepping out of it.

Lucy was kewpie doll cute - short, with short dark hair and a fleshy

rounded body - bordering on plump, but not quite, and glasses of course.

If Amy looked like a future librarian, Lucy was destined to become first

assistant librarian. Standing in bra in knickers she looked very white and

soft. Her pixie red lips were drawn tight. It was apparent that her

breasts were large, soft, womanly, in spite of her small stature.

"Good, Lucy. Now the bra - just do what I do." It was clear that Lucy was

in a fog, just following along with Amy's cajoling. The bra came off and

Lucy stood there in her little girl knickers with the pastel flowers on

them. Her breasts jutted out from her chest with no sag at all and the

little pink nipples were rigid, sticking out from her smooth areola -

almost cute compared to Amy's. She had a flat stomach, despite her

baby-fat appearance. "Now, gyrate your hips, thrusting your crotch forward

like this, and stroking yourself in front of him."

It was a turn-on to watch the two of them, so different in physical

appearance gyrate and thrust. Amy looked much more wanton than Lucy, the

two prancing around in knickers, which made Lucy's attempts both endearing

and exciting. Lucy started to enjoy strutting, wiggling, massaging herself

and was actually smiling as she said to Amy, pointing, "Look, his penis is

still big and hard!"

"I told you to trust me!" Amy then knelt down beside my right leg and

waved Lucy over to my left. "Now, if you want to really get him hard, you

suck it. Like this," and Amy gripped the base of my cock and moved her

head down onto it. "Mmmh, Mmmmh, Mmmmh," she said with each slithery

movement up and down. Amy stopped sucking and said to Lucy, "Okay, now you

try."

Amy pushed my throbbing cock towards Lucy's face on the other side of my

hips. Lucy very carefully put her mouth around the head of my cock.

"That's good Lucy. Slide down the shaft with your lips until you feel the

head at the back of your throat, and be careful of the gag reflex. Good,

now again." And Lucy began to give me a beginner's blow job.

Her soft breasts with the little pointy nipples were pressing into my

thigh while her pretty lips slid up and down my cock. Her lips and tongue

were softer than Amy's as well and I began to wonder what it would be like

to fuck her. I was getting too close to orgasm watching these two lovelies

take turns sucking me, so I pulled back from the edge of the bed and

looked down at Amy, then at Lucy, "I'm in love with both of you foxy

babes."

I leaned forward and kissed Amy passionately, then gripped the back of

Lucy's head and kissed her deeply as well. She melted into my mouth like

cotton candy. I stood up and drew Lucy to her feet. I had to stretch my

neck down to kiss her, pressing my throbbing erection into her tummy while

I rolled my tongue around in her mouth. She tasted sweet, smelled sweet,

and was soft and warm everywhere we made contact.

Lucy was very turned on by all this, her chest almost heaving with each

breath. I stepped back and slid her knickers off her hips and down her legs

for her. I sat back down on the bed with Lucy now standing between my

legs. I reached behind her, gripping her butt cheeks and moved my face

toward her breasts.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," was all Lucy could croak out as she began to

lean away. Then she gave up, wrapping her arms around the back of my head

as I opened my mouth as wide as I could and planted it on her left breast.

I sucked as much of it as I could into my mouth feeling its plush

softness. I moved my tongue around licking, sucking, finding her rigid

little nipple and closing my teeth gently on it. I moved to her right

breast - equally soft and sweet with a perky nipple that my tongue found

so intriguing.

"Oh that's so good, so good. I had no idea!" Lucy said, in her kewpie doll

voice, as I bit her right nipple. Then Amy took over again. She took Lucy

by the shoulders and guided her over to the bed, laying her on her back

with her ass on the edge. Amy climbed onto the bed near her head and she

told me to stand right at the edge of the bed between Lucy's legs.

"Lie back and put your legs straight up in the air." Lucy did as she was

told. "Now spread your legs wide and show Blaine your pussy." Again, she

complied without protest. "Boys can't resist a pussy spread wide and

waiting, Lucy. Look at Blaine standing here still hard and throbbing for

you," Amy said, as she gripped my cock and waved it around, demonstrating

its erectness for Lucy.

Amy told me to knell and perform cunnilingus. Lucy gave Amy a panicky look

as I reached down with both hands and grasped her ankles, raising her legs

up off the floor, her feet toward the ceiling, spreading her legs. "You

have such a beautiful pussy; so plump and pink," I said, and I began to

kiss my way up her leg - first kissing the inside of her ankles, then

knees, then thighs.

"Don't worry, Lucy, you'll love this." Amy knelt on the bed at Lucy's head

opposite me. She leaned down and started kissing Lucy gently on her face

and mouth. Lucy got a very dreamy, teary look in her eyes, just as I

reached her pussy. I kissed it softly, pressing my lips into her lips as

if I was kissing her face. Her pussy was soft like the rest of her and

very wet.

With my lips still pressed to her labia, I slowly extended my tongue into

her vagina. She began to moan, softly at first, then harder and louder as

I began to move my tongue in and out. Then I started licking her wet slit

from bottom to top. Her clitoris extended out like her nipples - a rigid

little button that I teased with the tip of my tongue. When I sucked it

gently with my lips she began to buck and moan loudly as she came, with

Amy still caressing and kissing her cheeks, lips and nipples.

I held onto her ankles, keeping her legs up in the air, spread wide, with

my face planted firmly on her plump, pink pussy. I starting sliding my

hands down from her ankles along the insides of her legs, pushing out

slightly to keep them spread. When I got to the insides of her thighs near

her crotch, I started stroking her pussy lips with my fingers and thumbs.

"Does that feel nice, Lucy? Does Blaine make your pussy feel good?" Amy

asked in a soft, teasing voice. She was leaning over Lucy's head, sucking

and licking her nipples.

"My pussy, my body, everything feels SO GOOD! Oh my god, Amy, I've died

and gone to heaven," she gushed.

"Now I'm going to make your pussy feel REALLY good, Lucy," I said as I

reached around her thigh with my left arm until my hand reached her mound.

I spread her puffy lips apart with my left thumb and forefinger, pulling

up a little as I admired the inner folds of her gaping vagina.

"It's so wet and pretty, I have to love it some more," I whispered,

holding her open as I teased her inner lips with my right index finger. I

slowly pushed my finger into her while I brought my mouth back down to her

clit. I sucked, stroking it with my tongue while I slid my finger around

inside her. I rotated my hand feeling the inner walls of her sex. I slid

another finger in her alongside the first. My wet ministrations to her

pussy had made her entire crotch shiny and slick as she writhed against my

face and fingers.

"Blaine, Uh. Blaine, Uh! I'm having an orgasm! I'm cumming! I want you

inside me!" she moaned, writhing violently as I withdrew my face,

continuing to twist my finger inside her.

"Did you really have an orgasm?" asked Amy.

"I think I've been cumming for the last 15 minutes! It started and hasn't

stopped." I withdrew my wet fingers from her and showed Amy the proof.

"Wow! Continuous orgasm! I'm going to have to find out more about that.

Okay, move up here on the bed," coaxed Amy, guiding Lucy to the head of

the bed. Lucy, looking a little drained and tired, crabbed her way to the

head of the bed and sat up. Amy brought over several big cushions and

placed them on the bed. She put a pillow on one end of the cushions and

directed Lucy to lay down on top of them, which raised her about a foot

off the bed's surface. She then directed me to stand on my knees between

Lucy's legs.

"Lucy, sit up a little, so you can see Blaine's cock better," prompted

Amy, fluffing a pillow and stuffing it behind Lucy's head. "This is a

learning experience as well as a sexual experience, so you have to watch."

The cushions placed her pussy right in front of my rigid cock. She looked

down toward her crotch, then up at me with a cautious smile.

I again gripped Lucy's ankles, lifting her legs up my sides and over my

head toward the ceiling, bringing her feet together in front of my face. I

walked forward on my knees till I bumped against the cushions, and as I

did so my cock slid up between her legs along her slick pussy lips. I

slowly separated her legs while I moved forward and back, stroking her

lips with the underside of my cock. She looked very vulnerable and

fuckable with me holding her legs apart by her ankles, my cock resting

against her sex.

I spread her legs wide to each side and Amy reached between them, gripped

my cock and said, looking right at Lucy, "This - bad - pussy - is - going

- to get - fucked - for the - first - time - right - now!" slapping it

gently against Lucy's pussy lips with each word. It was weirdly sexual,

but that's Amy. She then placed the head of my engorged cock against

Lucy's inner lips. "Slide it in a little, Blaine."

I moved my hips forward and slid the mushroom head past the entrance of

her engorged pussy. I moved forward a tiny bit at a time. Despite the fact

she was a virgin, Lucy was so wet and slippery I entered easily into her,

a little bit more with each slow forward push of my hips. From her raised

vantage point Lucy watched my cock slowly disappearing into her.

She was a "moaner" who began to give out a throaty "Ahh, AHh, AHH," louder

and louder, the deeper I penetrated. When I had finally buried my cock

completely in her warm, wet tunnel, she looked up at me incredulously and

let out a loud "AHHHH!" Amy had positioned herself next to Lucy on the bed

with her legs spread wide, fingering her own pussy in a way that let me

know she was doing it as much for me as for herself. It was a very sexy

show.

"Does that cock in your pussy feel good, Lucy? What would you like now?" I

asked. "Would you like me to bury myself in you and grind against that

sexy pussy?" I pushed into her completely, then thrust forward in short

spasms without drawing out. She tried nodding 'yes,' chirping a sharp,

"AH, AH, AH, AH" with each thrust.

"Or, would you like me to be sensitive?" I slowly slid my cock out to the

tip and then very slowly back in several times. She nodded 'yes'

continuously, moaning, "Mmmh... Mmmh... Mmmh..." with each trip.

"Or, would you like me to just fuck that pussy hard?"

"Yes, fuck me!" Fuck me! FUCK MY PUSSY, Blaine!" I let go of her ankles

and let myself fall forward onto my hands, positioning myself on my knees

and hands with our noses almost touching. I had plenty of traction and

began thrusting vigorously, all the way out, then deep back in, pounding

into her over and over and over. She was incredibly soft, wet and warm.

This girl was born for sex.

"AHH! AHH! AHH! AHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" she wailed with each thrust. Our

colliding hips made wet repeating slapping noises. I couldn't hold back

any longer and unloaded into her with a powerful orgasm.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" I came, thrusting violently into her three last times,

continuing to watch Amy finger her own delicious pussy to orgasm.

"I'm cumming, CUMMING, CUMMINNNNNGGGG!" Lucy yelled and then collapsed

with her eyes closed. We thought she fainted, until a dreamy smile

appeared on her face. I kissed her gently, lovingly and she said, "I

learned a lot you guys, thanks."

"You're going to make Chuck one happy geek-boy, that's for sure!"

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Chapter 6 - Voyeurs

There was disagreement about the next step. Lucy wanted to seduce Charlie

more than anything else, but she wanted her first time with him to be a

romantic, loving, caring, experience - just like a classic movie romance.

What she didn't want was the downright pornographic experience she had

with the two of us. Amy argued for a wanton, balls-out orgy with all four

participating, of course. She called it a 'group experience' - in her own

mind probably likening it to chem. lab.

"Amy, I don't want other people in the room when Charlie and I finally get

together," she protested.

"You mean fuck together - you should just say it. A group experience would

be fun, Lucy, and besides, it would expand our knowledge of sex and

physical love beyond what we can learn with just one partner," explained

Amy, always the student. She just used the search for knowledge as a cover

for her own wanton nature.

"No. No orgy and that's final."

"What if Blaine and I hid nearby while you two do it? That way we'd be

able to provide feedback for improvement as well as learn something

ourselves. We'd stay hidden and silent the whole time, just taking notes.

Then sometime in the future we could get together as a group - for further

research. That's an acceptable compromise, isn't it Lucy?"

So it was romantic seduction first, with Amy and I as designated voyeurs,

orgy later. The girls planned out the seduction and observation. Amy and I

would be stuffed into Lucy's bedroom closet ahead of time. She would bring

Charlie over to study, get him into her bedroom and then lead things where

she wanted them to go. They planned it intelligently, even bending four

slats on Lucy's bi-fold closet doors for proper viewing. Once they were on

the stairs, Lucy would send Charlie back down for the book she 'forgot,' -

our code word - giving us and her enough time to properly tuck us away.

On the designated study day, Amy and I played around in Lucy's bedroom.

She insisted that we take off our clothes before Lucy arrived to close us

up in the closet. It was fruitless to argue against Amy's relentlessly

lust, so we took them off and piled them in a corner of the closet. She

was standing naked in front of me, hands on her gyrating hips, when we

heard Lucy on the stairs say to Charlie, "Oh, I forgot it. Would you get

my book? It's on the coffee table."

She entered as we were quickly stepping across to the closet and hissed,

"God! Why are you guys naked? Amy, you'll drive me crazy!" She closed the

door behind us, glaring at Amy through the slats, turned on some romantic

music, and was lighting candles as Charlie entered. She gathered herself

and sat demurely on her bed inviting Charlie over.

"Take a look at this, Charlie," and Lucy pulled a pornographic magazine

from under the bed and flipped it to a gallery of nudes. In a detached,

academic tone she asked, "Do you find these photographs exciting? They

must be or men wouldn't buy the magazine. What do you think?"

Charlie was clearly uncomfortable as he stared at the photos, trying to

reconcile the provocative images with who was asking him about them.

"Charlie, I said what do you think?" she asked again, brushing the hand

holding the magazine against his thigh.

"Uh, well, uh, the women seem to have abnormally large busts. Uh, I don't

seem to see much pubic hair on their vulvas, either. I thought it might be

thicker - bushier," he finally said, hiding his discomfort behind

analysis. It probably didn't help that Lucy continued resting her hand on

his thigh.

"What about these pictures?" she asked reaching across to turn the page

and brushing her fingers against his now bulging crotch. He jumped at her

'accidental' touch.

"Oh, my," he said, wide-eyed and sweating as he gaped at two nudes holding

pink pussy lips wide open for the camera. "These are, uh, pornographic!

You, uh, you can clearly see their labia majora as well as their labia

minora, and the, uh, urethras." Charlie was smart and had obviously

studied his biology.

Amy whispered, "See, you're learning something."

"But do the pictures excite you sexually? I mean, because you're a man?"

Lucy then put her arm on Charlie's shoulder and whispered into his ear

pointing at the pictures, "Would you want to look at me if I posed

provocatively like them?"

We thought he might pass out. He started stuttering and mumbling, "Mm. Uh,

well, of co.., uh, oh boy! Mm, Mm." He was guilty, just as I once was, of

thinking of her as a sexless fellow student rather than a girl, so the

question, coupled with the photos really took him by storm. He stood up,

looking like he needed to leave.

"Oh, Charlie. I am SO sorry! I didn't mean to embarrass you," she said

pulling him to her and kissing his temple and cheek. "I like you so much,

but I was at a loss for a way to get you interested." Then she started to

tear up, "Now I've embarrassed myself and you with this clumsy seduction."

"Don't be upset, Lucy. I DO like you - a lot. I didn't know how to show it

either," he said, gathering her into a clumsy embrace. She reached her

face down to his and kissed his mouth. He responded and they gradually

fell back on the bed, glued passionately to each other.

They stayed prone, hugging and kissing, his hands beginning to roam. Amy

and I could see everything from our vantage point in the closet across

from the foot of the bed. We heard them kissing: slurpy sounds that got

louder as their hands became more active. They were locked together for a

long while until Lucy finally came up for air, rolled off the bed and

stood up. Charlie sat up sort of bewildered. There was a pronounced bulge

visible in the front of his slacks.

"I hope you like my body, Charlie, I'm not gorgeous like the cheerleaders

at school, but everything I have is for you," she purred as she took off

her blouse and then dropped her skirt to the floor.

She turned around and sweetly asked, "Charlie, would you undo the clasp?"

His hands shook as he fumbled, finally getting the bra undone. She dropped

it, moving her ass in front of his face, the soft, rounded cheeks spilling

out the sides of her knickers. She turned around with hands on hips,

looking less than haughty but far from shy. Charlie tried to control his

nervousness by looking aside the shapely little kewpie doll in front of

him clad only in knickers.

"Charlie, look at me," she pleaded. "I want you to see." She'd followed

Amy's lead and wore a tight pair of translucent knickers cut high at the

hip. She reached down and pulled the sides up even higher, drawing them

tight enough against her pussy which showed the separate lips. Her hips

swayed from side to side and Charlie ogled nervously, crossing his arms in

his lap, trying to hide his bulging erection.

"Touch me, Charlie. I want to feel your hands on me." He reached his hand

toward her still swaying hip. He ran his hand over her side and back to

her ass cheeks. She deliberately picked up the hand and placed it on her

breast, then grabbed the other and pushed it against her pubis.

"I'm a naughty girl, aren't I Charlie. I can't help myself with a

handsome, smart man like you. Run your finger along my pussy lips and

pinch my nipple." Charlie dutifully stroked back and forth and squeezed

her pert, pink nipple.

"OOOHH!" she yelped as he squeezed hard. "YES, now roll your fingers

around. OOOOHH! YES! That feels so good!" Charlie's technique was crude,

amateurish, but that didn't matter.

"I think I see that you're getting the message that I want you, Charlie,"

she said, observing his crotch.

"I want you too, Lucy!" he said as he jerked to a standing position,

grabbing her again in an awkward embrace causing a near stumble. It was

clear she was going to have to continue leading. He was obviously ready,

judging by the huge tent in his trousers, but unclear how to proceed

without knocking her down.

"Charlie, take off your clothes and lay down on the bed for me, please,"

she politely ordered.

An embarrassed protest began to form as his brow furrowed, but he removed

shoes, socks, shirt, undid his belt, and removed his pants, leaving him

standing there with an enormous, snake-like bulge barely contained in

ill-fitting briefs. Reluctantly, he peeled the briefs off, lifting the

front over his erection which was enormous. As he kicked the underpants

off his foot, his cock waggled from side to side, up and down, like a

heavy, spring-loaded piece of sausage.

Lucy's tongue peeked out and started licking her upper lip as she stared

at this monster. Amy whispered, "Oh my god," as Charlie lay down on the

bed. From our location Amy and I stared straight up the insides of his

legs to his balls and the huge erection flopping onto his belly. It was

fortunate he was laying down, I thought - with that much blood in his

penis, it's a wonder he didn't faint.

Lucy climbed up next to him on the bed and began to kiss him deeply,

passionately. The contrast of her pale, white skin against his coffee with

cream color was a stunning contrast.

Oh, yeah, I forgot to mention that Charlie is black. Easy to forget. He's

sort of an exact opposite of the stereo-typical black male teenager

(except for the one obvious conformity to stereotype). He's less of an

athlete than I am and I'm only on the cross country team. He's not tall or

muscular, doesn't have an attitude. He's light-skinned, good-looking,

well-spoken, quiet and shy, from a nice middle-class family, very smart -

straight-A's, in fact, except for phys-ed. It wouldn't surprise me if he

went on to become a doctor.

Lucy knelt next to him admiring the huge, dripping cock resting against

his stomach, seeing it reach well past his navel. "Charlie, you're SO BIG!

Your penis is just - I don't know!" she giggled. You could probably make

me do ANYTHING for you with it!" She stared at it and absently mindedly

began running her fingertips along its length while she talked. Charlie

shivered slightly as she looked down into his anxious eyes and asked, "Do

you know what fellatio is? I read about it but I'm not sure I understand."

"Yes, of course I do. It is oral stimulation of the penis. A woman kisses

and sucks the erect penis to orgasm," he lectured. He really couldn't help

himself.

"Has anyone performed fellatio on you?" she asked in her pixie voice.

"OH!" The question gave him a start. "Not really, uh, no, no," he

admitted. "I'm sure you can tell I've not had a lot of experience with

girls. I mean I WANT to, but just haven't had the opportunity. I guess I'm

always studying and haven't really thought much about dates or sex.

Fellatio is quite an advanced sexual technique, anyway."

"Well, we could learn something here, couldn't we? Isn't it about time for

the good students to experience some depravity?" She gripped his huge

erection, raised it into a vertical position, and stared. It was so large,

the thumb and forefinger of her hand didn't even touch. She began sliding

her little fist up and down the shaft, smiling wickedly as she looked

toward the slats in the closet door. She mouthed a wide-eyed "Wow!" for us

as she stroked the huge organ.

She leaned over slightly, reaching her chest with it and started rubbing

the tip across her breasts, teasing her nipples with it. Drops of pre-cum

lubrication made her nipples glisten and stand out prominently. She rubbed

each nipple in turn between the tip of his cock and her finger, teasing

the nipples to sensitive hardness.

"I like the way your penis makes my nipples feel. I hope it feels good to

you. You're so big and strong in my hand, Charlie - mmmmhhh - would you

like me to try fellating your big penis?" the rhetorical question asked in

her tiniest, little-girl voice.

"Mmmh, yes Lucy, please fellate me," and she brought her mouth down to his

cock. She rolled her tongue around the huge head and sucked it between her

lips. The contrast of her fair skin and doll-like stature against his

darker skin and enormous organ was like a very dirty porno-movie playing

just for Amy and me. I could tell from Amy's breathing that it was an

incredible turn-on for her.

Lucy then began sucking in earnest, sliding as much of the head and shaft

between her lips as she could fit, moving slowly up then down, up then

down. She tilted her head back as she sucked, again appearing to stare

through the closet door slats with a slutty look that said, "I'm sucking

this big cock, and it's all mine!"

Her hand became wet with her own saliva as she slid it up and down,

paralleling her mouth. She came up for air and strings of saliva drooped

from her lips to its crown. Her hand, lips and chin were as shiny and wet

as his big, black glistening cock. She took in a ragged breath, nearly

swooning with lust and then plunged again. She bobbed her head more

vigorously on his thick shaft while he began to thrust up to meet her each

time she slithered her way down. "Lucy, I'm going to have an orgasm!"

"Mmmmhhh, yessshhhhh" she managed to moan with her mouth stretched around

his cock.

"I'm gonna cu... Cu... CUM!!" and he began to buck his hips up more

violently. "Ugh, ugh, ugh!" he groaned loudly as he jerked up, cumming

hugely into the back of her throat. Her face contorted almost in pain as

she swallowed several times and still lost some of his seed down her chin.

Finally, he stopped pumping and she giggled as his glistening cock left

her mouth, ropy saliva trailing between.

"Charlie, you are a stallion!" she crowed, wiping her chin and collapsing

next to him.

"And you are quite a fellatrix, Lucy. I'm impressed with your ability to

learn so quickly your first time." Incorrigible pedantic.

They were both still for a while. "You know, I read about a related sexual

act that I would like to try," he said in the academic manner that was a

part of his character. "It's called cunnilingus. Do you know what that is,

Lucy?"

"No, I'm not sure I do," she lied. "Would you explain it for me?"

"That's another advanced technique where the male uses his tongue and lips

on a woman's labia, and particularly the clitoris to stimulate her. Are

you interested?"

"Yes I am, that sounds like it could be quite exciting," she said, hiding

her glee behind mock seriousness. "Should I lie down like this?" she

asked, spreading her legs. Charlie nodded 'yes' and crawled between her

spread thighs. Amy and I could see the back of Charlie's head begin to

move between Lucy's legs. We watched her moan, her face contorted in

pleasure as he began his oral assault on her pussy.

"Oh, Charles, that feels wonderful!" She pinched and pulled at her nipples

and wiggled her little body against his mouth for several stimulating

minutes. She then gently put her hands on either side of his head raising

it up to get his attention and whispered, "You know, it might be most

comfortable for us if I knelt over you while you lay on your back. You can

easily reach my puss...; uh... my clitoris and labia from that position."

"Okay, yes that does sound more comfortable." Lucy reversed him on the bed

with his feet toward the headboard. She crawled over to him and ran her

tongue up his penis from balls to tip as a little enticement before

straddling his chest. She began inching her hips toward his upturned chin,

her knees spread out on either side of his shoulders.

She had strategically arranged herself right in front of the closet so Amy

and I could clearly see her wet pussy and his eager tongue reach toward

her spread lips. She then did something really out of character - or maybe

it was part of the new, highly sexual Lucy. She put her hands on her hips,

looked through the closet slats right at us, and with a truly wicked smile

began to undulate her hips slowly over his tongue and lips. She'd clearly

gotten past her earlier reluctance over having us in the room. Now she was

displaying herself extravagantly.

"Oh, Charlie, that is so perfect! Your tongue is so warm and wet on my

labia - on my pussy. I think using sexual slang turns me on. Do you mind

if I use crude language, Charlie?" He shook his head between her thighs.

"Oh, then lick my cunt, Charlie! Yes, that's it's it! Stick your tongue

deep in my pussy. Oooh, yes! FUCK me with your TONGUE, OOOOH!" During her

entire dirty monologue she continued slowly gyrating, hands on hips,

staring right into our hidden eyes.

She started rocking her pelvis forward and back, exposing and then hiding

her sex. Rocking forward, Amy and I could clearly see her engorged,

distended clit and Charlie's tongue teasing it. Then she held her pelvis

forward and Charlie licked the length of her slit with a tongue spread

wide and flat like he was licking an ice cream cone. Each stroke pushed

her puffy pussy lips to the side, widely separating them, exposing her

clitoris.

"You're gonna make me cum, Charlie! Oh god, Oh god!" Then he opened his

mouth wide, covering her mound completely and started to suck audibly. He

reached from behind and underneath planting his hands high on her ass

cheeks to hold her in place on his mouth. He slurped, licked and sucked

and she started to cum. His technique may not be promising, but his

knowledge of anatomy was first rate.

Ah! - Ah! - Ah!" she chirped breathily as she came, arching back and then

collapsing forward. She wiggled back off his mouth, leaving his chin

sloppy wet with their mixed juices. She bent down to kiss him and we could

hear her cooing nonsense words to him with each sloppy peck. Then she

started to slide slowly down toward the erection resting heavily on his

belly.

"You know what intercourse is, don't you? I do want you inside me,

Charlie."

He finally looked comfortable with the sexual antics he'd been party to

and smiled up at her without lecturing. "I want to be inside you too,

Lucy. You are an incredibly sexy girl."

She pushed herself down his chest, gradually impaling her pussy on him.

She began to moan long, "oooooh, ooooooh, ooooooh's," as his giant cock

slowly entered her. "OH MY GOD!" she yelled as she bottomed out on its

length. She sat up a bit, hands on his chest; arms extended straight, and

began to slowly grind her pelvis against him. She hung her head way down,

looking between her legs, watching herself fuck his glorious tool.

She gradually increased the speed of her pelvic movements until she was

almost 'popping' her hips back and forth, impaled on Charlie's huge cock.

Then she was cumming silently, holding her breath and turning shades of

pink and red as she violently rocked her hips, cumming.

"PPPPHHHEEEEEWWWW!!!" her breath exploded out of her as she climaxed in a

violent finale to her extended orgasm.

"Are you all right?" You had quite an orgasm, Lucy."

"I'm fine. I just need a few minutes to compose myself," she said

breathlessly. "Did you? Cum, I mean?" she asked, tentatively, sitting

quietly on top with his erect cock still deep inside her.

"No, I'm sorry Lucy, I failed. But I'm sure I can learn to recover more

quickly and have a proper orgasm. Perhaps another time." He was such a

geek. He just gave Lucy a volcanic orgasm and was apologizing for being

prepared to do it again. Amy was ready to leap out of the closet and

impale herself.

"Oh, don't be sorry, honey. I came too quickly and didn't give you a

chance," Lucy consoled. "Let's change positions and try again. This time

we'll do it until you cum too!" She lifted herself off of him and his

rigid tool slid out of her dripping pussy, making a wet plop as it hit his

stomach. The chocolate colored log was slick with her pussy juice.

She reversed his position so his head was on a pillow again. She straddled

him facing the closet door, clearly planning to give Amy and me another

show - the student becomes the teacher. "Mmmmh," your cock is so warm and

hard." She stared through the slats as she spoke using both hands to pull

his cock against her belly. It reached past her navel as she stroked it,

cupping it against her.

"Slide down a little - toward the end. Okay. A little more," she directed,

and he moved himself under her till his feet were touching the end board.

Sitting just above his groin, she leaned back, reached one arm behind to

his chest to prop herself up, then used the other to place his cock head

at the entrance to her gaping vagina. She then swung her other arm back so

she was leaning away, feet on the bed, legs spread wide at the knees,

putting cock and pussy on display for us.

Lucy sort of crab-walked forward while Amy and I watched Charlie's huge

cock slowly disappear inside her. It stretched her pussy wide open for us,

providing as pornographic a view as I could imagine. He put his hands on

under ass helping her lift herself up off his belly several inches. Then

he started to work his organ in and out of her pink, glistening vagina.

We both looked right up her little cunt, watching his pulsing tool do its

work up her channel. Her clitoris was dark pink, distended and hard as a

little dick. With each stroke she drew in a sharp breath, her mouth locked

in a wide 'O.'

Amy and I didn't only observe during this promiscuous display. I'd been

standing behind her with my own erection tucked between her ass cheeks,

throbbing against her moist pussy. Both her hands were between her legs

pushing me into her along the length of her valley. I rocked back and

forth gently stimulating both of us through much of Lucy's show.

My hands cupped and stroked Amy's breasts. I pinched her aroused nipples

and rolled the long, pointed tips between my fingers. As we watched

Charlie's giant cock slowly slide in and out of Lucy's pussy right in

front of us, Amy squirmed in heat. As his strokes got longer and more

powerful, Lucy began to "Ah! - Ah! - Ah!" again, which really turned Amy

on. I stuck my fingers in my mouth, coating them with saliva, then pinched

and rolled Amy's nipples making them slippery and sensitive.

Finally, breathing lustily, she turned her head back to my ear and

whispered, "Eat me." I slithered down Amy's back, licking and kissing

along the way. Her skin was warm with a thin sheen of sweat. When I got to

her ass, I reached between her legs, nudging her to part them further, so

I could reach her sloppy pussy.

I began to gently lick, kiss and bite her ass cheeks while squatting

behind her. I rubbed my fingers along her puffy labia, into and out of her

slick vagina. She'd never been so wet. She continued to stare through the

slats at Lucy's pussy getting stretched and pummeled by Charlie while I

worked on hers.

I sat down on the closet floor, turned myself around in the tight space

and leaned back, inserting my head between Amy's spread legs. I propped

myself up so that I could reach her cunt and began licking and sucking as

quietly as I could, hoping Amy wouldn't start making noise herself. Amy

continued watching Lucy's obscene show while I stuffed my tongue into her

sweet pussy as far as I could extend it.

From my position on the floor I heard Charlie's thighs begin to slap

against Lucy's bottom as he increased the intensity of his upward thrusts.

She was moaning loudly and letting out those breathy 'AH's!' during his

onslaught. Charlie began to grunt as he got closer and closer to cumming.

"Charlie! OH! GOD! MMPH! You're FILLING ME UP!" Lucy screamed as she came

violently.

I vigorously lapped at Amy's pussy from rear to front, quicker and quicker

until she began to jerk and squat. She started cumming, silently, thank

goodness, straining her insides so much that her inner pussy lips opened

up on my furious tongue as she pushed herself down hard onto my upturned

mouth. I'm sure I tasted a little squirt of something salty as I massaged

between her legs.

"LUCY! MMGH! - SLAP! MMGH! - SLAP! MMGH!- SLAP, SLAP, SPAP!" I heard

Charlie yell as he unloaded, his thighs colliding violently with hers.

While he was grunting and thrusting noisily into Lucy, Amy, still tingling

and cumming, very quickly squatted down onto my dick, sliding onto me

effortlessly, as if our organs were magnetized. It was awkward in the

tight closet space, but with one hand on the closet wall and one on my

shoulder, she pumped up and down on my rigid dick while I thrust my own

hips up and came inside her. She clamped her mouth shut to keep from

moaning.

Despite my own powerful orgasm, I kept erect. Amy stayed in a squat with

my cock buried deep inside her. She repeatedly tensed and relaxed her

vaginal walls, sort of massaging me while I was still inside - sexy girl,

my Amy.

As they cleaned up and got dressed the only thing I heard from Lucy and

Charlie was Lucy giggling, "I'm leaking all over!" Then I heard the

bedroom door open as they left.

We sort of tumbled out of the closet as soon as we were sure they were out

of earshot. Amy hurriedly stood up and trotted across the room bowlegged,

one hand cupping her crotch, going for the Kleenex box before she leaked

all over Lucy's floor.

"Very graceful!" I said. She gave me a dirty look and then began smiling

to herself. "You've got an agenda, don't you? You're already planning for

an orgy or something."

"Yes, but it's really just a continuation of the sex education agenda

we've started on. You did learn something today, didn't you?"

"I think I learned that Lucy is a horny, wanton slut who just looks like a

lab technician or a librarian. And I think I 'learned' that you want to

have fun with Charlie's big cock. Right?"

"Yup! That, and more."

"So can you give me hint about the next agenda item?"

"We're going to the prom - all four of us!"

"The Prom? Geeks don't usually go to the prom – we don't even usually have

dates."

"Well, these geeks are going and we're going to have a nasty good time!"

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Chapter 7 – Prom Night Orgy

The CB's made it to the prom and we actually danced, talked, and mingled

with jocks, cheerleaders, punks, everybody! We enjoyed a sense of

confidence - an adult comfort with ourselves, our bodies, our

personalities - that sprouted directly from being sexually active and

adventurous. Amy had rented a suite upstairs (a mystery: money never

seemed to be a problem for her and her mom), where we would party after

the party in the hotel ballroom.

Amy grabbed Charlie for a dance leaving Lucy and me to talk. Amy'd been

seducing Charlie all night - compliments, whispers, hand high on his

thigh, and now on the dance floor, she was pressing herself into him and

he was pressing back.

"Don't be jealous, Lucy, Amy's goal is only the sex, not a new boyfriend,

trust me."

"I guess you're right. I just can't stop feeling a little hurt thinking

about them together."

"You know that a foursome, swapping, whatever you want to call it, is

inevitable. Amy is relentless about this, so you might as well go with the

flow instead of wasting energy resisting. And Lucy, you can't ignore that

we've been together - we fucked less than a month ago. I still have fond

memories of your beautiful pussy and sexy body," I told her, smiling

broadly.

I salvaged Lucy's esteem with my dirty compliments until Miss Verdant, one

of the chaperones, surprised us. We all know and like her because she's

the teacher rep for the Photography Club. "Well, what were you two talking

about?"

"I was telling Lucy how hot both of you look tonight, Miss Verdant," I

said smiling and flirting, my gaze locked on her breasts. I was feeling

pretty free, not caring that she's probably older than my parents, because

she did look hot. She had full, kissable lips and large breasts that

jiggled under her blouse when she moved. She smelled good and paid

attention to her appearance - more makeup and tighter clothes than other

teachers - especially tonight.

"Oh, that's sweet Blaine, thank you," and she gave me a peck on the cheek

that felt wet - that peck included a lick! "How about a picture of the two

of you?" and she snapped a candid shot. "Will you dance with me, Blaine? A

handsome young man should be out on the dance floor!"

"You okay by yourself, Lucy?"

"I'm fine! I'll watch Miss Verdant's camera while I wait for Amy and

Charlie."

Miss Verdant steered me to the parquet for a slow dance. "You're a

surprisingly good dancer, Blaine. A couple of lessons could turn you into

a real Casanova," she said and she eased herself closer to me. Her hand

rested on the back of my neck, her fingertips in my hair.

"I feel bad that I was never in any of your classes, Miss Verdant," I

confessed, but she taught bookkeeping and business, way too practical for

us CB's. "I did learn a lot about photography in the club. How did you get

started in photography anyway?"

"The short answer is I spent a lot of time in front of the camera when I

was young, so it seemed natural at some point to just move behind it." She

managed to insinuate her thigh between mine as we danced. I could feel her

mound pressing into my thigh along with the swell of her breasts. She felt

me respond with my own swelling - there was no way to hide it.

"You were a model?"

"Yes... but not like you think." she said teasingly. "You know, I've

watched you change from boy to man in the last few years, Blaine, and

there's been a big change in the last couple of months. Are you and the

other CB's fucking each other?" she whispered into my ear. She rubbed her

crotch against mine using exaggerated hip movements as we danced.

I tilted my head back at the question, looking at her with a smirky smile,

not answering.

"Don't be surprised. I can see the recent attitude changes in you and your

friends. I'm concerned for you Blaine, because you've always been a

favorite of mine." She continued pressing her crotch against my growing

erection, staring into my eyes as she did it. "Are you allheaded up to a

room later, like most of your classmates?"

"Yeah, Amy got us a suite for later. And don't be concerned for me, my

life is just fine."

"Perhaps I'll stop by the room later to that my favorite students are

okay," she said as the music trailed off.

"Yeah, sure. Make it early, though; we probably won't answer the door

later," I said with a wink.

"Don't worry, and thanks for the dance!" she said sashaying away, leaving

me with an aching hard on.

The Suite

Charlie and I marveled as we explored the suite. This was new for us and

it was pretty nice: TV, VCR, small stereo, mini-bar, two bedrooms toward

the back and a large bathroom with a Jacuzzi-style bathtub for two. There

were two small suitcases on one of the beds. We got comfortable in the

sitting area of the suite and had cokes and snacks from the serve mini-bar

while we chatted. We felt very adult and responsible as we steered clear

of the available liquor.

Amy then announced: "In the pursuit of 'science,' Lucy and I are going to

stage a little fashion and fantasy show for you two. Our fantasies include

naked guys, so we're going to remove all your clothes," Amy said with a

wicked smile. "That way we'll be able to gauge your response more

accurately. And once you're naked, you are not allowed to touch

yourselves! Clear? Blaine, crank up the thermostat so you don't get cold."

"Charlie, sit there. Everything comes off!" Lucy demanded. They proceeded

to remove our prom tuxes, shoes, socks, and underwear, then gave us a

smooch before they both disappeared into the bedrooms, shrugging off their

prom dresses.

"I think Lucy is a nymphomaniac," Charlie confided as we sat feel a little

exposed and vulnerable. "Every moment we're alone, she's on me: in the

car; studying at her place; even once in school!"

"I know what you mean. I think Amy's a nympho too. Maybe it's a contagious

disease?"

"Seriously man, Lucy talks about sex constantly: how sensual Amy is and

how Amy helped open her eyes to sex; that she feels turned on all the

time; how a woman can pleasure herself; how she loves the sight of an

erection; oral sex. It's scary!"

Before I could respond, Amy started up the stereo - a slow, danceable

instrumental. Lucy entered wearing her prom heels, thigh-high lace-topped

stockings, a pale yellow, transparent baby doll nightie tied at the neck,

and matching thong knickers. "I know everybody thinks I'm a wholesome,

studious, goody-two-shoes, but in my fantasy I'm a slut and a tease, so

please play along; especially you Charlie" she instructed.

She strutted around the room, then stepped up onto the coffee table in

front of the sofa where Charlie and I both sat naked, trying to keep our

hands out of our laps. Her large breasts stood out prominently under the

sheer fabric. She did slow hip rolls and little spins mostly in front of

me. We both smiled up at her cute round face, large breasts, and her

creamy ass cheeks spilling out either side of the thong. After her little

show, she stepped off the table and stood directly in front of Charlie.

"What do you think of this fabric? Is it smooth enough? Feel here," and

she thrust her right hip out for him to touch. He stretched out his hand

and placed it against her hip. "Leave your hand there," she told him and

started slowly turning, making his hand slide along from her hip, to her

right ass cheek, across her full buttocks to her left cheek, left hip and

finally stopping with his hand against her lower belly. Charlie's dick was

responding.

"Well, maybe it is smooth enough," she cooed, staring at his growing

erection. Then she bent down in front of him, sticking out her breasts,

"Could you feel the fabric on top to see if it's the same quality as the

bottoms?" She grabbed both his hands and cupped them to her breasts. "Is

it the same? Move your hands around so you're sure. Pinch my nipples. Oh

yes, rub them more. Yes, like that!" Then her hands dropped to his

swelling erection and she stroked it as she continued, "Well, is this

outfit okay?"

"Yes, yes it is," he croaked while his penis arched upward. She smiled at

his cock standing at attention, then let go, directing her attention to

me. By now, my cock was growing hard. It wasn't so much the revealing

clothes as her attitude and sexy patter.

"Oh my, I think I'm getting wet! Would you see if that's the case,

Blaine?" she said, teasing. She stood back up on the coffee table with her

back to me, spread her legs and bent down sticking her ass toward my face.

"Feel between my legs... with your tongue." I looked at Charlie, his eyes

and mouth shocked wide open. I knelt down behind her, put both hands on

her hips, and pulled her to my face.

"Hey!" Charlie protested, but Lucy told him to just sit still. She'd made

a lot of progress in just a few short weeks.

I smelled strawberries as I slowly licked along the moist crotch of the

flimsy knickers while Lucy looked at me upside down from between her own

legs. I pushed on the material with my tongue, getting further into her

vagina while she got even wetter. She had a breathless, wild look on her

face when she finally stood up. Charlie was incredulous but still excited.

His big cock bobbed between his legs as he sat there.

"You've both been very helpful and your response is appreciated!" she said

licking her lips while staring at our hard cocks. She strutted around the

coffee table, breasts bouncing, slinging her cute round butt from side to

side. Then she sat down between us, reached into our laps and gripped our

erect dicks in her soft, warm hand.

"I don't think we have to worry about your response to us anymore!" she

said, softly stroking us both.

"I know that a cheerleader is 180 degrees from my school identity, but

it's my fantasy," Amy said as she entered wearing white socks, tennis

shoes, a cheerleader skirt, and the tightest white cotton sweater

imaginable. It barely reached her navel. No bra, no music, but she had pom

poms! We could see her very erect nipples pointing darkly through the

sweater.

She actually made up a stupid cheer, bouncing and kicking. "Give me a 'C'

... Give me an 'O' ... Give me a 'C', ... Give me a 'K'! What do we love

to suck? COCK! SUCK COCK! SUCK COCK!" She giggled the whole time, bouncing

up and down. She was wearing the tight white, sexy knickers she'd bought a

couple of months ago when we first discovered how much of an exhibitionist

she was.

Standing there giggling over her dirty cheer, she undid the little skirt

and flipped it aside. She was a sex fantasy standing there in the tight

sweater and knickers. "Give me a 'C' ... Give me an 'L' ... Give me an 'I'

... Give me a 'T' Lick my clit! Lick my clit! It's more fun than English

lit!" she yelled, bounding around in front of us, giggling hysterically.

Then she did some things that we never see cheerleaders do. She turned on

the stereo, this time a slow, thumpy tune - by Prince, I think. She

repositioned the coffee table in front of us so it was perpendicular to

the sofa. She sat on the end of the table right in front of Amy and spread

her knees wide apart. She looked down at her own pussy and ran her middle

finger along her wet slit. "I think more students would attend pep rallies

if the cheerleaders got attention this way," she said.

She laid all the way down on her back with her feet on the floor and

started writhing, lifting her hips off the table, moaning in time to the

music, showing us her pussy and pinching her nipples through the sweater.

She stroked her pussy through the knickers and moaned, "Mmmmhh ... Mmmmhh

... Mmmmhh," as she worked her finger up and down her wet slit. Charlie's

hand had sneaked its way between Lucy's own widespread legs while I put my

arm around her, draping my hand over her shoulder to squeeze her breast.

Charlie and I gaped and out of the corner of my eye I noticed Lucy staring

too, while still slowly stroking our cocks and licking her lips. Amy

lifted her hips high, then pulled the crotch aside and stuck her finger in

her wet cunt. "Ohhhh, Ohhhh, Ohhhh, my pussy is lonely, my mouth is

lonely. Please, Charlie help me!" she whined in a little girl's voice. She

sat up and beckoned him over.

Charlie stepped in front of Amy, both of them sideways to Lucy and me on

the sofa. "Put your hands on your hips, Charlie," Amy ordered quietly, and

then gripped his big cock. She moved it around to plant wet, noisy kisses

on the head, underside, and top. She held it up against his belly and

licked the underside of his shaft starting at his balls until she reached

the large, mushroom head and sucked it into her mouth. Lucy and I watched

her begin Charlie's very succulent blowjob.

She cupped his balls, massaging them as she worked as much of the shaft

into her mouth as would fit, and then slowly drew back her head, exposing

the big, glistening shaft and then sliding it back in. She was clearly

enamored of his big penis, caressing it lovingly as she sucked with her

eyes closed.

Lucy was transfixed, watching Amy repeatedly suck Charlie deep into her

throat. I decided to act.

"Climb up here, Lucy" I said and encouraged her onto my lap, with her back

to me, both of us slouching on the sofa. "Spread your legs." I reached my

arms under hers and lifted her legs so they were on the outside of mine,

exposing her pussy with the transparent little thong thing covering so

that Charlie could see clearly.

"Do you like watching?" I asked as I started rubbing her tits with my

palms. She shook her head 'Yes'. I wet my fingers and reached under the

nightie to pinch and stroke her nipples, sliding my fingers around her

breasts. I worked my way down to her knickers and stroked her slit with my

middle finger. "Look at Charlie while I finger you. Show him how good it

feels." She thrust her hips up and back against my finger while she smiled

at Charlie now staring at Lucy's widely exposed crotch.

The narrow crotch of the thong was getting swallowed into her juicy cunt,

so I pinched the now-exposed lips between my fingers, spreading them apart

for Charlie as Amy continued her wet worship of his cock. I gently rubbed

and stroked her pussy lips with my fingers. Then I pulled the crotch aside

and slid my finger deep into her and worked it in and out. With my other

forefinger, I delicately rubbed her clit until she started to gasp and

thrust hard against my active fingers, very close to orgasm. Charlie began

to thrust harder, fucking Amy's mouth as he began to cum.

"Ugh! Ugh!" groaned Charlie and "Ah!, Ah! Ah!" squeaked Lucy as both came.

Suddenly there was movement to my right and then a bright flash of light.

"I think I framed that so all four of you will be included!" said Miss

Verdant.

"Oh my god! How did you get in here!? How long have been here!? What are

you doing here!?" We all yelled at once, as her camera quickly flashed

twice more snapping Charlie's dribbling cock falling out of Amy's

dribbling mouth, then my wet fingers slipping out of Lucy's wet cunt. We

were panicking!

Miss Verdant

"Calm Down! Calm Down," she said as we separated, unsuccessfully trying to

cover up. "I'm here because Blaine invited me, but I admit I'm late,

sorry. It was easy to convince the desk clerk I was Mrs. Jorgenson and I'd

forgotten my key. I snuck in to make sure that my favorite Photography

Club members were safe."

"Blaine?" the three others said in unison, glaring at me.

"I didn't let her in!" I exclaimed, shrugging my shoulders.

"I have to leave," Charlie said, moving toward his pile of clothes.

"Oh, no Charlie, please stay," said Miss Verdant, walking over to him.

"I'm sure you wouldn't want your parents to see the photographs I took,

would you? So let's continue to enjoy the evening. I want to continue to

watch – no, participate in - your fashion and fantasy show."

"Wait a second!" I protested, "You didn't just come in now. How long were

you watching?"

"Since you started. You know I was suspicious, Blaine. So I sneaked in

rather than knock. You four really surprised me! I hadn't realized how far

along the CB's had come in their sexual discovery."

Now I was no longer fearful - Miss Verdant had me intrigued. "What did you

mean when you said 'participate' earlier?"

"I meant participate. Like this," and she undid the top button of her

blouse. "Please put the music back on and sit on the couch - all of you."

Charlie got the music started again and we sat as she slowly undid the

next button, revealing the top curve of her breasts. Lucy and Amy perked

up when she said, "Girls, watch what I do, you may learn something."

In time to the music Miss Verdant spun slowly around and around, each time

with another button of her silky blouse undone. The open front revealed a

lacy, low cut bra. When she reached her waist, she undid the button and

the zipper on her skirt, again in time with the music. She wriggled it

down to her feet, slipped it off with her back to us, and threw it onto a

chair. She had on a garter belt and thong knickers that revealed beautiful,

tanned butt cheeks. Tanned!

It was apparent that Miss Verdant was experienced. She'd done this before

- lots. The blouse slipped off her shoulders and Charlie and I both began

to stiffen seeing her tits - so large they spilled over the top of her

bra. She turned her back on us again, her hands reached back to undo the

clasp, and her arms held the cups in place as she faced us again. She

smiled at us standing there in skimpy thong knickers, hose, garter and

heels. She stared into my eyes as she lowered the bra.

All four of us gasped. Her breasts could get her a centerfold spread in

any skin magazine. Large, dark areolas and thick nipples that capped

conical, pendulous breasts. They swayed and jiggled erotically as she

moved.

"Amy, Lucy, come up here beside me," she said. The girls got up and stood

anxiously on either side of her. "When you have your back to your

audience, you use your ass to tease them, like this," and she spread her

legs, touched her toes, then shifted her weight from left foot to right

showing them how to grind their asses suggestively.

She showed them how to strut in a way that made even Amy's small tits

bounce. She showed them how to spin around without falling down. They

laughed at themselves as Miss Verdant's lesson continued. She was

bountifully sexy, limber and graceful.

"Where did you learn to do that, Miss Verdant?" Charlie asked.

"My Aunt taught me," she answered, enigmatically.

"Obviously, there's more to it," I prompted. "Tell us about it." She

paused for several seconds, looked at each of us and started talking.

"My mother's sister was an exotic dancer who got me into the business when

I was fifteen. She was only 19 herself at the time. Anyway, I developed

early and lied about my age. Big tits and a winning personality got me a

job at the club where she danced. My family had little money and it was a

way for me to provide for myself. She taught me a lot about stripping,

about the money, about staying safe, being careful. I was grateful to her,

but clubs are a rough business and I wanted out as quickly as possible."

"So, one of the regulars at the club knew someone who knew a photographer,

and to make a long story short, at the age of seventeen I was posing for

skin magazines. And not the nice ones like Playboy or Penthouse. I made

some good money with my body, but you're not a teenager forever. I began

learning from one of the photographers until I was assisting him on

shoots, and later I did a lot of the shoots on my own. I married the guy,

went to school, became a teacher, got divorced, and here I am."

"So why are you here Miss Verdant?" Charlie asked innocently. He got an

honest answer.

"Charlie, I like you. I like all of you. Wouldn't it be nice to have a

little sexy fun before you go off to college?" she said gently dragging

her fingernails along his cock. "I enjoy sex and would appreciate an

experience with young studs ... and young women like you." She was staring

seductively at Amy as she spoke. I was delighted with this answer!

"Oh. Oh, I see. Umm ... You mentioned that you posed for what you called

'skin' magazines. I assume that meant you posed nude?" Charlie asked,

again the innocent amongst us.

"Oh, much more than just nude. I could tell you stories, but it would be

easier to show you, wouldn't it?

Miss Verdant lay down on her side on the sofa looking at Charlie and me.

She spread her legs and pulled the crotch of her knickers into a little

cloth rope that separated her pussy lips into two large, distinct, puffy

mounds. They had to run 5 inches from her mound till they disappeared at

her anus - very long, darkish pink, and more prominent even than Mrs.

Jorgenson's. And no pubic hair anywhere.

Miss Verdant wet her fingers and repeatedly painted saliva onto those

reddish-pink lips until they were glistening. In my young life this was

the sexiest-looking pussy I'd ever seen.

She lifted her right leg straight up toward the ceiling and said, "Amy,

take my camera and frame the best shot you can. Take it from near my left

foot with my crotch in the center, framed between my thighs. Yes, there.

Now, if I prop myself up you should be able to include my breasts and my

face. Have you got it?"

"Yes, Miss Verdant."

"You start shooting and I'm going to keep changing my position until we

run out of film." She was still staring at Charlie and me, smiling

seductively.

'Click - whir - click - whir.' Amy took two shots while Miss Verdant

worked the knickers even tighter into her crotch. Several more clicks,

whirs and flashes occurred as she pulled the crotch of knickers aside and

spread her legs even wider, still smiling at us. She spread her meaty

pussy lips apart with her fingers and Amy took 4 or 5 more shots. Then she

rocked back and removed the knickers. When she rolled back forward she

pointed at Amy, patting the sofa next to her.

"Sit here next to me and we'll make some really dirty pictures. Just

follow my lead. And Blaine, you take the shots after we get started." Amy

looked slightly nervous about joining Miss Verdant on the sofa, but her

curiosity overcame any anxiety she felt. As she sat down Miss Verdant

pulled her head down toward her left breast.

"Stick out your tongue for the camera and lick my nipple," she ordered

Amy. "Blaine, have you got this framed? Now put your hand on my breast

Amy, and pinch my nipple while you suck the other. Ooh, yes, that's it.

Blaine?" I came out of my trance watching them on the sofa and started

snapping.

"Lucy, sit here on the other side," she said, pointing. Miss Verdant then

pulled Lucy's head to her right breast. Lucy looked nervous but went along

with Miss Verdant.

"Lift my breasts with your free hand and lick my nipples. Ooh, ooh, yes.

Okay, position your heads so you're looking right at each other while you

suck. Try to look jealous or competitive. Ooh, you're both doing

wonderfully." Lucy and Amy stared at each other across Miss Verdant's

ample tits, licking and sucking her erect nipples while I continued

snapping shots.

Amy's other hand drifted down between Miss Verdant's legs. Miss Verdant

spread them wider and Amy's hand started to massage her. Gradually her

middle finger started to disappear. I continued snapping pictures until

the camera gave a half-click indicating the film was gone.

Miss Verdant smiled at Charlie and me (both sporting serious wood) while

we watched the lesbian show. Amy and Lucy were still sucking her big tits

and Amy's finger was working quickly in and out of her pussy even though

the film was gone.

"I brought something along you girls can use to amuse yourselves. How

would you like to watch and play while your boyfriends fuck me? Lucy and

Amy both hesitantly nodded 'yes.' Put the camera away and bring my bag

over here, honey," she said to me. From the bag she grabbed TWO large,

black phallic-shaped objects.

"Are those vibrators?" Amy asked enthusiastically.

"Yes, sweetie. Top of the line models with three speeds! Just twist the

base." Amy twisted once and it started buzzing.

"I've heard about them, but never used one. Wow!" she said as she held it

tentatively against her pussy lips. She looked at me and smiled that dirty

smile I love.

We moved into the bedroom part of the suite which had two Queens. Amy and

Lucy climbed across one of them, while Charlie and I moved to the other

with Miss Verdant.

"Girls, you figure out where those go while I put these cocks to work,"

Miss Verdant said as two separate buzzing noises fired up.

Miss Verdant positioned Charlie on his back on the end of the bed and told

me to stand behind her. She spread her legs wide, then bent over to take

the head of Charlie's big cock in her mouth. I gripped her hips and

slipped into her juicy pussy, pistoning in and out. She was tight, wet and

warm.

She supported herself above Charlie for a moment and said, over her

shoulder, "This pussy loves that cock."

"And this cock loves that pussy!" I said to her as she bent forward again,

sucking Charlie deeply into her mouth.

I watched Amy and Lucy slowly push the vibrators into themselves. Amy

threw herself into it, vigorously sliding the vibrator in, then out along

her lips, stopping at her clitoris and then slipping it back along her

lips and into her pussy. Lucy followed Amy's lead and pretty soon both

were exhaling breathy "ooh's and aah's!" Both of them were watching Miss

Verdant getting fucked at the same time she was blowing Charlie.

Charlie started to thrust his hips upward into Miss Verdant's mouth while

I increased my pace. Miss Verdant began squeezing my cock with her vaginal

muscles. She had amazing control over her voluptuous body. I reached my

hands around to cup her breasts. They were warm and firm with hard nipples

that poked into my palms. I started rolling her nipples between my thumb

and forefinger and she began to make moaning sounds from around Charlie's

cock. All three of us were close to cumming when she stood up.

"Time to switch places." I moved from behind her and started to lie on the

bed, but Miss Verdant had a different arrangement in mind.

"Blaine, don't you want to fuck your girlfriend while she eats her best

friend?" she asked. She then lay down on the bed and waved me over to the

other one.

Lucy laid back, spreading her legs while Amy got on her hands and knees

between them. I got behind and pushed slowly into her. Looking down, I

watched her work the vibrator into Lucy's gaping pussy and then

tentatively start licking her pussy lips and clitoris while the vibrator's

muted buzzing changed as it slid in and out. Lucy had a dreamy half-smile

on her face that gradually changed to a pained, orgasmic look.

To my left, Miss Verdant was smiling at me, Charlie pounding his big cock

into her pussy. Sexual overload was beginning to cloud my brain as I felt

an orgasm building. Amy started squeezing her vaginal muscles just like

Miss Verdant did, giving my cock a wonderful ride in her pussy.

Lucy started to moan and buck just as Amy pushed herself hard against me,

grunting with orgasmic pleasure.

"Ohmigod, Oh, Oh," they were saying as I pumped into Amy.

Miss Verdant never made one sound, but we could tell she was cumming as

she lifted her hips off the bed, meeting Charlie's muscular thrusts until

she let out a gasp at the same time he did. His face contorted as he

jerked into her in three or four forceful spasms.

"Whew!" we exhaled collectively, smiling and laughing as we collapsed in a

heap on the beds.

"If you were in my class, you'd all get A's based on your extra credit

work," Miss Verdant said, lying down between Amy and Lucy. She was

creative, tireless, and insatiable - providing the CB's the best sexual

education imaginable. It was a long, wonderful night.

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Epilogue:

Miss Verdant quit teaching after she bought a digital camera and a PC. She

moved to California and now runs her own website, plus those of about a

dozen other women. I'm sure you've seen one or more of them.

Charlie finished medical school and became - what else - a gynecologist.

He's quite successful, married a trophy wife who was once "Miss

Wisconsin." My wife is one of his patients, and after each annual exam she

seems to wear a contented smile for a day or two.

Lucy became a high school English teacher. She's a dedicated, gifted

teacher who just happens to wear short skirts and is known to have a habit

of sitting on an empty desk at the front of the class with her knees

apart. She also has a very pronounced streak of nymphomania that manifests

in her occasional need to fuck the biology teacher in the janitorial

closet adjacent to the lab. She's been caught in there with two different

students as well - by me.

I'm that high school biology teacher. I also teach the sex-ed class. No

one's caught me in that closet fucking the English teacher - or with the

occasional lusty graduate of my sex-ed class. Yet.

And Amy? She's a librarian at the University. She's very capable - has an

encyclopedic knowledge of reference materials. She often wears thin

sweaters, tight, translucent knickers and a loose, frilly skirt to work.

There are numerous patrons who've helped her steady a ladder as she

climbed to reach the top of the book stacks - at her request, naturally.

Many know she has a habit of keeping her left foot on the ladder and

stretching her right leg out to the adjacent shelf. Visitors occasionally

leave with glazed smiles on their faces, leaving behind the books they've

checked out on a table - or in a closet.

Of course I married her! I'd have been crazy not to! How many guys find a

smart, capable, voyeuristic, exhibitionist nymphomaniac to be their wife?

And I love it when her mom visits.