**Cassadee's Coming of Age**

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Cassadee's Coming of Age part 6

Friday

Cassadee woke in a panic, gasping and fighting an unseen assailant, her heart racing and her face covered in sweat. The nightmare had been so real. She had thought she was going to be raped. As the dream world was gradually replaced by real life, she remembered the texts she had received last night, and her stomach cramped. She wiped her bleary eyes and crawled out of bed.

After crying and worrying for half the night, she had finally drifted off, getting less than four hours of sleep. Grabbing her phone, she checked to see if she had any more messages. She didn't. But the ones she dreaded were still there. It hadn't been a bad dream. It was another fucking nightmare.

She grabbed a long t-shirt and pulled it over her head, covering her naked body, then walked down the hall to her brother's room and knocked, hearing a muffled groan. She knocked again and heard what sounded like 'fuck off'. Knocking a third time produced the response she wanted.

"Come in! Jeez!"

Cassadee opened the door and walked in, closing it behind her. Greg glanced up and dropped his head back in the pillow.

"What? Fuck! Why are you in my room?"

"Greg. What do you know about Frank Dawson?" she asked.

"Frank...? Why are you asking me about him right now?" He looked up at her. "And why are you dressed? I thought you had become a nudist."

Cassadee whipped her t-shirt off and threw it at him, giving him the finger. "Better?"

Greg ogled her naked parts for a few seconds then looked the other way. "Frank Dawson is a monumental dickhead. Stay away from him."

"Yeah, I gathered that. Is he, like, dangerous? Or is he just a jerk?"

Greg looked back at her. "Why the sudden interest in him? Don't tell me you have a crush on him or something."

"Oh god, no!" she said vehemently. Her shoulders slumped and she sat on the edge of his bed. "He might be blackmailing me."

Greg sat up and looked at her, his eyes suddenly filled with concern. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Tears spilled down Cassadee's cheeks. "I was in the back yard yesterday. Nude, of course. And last night I got text messages from an unknown number. They were pictures. From the angle they were taken, they could only have come from his second floor. He said he had more and told me to come over this weekend to give him a reason not to post them."

Greg looked around the room as he tried to process the information through his foggy brain. "Let me see them."

"What? No! It doesn't matter. I just need him to stop."

"Let me see the pictures. Were you tanning? Or doing something else?"

"Greg, I don't want to show you the pictures," she pleaded.

"If Frank Dawson has pictures of you, I'd be surprised if they weren't already on the internet. Just be honest with me about what he has on you."

Cassadee lowered her head and began to cry. "I-I was...naked and tanning...like you said. Then Joey came over. He gave me...a really nice Coming of Age present, and I hadn't...bought him anything...for his birthday, so...I kind of...wanted to give him something...I knew he had wanted for a long time."

"Yeah?" asked Greg.

"I may have...masturbated in front of him," she said, not meeting his eyes.

"Fuck, Cass! Are you telling me Frank has pictures of you masturbating? Do they show your face?"

Cassadee nodded miserably.

Greg let out an exasperated sigh. "Anything else?"

"I don't know," she said. "He said...he has a bunch, so he might...have some of..." She couldn't finish.

"Of what?"

"I...I had sex...with Joey."

"In the back yard?" he asked incredulously.

Cassadee nodded again.

"Let me see what he sent you, Cass."

Tears streamed down her face as Cassadee accessed her phone and opened the texts. She handed the phone to Greg, keeping her eyes in her lap.

Greg looked at the two photos. The first was a long distance shot of Joey and her in the backyard. Cassadee was facing the camera. She had her legs spread, with her hand in her crotch. It was grainy, but you could tell it was her. The second picture was a closeup and showed her entire nude body, legs spread, with two fingers in her pussy. He read the text and handed the phone back, then crawled out of bed. He opened his dresser drawers, pulling out pants and a shirt.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm going to go beat the fuck out of Frank Dawson. That's what I'm doing."

"Greg, don't! I don't want you to get in trouble! You can't just go barge into his house!"

"Oh, I won't. I'm going to wait for him to come out on his way to work."

"Greg!" she said loudly, but not loudly enough to wake her parents. But Greg was already on his way down the stairs. Fuck! Fuck! What could she do? Lester. He was not only a town cop, but he was also one of her mentors. She screenshotted the texts from Frank and attached them to a message.

Frank Dawson who lives next door to me is blackmailing me with these photos. He said he has more. My brother is headed over there to kick his ass. Please do something!

She waited thirty seconds and received a reply.

I'll handle it.

Oh god. Cassadee looked at the time. She was probably going to be late for school. There was nothing she could do but wait for Lester to diffuse the situation, so she got in the shower and started getting ready for school.

At school, she was hyper-aware, checking people's reactions, especially if they were looking at their phones. No one seemed like they had received any pictures or anything. By her third period class, she received a text from Lester.

Sent your brother home this morning. Stopped Dawson for a broken taillight. Smelled marijuana. Searched car and found drugs. Arrested him. Confiscated phone. Deleted pics and destroyed sim card. Nothing uploaded to internet. You are in the clear.

Cassadee tilted her head back and let out a huge sigh of relief. This whole mentor thing was already paying off. She was going to owe Lester in a big way.

Her nerves calmed down and the rest of the day went quickly. She saw her friend Bethany in swimming class, who reminded her that she was performing tonight at Defloration, the strip club. Maybe it was just what Cassadee needed today. It would be good to get her mind off all of this and let off some steam.

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After school, Cassadee put her hair up into a ponytail, changed into a sports bra and spandex athletic shorts, and went for a run. She normally liked to run at least once every other day, but things had kind of gotten away from her lately. As she ran, she took stock of the past week, which had been like a whirlwind.

She had had more orgasms in the last seven days than she could count. That included having sex with Ben Davidson at her party, even before her mentor ceremony, during which all five of her mentors had fucked her. Also, before her mentor ceremony, she had been eaten out by her gynecologist, Dr. Spitelli, although that wasn't entirely consensual—or at least that was what she was telling herself. Since her party, she had discovered the identities of two of her mentors—Charlie O'Shea, the old man across the street, and Lester Camden, a town cop. So far, Charlie had gone down on her once and she had had sex with Lester. She had also had sex with Mr. Chen, her chemistry teacher, and his wife. And she and her friend Bethany had fingered each other to orgasm in the swimming class shower room. Oh, and she had fucked her best friend, Joey Harper, in her back yard. And this was all since last Friday. Was she becoming a nympho?

The sexual activity with her mentors was to be expected. It was all part of the deal. But the extracurricular sex had kind of blown up her life. It seemed like sex was all she was thinking about these days. She still had three mentors who hadn't yet revealed themselves to her. And they had one more week to do so.

Cassadee ran a five-mile circuit, ending back at her house. She walked through the door, waved breathlessly at her parents, and headed directly upstairs. As she went to go to the bathroom, she noticed Greg's door was cracked open. She hadn't seen him since this morning, during the whole Frank Dawson incident. She peeked in and saw that he was sitting in a chair, staring out the window with binoculars.

"What are you doing?" she asked between breaths.

Greg jumped and tossed the binoculars under his bed. "Nothing! Don't you knock?"

"Your door was open. Who were you spying on? Is this what you do when I am in the back yard?"

"No!" he said defensively. "I was trying to see if Dawson was back home. I didn't know if they had released him yet."

Cassadee tried to determine if he was telling the truth. Chances are, he sat up here every day like a huge perv looking through his binoculars every time she was naked by the pool. Disgusted, she walked out and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

She peeled the activewear off her sweaty body and threw it in the hamper. The hot water felt good, washing away the sweat and cooling her down at the same time. As she stepped out and toweled off, she walked back to Greg's room and stood there naked, with a hand on one hip.

"I'm naked a lot, you know. You have plenty of opportunities to look. You don't have to spy on me. I've seen your blinds move when I'm out there. It's just not cool."

"I told you I don't spy on you," he said miserably. He quickly looked away from her nude body.

"I just don't get it. You can look at me through the window, but when I'm here, you look away. There's nothing wrong with my body. You make me feel like I should be ashamed of it."

"I didn't say there was anything wrong with it," he muttered under his breath. "You've got a great body, OK? You have nothing to be ashamed of."

For some reason, those words brought a smile to Cassadee's face. She walked over and hugged him. He reluctantly hugged her back, her bare breasts pressing against his chest. Cassadee walked out of Greg's room, glancing back briefly to catch his eyes ogling her ass as she left. Hmm. Maybe he wasn't a total douche, but there was still something in the air between them. She needed to get to the bottom of it sooner or later.

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At 9pm, Cassadee pulled into the parking lot of Defloration, the area's most popular—and only—strip club with one of her best friends, Tina Gleason. Tina was a pretty brunette who carried a little more weight than Cassadee did. She wasn't fat, by any means, but she had curves, where Cassadee was thinner with a toned musculature from running and cheerleading. Tina had green eyes, an upturned nose, and full lips. She was wearing a red low-cut top, which, along with her D-cup push-up bra, showed a generous amount of cleavage. Her black yoga pants left no curve or cleft to the imagination, and red stilettos finished off the look. Cassadee was wearing a stretchy white tank-top, with no bra, and a black miniskirt with black thigh-high stockings. She didn't care much for high heels, so she settled for black flats.

This was the first time she had been to the club since a week ago, when she had had her Coming of Age party. She didn't think she would be all that nervous to come here as a customer, but for some reason she was. They stopped at the window, paid admission, received 'under 21' hand stamps, and changed sixty dollars into ones. As they walked in, they saw the club was packed. The only seats available were right at the side of the center stage. Tessa Stevens, a redhead who had graduated two years ago, was dancing, fully nude. They sat down and Tessa smiled and waved at them. She danced in front of them for a bit, then knelt, spreading her freckled legs and exposing her pink pussy. Tina placed two dollars in her garter and Tessa kissed them both on the cheek.

The waitress came over and they ordered iced teas. The girls watched dancer after dancer, tipping and receiving kisses, titties in the face, and gyno shots. Cassadee paid close attention to the different dancers—how they dressed and moved, and how they acted while walking around the floor. She noticed that it wasn't necessarily the prettiest girls who got asked back into the private rooms. It was the ones who were most attentive to the guys. Some girls were standoffish, and consequently, they didn't do as well. Cassadee made a mental note in case she ever decided to come back and dance.

The DJ announced the next dancer, who was Cassadee's friend from swimming class and fellow cheerleader, Bethany Tate. Bethany walked out to a fast song and began to dance around the pole. She was dressed in a white nurse's outfit. After the first song, Bethany was already down to bra and panties. By the end of the second, she was nude. She walked over to Cassadee, knelt down in front of her, and gave her a huge kiss, slipping her the tongue, and making her blush. Bethany went to her hands and knees, displaying her ass and pussy from behind, then turned over and spread her legs for Cassadee. As the song ended, Cassadee put five dollars in her garter. Bethany smiled, formed a heart with her fingers and thumbs, mouthed 'I love you' to Cassadee, and left the stage through the dressing room curtain as the next girl was announced.

A few minutes later, Bethany, dressed in a sparkly bra and panty set, came out from the dressing room and grabbed Cassadee's hand. She led her through the beaded curtain in the back and into a private room.

"Umm...I can't really afford a private dance, Bethany," Cassadee said apologetically.

"Hush, girl. I'm doing really well tonight. Don't worry about it. This is on me," her friend said. Cassadee smiled as Bethany unclasped her bra and dropped her panties. "This is such a fucking rush, Cass. You have to do this again. When you do it on your own, just because you want to, it feels so slutty. I keep thinking to myself that I don't have to show all these guys my pussy—but I want to. I love it when they look at me. You just know they would do anything to fuck you." She straddled Cassadee's lap on the couch. "I'm so turned on right now. See for yourself."

Cassadee's eyes went to her friend's pussy, which was spread open in front of her. She was so wet that she glistened in the subdued lighting. Cassadee placed her hands on Bethany's smooth legs and ran them up to her hips. It was still weird for her to feel another woman's naked flesh. Bethany leaned down and kissed Cassadee deeply, moaning into her mouth.

"Touch me," she whispered to Cassadee as she broke the kiss and sat up.

Cassadee's fingertips gingerly touched the brunette's pussy, going immediately for the warm wetness between her lips. She was slippery with fluid. Cassadee's thumb found Bethany's clit and began to rub circles around it while her first two fingers slid into her opening with ease, burying themselves to the last knuckles. Bethany reached up to her own breasts and pinched her nipples as she began to grind on Cassadee's hand. Cassadee finger-fucked her for a couple minutes, eliciting sounds of sexual pleasure from the girl, then pulled her fingers out and licked them off. They were musky with feminine aroma. It was funny how each vagina tasted and smelled like a vagina—yet there were subtle differences. Bethany's scent wasn't exactly like her own—or Cindi Chen's, for that matter—but it was intoxicating. Cassadee decided she wanted a better taste.

"Change places with me," she told Bethany.

Bethany got off her lap, and Cassadee stood. She pushed Bethany back into the couch and knelt on the floor. Then she pulled her friend's butt toward the edge and lifted her legs in the air, spreading them, and giving herself unfettered access to Bethany's beautiful, bald pussy. She lowered her face toward it and breathed in Bethany's musky scent, then used her tongue to lap up all of her vaginal juices. Bethany closed her eyes and moaned, grabbing the back of Cassadee's head, and pulling her face into her. Cassadee nibbled, licked and sucked Bethany's clit and vulva until the girl could take no more.

"Oh, fuck...I'm coming..." she moaned quietly.

Bethany shook and spasmed as Cassadee slurped up all of her orgasmic nectar, her tongue flicking and probing all the way through the entire orgasm. After Bethany recovered, she wiped Cassadee's cheeks with her hand and licked the juices off Cassadee's lips, ending with a tongue kiss.

"Oh my god, I adore you," Bethany said. "I was supposed to give you attention, not the other way around."

Cassadee just smiled and looked at her friend through dreamy eyes. There was something about this girl with the supermodel looks that she just couldn't get enough of. Bethany pulled her face close and kissed her deeply. Then she got dressed and they walked out to the main floor, hand in hand. When Cassadee returned to her seat, Tina was there waiting.

"Did you have fun?" Tina asked.

Cassadee's face turned a deep shade of scarlet as she glanced shyly at her friend and nodded. Her lipstick was all worn off, and there was a glow to her face. Tina leaned in, as if she were going to give Cassadee a kiss on the cheek and sniffed her face.

"Oh! I guess you did have fun!"

"Oh my god! Shut up!" Cassadee playfully punched her on the arm.

"I didn't know you played that way, Cass. Maybe we will have to have a sleepover some time." Tina winked and laughed at Cassadee's embarrassment.

Cassadee didn't think she could feel more like a deer in the headlights than she did right then. She needed to get some air. "Do you want to go? I think I'm done."

Just as they were about to walk out, they ran into Tom Browning, the owner of the strip club.

"Cassadee! Welcome! Glad you could come out. Hey, while I have you here, I need to talk to you. It will only be a moment." He began to walk away.

Cassadee shrugged at her friend and followed Tom through the door to the side of center stage and into his office.

"I wanted to talk to you about performing again. Would you like to do that? I can put you on the schedule as early as next weekend."

Cassadee's eyes went wide. "Umm, you mean strip again? In front of the whole club?"

"Yeah. Your party was a huge hit. If I advertise that you will be dancing next weekend, I think we will pack the house again. What do you think? Are you game? Or was it just a one and done?"

The way he said one and done, with a slight smirk on his face, made her feel as if he were challenging her. Hadn't she been thinking about this anyway? She was experimenting with nudity—mostly around her house and in her back yard, but still... Why couldn't she do it again? The high it gave her last weekend was amazing. It was an adrenaline rush like nothing she had ever experienced. Just go for it, she told herself.

"Uh, sure. Why not?" she said, forcing a smile so that she didn't seem nervous.

"Great! How about Saturday night?"

"OK. I'll do it," she said, reinforcing the thought in her head.

"How would you feel about doing a girl/girl show that night?" Tom asked.

Cassadee was caught completely off guard. "You mean...have sex with a girl on stage?"

"Well, it's usually just suggestive. Unless, of course, the girls want to go all the way. We do allow that. It's all between the girls."

She was trying to wrap her head around it. Could she pretend to go down on a girl on stage in front of a crowd? Or not pretend and actually go through with it? Her stomach flipped at the thought.

"Who would I do that with?" she asked, stalling for more time.

"Who do you have in mind?" Tom asked in return.

"Umm...is Bethany working that night?"

Tom looked at the schedule on his computer. "It appears that she is. Do you want me to ask her if she would be willing to do a show with you?"

This was it. Her answer would determine whether she would simply dance or push her boundaries to the extreme. She hesitated for a few more seconds. "Yes," she finally answered.

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "I'll have her text you if she is down for it. And we will see you here at 9pm next Saturday night!"

Tom hugged her goodbye and she walked out to rejoin Tina. They left the club and Cassadee dropped her friend off at her house, then drove home in silence, a whirlwind of thoughts in her brain.

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Saturday

The next day was spent relaxing by the pool in her bikini. She kept looking over at Frank Dawson's house. She was pretty sure he was still in jail, but the interaction had unnerved her. How was she now supposed to feel safe in her own back yard? She needed to get this figured out. Around lunchtime she received a text from Ben Davidson.

Hey, Cass, haven't seen you since your party. How are you?

Butterflies invaded her stomach. She had last seen Ben just over a week ago at her Coming of Age party. They had had sex in one of the private rooms in the back, and Cassadee liked him...a lot.

Hey, Ben! I'm good! How are you?

Great! Just thinking about you. You busy tonight?

Oh, man. Was he asking her out?

Not really. What's up?

Wondered if I could take you to dinner?

Holy shit. He was asking her out! Cassadee closed her eyes and calmed her stomach.

Yeah! That sounds great! What time?

7ish?

I'll be ready. See you then!

Sweet. C U later.

Cassadee stood up and bounced around with nervous excitement. It was just after noon. She needed to pace herself.

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Ben pulled up in his bright blue sports car at seven on the dot. He came to the door and rang the bell, then was let inside by Cassadee's dad.

"Hey, Ben. How are you?"

"I'm good, Mr. Ellison. Thank you. Is Cassadee ready?"

"If she's not, she should be shortly. Why don't you have a seat? Can I get you a Coke or something?"

"No, I'm fine. Thank you, sir," Ben said as he took a seat in the living room. He pulled the front of his button-down shirt away from his chest. It was a little warm, and he was nervous.

Cassadee walked down the stairs in a cute little floral summer dress. She had done her hair up with some waves and curls and her makeup was understated, but perfect for her face. As she walked into the living room, Ben looked her up and down and said, "Whoa."

Cassadee smiled as he stood and gave her a hug. They said goodbye to her parents and got into his car. As he began driving, Cassadee pulled her phone out and sent a quick text to Lester, letting him know who she was with, and that she would text him when the date was over, or by 11pm, whichever came first. He responded with a 'thumbs up' emoji.

Ben took her to Kabuki, a Japanese steakhouse. They ordered steak and shrimp with fried rice, hibachi-grilled vegetables, and noodles. As they were waiting for their food, they talked about the end of senior year and their future plans.

"Where are you going to college?" he asked.

"I got accepted to Clearwater University in Florida. How about you?"

"Ohio State. Football scholarship."

Ben had been their star quarterback and had taken them to the state championships. They had lost in the last half of the game, unfortunately, but his skills had been noticed by a few recruiters. It was not surprising that he had landed a football scholarship. Cassadee thought he might even end up in the NFL.

After they ate, Ben reached over and played with Cassadee's fingers as they talked. His touch was warm and Cassadee wondered why she had waited so long to date. She had been busy with her studies and extracurricular activities, but so had everyone else. Whatever the reason, she was determined to make up for lost time...even if she only had the summer.

They left the restaurant and drove up to a small mountain overlook. The lights of town were twinkling in the dark as they continued to talk, leaning against the hood of his car. Cassadee slid over next to Ben as a light breeze blew across the mountain and he put his arm around her to shield her from the cool air. He suggested they crawl in the backseat, which wasn't big, but they could sit next to each other without the console between them. Once they were in the back, they cuddled and continued talking.

Ben was being the perfect gentleman. Even though she had had sex with him a week ago, it seemed that he wanted something deeper from their relationship, and wasn't pushing for a repeat, which made Cassadee want it that much more. She looked up into his eyes, waiting for him to kiss her, and wasn't disappointed when he took the hint. His kisses were warm and made her head spin. She didn't want the night to end.

Her phone chimed and she looked down at it. It was a text from Lester. Was it 11:10pm already? She opened the text, which read simply, '?'. She returned a 'thumbs up' emoji followed by '12'.

"Who was that? Your parents?" Ben asked.

"No, just a friend," she replied.

"I can take you home if you need to go. It is getting kind of late. Up to you."

"I'd like to stay out a little longer, if you want to," Cassadee said, cuddling into him. He wrapped his arm around her, pulling her close. "Are you OK with what we did at my party?" she asked, not meeting his eyes.

"Yeah. Of course. Are you?"

"Definitely. I've liked you for a long time. I don't know why I waited so long. But I would like to keep seeing you," she admitted.

"Cass, I've liked you for as long as I can remember! I was super stoked when you went to the prom with me. I admit, I was a little bummed when it ended and I didn't see you after that—outside of school, I mean. And then at your party...you were so beautiful...and sexy... After we went in the back and did that...I haven't been able to stop thinking about you."

Cassadee smiled from ear to ear. It was nice to hear they were on the same page. She kissed him passionately, then climbed onto his lap, straddling him. They made out for a few minutes when Ben's hands found their way to her chest. She moaned as he kneaded her breasts, lightly pinching her nipples. She pulled the straps of her dress down her shoulders, exposing her bra. Then she reached behind and unclasped it, letting it fall away and laying it on the seat. Ben played with her bare breasts as she kissed him deeply.

He reached around and cupped her ass cheeks, pulling her into himself. Cassadee began to grind into him, dry humping, as she unbuttoned his shirt, exposing his muscled chest. He reached under her dress and grabbed the sides of her thong, pulling it over her ass and down her thighs. She leaned to the side as he pulled it the rest of the way down her legs and let it fall to the floor. Cassadee then began to fumble with the button of his pants. He had to help her out a little, unbuttoning and unzipping, then sliding his pants down to his knees.

Cassadee grabbed Ben's warm penis in her cool hand and stroked it a couple times. It was semi-hard and getting harder by the second. She rubbed his dick against her moist vulva, using her warm wetness to assist him in obtaining his erection. Their chests were pressed together as they kissed, Cassadee's nipples making the same transition into stiffness.

When he was ready, Cassadee aimed him between her lower lips, using the tip to distribute the wetness from her opening all over the head of his penis. Finally, she lowered herself onto him, taking him all the way inside. She gasped as she felt him bottom out, bumping against her cervix. Ben's eyes took on a primal look as he grabbed her ass and began to thrust, using her motion to stroke his cock.

Cassadee hadn't had an orgasm in over 24 hours, and she was more than ready. She felt Ben's hardness deep inside as he penetrated her, his face against her chest. Cassadee moved her pelvis to meet each stroke and the electric feeling of an impending orgasm was already building in her core. She was so wet that the friction was lessened, but the passion she felt, along with the invasion of his sex into her most private place was all it took.

As the orgasm quickly overtook her, Cassadee's eyes squeezed shut and she screamed out in ecstasy. Her vaginal muscles throbbed rhythmically, and she felt a small expulsion of pussy juice, further lubricating his cock. Ben slowed his movements, allowing her to recover, then began thrusting once again.

Cassadee, red-faced and sweaty, leaned back until her shoulders rested against the front seats. She put her hands down to brace herself as she lifted her pelvis up and down, making long strokes on his cock, enabling him to watch as her pussy hungrily devoured his entire length over and over.

Ben's eyes were glued to Cassadee's beautiful little vulva sliding up and down his cock. Her outer lips were puffy and engorged with arousal, while her inner lips clung tightly to the skin of his dick, pushing and pulling with each stroke. Just before the head of his dick became visible, Cassadee would again lower herself onto him until he disappeared completely, fully enveloped in the warm, wet tightness of her most private place. He closed his eyes as his orgasm gripped his balls.

Cassadee could tell that Ben was close and as she lowered herself onto him, he grabbed her hips, holding her in place and thrusting fully inside. She felt the rhythmic pumping of his cock as he ejaculated deep within her pussy. She held his head against her chest and kissed his hair as he moaned. When he had emptied himself, he lay back limply as she moved her hips back and forth, enjoying every last second of his softening erection.

They stayed like that for minutes, making out, until Ben began to harden again inside of her. Cassadee looked at him in surprise and he just shrugged, smiling slyly. She bit her lower lip and experimented with her movements, realizing that he was actually hard enough that he wouldn't slip out. She then began to thrust up and down on him. The friction was almost nonexistent from the mixture of her juices and his cum, but his erection was there, so she used it to her advantage.

She angled herself so that his tip was rubbing the sensitive area on the roof of her vagina. Then she reached down and stroked her clit as she rode him. Another orgasm began to bubble up from the depths of her womanhood as she masturbated while he penetrated her. She had never touched herself during sex before but staring into Ben's eyes while she did it was a huge turn-on.

Ben watched in fascination as she pleasured herself. She was so beautiful, and sexual. He hadn't been able to stop thinking about her before. It would probably be worse now. He already fantasized about her when he masturbated. If he were lucky enough to make her his girlfriend, he would gladly give her orgasms every day, if she wanted. Her face and chest were red as she heaved with each stroke. And her fingers traced quick circles around her pink little button. He had watched long enough. He wanted to be the one to touch her down there and make her come.

Cassadee's legs began to quiver as she assaulted her clit, feeling every deep thrust of Ben's penis. Suddenly, Ben pushed her hand away. What the fuck was he doing? Then he used his fingers on her clit in the exact same way she had. It took her a few seconds to adjust to the strange feeling of his fingers, but then she leaned back and closed her eyes. She ran her hands through her hair as she concentrated on the pleasure between her legs.

As Ben simultaneously fucked and masturbated her, Cassadee's insides began to clench, feeling the beginnings of a massive orgasm. She groaned as a cramp moved through her womb, and then the orgasm went off like a hand grenade. Cassadee bucked and screamed as Ben drew the contractions out of her, never relenting on her clit. At the apex of the orgasm, she felt some hidden reserve let loose, and a deluge of warm vaginal juice soaked Ben's lap. She screamed again and shook with tremors as waves of pleasure washed through her body. Sweat ran down the sides of her face and between her breasts as she lay against him and tried to catch her breath. Once she recovered sufficiently from her mind-blowing orgasm, she kissed him.

"I am so sorry about the mess," she said apologetically, not sure how to move so that she didn't add to it.

"Heh, it's no problem," he said. "It's a nice car, but it's just a car. I'll clean it. It was totally worth it, in my opinion."

Cassadee kissed him again, then looked around for something to use to catch what was going to come running out of her once she climbed off his lap. Seeing nothing sufficient, she spied his shirt.

"Do you mind?" she asked sheepishly, grabbing him by his lapels. He pulled his arms out and shrugged out of the shirt, letting Cassadee wad it up and push it between them. As his erection withdrew, she covered her pussy. She felt the fluids drain out of her into the shirt as she sat there eyeing up his erection that glistened in the moonlight. Once she was sure she wasn't going to leak too much, she took the shirt away and pulled on her thong.

Cassadee knelt on the seat and grabbed his hard penis in her fingers. She turned it this way and that, looking at it from all sides. She hadn't yet given a blowjob. She wasn't even sure she knew how. But she wanted to give him another orgasm and even up the score. Could he come again? She guessed she would find out.

Lowering her face to his dick, she stuck her tongue out and touched the tip. It tasted salty. And she could smell herself on him. She began to lick all the wetness off his length, treating it like a tall ice cream cone. Then she grasped it in her palm, squeezing it and watching the head enlarge with blood. As she took his cock in her mouth, Ben moaned and said, "Oh fuck, Cass."

Cassadee's mouth was wet and so unbelievably warm. Ben felt her tongue rub on the underside of his head as she bobbed up and down. He couldn't believe this. Cassadee was the prettiest girl in school, in his opinion, and they were beginning a sexual relationship. He had fucked her, and now she was blowing him. He was in heaven.

Cassadee used her hand on Ben's shaft, as she had seen the girls do in porn, while she used her mouth on his head. After a few minutes of rhythmic sucking and stroking, Ben began to moan. She glanced up at his face as she continued to suck him. Suddenly, his muscles tightened up and she felt his cock begin to throb. Her eyes grew wide as he ejaculated in her mouth. Keeping her lips in a tight seal around his dick, Cassadee continued to suck as he unloaded his cum. Once he was finished, she lifted her mouth off of him, careful not to let anything drip out. It tasted salty and tangy, and not entirely liquid, with creamy globs of sperm. She decided to swallow it down like a raw oyster. After she got his load down her throat, she licked her lips. She could still taste his cum in her mouth.

Ben kissed her again, which surprised her. She hadn't thought he would want to, after knowing what had been in her mouth. But she allowed him to kiss her for a few more minutes, then looked at the time. 11:50pm. She needed to get home before she had to text Lester again.

Deciding to be daring, Cassadee slipped all of the way out of her dress and rode home in just her panties and shoes. It was dark and there wasn't much traffic, so she figured it would be safe. Ben couldn't keep his eyes on the road, looking over at her every few seconds, which made her smile. As they approached her house, just as she was about to slip into her dress, Ben said, "I dare you to walk to your house completely naked."

Cassadee looked at him with a wry smile. How mischievous! She was naked around her house all the time, but he didn't know that. "What if my parents are up?" she asked shyly.

Ben shrugged. "Yeah, you're probably right. You may as well get dressed and avoid all the questions."

Cassadee continued to stare. He was challenging her. Well, challenge accepted. As Ben pulled to the curb, Cassadee slipped her sandals off. Then she pulled her thong off her legs and balled it up in her hand. She grabbed her bra out of the backseat and leaned over to kiss him one last time. Looking all around, she could see no movement, so she opened the door and stepped out onto the sidewalk. It felt cool on her bare feet. Glancing around again, she walked slowly down the sidewalk to her driveway, carrying her clothes and purse in her hand. She turned and continued her slow pace all the way to her house, eyes darting around as she went. The feeling of being completely naked in front of her house was electric. Her heart was beating a mile a minute. She turned to wave at Ben, blowing him a kiss, and stepped through the front door.

It was now just after midnight and no one was downstairs. She tiptoed quietly up the stairs and ran right into her dad.

"Hey sweetie. Uh...why are you naked?"

"Oh, umm, I..." she stammered.

"I'm sorry. Never mind. I keep forgetting that you are an adult now. You don't have to explain anything to me," her dad said apologetically as he hugged her.

"Uh...thanks dad," she replied, doing her best to hug him back with her clothes in her hand. As he walked toward the bathroom, she blurted, "I'm naked because I had sex with Ben tonight, and he dared me to walk into the house completely nude."

Roger Ellison glanced back at his daughter, contemplating her confession. It showed a huge amount of trust to admit something like that. He smiled and said, "I guess I don't have to ask how your date went, then."

Cassadee chuckled and darted into her room, closing the door. She loved that she could be so open with her parents now. She tossed her clothing into the hamper in her bedroom as her phone chimed, making her jump. It was Lester. She opened his text.

Beautiful ass.

Apparently, he was staked out somewhere outside her house and saw her come in. She didn't know whether to be thankful for his vigilance and thoughtfulness about her safety or pissed off at the intrusion on her privacy. She guessed she couldn't have it both ways, so she should be appreciative of his vigilance. She texted him back.

Thanks. Maybe you will get to see it up close sometime soon.

She waited a few seconds and received his reply.

Mmm...can't wait. Have a good night.

Cassadee sent him back a heart as she heard her dad exit the bathroom and go into the bedroom he shared with her mom. Cassadee walked into the bathroom and took a warm shower, enjoying the feel of the hot water on her bare skin. Once she was done, she dried off and walked naked back to her room. She lay in bed thinking about fucking Ben Davidson. Then she thought about fucking Lester Camden. She gave herself two more orgasms before she finally fell asleep, exhausted.

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Sunday

The next morning Cassadee decided to go shopping. She woke up, rubbed the sleep from her eyes, walked naked to the bathroom, passing her mom along the way, and showered. As she walked back to her bedroom without a stitch of clothing, her brother exited his room. He saw her and glanced away before walking downstairs. Cassadee realized that as much as she was getting used to walking around the house naked, Greg was not. A confrontation was coming. She could feel it.

After she walked into her room, she pulled on a blue thong, then found a tight, strappy white tank top and decided to go braless. It wasn't see-through or anything and her B-cup boobs weren't really that big anyway. At most, she might jiggle a little and show some pokies. She finished the ensemble with a pair of jean shorts that were shorter than anything Daisy Duke would have worn, showing a generous portion of lower butt cheek. She pulled some Vans sneakers onto her bare feet and put her hair up into a ponytail. She spun around in the mirror and thought, Cute!

When she got in her car, Cassadee turned the key and it went rowr-rowr-rowr-rowr. She tried the key again, and after a few chugs it started. Backing down the driveway, she thought twice about leaving with the possibility of breaking down, then pulled back up. She went back into the house and told her dad about it.

"Hmm, it sounds like your starter might be going," he said after looking at the car.

"What should I do?" she asked.

Her mom came out of the house and asked what the problem was. Her dad explained and her mom said, "Let me make a call."

After a couple minutes, Kathleen came back out and said, "If you can get it started, I want you to take it out to Stu Delevan's place. You know where that is, right?"

Cassadee nodded. Stu was a farmer that lived a couple miles out of town. He had a garage where he worked on cars too, and Cassadee knew that her parents had gone to him with car trouble in the past. Stu was also a pretty good-looking guy, and one of the men sitting at center stage during her Coming of Age party. She had actually flirted with him while she was stripping, letting him keep a pair of her panties.

Once she got started again, Cassadee drove through town and out to Stu's farm. She took the dirt road that went back to his shop and pulled up to the garage. It didn't appear that anyone was around until Stu's wife, Lauren, waved from the house and yelled, "He'll be right down, Cassadee!" Cassadee waved back and thanked her, then watched her disappear into the house. The Delevans were in their mid-thirties and had four kids between the ages of 3 and 10.

Stu came walking out of his house in his denim overalls, plaid shirt, and work boots. "Hey there, Cassadee! What seems to be the problem?"

"It's having problems starting. My dad thought it might be the starter," she replied, catching his eyes dropping to her boobs and her shorts more than once.

"Well, let's take a look." He tinkered around under the hood, testing this and that—Cassadee didn't really know anything about cars—and said "I think your dad might be right. Why don't you head on inside and have Lauren pour you a glass of iced tea while I run into town and get you a new one."

Lauren Delevan was a very pretty woman with chestnut-brown hair, green eyes, and a great body, especially after having four children. She walked around the house in bare feet, telling her kids to pick up their toys and to go play. She poured Cassadee a tea and sat down with her at the kitchen table, asking her about college and what she wanted out of life. They talked for half an hour when Stu pulled back down the dirt drive. Cassadee thanked Lauren for the tea and excused herself, walking back to the shop. Stu told her it would take a couple hours, and to go make herself at home.

Cassadee went back up to the house and decided to help Lauren out by doing her dishes. Lauren kept telling her she didn't have to, but Cassadee insisted. After the dishes were done, she sat down in the living room and played with the youngest two kids. Before she knew it, Stu came in the house and said that he was done.

Cassadee followed him out and got in her car. It started right up without so much as a hiccup. She shut it back off and stepped out. "Thank you so much, Stu. How much do I owe you?"

"I'm not going to take your money, Cass," he said, shuffling his feet.

"Stu, I at least have to pay for the starter you bought."

"No, this one is on me. It's the least a mentor can do."

Cassadee wasn't sure she heard correctly. "Mentor?" she asked.

He nodded his head.

She swallowed through the lump in her throat. "Are you one of my mentors?" she asked again.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered.

"Which one were you...that night...?"

"I was the first," he answered. Cassadee thought back to her mentor ceremony...

As the headphones were placed over her ears, all sounds except those from inside her own head were extinguished. She waited for what seemed like minutes before anything happened. Without warning, a pair of hands touched her thighs and she jumped, squealing in surprise. Her trembling increased as she felt a body push up against her exposed genitals. Oh, shit oh shit oh shit oh shit...

Cassadee had had a month to think about and prepare for this moment. But no amount of imagination had truly prepared her for the stranger who was touching her now. Prior to tonight, she had had sex with precisely one boy. Only one penis had ever been inside of her, before tonight's tryst with Ben, and it had happened with her full knowledge and expectation. Now there was another one pushing up on her sex. As the tip penetrated her, she threw her head back and moaned through gritted teeth.

The penis pushed all the way inside of her until it bottomed out and she felt the man's abdomen against her ass. Then it pulled most of the way out and thrust back in. It didn't seem overly large, so at least that was a bonus. She concentrated on her breathing as the foreign phallus moved in and out of her body, settling into a rhythm. She could tell she was extremely wet because there was hardly any friction. His hands gripped more tightly on her thighs and he picked up the pace.

Cassadee took stock of her senses. Obviously, she couldn't see or hear anything, and she couldn't touch him with her hands. But she could still feel. His hands were rough. Not that he was treating her roughly, but the skin of his hands was rough against the skin of her thighs. Every time he moved them, they scratched her skin. He must work outside with his hands, she thought to herself, filing away the nugget of information for later contemplation.

He was moving pretty quickly now. Thankfully, she was still very wet, because she was a little too nervous to really be into it mentally, although her body was beginning to respond. She began to feel tingly around her clit. On each inward stroke, she tilted her pelvis slightly downward, enhancing the feeling. Cassadee panted and she could feel her nipples grow erect.

Suddenly he jammed himself all the way inside and Cassadee grunted as she took the brunt of his weight. He must be coming, she thought, as he thrust deeply into her vagina. Finally, he withdrew his cock and she felt fluid run out, across her asshole and down her crack. She imagined it dripping down the edge of the table and onto the floor.

That wasn't as bad as she thought it would be. The first one was over. She hadn't come, but that was OK. Five orgasms over the next hour, or so, might be a little too overwhelming. She lay there catching her breath as the fluid tickled her on its way out of her body.

Cassadee couldn't believe this. She had just spent a couple hours with Stu's lovely wife, Lauren, and now she was going to have to fuck the woman's husband. "Does Lauren know?" she asked nervously, glancing toward the house.

"Of course she does. She was in on the whole decision. She likes you. More importantly, she trusts you. She knows that my heart is all hers, even if I do have a couple girls I mentor."

This was the first time one of her mentors had talked about mentoring someone other than her. She knew better than to ask who it was, but she couldn't help wondering.

"Why don't we step in here and talk while I clean up?" Cassadee followed him in the shop. He took her past his little office and up a set of stairs to a small second story space. When they walked inside, she saw that it was decorated like a bedroom, with a bathroom off to the side. "You can have a seat if you like. I'll just be a minute."

Cassadee nervously sat on the edge of the bed as Stu stepped into the bathroom. He scrubbed his hands and arms with industrial soap, then washed his face. When he came back out, he saw how nervous she looked and sat down on the edge of the bed next to her. "Don't worry. I'd never make you do anything you didn't want to do."

"Is this where you bring the girls you mentor?" she asked

"Yeah. It's too hectic in the house. Too many kids. Plus, even though Lauren is very understanding of all of this, she would rather not have it in her face, if you know what I mean."

Cassadee nodded as her nipples responded, making little bumps in her shirt. "Are you sure you won't take any money for the car repairs?"

"Like I said, the first one's on me. It's my gift to you since I'm your new mentor. I mean, I'm not rich, so if you have more stuff that needs done, I'll definitely accept payment, but for right now, we're good."

Cassadee nodded again. "Thank you." She looked around the room. It was furnished nicely. "Did Lauren do all this?"

Stu chuckled. "Yeah. I'm not much for interior decorating. But she likes it."

"It's pretty," she said. She glanced at Stu and thought to herself that he seemed to get more handsome the longer she was around him. He was muscular. He had some hair on his chest peeking above his shirt collar. His hands showed grease stains that wouldn't come off with only one or two scrubbings. "Does Lauren feel badly about this?"

"You mean, me being your mentor? No. Like I said, she understands. She has mentors herself. And you are my third girl. So, it's not like we are new to the idea."

"So," Cassadee began, clearing her throat, "it's OK if I repay you another way?"

Stu smiled. "Well, there's no rush if you're nervous, but yes, I would definitely accept that form of payment."

Cassadee began to breathe heavily, and then on impulse, leaned in and kissed Stu on the mouth. He responded immediately, his tongue parting her lips. His hand found her breast and he kneaded it in his hand, playing with her sensitive nipple. She moaned into his mouth and pressed deeper into the kiss. Suddenly, Stu broke the kiss, picked her up in his arms and carried her to the center of the bed, lying her head on the pillows. Cassadee gasped. She knew what was coming.

Stu kissed down her neck, his short beard tickling her skin. She giggled, then gasped again as his mouth found her breast, massaging it through her shirt with his lips. He grabbed the hem of her tank top and she lifted her arms. Pulling it up over her head and tossing it to the side, Stu stared at her breasts, touching the pink, puffy areolae. "My god, you are beautiful," he said. She bit her lip as she looked in his eyes. Then he lowered his mouth to her chest and began to suck on her nipples.

Cassadee had known her nipples were sensitive, but she hadn't realized exactly how much pleasure could be had just by someone using their mouth on them. Stu licked and sucked, using his tongue to play with their stiffness. Cassadee moaned, feeling some fluid release down below, and her entire body shuddered. Did she just have a small orgasm, simply from her nipples being played with? Suddenly, the sensation became too much, and she grabbed Stu's face, pushing him away. Her areolae were deep pink and swollen twice as large, and her nipples were as hard as she had ever seen them. Her pussy was on fire.

Stu grabbed her feet and pulled off her Vans. Her bare feet were pink and sweaty underneath, but he kissed and licked them, regardless. Cassadee looked on in amazement. No one had ever licked her feet before. She didn't realize anyone would want to, but Stu seemed like he loved it. He breathed deeply as he shoved his nose between her sweaty toes, and she lay her head back on the pillow when he began sucking on them. This was a whole new level of eroticism. The feeling wasn't unlike that of her breasts. The more Stu sucked on her toes, the hornier she got. Her hand found its way between her legs and she rubbed herself through her jean shorts.

Stu propped her ankles up on his shoulders and started to undo her shorts. He popped the button and unzipped them, then pulled them over her hips and down her legs, setting them aside. Cassadee touched herself and realized the gusset of her blue thong was soaked with her juices. He spread her legs and began to smell and lick her through her panties. Cassadee groaned. First her nipples, then her toes, and now he was licking her pussy through the fabric of her underwear. The teasing was too much. She wanted to fuck him—badly.

He pulled aside her panties, exposing her wet pussy, and dove in with his tongue. She smelled strong with arousal and she was sticky with white discharge, but he didn't care. He licked her clean, flicking her little bean here and there and driving her crazy. Her face was red and sweaty, and she was squirming under his touch. He crawled off the bed and quickly undressed.

Cassadee watched him as he took all his clothes off, lazily stroking her clit. His chest was hairy, but he manscaped nicely, keeping his pubes trimmed short. He stroked his dick a few times, taking it from semi-hard to erect, then knelt between her legs and pulled her panties off. He spread her legs and began eating her out again. She needed to come, but he wasn't letting her get that far. As soon as she would get close, he would start doing something different. Oooh. She was almost there. She could feel the pressure of the orgasm starting in her womb. Then he moved his face away. Fuck!!!

Stu could tell she was about to come, but he wanted to keep building her up until she couldn't take any more. He propped her legs up on his shoulders and kneeled so that their groins were pressed together. He moved the head of his dick between her lips, spreading the wetness around, and entered her tight pussy. She moaned as he pushed himself all the way in. Once he was seated inside, he began to thrust in and out. Grabbing her feet, he pulled them to his face and started sucking her toes again while he fucked her.

Cassadee was losing her mind. She was overstimulated. It was way too much. Her orgasm hit her like a freight train. She curled her toes and her feet scrunched up as the contractions pounded the inside of her womb like a fist. Her body thrashed as she screamed, and she felt pussy juice burst forth like a broken water balloon, soaking his penis, his abdomen, his thighs, and his bed. He fucked her through the orgasm, licking her soles and heels.

Stu had wanted this from the moment Kathleen Ellison had asked him to be Cassadee's mentor. When she danced in front of him at her party, his head was swimming with lust. Cassadee had let him pull her panties off, right there at the side of the stage, then told him he could keep them. He brought them home and kept them in a drawer here in the bedroom in his shop. They still held a little bit of her scent and he pulled them out from time to time to inhale her fragrance. He loved the smell of her—her feet, her pussy—he couldn't get enough. And this was even better than the first time he had gotten to fuck her, at her mentor ceremony. He had felt nervous and rushed, unnerved by the fact that Tom Browning had been there in the room watching everything. He had done little more than blown his load and gotten out of there. She had felt amazing that night, but it was nothing compared to this. This was what he had really wanted—just to be able to take his time and enjoy her.

Cassadee was almost numb. The orgasm had been intense, but Stu just kept fucking her without letting up. Her pussy had kind of shut off for a moment. But it was coming back quickly. For some reason, the fact that he was smelling and licking her feet was really turning her on. It was like some kind of taboo. Feet were supposed to be dirty and stinky. Nobody should want to smell her feet. But he did. And he obviously liked it. She was beginning to work on a second orgasm, although she didn't know if she had time. It looked like he was almost ready to come, so she took matters into her own hands, so to speak.

Stu stuck all the toes of Cassadee's right foot in his mouth as he neared the crescendo of his orgasm. He was about to come. He placed her other foot on his chest, feeling her cool sole against his skin, then he exploded. His cock throbbed hard as he shot his load into Cassadee's beautiful pink pussy. As his orgasm diminished, he dropped her feet to the bed and kneeled there with his head back, squeezing out the last of his semen inside her birth canal. When he was spent, he noticed that she was masturbating with his dick inside her, flicking her clit back and forth. Her face was a mask of concentration, and her vaginal muscles tensed and pulsed around his manhood as she arrived at her destination. She threw her head back and keened as her finger vibrated across her clit. Suddenly, he could feel her orgasm from inside as his dick was squeezed over and over again. It was finished within moments and she melted into the bedding, a big smile on her face.

Cassadee smiled sleepily as she stretched her arms above her head. Stu leaned down and gave her a long, deep kiss. For some reason, whenever a guy came inside of her, she had this feeling of peace and serenity...like a quiet walk in a meadow with butterflies and waterfalls and stuff. She didn't know if there was any scientific basis for feeling that way after being filled with cum, but she wasn't complaining. As he withdrew from her vagina, he lay down next to her on the bed.

"Phew," he said, wiping sweat away from his brow.

"That felt amazing," she said. "What made you want to lick my stinky feet, though?"

"Your feet weren't stinky. They had an aroma, sure, because they were closed up in your shoes with no socks, but I wouldn't call them stinky. I could tell you had showered. Besides, I'm a smell guy. I love the various natural smells of a woman's body. Her armpits in the morning. Her pussy when its been aroused and wet. And her feet. I don't know why. I guess it's some kind of fetish for me."

"Well, it was super-hot. I liked it. A lot."

"I'm glad," he said with a smile. After a minute he asked, "Do you remember those panties you gave me?"

Cassadee had to think for a few seconds. "You mean at my party?"

"Yeah. I still have them in a drawer over there. I pull them out once and a while and smell them. They still smell a bit like you."

Cassadee leaned up on her elbows. "Really? You have been sniffing my panties? Do you...do stuff...when you smell them?"

"I have, a couple times," he answered, smiling.

Cassadee looked over at her clothes lying next to them on the bed. She reached for her thong and looked at it. The crotch was cold and soaked with wetness, with some white discharge staining the material. She pulled it to her face and smelled it. It was strong. "Do you want to keep these?" she asked.

Stu leaned up and took them from her. He put them to his nose and breathed deeply, groaning with arousal. "Oh my gosh...could I?" he asked.

Cassadee nodded and watched as he kept smelling them and even licking the crotch. He seemed like he was in heaven.

After that, they took a shower together in the bathroom. Cassadee pulled her jean shorts and her tank top on, then slipped into her shoes. It was a strange feeling not to be wearing underwear, a bra, or even socks. She felt only half-dressed. They went down the stairs and through the shop, then out to her car. Stu gave her a quick peck on the lips. "You'd better go on up to the house and talk to Lauren. She likes to talk to my girls afterwards. I guess it makes her feel more at ease."

Cassadee nervously walked up to the house and knocked. Lauren opened the door with her youngest on her hip and another around her legs. "Come on in again," she said. "Would you like another tea?" She accepted and sat at the kitchen table. Lauren told her kids to go play and leave the grown ups alone to talk. The kids ran out of the kitchen laughing and yelling. When they were alone, she asked, "How was it? Did you guys have sex?"

Cassadee took another drink. Her throat was suddenly very dry. "Yeah," she said sheepishly. "He said you knew that he was my mentor and would be OK with it."

"Yeah. We all have the same traditions that we uphold. I get it. As much as it might make me a little jealous from time to time, especially with a girl as beautiful as yourself, I have my own mentors as well. So, I understand. Did he suck your toes?"

Cassadee almost choked on her tea as she was taking another drink. "Umm...yeah. He did."

"Did you like it? I love it, personally. And he does too. He's a little weird, I guess, but he just loves smelling all the different parts of me."

She smiled at Lauren. "Yeah, surprisingly, I did like it. It was kind of hot."

"I agree." Lauren looked her up and down. "Well, I just have to get used to you being in our lives. It just takes a minute for me to wrap my head around the fact that he knows what your pussy tastes like now."

Cassadee couldn't believe how open Lauren was with this subject. She nodded and took another drink. They made some small talk while she finished her tea, then Cassadee said she had better get home. They hugged and Lauren told her not to be shy, that she was welcome as much or as little as she wanted to come out. Cassadee thanked her and waved at Stu, who was working in his shop as she pulled out of the drive. It took her less than ten minutes to get home.

After she arrived back at her house, Cassadee forgot all about shopping. She stripped her clothes off and decided to enjoy the rest of the day tanning in the back yard. After texting Lester and confirming that Frank Dawson was still in jail, she went outside naked. Glancing up at her brother's window every so often confirmed that he was watching. Even though her whole family was home, she covertly masturbated in the deckchair, fairly certain she had gotten away with it without her parents noticing. Greg had probably seen, though.

The rest of the evening was spent with her family, eating dinner, watching television, and even playing a board game—all in the nude.

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Monday

The next day was torture. It was the last week of school. Finals were done and Friday night was graduation. Now it was just a matter of showing up and having her attendance recorded. It was basically glorified babysitting. Mr. MacLochlan, or Mr. McLovely, as he was known among the student body, pulled her aside after class and invited her to come to his house to have dinner with him and his wife at 7pm that evening.

Cassadee immediately felt her face flush and her heart jumped into her throat. Mr. MacLochlan and his supermodel wife wanted to have her over tonight. At her Coming of Age party, she had resigned herself to the fact that he was seeing her dance in the nude and masturbate, along with hundreds of other people. There was nothing she could do about it anyway, so she had made peace with it. But over the last nine days or so, she had sort of blocked it out of her mind, and her confidence had eroded around him again. He was waiting patiently for an answer, so she nervously agreed.

Mr. McLovely was the hottest teacher she had ever seen. Heck, he was probably the hottest guy she had ever met. He was in his early to mid-thirties, with the face of a male model, and the chest and abs to match. She hadn't personally seen him with his shirt off, but someone she knew said that they drove by his house one time when he was washing his car shirtless, and yes, he was as hot as everyone thought he was. Needless to say, Cassadee was extremely intimidated whenever she was around him. She had had the biggest crush on him for a few years but was tongue-tied in his presence more often than not.

As she pulled up to his house at a couple minutes before 7pm, she shut her engine off and tried to calm her thoughts. She was fairly certain she knew why she was here. She had made sure she was perfectly groomed and perfumed, just in case. If her suspicions were correct... Nope. She couldn't think about that right now or she wouldn't be able to eat dinner. One step at a time.

Connor MacLochlan's house was beautiful, just like him. The décor was beautiful. His wife, Danielle, was beautiful. Cassadee felt like an old sock in his presence. She made it through dinner and dessert, after which he mentioned that they should have a talk. Danielle told Cassadee she had made prior plans to spend the night visiting with her sister, so they would have privacy for their talk. She thanked her for coming to dinner, then left for the evening. Cassadee was shaking like a leaf as her teacher led her into his study.

"How are you feeling, Cassadee?" he asked. "You seem nervous."

"I am," she replied honestly.

Mr. Maclochlan looked her over and then blew out a breath. "I thought this would happen a little more naturally, but maybe I should have handled this differently." He walked to the large picture window and stared into the woods behind his house, which were brightly illuminated by an almost-full moon.

Cassadee swallowed the lump in her throat and looked at her hands. They were trembling. She had been 75% sure she knew what this was about, but now she was leaning more toward 95%.

"I won't beat around the bush. I think you already suspect that I'm your mentor. It's true. I am your mentor."

The air left Cassadee's lungs. As sure as she had been, hearing it confirmed by him was equal parts relief and devastation. She had fantasized over this for so long, yet she was totally self-conscious and feeling completely unworthy. This was Mr. McLovely. How could he ever think she was anything but an average-looking schoolgirl. He and his wife looked like supermodels. Cassadee felt like she was going to throw up.

"I wasn't going to do anything with you tonight so you could digest the information and get comfortable with it," he said. "But I think we need to work through this and just rip the band-aid off, so to speak. The longer we drag this out, the harder it is going to be on you."

He walked over and sat next to her, then took her trembling hand in his.

"I think you should take a deep breath and calm down. Then I'll take you up to the bedroom and make love to you."

Cassadee's face went white and she burst into tears.