**Cassadee's Coming of Age**

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Cassadee's Coming of Age part 7

Monday Evening

"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 him 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. Connor MacLochlan's jaw dropped. He was beginning to think he had sorely misjudged his approach with her. He could tell she was nervous, but he had no idea she would cry. "Oh, Cass...I'm sorry...come here..." He pulled her into a hug, rubbing her back and whispering that everything was going to be OK.

Every emotion Cassadee had ever felt concerning her secret crush came pouring out all at once. At one point she naively thought she might be in love with her teacher. He was practically a Greek god. His looks were off the charts and every girl she knew would drop her panties for him if he asked. But he never did. He didn't behave inappropriately with any of the students. And that made him even more desirable.

He was so perfect that she felt like a troll next to him. As wonderful as she thought she should feel right now, finding out that Mr. MacLochlan was her mentor made her feel sick. There was no way that she could compete with his equally perfect wife. Danielle MacLochlan looked as if she had walked off the runway in Paris and settled in their dinky little town in Pennsylvania. How could either of them even take a second look at her?

"Cassadee, sweetie, talk to me. Be open with me. What has you so upset?" he said with concern.

Her teacher was still holding her in a warm embrace, and she was blubbering all over his shirt. "You are too good for me," she wailed. "I'm nothing compared to you and Mrs. MacLochlan!" A new deluge of tears washed down her face.

"Oh, my goodness. Is that really what you think?" he asked, astounded. "Look...I've heard the rumors about me. That I used to be a male model and traveled all over Europe. That I come from old Philadelphia money and that I gave it all up because I'm so amazing I just wanted to teach country kids in Pennsylvania. All of that is ridiculous. I'm from Allentown. So is Danielle. We were high school sweethearts."

He continued. "I'll admit that I'm a little blessed, genetically. I know how people see me. But my looks are not me. I'm just an average person like everyone else. I didn't do particularly well in school. I had to study my butt off. I did better in college, because by then, I was more invested in my future. We have this nice house because we foolishly buried ourselves in our mortgage. We are doing our best to get it paid off as quickly as we can, but I'm a teacher. I don't make a ton of money. Danielle actually makes more than I do at the hospital as a registered nurse. And Cassadee, you are absolutely crazy if you think that you are nothing. I probably shouldn't say this, but you are my favorite student. And, if I may be perfectly honest, you are a total smoke show. Even Danielle thinks so. It was all I could do to convince her to let me have this first night alone with you."

He kissed her forehead and moved her to arms' length and dried her face with his hand. He stared at her for a few seconds and said, "Cassadee...I think you are absolute fire. When your mom asked me to be your mentor, I came home so excited that I did a little dance. I felt like I had won the lottery."

Cassadee stared at him incredulously. How could this be? He was excited to be her mentor? Why? She must look terrible at this point. She could tell without even looking in a mirror that her face was red, her eyes were puffy and swollen from crying, her nose was running...ugh! How could he be attracted to her? She could hardly look at him, he was so hot. She cast her eyes toward the floor and he lifted her chin so she couldn't look away from him.

"You...are...beautiful," he whispered to her. He actually had tears in his own eyes. "It breaks my heart that you think so little of yourself—or at least that you think so little of yourself compared to me. Get that out of your head. If I was not already married, I would be having a very difficult time as your teacher, wanting more from you than I should."

Cassadee sniffled and stared at him. Could he be for real?

"First things first. Call me Connor. No more Mr. MacLochlan, except during this last week of school. And I'm not Mr. McLovely either. Yes, I know what they call me behind my back." He handed her a box of tissues and she pulled a couple out, looking away as her face got even redder.

"That's going to take some getting used to," she said honestly through the tissue.

"Say my name."

Cassadee looked him in the eyes. "Connor," she whispered.

"Good." He stood up and walked into the kitchen. Pulling a bottle of red wine out of the refrigerator, he uncorked it and poured them each a glass. "I wouldn't normally give alcohol to a teenager, but you are safe here. And I'm not going to get you drunk."

Cassadee took a sip of the wine. It hit her stomach and began to warm her up on the inside. "Thank you."

He led her over to the couch and sat down next to her. "Let's watch some TV," he said with a smile. He brought up an episode of the Big Bang Theory. "This good?"

She nodded and smiled. It was one of her favorites. He went back to the kitchen and returned with a bag of chips, which they ate while they watched. It was so weird seeing him eat potato chips like a normal person. She had imagined that he only ate health food and worked out for ten hours every day.

One episode ran into another as they sat there laughing and snacking. Her nerves began to calm down as she shared in this little bit of normalcy with him. They began to talk honestly and openly about life, just chit-chatting like old friends. After the Big Bang Theory ended, he flipped around the channels, coming across an airing of Titanic, which was also one of Cassadee's favorites. She asked him if they could watch it, and he left it there.

"How are you feeling?" he asked.

"A lot better," she replied with a smile. "I was so nervous and tense. I couldn't relax. I think this has helped. And I'm sure the wine didn't hurt either," she said with a giggle.

"Here. Put your legs up. I'll rub your feet," he said.

Cassadee swallowed the chip she was chewing and leaned into the corner of the couch, resting her legs on his lap. She wasn't sure if this would relax her or make her more nervous, but she went along.

Connor unbuckled her black heels and set them on the floor. He then began massaging her feet through her black stockings.

Cassadee closed her eyes. It felt so good. She hoped her feet weren't sweaty and smelly, though. His hands felt nice as he massaged the pads under her toes with his thumbs, working his way down the arches to her heels. She wished she hadn't worn stockings. This would feel even better on my bare skin, she thought to herself.

"Would it be OK if we took the stockings off?" he asked. "I can't really get as good a grip as I'd like."

There it was. They were on the same wavelength. And she knew where this would eventually end. She nodded through lidded eyes.

Connor went to reach up to the top of her stocking, then realized he would have to put his hands under her skirt. He caught her eyes, seeking permission, and she nodded again, then he pushed the hem of her skirt up her thigh until the top of the stocking came into view. He unclasped it from the garter belt, which was extremely sexy, and began to roll it down her leg, exposing her creamy white thigh. Goosebumps popped up all over her skin and his heart began to beat faster.

Cassadee had chills from his gentle touch. Her left stocking came off her foot and Connor began to work on the right. The hem of her skirt was pushed really far up. She wondered if he could see her black thong. The thought made her secrete a tiny bit of wetness down below and she squeezed her thighs together in embarrassment. He gently pushed her legs far enough apart that he could pull the stocking down the rest of the way. Finally, her legs were bare, and Connor began massaging her feet again. This time, his touch was electric.

Connor thought Cassadee had beautiful feet. Her skin was soft and white and the pads on the bottom were the prettiest shade of pink. He was surprised to see that there were no callouses, even though she was a runner. He worked his thumbs into her feet and enjoyed listening to the sounds of satisfaction escaping her lips. Her head was resting on the arm of the couch and she finally seemed relaxed, so he began to massage her lower legs as well.

Cassadee almost felt like she could fall asleep. The wine was warm in her stomach and the foot massage was doing wonders for her nerves. As his hands worked up her legs, she squirmed. This was much more erotic than she ever thought a foot rub would be. When he moved up above her knees, she opened her eyes and studied his face. He seemed entranced. What was he thinking about?

Connor loved the feel of Cassadee's skin. It was so smooth. He could feel the toned muscles in her legs from all the running, but her legs were still soft. Her thighs, and the thought of what lay between, were filling him with lust. He wanted nothing more than to part her legs and have his way with her. He needed to be a gentleman, though, and make sure he didn't take her too quickly out of her comfort zone. Carefully, he worked his hands up under her skirt, massaging and squeezing her upper thighs.

Cassadee squeezed her eyes shut as his hands made their way almost to her sex. As good as the massage felt, she was now having thoughts of fucking him. She had simultaneously dreamed of and dreaded this moment. She wanted so badly to take him between her legs and feel him inside her, but she was terrified, unable to reconcile the fantasy with reality. Then she remembered, and it hit her like a bomb. Connor MacLochlan had already had sex with her. Over a week ago...

She prepared herself for the feeling of hands on her thighs and she didn't jump as much this time when it happened. These hands felt smooth. The man pushed against her and she felt the tip of his hard member tracing its way between her lips from her clit to her entrance and back up to her clit. It traveled this route numerous times and Cassadee felt her body responding.

Her second mentor was teasing her, she thought with surprise. She hadn't expected this. She thought this was going to be about the guys getting their rocks off and then moving on. Why was he teasing her? Was he trying to give her pleasure as well? Whatever his motivations, his actions were having a definite effect. She moaned out loud as the tip of his penis stroked her sensitive clit.

Finally, he moved to her entrance and pushed slightly inside. Cassadee moaned again. He had expertly prepared her body for intercourse, and this time it felt really good. As he slowly entered her, she instinctually tried to wrap her legs around him, but the restraints wouldn't allow it. He began moving slowly in and out, working her up even more.

Suddenly she felt the angle change and the tip of his dick was sliding along the roof of her vagina. Whatever he was doing, he was hitting a very sensitive spot and she felt like she might die from pleasure before this was over.

After only a couple minutes, Cassadee could hear herself moaning almost constantly. The pressure deep inside her was building to its inevitable crescendo. In and out, in and out, every time sliding along that heavenly spot.

She had never known sex could feel this good. It had hurt at first when she had lost her virginity, but over the following five or six times she had grown to enjoy it immensely. But that was nothing like this. Who the fuck was this guy? She had to know. She had a feeling that she had so much to learn from this man.

Before Cassadee knew it, she was there. Her life was ending inside of a cosmic burst of sexual ecstasy. She screamed as she felt every muscle in her vagina squeeze and release, repetitively grabbing onto the dick of this sexual virtuoso.

As her orgasm subsided, he kept fucking her with long, deep strokes. He changed his angle again, allowing faster and more direct penetration. His speed picked up and she felt little kisses on her foot. Her toes curled at the sensation and she giggled. She hadn't felt any whiskers, she thought absently.

Eventually, just as the heat inside her pelvis was beginning to rise again, she felt a stutter in his rhythm. He jammed himself against her once, twice, and a third time. On the fourth lunge he held himself pressed against her sex. Cassadee smiled as she took his seed. There was something about this man that made her think about warmth and love and family, and all those silly things that made girls swoon in stupid romance novels.

At last, he withdrew his penis from her body, and again she felt the tickle of running semen down the crack of her ass. An intimate, lingering kiss on her inner thigh made her heart leap, her body responding with thousands of little goose bumps rising on her flesh. She sighed. There were three more to go. They couldn't all feel like this, could they? She was loving her life right about now.

Cassadee sat up with a start. Connor actually jumped, thinking he had hurt her. "You were my second mentor, weren't you?" she asked.

He had to think about it for a moment, but then he nodded. "Yes, I believe I was."

The memory of how amazing that experience had been, and how good he had felt inside of her gave Cassadee a shot of adrenaline and a fire smoldered between her legs. She crawled onto his lap and kissed him, her tongue exploring his mouth. As he wrapped his arms around her and returned the kiss, they melted into each other. Breathlessly, she said, "Take me upstairs, Connor."

That was all he needed to hear. He lifted her in his arms and carried her to his bedroom, setting her gently on the bed. He crawled on top of her and kissed her deeply as Cassadee's legs parted and wrapped around his hips.

Cassadee pushed him away and began frantically unbuttoning his shirt. He helped her out, finishing the job, and tossed the shirt on the floor. Her eyes grew large as she ran her fingers over his chest—his smooth pecs and washboard abs. She lay there and let him unbutton her blouse, shivering when he opened it up and exposed her little black push-up bra. He took it the rest of the way off and discarded it. Cassadee's fingers were on his belt buckle before her blouse hit the floor. He took over, unbuckling and unzipping, then went to the edge of the bed where he kicked off his shoes, pulled off his socks, and dropped his pants. By the time he returned to her, Cassadee had gotten rid of her skirt and was lying there in just her matching black bra, panties, and garter belt.

Connor crawled on top of her again, his eyes smoldering with lust. His bulge was prominent, his penis already semi-erect. Cassadee felt it press into her pussy through the layers of their underwear. He kissed her deeply, touching the bare skin of her shoulders, her ribs, and her waist. Reaching behind her, he unclasped her bra with a flick of his fingers. Slowly, he pulled it away, exposing her breasts to his hungry eyes. Her pale, pink areolae were puffy, and her nipples were erect. Lowering his face to her chest, he took most of one areola into his mouth, sucking on it and using his tongue to stimulate her nipple. She responded immediately with a moan, pushing his head into her chest. He sucked her tits until she was practically in a frenzy, crying out and trembling, then he kissed his way down her flat belly to her panty-covered mound. She smelled of pheromones and feminine musk. Grabbing the sides, he pulled her thong down over her ass, the gusset momentarily catching between her thighs, before springing away as he pulled the panties off her legs.

Cassadee had a momentary panic attack. Mr. McLovely—Connor—had just pulled her panties off and was about to go down on her. She did her best to suppress the anxiety with thoughts of how good he had been the first time and gasped in pleasure as his mouth covered her sex.

Connor ran his tongue as deeply as he could manage into Cassadee's birth canal. Her scent was driving him crazy, and she tasted as wonderful as she smelled. She was leaking fluid and whitish discharge, and he licked it all up, swallowing every last drop. He pressed his face into her vulva and time momentarily stopped—he thought he could live here for the rest of his life, smelling and tasting her feminine essence. He dipped two fingers inside, pulling out even more proof of her arousal, and sucked them clean.

Cassadee felt his fingers enter her and thought she might come right there. After he pulled them out and licked them off, which was totally hot, he pushed them back in and began to finger her. She threw her head back on the pillow as he curled them upwards, rubbing that spot that felt really good—the one that made her come so quic..."Ohmigod OH OH OH OH!" she yelled as she came around his fingers, bucking six inches off the bed.

Connor smiled as the walls of Cassadee's vagina pulsed and flexed around his fingers. She was so tight, but when she orgasmed it got even tighter, he remembered. He couldn't wait until his dick was inside her.

Cassadee shook with the last flutters of her orgasm. Connor licked her juices off his fingers, then cleaned up her pussy with his tongue. She gyrated her pelvis at him and moaned, "Fuck me, please."

Connor needed no further encouragement. He awkwardly leaned over and pulled his boxer briefs off, adding them to the pile on the floor. His dick was fully erect—he couldn't be any more ready. Crawling between her legs, he coated the head of his dick with her wetness and entered her, penetrating her body until he could go no further.

This, right here, was the moment Cassadee had fantasized about for years. She wrapped her legs around Connor's midriff, which she hadn't been able to do at her mentor ceremony, and gave herself to him completely. She felt every inch of his manhood, plunging into her. It felt as if they were one body, merged at their sex.

Connor felt Cassadee's tight pussy squeeze him over and over as he fucked her. He stopped, with his dick deep inside, and kissed her passionately, his tongue attempting the same amount of penetration as his penis. He leaned back from her and pulled her legs up, resting her pretty bare feet on his chest. With this new position, he angled his dick so it would hit her G-spot and began thrusting rhythmically.

Cassadee's eyes squinted as the sensation inside of her increased tenfold. Whatever he was doing was hitting her special place. Her toes curled and her hand went to her abdomen. She was beginning to feel like she had to pee. Doing her best to hold it back, she clenched her pelvic muscles. Connor groaned as she did so, but kept up the same motion. Cassadee's face screwed up into a grimace and she moaned as she fought the orgasm. The last thing she wanted to do was wet his bed.

"Don't fight it, Cass," he said urgently. "I want you to push. You're about to have a G-spot orgasm. It's what causes you to squirt. Bear down, as if you are trying to deliver a baby."

Cassadee tried to fight her fear as she nodded in compliance. His cock was relentlessly drumming on that special place—he called it her G-spot. She began shaking as the tsunami of pressure overtook her. She pushed her vaginal muscles outward, just like he said, and screamed as she experienced an orgasm so intense that she thought it might tear her apart. Prying her eyes apart, she watched as Connor withdrew his dick from her vagina and a pressurized jet of liquid squirted out in an arc, splashing all over his chest.

Connor had taken her right to the edge, then yanked himself backward at the last second. Cassadee squirted powerfully, hitting him in the chest. Quickly, he dove forward and caught the remainder of her squirt in his mouth. It was warm and fragrant, tasting slightly salty. He swallowed it in one gulp, then watched as she curled up in the fetal position and had what looked like a seizure.

Cassadee was sure he had broken something inside her body. Without understanding why, she burst into tears. She curled up, trying to stop herself from shaking apart. Her womb was still experiencing contractions that were so euphoric they were almost painful. Connor leaned over and kissed her forehead, pushing her sweaty hair out of her eyes.

"Shhh," he whispered. "You're OK. You had a full-body orgasm because I stimulated your G-spot. You will get used to it, the more you practice." He turned her face toward him, wiped her cheeks, and kissed her eyes. "Relax. Close your eyes. Calm your body."

Cassadee did as she was told and tried to relax. Connor began kissing her all over—neck, chest, nipples, stomach, thighs... She concentrated on the feeling of his lips and tongue on her skin. As he kissed his way down to her pussy, she parted her legs slightly. He cleaned up the pussy juice with his tongue. She spread her legs a little more as he licked around, then inside, her labia, his tongue making long, slow strokes up the center of her sex.

She seemed much more relaxed, and even ready to continue, so Connor crawled up and placed the tip of his cock at her entrance. He kissed her passionately as her body easily accepted the intrusion of his member. She moaned in his mouth as he bottomed out inside her. Gently taking his time, he made love to her slowly. Cassadee placed her heels up and over his hips, intertwining their legs. They stayed that way for the longest time, staring into each other's eyes and savoring the long, slow strokes.

Cassadee thought she might be falling in love. This beautiful man was so careful and gentle, yet so passionate. He had given her the most intense orgasm of her life. And now he was making love to her more sweetly than anyone else in her limited experience had done. His penis was reaching her absolute depths, but the strokes were slow and careful. And the heat inside her was already building up. She could feel her walls fluttering with another impending orgasm. A low keening came from her throat as he methodically and frustratingly fucked her at a glacial pace. Each time he bottomed out it inched her ever closer. Finally, she tilted her head back in the pillow, moaning deeply as her womb rhythmically contracted like a heartbeat, waves of pleasure washing through her entire body. He pushed himself all the way inside, filling her up, as her orgasm squeezed his cock. As the orgasm dissipated, she lay exhausted on the bed, sweat running down her face, and looked Connor in the eyes.

After she had her third orgasm, Connor gently kissed her on the lips. He was close to his own release now. He studied her gorgeous face. She was so pretty and sexy and she smelled and tasted heavenly. Even sweaty and spent, she was one of the most beautiful things he had ever laid eyes upon. "Turn over for me," he said.

As Connor withdrew his dick, Cassadee looked at his penis. It was red and engorged, and shiny wet with her juices. She touched it, feeling the slippery, swollen head, then followed his instructions and flipped over. He pulled her up onto her knees and she felt his face between her ass cheeks, his tongue licking and exploring her tiny rosebud and her dripping pussy. Her eyes grew wide. She hoped he wasn't going to try to put it in her butt. She didn't know if she was ready for that. He kneeled behind her, and much to her relief, pressed his cock between her lips and slid inside her vagina. As he fucked her doggy-style, the sensation, she realized, was completely different. It was a new angle. His hands were on her hips, pulling and pushing as he strove for his own orgasm. Unbelievably, her sex began to respond.

Connor thrust deeply into Cassadee from behind, her flawless round ass cheeks bouncing and jiggling as he fucked her. As his orgasm approached, he began to tremble. Moaning low in his throat, he pumped a couple more times before he could no longer hold back, his balls throbbing. His semen burst forth and began to empty out deep inside Cassadee's womb. As he held himself tightly to her ass, she fell forward to the bed shaking and screaming once more. He followed her down, remaining seated deeply inside her, and finished filling her with his cum.

Cassadee could hardly breathe. She saw stars and cried out as one more orgasm assaulted her insides. Connor's weight against her back added to the feeling of suffocation. Gasping for breath, she felt him lift himself up slightly. She moaned into the pillow as her orgasm subsided. She had never been so thoroughly fucked in her short experience with sex. There was no way she could take another orgasm. As she lay limply beneath him, she felt his warm breath. He kissed her neck softly, then withdrew from her. Cum leaked out onto the bed, but she didn't care. She couldn't move a muscle.

Connor rolled off and lay next to Cassadee, staring into her eyes. Her face had a rosy glow and she looked completely blissed out. He smiled and stroked her hair. She returned the smile, kissing his fingers as they touched her lips.

"As you know, my wife is out for the night, so you are welcome to stay. I plan on playing hooky from school tomorrow. I already sent an email saying I won't be in. I can give you an excused absence when we go in on Wednesday. So, there is really no hurry to get up in the morning."

Cassadee blinked as she realized what he was saying. Did he really want her to spend the night? "Would it be OK with Mrs. Maclochlan?" she asked.

"Of course. I told Danielle that I intended for you to stay the night."

Cassadee thought about it for a minute and realized she would have to tell her parents she was spending the night, so they wouldn't worry. She couldn't think of a reason why she shouldn't stay, so she smiled and said, "OK. I'll have to get my phone. It's downstairs."

"After you," he said, sliding out of bed and standing there naked and beautiful. Cassadee blushed as she caught herself staring at his dick and hopped out of bed. She led the way downstairs, knowing his eyes were on her ass the entire way. She grabbed her phone from her purse and texted her mom.

Hey mom. Staying here 2night. CU 2moro.

She received an answer immediately.

OK, sweetie. Enjoy. :)

Cassadee blushed and was about to put her phone back in her purse when she paused. She sent another text to another mentor, Lester Camden, who was a police officer. She had agreed to give him a heads up if she was going to be out late anywhere, so he could better do his job as a mentor/protector. She supposed it didn't really matter, since she was about as safe as she could be, but she did it anyway.

Spending the night with another mentor. Going home in the morning.

It only took about 30 seconds for a reply to come through.

No problem. Thanks for the text.

Cassadee sent him back a smiley face and put her phone away, then walked to the kitchen, where Connor was gathering some snacks. He grabbed some cheese and crackers, some sliced pepperoni, grapes, a couple bottles of water, a couple wine glasses, and another bottle of wine. Cassadee helped him carry everything upstairs. After throwing a cover over the wet spot on the bed, Connor turned on the TV and they ate and drank while watching a reality dating show. After they were a little drunk and no longer hungry, they turned off the TV and made out until they fell asleep, wrapped up in each other's arms.

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Tuesday

Cassadee woke and looked at her clock, but it wasn't there. It took a couple moments for her to get her bearings and remember where she was. Finding a clock on the nightstand next to her, she saw it was 9:23am. Then she turned over and stared at the man who slept peacefully next to her. How did she get so lucky as to have Mr. McLovely—Connor MacLochlan—as her mentor? Her mom, that's how. She had known all about Cassadee's crush on him. Cassadee must have mentioned it a thousand times. She would have to thank her mom profusely. This was the best Coming of Age present she could have ever received, by far.

The sheet was the only thing covering their naked bodies. Cassadee peeled it back, exposing them both. Connor didn't wake as she stared at his flaccid penis. It didn't look like all that much right now, but she knew firsthand what it could do. Last night it had fucked her until she thought she would go mad. The sex had been mind-blowing, to say the least.

Carefully, she crawled over and studied his dick. She leaned over and kissed it softly, smelling the stale scents of sex. He still did not stir. Using only her lips, she took the head inside her mouth and gently sucked on it. He made a noise in his sleep and spread his legs slightly apart. Keeping his penis inside her mouth, she crawled over his nearest leg and kneeled between them. His organ responded, growing semi-erect, and then fully hard as she sucked it. She kept glancing up as she fellated him, but he seemed, if not asleep, to be groggy enough not to totally comprehend what was happening.

Cassadee squatted above him and, using her hand, guided his length inside her body. She sat down completely, enjoying the feeling of fullness within her sex. As she slowly began to fuck him, rocking her pelvis back and forth, it elicited a delicious moan from her gorgeous, sleepy mentor.

By the time Connor woke, his dick was already buried deeply inside Cassadee's pussy. He reached up and held her hips, happy to be used as her sex toy. She was taking control of her own sexuality, and he couldn't be prouder of her. She began to ride him faster, sitting down fully each time, the slapping of wet flesh like slow applause. Little gasps escaped her lips as she bottomed out. Over the sounds of lovemaking, Connor heard an almost imperceptible humming, and new immediately that it was the garage door. His wife was home. He looked up into her eyes but, by the look on her face, it didn't seem like Cassadee had heard it. He smiled to himself, allowing this beautiful young girl to continue getting herself off.

Cassadee was going for it. Connor was awake now and smiled as she fucked him. She grabbed her breasts and pinched her puffy nipples. The sensation was like an electric jolt to her insides. It felt so good that she couldn't help closing her eyes and moaning. She could stay like this all day, impaled on the perfect erection of her perfect mentor.

Connor watched as Cassadee played with her nipples, her thrusting hips and the ecstatic moans issuing from her throat evidence of her arousal. The bedroom door caught his eye, slowly opening as Danielle walked in. She leaned against the wall and smiled as she watched him being fucked by this beautiful blond teenager. She mouthed 'I love you' to him and he winked at her. His gaze returned to Cassadee, whose eyes were closed, lost in the rhythm of her sexual ecstasy.

Cassadee leaned forward and kissed Connor deeply, plunging her tongue into his mouth. The new position was just what she needed, giving her the leverage to drive herself onto his cock faster and faster. The wet, squelching sounds of sex echoed in the room as she built quickly toward her orgasm. She rose up and arched her back, placing her hands on his thighs behind her and stared at the ceiling. "Oh, fuck, I'm going to come," she moaned.

Connor watched in fascination as fucking turned to shaking and then bucking and screaming. He held onto Cassadee as she came, her eyes rolling back in her head. His own orgasm wasn't far off, so he grabbed her hips and continued to fuck her quickly and deeply, holding her in position. Cassadee squirmed as the overstimulation assaulted her sex. He fucked her through her entire orgasm, her body beginning to relax as she reached the aftershocks, and she smiled at him as she regained control and rode him hard. He was almost there. "Mmm...I'm going to fill your pussy with my cum," he told her.

She bit her lip and nodded, staring into his eyes. "Give me your cum, Connor," she said. "I need it." She surprised herself by not being the slightest bit embarrassed by her words.

Cassadee watched as Connor's eyes squeezed shut and he held her hips tightly as he thrust inside, unloading his balls. She thought she could feel his cock pumping jets of semen deep inside her body, but it might have been her own quivering vaginal muscles. After half a minute in the throes of orgasm, he was spent, and his head fell back on the pillow. "Don't move," he told her as he lay there with his eyes closed, breathing heavily. She smiled as she ran her fingers over his tight abs. She couldn't imagine being happier than she was right now, straddling her beautiful teacher with his erect penis inside of her.

"Cassadee," he said, cracking his eyes. "Don't be scared, OK? There's no reason to be scared. We are doing nothing wrong. I will prove it to you." Cassadee's face grew concerned. "Promise me you won't move," he said, his warm eyes offering safety.

"I promise," she said tentatively. "Is everything OK?"

"Yes. Absolutely. Everything is perfect. Remember, you promised you wouldn't move."

"Yeah..."

"While we were having sex, my wife came home. She's standing right over there by the wall."

Cassadee jerked and quickly looked over her shoulder, seeing Danielle there smiling at her. She squealed and tried to cover her nakedness, her pussy tightening and strangling Connor's sheathed cock in fear. She was terrified. Connor's wife had just caught her fucking her husband. Granted, he was her mentor, but she didn't think it was normal for the wife to watch. "M-Mrs. MacLochlan!" she said nervously. "I'm so sorry. I didn't hear you." She began to tremble.

"Cassadee, don't worry about it," Danielle said as she walked over and placed her hand on Cassadee's bare shoulder. "I'm well aware that Connor is your mentor, since I was in on the decision. And I know what that entails. I didn't realize I would walk in on this, but I'm glad I did. What I saw was absolutely beautiful. I'm happy that you are comfortable enough with Connor to make love to him with such passion. You are just lovely, and the sex was such a privilege to witness. You don't have to cover yourself. I've seen you naked before."

Cassadee's eyes were as wide as they could be, listening to Danielle's kind words. She couldn't really comprehend what was happening right now. She was naked, sitting on Danielle's husband's dick, and it seemed to be perfectly fine. Cassadee tentatively dropped her arms from her body, exposing herself to her mentor's wife. Connor grabbed her hips and gyrated his own, stroking his penis inside her. Cassadee's face turned beet-red. His dick had softened slightly, but she could tell that he was getting hard again. He grabbed her ass and pumped a couple times, withdrawing himself almost completely, then pushing deeply inside her. Cassadee's eyes closed involuntarily as the sensations below bubbled up through her body with renewed desire. When she opened her eyes again, she saw Danielle looking behind her, at what must be an unobstructed view of Connor's cock buried in her pussy. Danielle's glance returned to Cassadee's eyes and said, "So beautiful. Lean forward a little."

Cassadee did as Danielle asked, feeling tinges of humiliation and mortification.

"Now, rise up off his penis until he is almost out of you."

Cassadee complied, sliding up Connor's dick, until she could almost feel him withdraw. She looked back over her shoulder, where Danielle was studying their genitals. She felt her face grow hot.

"Do you feel where you are at? With him almost out of you?" Danielle asked.

Cassadee nodded as she felt Danielle's fingers touch her pussy where it met Connor's penis.

"Right here, on the underside of his head, is a highly sensitive area. If you ride right here, massaging this area with your pussy, you will get him to come again—very quickly. Come down on him just a little bit. Then go back up to this position where he is almost out of you."

Cassadee did as she was told and rocked back slightly, then slid back up. It felt like she must only have moved an inch or so. Danielle nodded and told her to keep going. It was like an ab workout, but she continued to massage Connor's dick with her pussy, just as Danielle had instructed. She glanced at Connor. His eyes were squeezed shut and his hands were trembling on her thighs. She smiled and looked at Danielle, who winked at her. Continuing the same small rhythmic motions, she studied Connor's face. Sweat beaded on his forehead as he grimaced, baring his teeth. He held her hips in a death grip and grunted, "Oh, fuck!" Then he moaned loudly and thrust himself deeply inside Cassadee's pussy as he came for the second time within just a couple minutes. Cassadee breathed deeply, closing her eyes as her womb once again blissfully accepted the gift of Connor's semen. "Wow!" she exclaimed, dreamily glancing at Danielle, who smiled and brushed a lock of damp hair out of Cassadee's eyes.

"See? It works every time. Maybe someday, if you wanted to, we could make love to him together. I could give you some tips." She winked at Cassadee, who blushed again. "May I see the cum inside you?"

Even after everything that had happened in the last few minutes, Cassadee was shocked by Danielle's request. But how could she refuse this woman who was so gracious that she not only allowed her to have a sexual relationship with her husband, but was also willing to give her sex tips? She slowly rose off of Connor's penis, threw her leg back over and sat down on her butt, displaying her open pussy to Danielle.

"Lay back and spread yourself," she said.

Cassadee complied, leaning back into the pillow, and opening her legs wide. Danielle crawled onto the bed and studied her wet vulva.

"May I clean his cum out of you?" she asked, staring hungrily into Cassadee's eyes.

Cassadee could hear her heartbeat in her ears as she nervously nodded her assent.

She felt like she was having an out-of-body experience as Danielle MacLochlan, the supermodel wife of her AP Literature teacher, held her lips open and started lapping the cum out of her pussy. Her tongue was soft and wet, and it felt like a vaginal massage. Cassadee purred as Danielle's tongue probed her depths, seeking out any and all stray fluids. When she began to lick and suck on her clit, Cassadee moaned, looking over at Connor. "Enjoy it," he whispered in her ear. Cassadee lay back into the pillow and held Danielle's head as she ate her out. When she finally came convulsively in Danielle's mouth, the older woman once again licked up all the juices. Cassadee's eyes closed and she melted into the pillow in the bliss that followed.

"Thank you for allowing me to do that, Cassadee." Danielle kissed her, probing Cassadee's mouth with her tongue. After making out for a few moments, she whispered, "You truly are a beautiful girl."

Cassadee was dumbfounded. How her life had turned out like this in just over a week, was beyond her. She was having so much sex that every day seemed to run into the next like one endless orgasm.

"Now, go hop in the shower, you two. I'll be downstairs making you breakfast."

Danielle left the room and Cassadee followed Connor into the master bath, which had a walk-in shower, with nozzles on all sides. After they rinsed off, Connor began to soap her entire body, touching her everywhere. She did the same for him, alternating between washing and kissing him. As they rinsed the soap off and were just about to get out, Connor pushed Cassadee against the tiled wall. He jammed his tongue in her mouth as his fingers plunged deeply into her pussy. He curled his fingertips and vigorously massaged her G-spot, pinning her against the wall as her legs began to fail her. After less than a minute of hardcore finger-fucking, Cassadee had an ear-splitting, body-shaking, pussy-squirting orgasm, collapsing to the shower floor in a quivering puddle. Once she recovered sufficiently enough to stand, Connor dried her off, and she dressed in the clothes she had worn last night. He finished drying himself, dressed, and they walked downstairs, taking seats at the table. Danielle fed them bacon, eggs and toast, with a glass of orange juice.

They talked and flirted for a while as they ate. As the conversation wound down, Cassadee told them that she needed to get going. She kissed and hugged each of them, thanking them for their kindness and generosity, and said goodbye. When she arrived at home and saw her mom, Cassadee told her she had had a wonderful time, but left out many of the intimate details. After their brief conversation she went upstairs, undressed, and took another shower. She washed her hair and went through her normal morning routine before going to her bedroom and taking a nap.

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Cassadee woke a couple hours later, pulled her hair back into a ponytail, donned a sports bra and shorts and went for a run. As she made her usual circuit around the neighborhood, she saw only a few people out and about. Most people were at work or school, which was where she would be if it hadn't been for her late-night fuckfest with Mr. MacL...Connor. The thought brought a smile to her face and sent tingles to her pussy. She shook her head to disperse the dirty thoughts and kept running

About halfway down the block she passed a stay-at-home mother pushing a stroller and they waved at each other. Turning the corner, she saw neither traffic nor pedestrians. I could probably run naked and no one would even know, she thought, then laughed to herself. As she ran, she turned the next corner and realized that this street was as quiet as the previous one. She glanced around, her eyes studying all the houses. There was no movement anywhere. Nothing at all was happening. These were just quiet streets in a quiet town. And the thought about running naked wouldn't leave her mind.

Absently, her hands touched the bottom of her sports bra and froze. This is crazy, she thought to herself. She forced her hands to drop and continued running. Again, they made their way up to her chest. Pulling the elastic band at the bottom of her sports bra outward, she felt the rush of cool air reach her breasts. She let it go, then nervously looked around as she ran. Seeing there was still no one around, and having over half the block to go, Cassadee quickly grabbed the bottom of her sports bra and pulled it up to her neck, baring her boobs to the world. She quickly put it back in place and laughed, enjoying the surge of adrenaline that came with getting away with something naughty. She turned the next corner to see a car pulling out of a driveway. The car drove past her and turned the corner. Once again, the street was completely quiet.

This was a longer block—about twice the length of a normal one. Seeing no signs of life, Cassadee once again pulled her sports bra up and over her breasts, leaving it bunched up at the top of her chest. She put her arms down and ran, feeling the currents of air on her bare nipples. Her awareness was hyper-acute, because she didn't want to get caught. Or did she? She searched every window, looking for movement, and glanced between all of the houses. There was nothing. The entire time, her small B-cup boobs bounced, keeping pace with her steps.

As she neared the end of the street, she reached for the bottom edge of her sports bra. Holding her hands in place, she slowed and nervously ran around the corner. It was just as quiet as the last street, so she left her bra bunched up around her collar bone. She ran past a few more houses, then stopped, looking and listening with her breasts out in the middle of the sidewalk. All was quiet. Reaching down, she quickly pulled her shorts below the bottom of her butt cheeks. She hadn't worn any panties so, along with her tits, her naked ass was now out as well. She started running. As she ran, her shorts slid down slightly in the front, exposing her shaved slit. Cassadee's head was on a swivel, searching frantically for any sign of movement. There was still no one around.

As she rounded the next corner, she passed an overgrown hedgerow and suddenly there was a man in front of her who had just shut his mailbox. She jumped sideways to avoid bumping into him and scrambled to pull up her shorts and put her bra back in place. "Sorry, sorry!" she said too loudly as she danced around him, fixing her clothing.

He smiled and said, "No problem," as his eyes roamed over her body. "Very pretty. You don't have to cover up on my account."

"Thanks," Cassadee said shyly, her cheeks burning from embarrassment. They stood there awkwardly, neither one moving.

"Public nudity is legal here, from what I have always heard," the man continued. "So, it's not like you're going to get in trouble, even if someone complains. Do what makes you comfortable. If you want to run naked, run naked."

Cassadee had also heard that, at least in this county, public nudity was legal, but it had never seriously crossed her mind to engage in it. It was taboo to walk around outside with no clothes on. And no one around here ever did it.

"I'm certainly not going to complain," he said.

Cassadee stood shifting her weight from leg to leg, thinking about it. She was fully aware that he was trying to compel her to take her clothes off in front of him. But she wasn't all that offended because she really wanted to, regardless of his encouragement. "You wouldn't care?" she asked, looking around for other people.

"Not at all," he said with a smile. "It's obvious you want to."

Cassadee blushed because she knew he was right. How incredible would it feel to run all the way home completely nude? Making a snap decision, she grabbed the bottom of her sports bra and pulled it up and over her head. She was topless. Her brain was freaking out, trying to force her to cover herself, but she fought her inhibitions and dropped her arms, letting this stranger look at her bare chest.

"Wow," he exclaimed. "Your breasts are perfect. I love how your nipples are light pink and really puffy. You are a stunning girl."

Cassadee smiled at the compliment as she breathed heavily, both from the exertion of her run and from the nerves that had her trembling with excitement.

"Are you done?" he asked. "Are you going to run home topless? You could do that."

There was something about the way he had stressed 'could' that almost seemed like a dare. As she looked down past her nipples to her running shorts, she frowned. It didn't seem like it was enough. Sure, it was daring. But it wouldn't fulfill her need to be naked—truly naked—and to be seen by others.

"Or, you could be brave and do what we both know you really want to do," he said with a wry smile.

Cassadee inhaled deeply, stuck her thumbs in the elastic of her shorts, and pushed them down her legs. She stepped out, bent over and picked them up, and wadded them up in her hand with her sports bra. Except for her running shoes, she was now completely nude, standing on the sidewalk of a random street in her neighborhood. Cassadee forced herself to stand there and let the stranger ogle her naked body while scanning for others. He made a twirling motion with his finger, and she turned around, giving him a long look at her ass, then faced him again.

"You are just gorgeous. Your body is flawless. I love your cute little bubble butt. And the little strip of blond pubic hair matches the hair on your head. You keep it nicely trimmed. I like that. It doesn't cover your puffy labia, which are sexy as hell. You should absolutely spend the rest of your life naked."

Cassadee blushed furiously at his bold commentary. "Thank you," she replied. "Well, I...I guess I should keep going."

"Have a great day. Feel free to run down this street naked any time you want." He smiled and waved as she left.

Cassadee ran, eyes like a hawk, looking for movement everywhere. Glancing backwards, she saw that the man was heading back into his house. Had she really let that guy talk her into taking her clothes off and running in the nude? She had. To be perfectly honest, it hadn't taken a lot of convincing. She got to the end of the block and turned another corner. This street seemed quiet, just like the others. She ran, feeling her breasts bounce up and down as the cool air caressed her bare pussy. What a rush.

A sound brought her out of her trance and she realized a car was driving up the street behind her. She panicked, momentarily considering diving into a hedge, when she remembered that what she was doing was legal here. At least, she was pretty sure it was. She held her pace and pretended the car wasn't there. As it passed her, the little old man in the driver's seat gawked at her. He kept going, then crossed her path, pulling into a driveway about six houses up. He stepped out of his car and walked toward the sidewalk, his eyes never leaving her naked body. As she ran toward him, he said, "Sexy girl." Cassadee smiled and waved at him, and he waved back as she passed. As she passed a couple more houses, she glanced back to see him still there, watching her bare ass run away. She chuckled to herself. Holy fuck! She had gotten away with it.

Cassadee realized that she would be home in three more turns, so she kept going. The only other person she saw was another female jogger, who gave her a funny look, but didn't say anything. Before she knew it, she was on her street and running up the driveway to her house. When she burst through the door, she stood there trying to catch her breath, trembling from endorphins and adrenaline. She had done it. None of the people she saw had had any issues with it and she didn't get into trouble. She walked up to her room, tossed her clothes in the hamper, kicked her shoes off, and went to take another shower, where she masturbated furiously. After two orgasms, she walker out of the steamy bathroom on shaky legs and saw her brother. He looked at her body but didn't say anything.

"I ran around the neighborhood completely nude," she told him, drying her hair with a towel.

Greg's jaw practically hit the floor. "Are you serious? What the hell is wrong with you? Are you asking to get in trouble?"

"I didn't get in trouble," she replied confidently. "I don't think I can get in trouble. I'm almost positive that public nudity is perfectly legal here. I'm going to check on it as soon as I can."

Greg shook his head, as if considering her a lost cause. "Whatever." He turned into his room and mumbled under his breath. It sounded something like 'making everyone's life harder'.

Cassadee rolled her eyes and spent the next few hours naked in the back yard, tanning and swimming. Her friend Bethany Tate, with whom she was performing tomorrow night at the strip club, came over around 6pm. They choreographed their girl-girl show in Cassadee's bedroom which, of course, led to a make-out session, followed by some female finger play, and ended with quivering orgasms for each of them.

That night, Cassadee had trouble falling asleep. She was nervous about the show. There was no denying that it was going to be hot. And she craved the naked attention as much as it scared her. But if tonight were any indication, there was a very good chance that the chemistry between her and Bethany would quickly get out of control. Just how far was she willing to go onstage?

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Wednesday

The next day at school was boring. Finals were completed. Friday was graduation. It was pointless. Mr. MacLochlan had made good on his promise and made sure Cassadee's Tuesday absence was counted as excused. Not that it really mattered at this point. Making sure she was the last one in the room after class, they flirted with each other before sharing a quick, covert tongue kiss. She guessed he figured they were close enough to the end of the school year that it didn't really matter. She was 18 and he was her mentor. There was nothing wrong with anything they did together.

Mr. Chen flirted with her as well. She had been feeling much more relaxed about her sexuality lately, so she laughed and played coy with him. He ate it up and made her promise to come out to his house soon for dinner and playtime. She promised, but wasn't able to give him an exact date, assuring him that she would make it a priority.

She saw Ben Davidson between classes and they made out in a corner, semi-hidden from the hallway crowd, but not caring either way. She still liked him a lot, but was feeling slightly guilty. The romantic feelings she had been having for him had, in some ways, shifted to Connor MacLochlan. She knew it was silly, since he was a married man and, outside of their mentor relationship, there would be nothing between them. But she figured it was just because he was her oldest crush and newest mentor. She promised Ben that she would go on another date with him soon.

Her best friend, Tina Gleason, invited her over for a sleepover on Thursday night. Cassadee excitedly accepted the invitation. She had been looking forward to having a night with Tina, since she hadn't been able to spend a lot of time with her recently. Maybe they could wear their pajamas and have a movie night, like they used to.

Her other best friend, Joey Harper, caught her at her locker. They talked for a bit, but the conversation was slightly awkward. She had taken his virginity just a few days ago and she could see by the look in his eyes that he would gladly accept a repeat performance. She told him that he was welcome to stop by the house any time he wanted, which made him smile. She also made sure to invite him out to Defloration, the strip club, where she was performing tonight for the first time since her Coming of Age party. It would be Joey's first time seeing her onstage as well. The lust in his eyes was palpable as he told her he wouldn't miss it for the world. She smiled and kissed him on the cheek, then went to her next class.

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Later that night, Cassadee pulled into the lot at Defloration. All three stages were occupied by nude dancers and the club was packed. It was almost standing room only, so she had to weave her way between patrons as she headed toward the door that led to the dressing room. She entered the dressing room to find it almost full as well. Bethany was already there.

Her friend, Bethany, was a tall, beautiful brunette with a beauty mark on her cheek and large, C-cup breasts. Cassadee thought she was the prettiest girl in school. She was pretty much her official girl-crush. Bethany was dressed in a blue bikini which left little to the imagination. Cassadee could hardly take her eyes off the girl's body long enough to have a conversation with her. When they were rehearsing their act in her bedroom last night, Cassadee had thoroughly enjoyed choreographing the sexual positions with her. One thing had led to another, and they had ended up with their tongues entwined as they finger-banged each other. Cassadee's pussy tingled at the memory.

Bethany was called out to the stage, so Cassadee quickly changed into her outfit. She was wearing a soft yellow baby doll negligee over a white bra and panty set. Her heart thumped at the thought of going out on the stage. She had done this once before, but this was the first time since her party. This time, it was strictly her choice—simply because she wanted to get naked in front of a crowd. She could feel the moisture already forming between her legs. Taking her mind to a calm place, she mentally prepared herself to be relaxed enough to show every inch of her female anatomy to a packed house of horny men—and a few women.

When Tom Browning, the owner of the club, called her name over the sound system, Cassadee strode onto the stage with confidence. The roar of the crowd was intense. There was a sea of faces on all three sides, many of whom she knew. She glanced over at the stages to each side of her. Bethany was on the right. She was already getting nude.

After the first song, Cassadee had already dispensed with the negligee and bra. She danced topless, smiling and soaking up the adoration. It was only just shy of two weeks since her Coming of Age party, but she had already forgotten the incredible rush that came from being naked in front of hundreds of people. Halfway through her second song she was completely nude. While the third and final song of the set played, Cassadee worked the stage. She was wearing a garter on her thigh, and it was quickly filling with money. She opened her legs for the patrons seated at the stage, giving them gynecological shots and closeup views of every intimate part of her body. She couldn't help but smile as their eyes devoured her lustily. Joey Harper was one of those guys seated at the stage, and she made sure to give him preferential treatment, not only spreading her legs for him, but also her lips, showing him the sticky wetness inside.

After her dance was over, she grabbed her discarded clothing, headed backstage, and put the money she had collected in a locker. Bethany came back at the same time. Cassadee thought about putting her bra and panties back on, but saw that Bethany was going out to work the floor naked, so she decided to do the same. It was allowed, so why not?

She walked out with Bethany, and the patrons who were seated nearby swiveled their heads to see the two nude girls walking in their midst. Bethany sat on a man's lap and started flirting with him. Cassadee walked around for a bit, showing off her body, and enjoying the stares and whistles of appreciation, and even the occasional light slap on her ass. She saw an acquaintance from high school, whom she didn't know that well, and wormed her way through the crowd to the back where he was sitting, feeling more than one hand squeeze a butt cheek along the way. She boldly sat on his lap, taking him by surprise, and made sure to part her thighs enough for him to see her pussy. He smiled and rested his hand on her bare thigh as they talked, rubbing and squeezing her leg, inching ever closer to her puffy vulva. When she asked him if he wanted a private dance, he happily accepted, so she took him into a room in the back. He paid her a hundred dollars and she crawled all over him, shoving her pussy in his face, and riding him, until he came in his pants. She thanked him and walked him back out, pointing him to the bathroom so he could clean up.

As she looked around, she noticed Joey, still seated at the stage with his eyes on his Coke, even though there was a naked girl dancing a few feet from him. Walking up behind him, she touched him on the shoulder, making him jump. He took in her nude body for a moment before settling on her eyes. She smiled and grabbed his hand, leading him into the back. When they were in a private room, she pushed Joey down onto the leather couch.

"I don't think I have enough to pay what you normally get for this, Cass," he said dejectedly.

"Shut up, goof," she replied, kicking off her heels and straddling his lap. She lifted his chin and kissed him, her tongue parting his lips. Joey responded immediately, pulling her against his chest. After a few minutes of making out, Cassadee told him to lace his fingers behind his head. "No touching," she said with a wry smile.

Joey watched as Cassadee turned around into the reverse cowgirl position and began to grind on his lap. Her amazing ass was right there—a pretty, pink rosebud nestled between the most squeezable white cheeks he had ever seen—and he wanted so badly to touch it. He had been semi-hard already, just from the kissing, but within seconds he could feel his erection straining inside his pants.

Joey's jeans weren't the most comfortable material to be rubbing her privates against. Cassadee could feel his hard dick through them, though, and it was getting her worked up. She hadn't intended to do anything except give him a lap dance, but the thoughts in her head were making her squirm. What could it hurt?

Cassadee turned around and, to his shock, rubbed the bulge in his pants with her hand. She smiled and bit her bottom lip as she pulled down his zipper and unbuttoned his pants. Joey couldn't quite believe it when she pulled his pants and boxer briefs down to his knees and straddled him once again. His hard dick was pointing straight out as she moved up, pinning it against his belly, and began sliding up his length, coating him with her lubrication. He glanced at the door, hoping no one would come busting through.

This was much better. The texture of Joey's penis was nice and soft, even if the penis itself was rock hard. It felt extremely nice as she coated it with her copious wetness. She leaned down and kissed him deeply, rubbing her clit against the head of his dick. If there was any doubt that she was going to fuck him, it had dissipated like a wisp of smoke.

Joey watched in disbelief as Cassadee positioned the tip of his stiff cock in her opening and impaled herself on it. She was so wet that she enveloped him with ease, bottoming out with his length buried inside. To hell with her 'no touching' rule, he thought. The cool flesh of her ass cheeks beneath his hands was a sharp contrast to the heat of her vulva around his shaft. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and buried her face in his neck as she rode him, the sound of slapping, wet genitals bouncing loudly off the walls of the small room.

What am I doing? Cassadee thought to herself. Why am I fucking him? He's probably already in love with me. I don't want to lead him on or give him the wrong impression. It's not like I want to date him. Joey's hard dick was hitting all the right spots as she bounced up and down on his lap. She moaned into his neck as she considered her dilemma, the first tingles of an orgasm manifesting in her womb. He had been her best friend since they were little kids. Living a couple houses down the street, Joey had been there for sleepovers, birthday parties, family get-togethers—he was like a brother to her. She loved him, just not in that way. At least...she didn't think she did...

Joey was so in love with this girl. He had loved her since grade school, when his heart began to flutter each time she sat next to him. She was the standard that all other girls were measured against. Her beauty took his breath away and her personality made her doubly attractive. They had been so close, growing up together. Everyone saw them as siblings or cousins, but it had never been that way for him. He had wanted her for as long as he could remember. And just last week he had seen her naked for the first time. And they had had sex—his first. Now they were having sex again. Was this the start of something between them?

Cassadee moaned loudly, unable to maintain the rhythmic bouncing on Joey's lap, instead beginning to convulse as her orgasm bloomed inside her pelvis. She rocked back and forth, his dick stoking the euphoric flames to a conflagration. As she tipped over the peak of her orgasm, her vaginal walls contracted strongly, pulsing and grabbing around Joey's dick. She tried not to be too loud, worrying that others outside the room could hear, but she had lost all control. Orgasms with him seemed more special—more loving, if that made sense—than others. It was like every emotion was heightened. Still, it was a surprise when the tears spilled from her eyes and she sobbed into his shoulder.

The sensation of Cassadee coming pushed him right to the edge of his own orgasm. Her pussy squeezed his dick repetitively and he could feel his balls about to let loose. He gritted his teeth, the first contraction clenching his junk, when Cassadee began to bawl. His heart froze in his chest as his orgasm was ruined, the adrenaline from thinking he had done something wrong sucking the momentum from his sex. He held her against himself as she cried, his dick softening inside her. "Cass, what's wrong?" he whispered into her ear.

She responded by hugging him even more tightly. "Nothing. Everything is perfect," she answered.

Joey was completely fucking confused. What the hell had just happened? "Are you OK?" he asked.

Cassadee wiped her face and looked into his eyes as she nodded. "I'm just being a girl—all emotional and stuff. Don't worry about it. Did you come?" she asked.

He didn't want to make her feel bad by telling her that his orgasm had been ruined, so he nodded that he had. In truth, he had probably released one or two pumps before it went away, so he wasn't technically lying. As she lifted off his lap, he did notice some semen run out of her, which she wiped up with tissues that were sitting on the stand next to the couch. She handed him the box and he cleaned himself up as well, throwing the used tissues in a little garbage can under the stand.

After he buttoned and zipped his pants, they stood and Cassadee hugged him tightly, saying, "Thank you."

"For what?" he asked

"For always being there for me," she replied.

"Of course. I always will," he said. And he meant it.

Cassadee led him back out by the hand, then kissed him on the cheek and told him to stop by her house sometime soon. He said he would, and took a different seat at the stage, since his had been occupied.

Cassadee went into the bathroom inside the dressing room to clean up. She wiped the sweat and fluids off her body, fixed her face at the makeup table, and went back out to the floor.

She gave a couple more private dances, putting Joey out of her mind, and eating up the attention from random guys. When she was called back onstage by Tom, she once again wowed the crowd with a striptease routine. Afterwards, she worked the crowd some more and gave more private dances, even masturbating on the lap of one of the guys on the wrestling team. Cassadee was having the time of her life until, finally, Tom called her and Bethany to the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Tom began. The next two performers hardly need any introduction in this town. They are cheerleaders. One is a track star and the other is on the swim team. They are both extraordinarily beautiful girls who are here to give us a special show. Put your hands together for Bethany Tate and Cassadee Ellison!"

The roar of the crowd was deafening as the two girls walked onstage together. They danced their first song, performing the routine they practiced, quickly shedding their skimpy clothing. By the second song, they were kissing and touching each other, all over their naked bodies. As the third song played, they were down on the floor, switching positions, dry humping one another and pretending to eat each other out.

About halfway through the third song, they found themselves in a sixty-nine position. Bethany was on bottom, with Cassadee on top. It was supposed to be just close touching and fake licking, like they had choreographed, but Cassadee suddenly felt Bethany's fingers penetrate her pussy. She gasped as her friend actually began fingering her and licking her pussy. She looked around and saw the wide eyes and mesmerized faces of the crowd. Her eyes closed as Bethany's fingers pumped in and out, stoking a fire in her sex.

Having had close friends in the Drama club, Cassadee knew that one of the cardinal rules of improv was never saying 'no' during a scene. No matter what someone said or did, you went with it. Bethany had decided to go off script and take things in a new direction. So, for the sake of the performance, Cassadee didn't really see that she had a choice. Whether she wanted to or not, she was apparently going to be having girl-girl sex in front of a crowd. The thought made her pussy leak around Bethany's fingers.

Deciding it was awkward to have her friend pleasuring her while she did nothing, Cassadee calmed her thoughts, lowered her face to Bethany's pussy and began to eat her out. As the last notes of the song played, the audience got strangely quiet in the ensuing silence.

Bethany moaned as she felt Cassadee's tongue on her clit and it made her pause for a second, but then she continued fingering her friend in front of everyone. She hadn't intended to take it this far, but her desire to impress the crowd had felt like peer pressure. What could she do? She loved Cassadee's pussy anyway, so it wasn't like it was gross or something. Why not do what she enjoyed, letting the audience enjoy it as well? She just hoped Cassadee wouldn't be mad. Withdrawing her fingers, she sucked the slippery juices off of them and leaned up, jamming her tongue inside her friend's vagina.

Cassadee's face was red and hot, but she kept sucking on Bethany's clit. The girl smelled sweaty and musky, but it wasn't off-putting. If anything, it was incredibly erotic. Cassadee moaned loudly, as Bethany's tongue carved a path between her lower lips. You could hear a pin drop now. The music was no longer playing, and everyone watched in awe.

Bethany spread Cassadee's ass cheeks and licked her asshole, hearing some lusty mutterings from the audience. She smiled to herself as she alternated between Cassadee's tight, pink rosebud and her delicious pussy. When her friend shoved her fingers deep inside her opening, Bethany gasped. She was almost there.

Cassadee was close to coming now, so she picked up the pace, fingering Bethany fast and deep. Bethany began to moan loudly. The wet, squishy sounds coming from the girls' vaginas echoed off the walls. Cassadee couldn't hold back any longer. She machine gunned her fingers into Bethany's pussy as she had a huge orgasm, her warm juices running over her friend's face. Bethany came five seconds later, her legs wobbling and squeezing Cassadee's head as she jittered underneath her. They both screamed and trembled, pinned between each other's thighs, and finally came to rest side by side with their eyes closed, breathing heavily.

The noise that erupted from the crowd actually scared them out of their euphoric trance. They had to cover their ears as they were showered with money. After the money was collected, and they were resting in the dressing room, Bethany and Cassadee kissed each other on the lips, tasting their own juices. They took their time showering together, and soaping and washing each other's bodies, then dried and dressed in their street clothes. Cassadee gave Joey a kiss and said goodbye, thanking him again for coming out. Tom thanked them both for the amazing show, and they left for the night. Cassadee had made over $1300. Bethany had done around the same. Not too bad for an evening of public nudity and orgasmic bliss.

When Cassadee arrived at home, she sat down with her parents, who were up late, watching TV in the living room. She told them all about her night, not leaving out any details, except those that involved Joey. She didn't know what to think of that situation yet. They smiled and listened, and it seemed they even touched hands tenderly. Maybe they would have a fun night, she thought, after hearing about their daughter's sexual escapades. Once she made it to bed, Cassadee had no energy to engage in her nightly routine of self-gratification. Her eyes closed almost as soon as her head hit the pillow.

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Thursday

After she got home from school on Thursday, Cassadee decided to go for a run. She didn't have the courage to start from her house completely naked, so she did the next best thing. It was a hot day, so instead of a sports bra and running shorts, she found her tiniest bikini—one she ordered on a whim from an Australian company called Wicked Weasel—which she had never worn. It was pink and the top covered little more than her nipples, leaving a lot of side- and under-boob showing, even for her small breasts. Down below, she wore a thong. It barely covered her pubic area, and she had to pull it up a little bit so it didn't show her landing strip—the effect of which was much more side-lippage spilling over than she intended. In the back it was nothing more than a string that fit snugly between her ass cheeks. She turned in the mirror, shocked at how little it actually covered, and smiled nervously to herself.

Cassadee walked out the front door, looking both ways. It was a hot day, and the sun beat down on her. Across the street, Mr. O'Shea, an older man who was one of her mentors, was working inside his open garage. She walked over and entered, not bothering to knock.

"Hi, Mr. O'Shea," she said happily.

"Cassie girl! How are you?" His eyes roamed over her body. "Nice bikini," he said as he chuckled.

She twirled around, letting him see that her whole ass was visible, and he whistled.

"That's something you don't see every day," he said with a smile.

"I decided to wear this for my run today instead of my normal running clothes. What do you think?"

"I think you are going to cause car accidents," he said with a laugh.

Cassadee giggled, then became serious. "The other day, when I went for a run, I experimented with public nudity. I took my clothes off and ran part of my circuit completely nude. What are your thoughts on that?" she asked, genuinely seeking his input.

Charlie O'Shea looked her over again. She was definitely a sexy, little girl. He could see the bumps of her nipples poking into the fabric of her bikini, and a slight camel toe where her bottoms clung tightly to her smooth pussy lips. The thought of her running through town naked stirred his loins and caused him to lick his lips, remembering the taste of her young sex.

"Well, it's always been a rumor around here that public nudity is legal, although I've never looked into it myself. And it's not really something you see, other than the occasional prank or tit flash from one of the high school students. If I were you, I would want to make sure I couldn't be arrested before I started doing something like that. I'd hate to see you get a record or actually go to jail for the sake of sexual curiosity."

Cassadee nodded her agreement. She had thought the same thing. "I guess I need to go to the courthouse and make sure before I get too crazy."

"Speaking of getting crazy, feel free to stop back here after your run...if you want to." He gave her a little wink.

Cassadee bit her lip. She knew what he was inferring. "OK," she said tentatively, then smiled and lifted her bikini top, flashing her breasts, before she took off and began her run.

"Hellfire," Charlie said as he walked out to the sidewalk, watching her perfectly plump ass cheeks bounce all the way down the street.

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Cassadee ran out of the housing area and into downtown, which was small, considering it wasn't a big town. But it was the county seat, which meant the courthouse was here, and it was within walking distance of her house. As she ran down the street, all eyes followed her. Cars slowed down and people on the sidewalk were rubbernecking to see the scantily clad girl bouncing and jiggling in her pink bikini. The attention turned her cheeks red, but she loved it. She wanted to give them even more to look at, but she didn't dare. At least not until she found out the legality of it.

As she walked up to the entrance of the courthouse, she saw that it would be closing in a half hour. She entered through the main doors and proceeded directly to a guard station with a metal detector.

"Whoa, young lady. You can't come in here dressed like that," the male guard said.

"I'm here to look at the town and county laws. I believe that public nudity is legal here, in which case, I should be able to come in here even without what I'm wearing." She smiled her brightest smile and shifted her hips, making her boobs jiggle.

The guard's Adam's apple bounced up and down as he swallowed, trying to decide what to do, while checking out her stellar body. His eyes returned to her face. "I don't know. I don't think I can let you in like this."

"But you don't know for sure?" she asked. "Until we know for sure, I should be able to enter."

He cleared his throat as he reluctantly gave in, waving her toward the metal detector. "Put your phone in the basket and step through, please."

Cassadee did as she was told and, as expected, no alarms went off. She grabbed her phone on the other side and waved her thanks, shifting her hips more dramatically than was necessary and giving him a little show as she made her way down the hallway. She found the office she was looking for when she saw a sign that said 'Public Records'. She walked up to the counter and the lady's eyes grew big.

"I'm here to do some research on public nudity. I've heard that it's legal here and I want to find out for sure. The guard already checked me in," she said, hoping to ward off any more arguments about her clothing—or lack thereof.

With a disapproving look, the lady walked her over to a shelf of law books, showing her which volume it would be in, if the rumor were true. She spent the next ten minutes skimming through the book until she found exactly what she wanted. In 1953 a public indecency law had been overturned as part of the town's adoption of the Coming of Age traditions. It was completely legal to be nude in public within the county limits, including all towns and public buildings. Privately owned buildings and properties were permitted to make their own rules concerning the matter. Sexual acts in public spaces were prohibited in the presence of minors. To Cassadee's understanding, that meant that public masturbation or sex was legal if minors weren't present to witness it. At least that's how it seemed to her. It might be a gray area. She took a picture of the laws with her phone and put the book back on the shelf.

Cassadee was tempted to strip down immediately and shock everyone with what she now knew to be a fact. But she needed to handle this in an appropriate manner. She would start at the top and schedule an appointment with the mayor. Another day. She thanked everyone and left the courthouse, ran back to her subdivision, finished her circuit, and headed back home.

By the time she arrived at home she had spent over half an hour thinking about being nude in public and she was horny as hell. She saw that Mr. O'Shea's garage door was still open and she ran inside, startling him at his workbench.

"Sorry...Mr. O'Shea...I didn't...mean to...scare you..." she said, gulping air. "I've got...something...to tell you..."

Charlie looked her over. She was disheveled, some of the hair having come out of her ponytail, and sweaty strands hung in her face. Her normally pale skin was red from heat and exertion. And sweat beaded on her chest. Her bikini clung to her skin damply, which made it look like it was painted on. It was even slightly see-through. He looked at her pussy. She was showing serious camel toe. As a connoisseur of cunnilingus, he salivated at what she might taste like right now. He grabbed the garage door remote on his workbench and hit the 'down' button.

"What do you have to tell me?" he asked, putting his hands on her sweaty back and untying her bikini top.

"Well, I went...to the courthouse and looked at...the law books," she began.

Charlie had her topless and leaned in, sucking a puffy nipple into his mouth. It was salty from sweat.

"And...mmm...that feels nice...and anyway, the laws showed that public nudity..."

Charlie sucked on the other nipple, rolling it around in his mouth, making it erect.

"fuck...ungh...that...public nudity...is legal here..."

He untied her swimsuit bottoms, peeling them from between her legs, and sat her on the couch at the far wall. The odor of sweat and vaginal musk was pungent in his nostrils as he spread her legs. "That's nice," he said, spreading her legs even wider, his mouth making a beeline to her pussy.

"I know, right? I was excited to...umm...oh god...to see that it was...oh fuck...legal..."

Charlie's tongue molested Cassadee's pussy, licking up the sweaty, gooey goodness he found waiting for him between her lower lips. Her scent was heady, and he loved it. He reached up and pinched her nipples while he stroked her clit with the tip of his tongue. Within a minute he had licked her 18-year-old pussy clean and she was thrashing and screaming on the couch as an orgasm ripped through her body. Charlie kept her pinned to the couch as she convulsed, lapping up every new drop of fluid that was released on his tongue.

"So, you want to walk around town naked, huh?" he asked, taking his seat and wiping his face with a handkerchief, acting as if he hadn't just mouth-raped her.

Cassadee peered at him out of bleary eyes, trying to comprehend, through her euphoric fog, what he had just said. Naked? Around town? Oh, yes. She nodded as her hands found her breasts and she realized she was nude. Opening her eyes wider, she saw her bikini on the floor. She got up off the couch and walked shakily over to the crumpled fabric, picking it up.

Charlie watched Cassadee wobble over on unsteady legs and bend over in front of him. He didn't even think she was aware of her graphic exposure, her ass cheeks spread open and showing off her swollen pussy lips and puckered little asshole. Goodness, but she was a beautiful thing. He watched her like a true voyeur, his eyes hungrily devouring every inch of her flesh as she "dressed" in the miniscule bathing suit. Even in the bikini, she was showing more flesh than one normally saw on any given day.

"Well, whatever you decide, always make sure you are being safe. Be aware of your surroundings and let people know if you are going to be somewhere alone. We don't want anything to happen to our girl."

Cassadee smiled at his use of "our girl". She gave him a peck on the lips. "Thank you for the talk, Mr. O'Shea." As she hit the 'open' button on the remote she turned and said, "And for eating my pussy again. You are so good at that." She blew him a kiss, ducked under the opening garage door, and skipped across the street to her house.

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Later that night, Cassadee sat with Tina Gleason in her friend's living room watching 13 Going on 30. Tina was in a baby blue pajama set and Cassadee was wearing an oversized t-shirt that just barely covered her panties. When the movie got to the part with the Thriller dance, they stood in the living room performing the same moves and giggling. Unbeknownst to them, a pair of eyes caught the display of bouncing teenage curves, hungrily devouring every jiggle and swish.

When they finally retired, sharing Tina's bed, it was after midnight. Two hours later, Cassadee woke up to pee. She did her business, then realized she was a little hungry, so she walked out to the kitchen and grabbed a cold slice of pizza from the refrigerator. She stood at the island counter eating when she suddenly felt a body push up against her from behind. A hand covered her mouth just as she was about to squeal.

"Shhh. Don't wake anybody," the voice said.

Cassadee could tell immediately that it was David Gleason, Tina's father. She nodded. Once he took his hand away, she said, "Mr. Gleason. Is everything OK?" He still had her pinned to the island from behind.

"Yes, everything is fine," he whispered in her ear. "I just can't stop thinking about you since your party."

At her Coming of Age party, almost two weeks ago, Tina's parents had been seated at the main stage next to her own parents. At one point in her strip routine, she had sat in front of David Gleason and spread her legs, showing him all of her pussy—even going so far as pulling her labia apart and letting him look at the innermost part of her sex. Apparently, he liked it.

His hands were running all over her body, cupping her breasts and feeling her hips through her t-shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra underneath and the sensation made her nipples hard. "I see you like this," he said, kissing her neck. "Remember, be quiet. It would be bad for us all if Mrs. Gleason were to wake up."

A shiver ran down Cassadee's spine as he bent her forward over the island, lifted the hem of the t-shirt over her hips exposing her panty-clad ass, and rubbed her cheeks. He pushed himself against her and she could feel his erection through his shorts. A whimper escaped from her lips.

"Shhh," he whispered again. "I want you so badly. But I won't rape you. If you don't want this, tell me to stop. I have a feeling you won't though."

With one quick motion, he pulled her panties down, letting them hit the floor and pool around her bare feet. His finger found the groove between her labia and explored the wetness there before plunging deeply inside of her. She sucked a breath in through her teeth.

Cassadee closed her eyes as he fingered her. She had long thought that her dad's best friend was hot, for an older guy. And exposing herself to him at her party had been an erotic fantasy come true. She may even have fantasized about fucking him a time or two, although she never expected it to become reality. According to him she could easily end this with a word. The question was—did she want to? She grabbed the countertop and held on.

David withdrew his finger and licked it off. Bending Cassadee flat against the counter, he leaned down and stuck his tongue in her asshole. She smelled and tasted earthy, as if she weren't freshly washed. While he was down there, he ate out her pussy, ensuring she was nice and wet, with his nose buried in her unclean sphincter. Sliding his boxers down off his hips, he placed the tip of his hard cock between her lower lips, rubbing her juices all over himself, and slid inside her tight cunt. He was now buried inside his teenaged daughter's best friend.

Cassadee moaned as he impaled her, and his hand reached around and clamped over her mouth. She was pinned to the island, being fucked by David Gleason. It was surreal. He was taller than she was, and his height caused her to stand on her tiptoes as he drove into her from behind. He pulled her upright and worked his other hand up and under the front of her shirt, squeezing and fondling her breasts. She was now standing on her tiptoes with her back against his chest, her hips pinned against the edge of the countertop, and his dick deep inside her. She squeezed her eyes shut as he thrust in and out, using her body for his pleasure.

This girl felt every bit as amazing as David had imagined. She was petite and sexy, and her pussy was warm and wet, and incredibly tight. Her body trembled and she moaned into his hand as he fucked her roughly. His desire for her had completely overtaken his common sense. His wife was just down the hallway, asleep in their bed. They had been having marital problems lately, which blew up after Cassadee's party. Sally was pissed at how lustily he had reacted to seeing Cassadee's pussy, and she hadn't slept with him since. It was probably just a matter of time before they divorced. The love just wasn't there anymore. So, what would it matter, even if she did catch him fucking their daughter's best friend? It would probably adversely affect Cassadee's friendship with Tina, but right at this moment he didn't care, selfishly thinking of nothing other than doing what he wanted to Cassadee's hot little body. She hadn't rebuffed his advance, so he wasn't holding back. He might never have this chance again, and he was determined to make the most of it.

Cassadee was at the tipping point. Her legs were shaking so badly she couldn't support her weight on her toes. David pinned her over the island again with a hand between her shoulder blades and pounded her from behind, the other hand still tightly clamped over her mouth. He wasn't exactly hurting her, but he sure as fuck wasn't being all that gentle either. Every sensation in her body shrunk to a pinpoint inside her vagina and then exploded outward. Cassadee screamed into his hand—which tightened over her mouth like a vise—as the orgasm burst through her insides. She felt like her body was going to shake until it fell apart. Wave after wave of a powerful orgasmic tsunami washed throughout her entire being. She felt the warm fluids leave her body and run down her legs. His jackhammer pounding never slowed.

David took his hand away from Cassadee's mouth as her orgasm subsided and she grew quiet. Her chest and the side of her face were plastered against the countertop, her eyes glassy and staring off into nowhere. He used the inside of her tight pussy to stroke his dick until he could take no more. He pressed himself deeply into her and held his breath as he came, rocking against her ass and filling her up with jet after jet of his hot load. After he regained his bearings, he withdrew his cock, letting the mixture of their cum slide out and run down her legs. He used the back of her t-shirt to wipe himself off and pulled his boxers back up. Leaning over her limp body, he whispered, "You'd better get all this cleaned up. Have a good night's sleep. I will." He kissed her damp cheek and walked away.

Cassadee continued to lie there on the counter for a minute, trying to contain the thoughts swirling through her head. Had Tina's dad raped her? She hadn't given consent, but she could have ended it and she didn't do that either. Even if it hadn't been rape, he had definitely used her disrespectfully. The pedestal she had put him on was toppled. She had come here tonight to have a sleepover with Tina, not have sex with her dad. Thinking strictly clinically about the sex, she thought it had been hot. And she had had a massive orgasm. But now things would be different. David Gleason could not think he would get away with treating her this way.

As she lifted herself off the counter, she felt the wetness down her legs and stepped in a puddle on the floor. Cringing, she reached over and pulled some paper towels off the dispenser, cleaning up her pussy, her legs and her feet. Then she got some more and wiped up the floor. Her panties had been lying in their combined pool of cum, so she couldn't put them back on. She threw them in the garbage under the paper towels. Her shirt felt damp against her back, and she realized in annoyance that he had wiped himself off on her. Grabbing some more paper towels, she did her best to dry the area. Looking at the unfinished slice of pizza on the counter she decided her appetite was gone. She threw it away and went to the bathroom. She peed and wiped, then checked her appearance in the mirror. She had that 'freshly fucked' look. Her hair was disheveled, her face was red, and she was sweaty. And her pussy was still throbbing.

Cassadee walked quietly into Tina's bedroom and crept silently into bed next to her friend. Tina stirred and said, "Where did you go?"

"I just went to the bathroom. Good night, babe." She kissed her friend on the cheek and snuggled up next to her, thoughts of revenge running through her head as a tear escaped her eye and dampened the pillow.

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Friday

Friday was the last day of school. It would be a half-day of doing nothing, with the rest of the day preparing for the commencement ceremony that evening. Cassadee woke up with Tina, keeping well away from her dad, and showered, dressing in the clothes she had brought in her overnight bag. They rode to school together in Cassadee's car and spent the morning socializing and saying goodbye to teachers and people they thought they might not see later at graduation.

The rest of the day went off without a hitch. Cassadee graduated near the top of her class, third in line behind the valedictorian and salutatorian. Her mom and dad were there in the stands, along with most everyone else's family. But Greg, her brother, didn't show up. Cassadee couldn't believe he skipped her graduation. She was extremely hurt by his thoughtlessness but did her best to put it out of her mind and was able to get through the night. There were plenty of tears between friends and lots of hugs and pictures.

When the ceremony was over and they drove back home, her parents hugged her for the hundredth time, telling her how proud they were of her, and retired to their bedroom. They weren't happy with Greg either, but decided to deal with it in the morning. Cassadee went to her room, took all her clothes off, and stewed. She was angry. And sad. She had gone to his graduation. They had been so close over the years, and then about six months ago Greg just seemed to shut himself off from everyone. He became withdrawn and distant and his once happy-go-lucky attitude had changed completely. He was no longer the fun-loving jokester he used to be. Now he was surly and solitary, spending most of his time, since he had come home from college, holed up in his room.

Deciding she had had enough, Cassadee stomped angrily down the hallway and pushed her way through Greg's bedroom door, not even bothering to knock. Greg, sitting in a chair and staring out the window into the darkness, jumped like he had been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. "What the fuck, Cass? How about learning to knock?"

"Why, Greg? Why would you skip my graduation? Do I mean that little to you now? What happened to you? We used to be so close. Now you treat me—make that everybody—like shit! I'm not leaving this room until I know what the fuck is going on. Are you on drugs?"

Greg put his head in his hands. "No, I'm not on drugs, Cass."

"What is it, then? Why are you so distant?" she pressed, tears streaming down her face.

"I didn't want to miss your graduation," he mumbled into his hands.

"Then why did you?" she practically screamed.

He stood and walked over to her. He had gotten used to seeing her nude, but it still made him uncomfortable. He put his arms around her and pulled her into an embrace as she sobbed. If felt strange to touch her bare back, without a shirt or even a bra, but he forced himself to rub it with his hand and tried to calm her with soothing words. "Shhh," he whispered in her ear. "I'm sorry. Please let me explain."

Cassadee pulled away from him and angrily stomped her foot on the floor, making her boobs jiggle. "I'm waiting. What's your deal?"

Greg peeled his eyes away from her body and stared out the window. "I thought Frank Dawson might be getting out of jail soon. I was just keeping an eye out."

Cassadee swallowed nervously. Frank Dawson had covertly taken pictures of her in her back yard when she was nude. Not just nude, but also masturbating and having sex with her friend Joey Harper. He then tried to blackmail her with them. Thankfully, she was able to contact one of her mentors, Lester Camden, who was a town cop, and he pulled Frank over, subsequently arresting him for drugs. Lester then had the sim card in Frank's phone destroyed.

"OK," she said, looking out the window at the lights in Frank's house next door. "But that doesn't really explain why you missed my graduation."

"I've been trying to protect you," Greg said, eyes downcast.

Cassadee remembered a day about a week ago when she had caught Greg staring out his window after she had been masturbating in the backyard. She had accused him of spying on her and being a perv.

"Are you saying that all of this time spent at your window has been because you were trying to protect me from Frank?"

"And others. Whenever I know you are home, I keep an eye out. Because people will try to take advantage of you. Just like Frank."

Cassadee thought for a moment. "Greg, none of this makes sense. Why do you feel the need to protect me? I get that you are my older brother but, come on! I have my own life. I'm an adult now. And it still doesn't explain why you've been such a jerk lately!"

Greg's eyes began to tear up as he watched Cassadee cry. How could he explain? She was going to hate him.

"Just tell me! You are obviously holding something back. It won't fix anything if nothing changes and we just continue living like this. Please," she begged.

Tears were now running down Greg's face. He looked up at her. It was now or never. "Protecting you is my job. It will always be my job because..."

"Because why, Greg?"

"Because I'm your mentor."

It suddenly felt, to Cassadee, like the air was sucked out of the room. All the blood rushed out of her head and everything began to spin. As her vision shrunk to a pinpoint of light, the word 'mentor' rang in her ears and the world tilted sideways, fading to black.