**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders**

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**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders Ch. 01**

Jamie was christened Charles Jamie Taylor, but since then his parents have only used his second Christian name in line with the family tradition. At the time this story starts he was a senior at Cedar Hill High School, and one of its geeks. He spent his week nights either doing home work or studying; and most weekends found him at the school audio/video laboratory editing videos he had taken of the previous school sporting events.  
  
He first met and had sex with Chantelle Spiros when he saw her walking naked in the otherwise empty school one Saturday. Chantelle was one of the Cedar Hill High School cheerleaders and also a senior. Jamie actually thought she was the most desirable of all the cheerleaders.  
  
Three weeks later, again on a Saturday, Chantelle came to join him while he was editing in the AV lab. This time the school guard Kyle was patrolling, and when Jamie introduced the naked Chantelle as his girl friend, she gave Kyle a big hello hug and kiss.   
  
Their sort of first date occurred weeks later when Chantelle accompanied Jamie to Jefferson University for his first scholarship interview. They went by train to Campus Road, Linterna. During the return trip Chantelle stripped naked in an almost empty carriage, and only dressed just before alighting from the train.   
  
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As Jamie dressed for school on the next Monday morning, he wondered if Rudy Scolari had told anyone what he had seen at Cedar Hill station on Saturday. Had he sent anyone the picture, or was it a video, of Jamie passionately kissing Chantelle. What if he had informed William, his best friend; would William still want to go to the prom with Chantelle?  
  
William G Mann was known to his friends as "the man"; no one was ever game to call him "Willie". His team mates, who have seen him in the shower, knew that he was not especially well endowed down there, and that he was touchy about that fact.   
  
William was the best football player in the school. Tall, handsome, and athletic. The type of guy someone like Chantelle would be expected to go to prom with. The type of guy Jamie thought she would go with in the first place.  
  
The story of the cafeteria incident, a few days before, had travelled quickly around the school and everyone knew what had happened. Everyone knew Chantelle had confronted him about the fact that he had asked Tonni Arthur to the prom, not her. Everyone knew she had run away crying, and he'd chased after her. Now what would people think since they had been spotted kissing passionately at the station.  
  
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Jamie stood at his locker sorting his things for the day.  
  
"Hey Jamie."   
  
He turned and saw it was Veronica Wilson; "Oh hi."  
  
Veronica was the head cheerleader and Chantelle's best friend.  
  
"I saw Chantelle on Sunday; she was literally glowing. I asked how come? She told me that you two had made-up."  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"When pressed further; she also said she had gone by train with you to Campus Road on Saturday, when you went for your interview." As she left him Veronica added despondently, "Unfortunately she wouldn't go into details."  
  
When he finished at his locker, he walked towards his class room scanning each cluster of teenagers to see if Chantelle was among them. He also did this between periods. However, as before, it was after the third period that he saw her. She came out of a classroom with two other girls. When she saw Jamie she returned his smile and walked toward him.   
  
First they hugged, but after a little they kissed.   
  
This caused a murmur of approval from the other teenagers that were passing.  
  
"You know I want to go with you to the prom, and after that kiss everyone will be expecting it. But where does that leave Tonni and William?" Jamie asked.  
  
"Do you think we can get Will to ask Tonni?" Chantelle quipped.  
  
"I think Tonni would jump at the chance. Perhaps that would be enough to encourage her to dress sexier; then she might catch William's eye. Could you lunch with her and try to encourage her? I'll talk to her when I see her in the AV lab."  
  
"Alright, love you."  
  
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Jamie had sat at an empty table in the cafeteria, but almost instantly he was joined by friends Andy Meadows and Greg Arden, with Michael and Dinesh from the AV crew soon joining them. They all had mischievous looks on their faces.  
  
Dinesh was the most impatient to get some details about the rumours, "Are you still going to the prom with Tonni Arthur?" But before Jamie could answer, he continued, "It is true isn't it? You and Chantelle were kissing on the platform! I guess that means you patched up your differences, eh?'  
  
Jamie collected himself before responding, "Yeah ... we're good." Then after a further hesitation, "As for the prom ... I don't know what's gonna happen."  
  
The boys weren't satisfied. This time Michael asked, "Did you have a date with Chantelle? Where did you go? Did you get to third base?"  
  
"God, what have you heard? Who told you?"  
  
Michael immediately replied, "Dinesh told me."  
  
"Who told you Dinesh? What are they saying? After all I only went for an interview at Jefferson University. It wasn't really a date, but it was nice to have Chantelle along for the ride."  
  
"They say you were seen kissing Chantelle so passionately that there seem to be more to it," is all Dinesh answered.  
  
Greg added, "They say that Rudy took a video and has uploaded it to Face-book." On hearing this Andy immediately began playing with his phone.  
  
On finding the video he exclaimed "God, you two are smoking hot! I mean; that is the sexiest kiss I have ever seen! You must have scored after that?"  
  
"No dam it; we left the station as soon as we saw Rudy, and we went home separately."  
  
"Gee Jamie, how did you get to be with a stunner like Chantelle Spiros?" Greg remarked; followed by, "Andy, let me see."  
  
At this point Jamie rose to his feet and left his mates drooling.  
  
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During their regular AV lab, Jamie took the opportunity to look more closely at Tonni. He tried to imagine what she would look like without the heavy glasses, with her hair free-flowing, wearing a mini-skirt, and a little makeup.  
  
"Hey Tonni you know we have a problem."  
  
"Eh?"  
  
"As you may have guessed from the rumours, Chantelle and I would like to go to the prom together, but that leaves you and William without partners."  
  
"What rumours?"  
  
"That Chantelle and I were seen kissing at the railway station on Saturday. Well actually it's no rumour, it's true. Chantelle and I have made up."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"Back to you and William. Would you go to the prom with William if he asked you?"  
  
"Hell yes!"  
  
"Well how are we going to make him want you? Will you take off your glasses for a sec." Tonni removed her glasses and squinted.  
  
"Do you have any glasses with a lighter frame or even contact lenses?"  
  
"Yeah, I have some I wore to my cousin's wedding; I was a bridesmaid."  
  
"What about a short skirt. Do you have any short skirts that are suitable to wear to school?"  
  
"Yeah, but I feel uncomfortable wearing them out."  
  
"If you want William to ask you to the prom, you have to let him see how beautiful you really are."  
  
"Do you really think I'm beautiful?"  
  
"I think so, but it is hard to tell when you hide behind those loose slacks, flannel shirt and heavy glasses. How about wearing contact lenses and a skirt tomorrow? You can lunch with Chantelle and she can introduce you to William."  
  
"Oh ... alright," Tonni replied nervously.  
  
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On Tuesday and Wednesday Tonni wore a skirt and contact lenses. She sat with Chantelle and her friends at lunch and began to feel like one of them. But by the end of lunch-time on Wednesday, there was no indication that William had noticed her.  
  
"Tonni you look great, so I think I'll introduce you to Will tomorrow, maybe then he will take notice." Leaning close to Tonni, Chantelle whispered, "See how Will sits with his back to the wall? So when we go over tomorrow I want you to sit facing him. Then as I introduce you, you should lift a knee so he can see up your skirt. That will certainly catch his attention. So wear your best panties, or better still don't wear any, OK? Don't worry no one else will see with you facing that way."  
  
Tonni whispered back, "Do you think that is necessary?"  
  
"Yeah, don't worry, you won't be the only one without; I haven't worn any panty for weeks now. Oh, trim your bikini-line pubs. We don't want them ruining the view."  
  
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After they had finished eating their lunch on Thursday, Chantelle asked, "Are you ready Tonni?"  
  
"Yeah, but I'm really nervous."  
  
"It's alright; I'll be with you. Come on."  
  
When they reached William's table, Tonni sat facing him, while Chantelle remained standing.  
  
"Hi Chantelle. What goes?"  
  
"I guess Rudy has told you that Jamie and I have made up." She looked at Rudy and scowled. "He even gave me his pin; so I want to go to the prom with him. Now, um... Now that means you and Tonni don't have a partner any more. Oh, by the way, this is my friend Tonni Arthur."  
  
William dropped his eyes from Chantelle's face and looked toward Tonni, just as she lifted her leg nervously. William gasped as he caught sight of her pussy. Tonni quickly lowered her leg as if she had raised it accidentally; but she was excited to see his reaction, so she left her legs separated just enough so that he could see well up her thighs.  
  
Later that day William spotted Tonni in the hallway. "Hey Tonni... err... ya got a minute?"  
  
"Hi William." She was excited by the fact that he actually wanted to talk with her.  
  
"Err... Would ya like to ... ah ... to go to the prom with me?" He asked nervously.  
  
"Would I ever; geez yes!" She was so excited that she jumped at him and kissed him. He kissed her back. He glanced around; there was no one else about so while he kissed her, he put a hand up her skirt and touched her pussy. Tonni was a little shocked by his move, but she was also pleased that he wanted her, so she didn't push his hand away; rather she wrapped her arms around him and stuck out her tongue to meet his. He continued to stroke her clit and kiss her, until they heard someone coming.  
  
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Mr. Garett, the AV teacher, had asked Jamie to film the game on Saturday and produce a short video of the highlights. So on Sunday he was again in the AV room at school.   
  
As Jamie was splicing together the game clips, he had a good idea; why not create a slow motion effect each time their team made a basket. So for the 25 frames involved he initially duplicated each frame once, then the next few frames twice, and so on until he had the basket ball appearing to hover just above the ring. Then he reversed the process so that the ball gained speed as it passed down through the net. He liked the effect.  
  
Then he decided to try the same approach to the clip of the cheerleaders, and in particular the section where the girls executed a back-flip. When he was duplicating the frame which had the girls almost vertical, his eyes were drawn to Chantelle. 'No she didn't, did she?' He looked more closely and convinced himself that she wasn't wearing any panties or shorts under her skirt. He completed the editing, but placed this section in a different file, not in the finished compilation.  
  
Seeing her like that reminded him of the times they had been together: initially he had caught her walking around the school naked, and finished up having sex in a classroom; he had introduced her to Kyle, the guard, as his girlfriend before having her in the girls' locker room and later in the car park; another time she sucked his dick while he was working the lights and sound control panel for the school play; and finally he had stimulated her to orgasm while she stood naked in the train.  
  
Thinking of these things got him aroused, so he set up his early warning system. That is, a camera that looked along the hallway and an associated monitor which would show Kyle's approach. Then he started watching a few of the secret stash of porn videos that were on the AV computer system.  
  
Initially the videos were all similar to the ones he had watched some weeks before with Chantelle. That was Chantelle ONE. Their first encounter.   
  
However the next one showed a girl walking naked down a shopping mall. 'Guess that means Chantelle is not the only one who's dreamt of doing such a thing,' Jamie thought to himself. Chantelle had confided in him that this was one of her wildest fantasies.   
  
Just then a policeman on a motorcycle turned the corner and blocked the girl's way. He could see that they spoke to each other, but he had the sound turned so low he couldn't make out what was said. He turned the sound up and then rewound the video to the point just before the policeman appeared.  
  
Again the policeman turned the corner, but this time he could hear him say, "I know what you are doing is not illegal, but I would advise you to keep to the areas where there are lots of people. If you venture down a side-street someone may be tempted to take advantage of you."  
  
"Thanks officer," the girl said as he rode away. She then resumed her stroll past the shops.  
  
Jamie copied the video onto a USB memory stick so he could give it to Chantelle to watch. He was sure she would be interested to see the reactions of the people in the mall.  
  
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When Jamie met Chantelle on Monday he gave her the memory stick, "There's a video on this that I think you will find interesting."  
  
"What's it about?"  
  
"You'll see. Just make sure you watch it alone." He said with a smirk.  
  
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The first time Chantelle watched the video, she concentrated on the girl's face. She didn't look nervous; rather she looked like she always went shopping nude. During the second viewing, Chantelle watched the passers-by. Some took no notice, or at least, pretended not to notice. Others did glance at the girl, but not in a disapproving way. A few actually stopped to watch her for a bit; one even took a picture or two with his phone. She watched the video over and over. She was especially happy with the policeman's comment that it was not illegal to be naked in public.  
  
"Hi Jamie"  
  
Jamie immediately recognised Chantelle's voice on the phone. She sounded excited. "Hi."  
  
"I've been watching that video you gave me. I think it has given me the courage to do it. Especially since the cop in the video says it is not illegal, and ..."  
  
Jamie quickly interrupted, "But that's a European video. I think it may be illegal here in the States. I think it's called indecent exposure."  
  
After a pause Jamie tried to raise her spirits with; "It does show that you're not the only one with a desire to walk about naked and be treated as if it's normal."  
  
"Thanks Jamie."  
  
And after a moment's hesitation, "Will you drive me to the Capital next Saturday? I want to walk naked in the shopping mall."  
  
Jamie was initially reluctant; "Err ... Oh; OK, I guess so."   
  
"Will you go combat for me?"  
  
"What?"  
  
"Will you go without underwear? Sort of a form of immoral support." She laughed.  
  
"Oh, gee. Err ... maybe; oh OK."  
  
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Jamie pulled up outside Chantelle's place and gave two shot toots on the horn.  
  
Chantelle soon came skipping down the path. "Hi Jamie."  
  
As she sat down next to him; "That's the same dress you wore on the train, isn't it?"  
  
"Yeah, but this time it's all I'm wearing. See." She lifted the hem enough for him to see her neatly groomed pubic hair.  
  
The drive to the Capital was rather uneventful. Jamie had music playing and Chantelle didn't want to distract him from driving.  
  
By the time Jamie had parked the car near the back of the car-park, Chantelle had removed her dress and had it neatly folded on her lap.  
  
"Are you sure you want to do this?" Jamie asked as he opened her door.  
  
"Yeah, I certain." She replied as she handed him her dress.  
  
Jamie draped the dress over his left arm, "OK let's go." He said as he locked the car.  
  
"Please stay close in case anything happens."  
  
And with that Chantelle walked off toward the mall. Jamie thought she looked a little nervous, but determined.   
  
Although they weren't arm-in-arm, he followed close enough for people to know he was her boyfriend and protector.   
  
As she strolled along she turned every few minutes to check he was still there and to get reassurance from him. He noticed that the further she went the less nervous she looked, in fact she soon looked quite calm, even excited.  
  
It turned out to be like in the video. Some people pretended not to notice. Others did glance at her, but not in a disapproving way. A few actually stopped to watch her for a bit; some even took a picture or two with their phone.  
  
A little further on Chantelle stopped in front of a jewellery store. She signalled to Jamie to join her. "I really like that birth stone ring; please," Chantelle pleaded as she grabbed his handed and pulled him toward the door.  
  
"Err, OK. You can have it as a remembrance of today." He then thought to himself, 'If she wants me to give her this ring, it must mean she really wants me to be more than just her steady boyfriend. Wow!' Chantelle had a similar thought when he agreed to buy it.  
  
"And what can I do for you?" the elderly shop assistant asked Jamie once they reached the counter. She obviously noticed Chantelle's nudity, but she was not going to let that stop her from making a sale.  
  
"Can we have a look at the birth stone rings that are in the window?"  
  
She produced an identical set from under the counter.   
  
"They are nine caret gold with gem quality stones. What month was you girlfriend born in?" The question was directed toward Jamie. He immediately turned to Chantelle with a questioning glance.  
  
"July." Chantelle whispered.  
  
The assistant removed the corresponding ring and gave it to Jamie. It had a ruby held in a white-gold setting on a pink-gold band. He took Chantelle's left hand and slipped the ring onto her ring finger.  
  
"Oh it's lovely," Chantelle cooed. She pulled Jamie to her and gave him a long kiss.  
  
"That will be $299, thank you Sir." The woman interrupted.  
  
Jamie paid with his credit card and they left arm-in-arm. They continued this way as they went further along the mall.  
  
Seeing the milk bar ahead, Jamie asked, "Feeling hungry?"  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Let's try in here then, OK?"  
  
"OK."  
  
The milk bar had tables that were fixed to the floor with a bench seat along either side, all of which butted against the wall. Between each of the back-to-back bench seats was a six foot high partition. There was a narrow shelf along the top of the partitions. On one side of the milk bar, the shelf had a collection of mugs; on the other side there were milk shake containers; some tin, some different coloured plastic ones, others were black or brown Bakelite, and there were even a few glass ones. The counter was at the back, with the toilets to the left.  
  
As Chantelle reached an empty cubicle, she slid in first, then Jamie followed; he placed Chantelle's dress across his lap in an attempt to cover the slight bulge in his pants.  
  
They had only been seated a couple of minutes when the waitress arrived to take their orders. At first she just stood there frozen, not believing what she saw. Then she shook her head, regained her composer, and asked, "What would you like?"  
  
Chantelle ordered first, "I'll have an egg and cheese roll with a chocolate milk shake, thanks."  
  
"And I want a double beef burger and a root-beer."  
  
"Will that be a large root-beer?"  
  
"No a medium will do; thanks."  
  
After she left, Chantelle quipped with a smile, "So you only want a medium size root!"  
  
Jamie responded by leaning over and kissing Chantelle. She slipped her tongue between his lips and he followed by sucking on it.

After a few seconds he moved a hand down her flat stomach, travelling over her neatly groomed patch of pubic hair until his fingers found her wet pussy. He pushed his fingers deep into her and out again a few times, and then he placed his thumb against her clit. "Ooooh..." she breathed, "I love the way you're touching me... Oh my God... I love that you have your fingers playing with me here in public."   
  
Jamie glanced around; actually it wasn't so public; he couldn't see outside, nor could he see anyone inside the restaurant. They may have been there, but not where he could see.  
  
She is so wet Jamie thinks she must be making a wet spot on the bench.   
  
"Ooooh..." Chantelle sighed helplessly as Jamie continued to stroke her clit.  
  
He put his mouth close to her ear. "Come on," he whispered. "You know you enjoy having orgasms in public places."  
  
As she felt her vagina about to spasm around his fingers, she pressed her mouth against his shoulder to muffle her cries.  
  
The waitress arrived with the tray holding their order just as Chantelle began to have an orgasm. The waitress stared as she placed the tray on the table; she bit her lip, pressed her dress between her legs, and then lifted her dress a little with one hand and slid her other over the crutch of her white panties.   
  
When Chantelle's orgasm subsided, she opened her eyes and saw what the waitress was doing; so she gave her an encouraging wink. The waitress regained her composer and requested in a shaky voice, "that will be $25, please."  
  
Jamie handed her the correct money, and as she left she reached for her phone.  
  
"Harry where are you?"  
  
And before she was out of earshot Jamie heard her say quietly, "Please hurry! I promise this time I will let you ..." But Jamie couldn't make out the rest.  
  
At this point Chantelle whispered in Jamie's ear, "This time you have to let me return the favour!"   
  
She held his belt with her left hand and pulled his zipper down with her right. Then her hand slipped inside his pants, and she began to squeeze and stroke his now expanding penis. With her other hand she grabbed her bread roll and took a bite. Jamie also started to eat his burger, although occasionally he moaned through a mouthful.   
  
Every so often the waitress passed by, presumably to serve other customers, but it may have been just so she could see what they are up to.  
  
By the time Chantelle had finished her bread roll, she had drunk most of her milk shake. Now she was free to pull his rock hard erection free of his pants.   
  
He lost himself in the feel of Chantelle's hand, moving gently up and down his shaft. She didn't seem to be in any hurry. With this stimulation and the fact that he hadn't had sex for a long time, Jamie had an intense aching in his groin. He needed to cum.  
  
She wanted to please him and soon began to stroke longer and harder. It was all feeling good to him. His cock twitched in her hand. He wondered what she was thinking. She looked up at his face with a mischievous smile.  
  
Her hand left his cock suddenly and he caught his breath wondering what was happening.  
  
The waitress just happened to be passing again when Chantelle bent over, stuck out her tongue and took one lick across the head of his dick. Then she let her warm mouth envelop the head. Opening her lips further she let it enter her mouth, her lips around its shaft now, and it tasted good, sort of salty. She wanted to make him cum. She took more and more in until she could take no more, in and out she sucked it, loving the feel of it stretching her mouth.   
  
He looked down at his lap, trying to see exactly what she was doing. But her face was hidden by waves of long dark hair, bobbing up and down, cascading over his legs. Now Chantelle's tongue licked up and down his erection while her fingers massaged its head. What he liked best was when she slid her hand down to the base of his penis to make the skin taught, and then she tickled the tip or around its edge with her tongue.   
  
She was doing her best to make him spurt. He was experiencing indescribable pleasure from the mouth, lips and tongue of a beautiful naked girl. His cock throbbed, swollen and taut, seemingly ready to explode at any moment.  
  
"I'm about to cum," Jamie whispered. "You will have to take it in your mouth."  
  
"Uh huh," Chantelle attempted to say as Jamie erupted for the first time inside her mouth. His penis pulsed, again and again. She swallowed after each ejaculation.   
  
The waitress had not passed, but stood there watching. They both realised this when they heard her say on the phone, "Harry, I've seen how to give you the best blow ..." And she was gone.  
  
Chantelle released Jamie's softening penis and sat up again; she licked her lips and then swallowed the last of his sperm with a wicked smile on her face.   
  
She tried to stuff his penis back inside his jeans; her fingers tugged at the tag of the zipper, as she tried to pull it up. Jamie gently pushed her hands away, fearful of what damage she might accidentally do. He restored the front of his jeans himself. A glance downward confirmed he was decent again. Another glance confirmed that Chantelle still remained quite indecent, as she sat naked next to him.  
  
She finished her milk shake, then left to go to the toilet.  
  
As Jamie waited, a policeman and policewoman walked past. He immediately thought they had been called to arrest Chantelle and him. He got to his feet and headed towards the toilets, hoping not to be seen. His intention was to give Chantelle her dress.  
  
When the police reached the counter, Jamie over heard the policeman say, "Hi, I phoned in an order; the names Kilby."  
  
Jamie relaxed a little on hearing this, but he still had to make sure Chantelle didn't come out while they were there. So he stayed near the male toilet as if waiting for someone to finish.  
  
Once the police had their order and left, Jamie returned to his seat.  
  
Chantelle joined him a couple of minutes later. "We can go now, Jamie."  
  
"No wait. There were a couple police here a little while ago, so I think we should give them a chance to leave the mall."  
  
"Oh, OK."  
  
Before they left, Harry arrived. The waitress grabbed his hand and hurriedly led him into the store-room. The bulge in his pants was obvious as he passed by Chantelle and Jamie.  
  
When they arrived back at the car, Chantelle stood next to the back passenger door waiting for Jamie to open the front door for her. But he moved to face her, lent forward and kissed her.  
  
She leaned backwards against his car. Her mouth opened and he felt her tongue tangle with his. She had her palms pressed against his chest, as if she intended to push him away, but her arms didn't exert any force against him.  
  
Jamie reached for his zipper. Chantelle's eyes were wide as she realized what he intended to do. She looked around the parking lot nervously, as he pulled his hard-on free. He leaned forward, letting his penis press against her stomach. He kissed her again. She rose up onto her toes and guided his penis into her wetness.   
  
She wrapped her arms around him. Her eyes closed as he had sex with her against the side of his car; she seemed to forget that they were outside in the daylight.  
  
This was Chantelle having sex. This was Chantelle when he was deep inside her. This was Chantelle as she longed to be, naked outside, letting go.  
  
Her hips rocked in time with his strokes, going forward when he pushed into her, and rocking back as he withdrew a little. He held himself against her, looking down at her sexy tits rolling and moving almost in circles as they thrust against each other. The car rocked and bounced as he plunged himself into her over and over, driving both of them toward the climax they both wanted.  
  
He sighed as he came inside her. She continued clutching him tightly as his penis shot within her again and again. It was then that she had a wild thought; "Would Jamie strip and walk naked with her?'   
  
She remained leaning against the car, catching her breath. Her eyes were barely open as she began to unbutton his shirt.  
  
"What the ..?"  
  
"Will you strip and walk a little way with me in the mall?" she pleaded.  
  
He didn't answer, but stood reflecting on her request for a while. Then he slowly finished removing his shirt. Again he thought long, looking concerned; but eventually he decided, 'what the hell, she's willing to let go; to walk nude with him; so why shouldn't he comply.' Soon his pants were with his shirt and Chantelle's dress on the front seat.  
  
"You don't have to worry; you can't get an erection so soon after sex." She said encouragingly.  
  
Jamie reached for the car keys intending to lock the car, but his hand found only skin where his pocket should be. He suddenly realised what he was about to do, go naked. He reached into the car and extracted the keys from his pants pocket and used them to lock the car. Then it dawned on him that he would have to carry them in his hand as he accompanied Chantelle into the mall again.  
  
And so they walked into the mall, arm-in-arm. People's reactions were a bit stronger now that Jamie was also naked. The women especially stared harder and longer, some whispered to each other. However there was nothing to suggest that anyone was angry or hostile toward them.  
  
A woman's low and gruff voice caught their attention. "Hi girlie; remember me, I'm the one who saw you on the train a few weeks back." She had just left a shop to their right.  
  
As they turned toward her, they both recognised her.   
  
"Oh, hi." Chantelle greeted her as she come close. Then she lifted her left hand toward the woman, "Look at the lovely friendship ring he just gave me."  
  
"Ladie, if you want her to remain ya girlfriend, you gotta kiss her clit well and often. Have you ever kissed her down there?"  
  
"Err, no."  
  
"If ya goin' home in the train, then I can show you how."  
  
"We came in my car."  
  
"Where's ya car, then?"  
  
Jamie pointed. "In the car park at this end of the mall."  
  
"Well let's go. By the way I'm Karen; what's ya names?" she asked as they turned to walk towards the car-park.  
  
"I'm Jamie, and this is Chantelle."  
  
"How long have you two been dating?"  
  
"We first explored each other about two months ago, but it wasn't really a date." Jamie answered.  
  
"Jamie!" Chantelle protested.  
  
"What's wrong girlie; you certainly seem to enjoy it when he explored you on the train."  
  
"Um."  
  
When they arrived at the car, Jamie unlocked it.  
  
"You can kiss her clit while she is standin', or while she's lyin' down. Lyin' down is much easier for both of you, so lay on the back seat girlie," the woman told Chantelle.   
  
"Now bend ya knees up and spread ya legs a little."  
  
"Ladie, you should start by kissin' her inner thigh, and then work ya way up to her groin and pubic mound." Jamie did as instructed.   
  
"You would both find that much nicer if she was completely hairless, ya know; look at mine." The woman lifted her dress to show Chantelle that she had no panty on and was completely bald like a ten year old girl.   
  
"Feel how smooth it is, ladie." She prompted Jamie.  
  
Jamie turned and felt her mound and down between her legs. "It really is smooth and soft."  
  
"Girlie, if you want him to remain faithful, I suggest you shave or use a wax treatment on more than just ya bikini line."  
  
"Oh, alright."  
  
"Now ladie, it's time to start lickin' between her outer lips; ... when you ready girlie, spread ya legs wider to separate the labia and allow him access to you clit."  
  
As Jamie's tongue licked inside her slit, Chantelle murmured softly. "Oh God ... Ooooo ... Oh Jamie."  
  
Encourage by her sighs, Jamie continued to kiss, lick and suck her now swollen love button.  
  
"Move down to her pussy opening and lick around it."   
  
"That's the way. Alright, back to her clit."  
  
"Oooooh ... Oooooooh," Chantelle continued to murmur.  
  
"Now it's time to stimulate her G-spot as well. While you keep suckin' her clit; put a finger at the entrance of her pussy and then slide it in and out slowly; a little at first, and goin' a bit deeper each time." Jamie didn't quite do as requested; he placed two fingers there.   
  
"Oh I forgot; you already know how to stimulate her G-spot. I saw you doin' it in the train a few weeks ago, eh?"  
  
Jamie proceeded to stimulate her G-spot with his fingers while he continued working on her clit with his tongue.  
  
Chantelle stretched her arms forward, interlocking her fingers before placing her hands behind Jamie's head. She pulled his head firmly against her as she rocked her hips up and down to increase her pleasure.  
  
A few minutes passed before her legs squeezed against Jamie's ears and he felt Chantelle's vagina muscles spasm about his fingers. "Oooooh... Jamie... oooooooh."  
  
After this her arms dropped down beside her and she became limp on the bench seat. Sensing that she had come, Jamie softened his stimulation of her clitoris and slowed his thrusting fingers.  
  
"Keep it up ladie. Soon she will get aroused again, and then you can give her a second orgasm." Karen instructed.  
  
"I have to go now or I will miss my train."  
  
"Bye Karen," they said together. Jamie added, "Thanks for your help."  
  
Jamie managed to bring Chantelle to orgasm two more times. By then his dick had managed to become rock hard again. He moved up her body, kissed her navel, each of her breasts, and finally her mouth.   
  
As they kissed, Chantelle guided his cock into her dripping-wet pussy. He could feel the muscles of her pussy clutching at his shaft, as if desperate to pull him into her. She pumped her hips up and down a few times so she could better feel his cock inside her, but then she took Jamie's lead and lay still. For some time after that they just lay together enjoying each other's warm afterglow.  
  
"I love you Chantelle."  
  
"I love you too, and thanks for today."  
  
"That's alright; I enjoy helping you fulfil your fantasies."  
  
"Oh how selfish of me, I haven't really given enough thought to what your fantasies might be. I mean, apart from being invisible in the girls change room, what do you dream of doing?"  
  
"Well I dreamt of having sex with the most desirable girl in school, and I've done that many times now."  
  
"Do you really think that I'm the most desirable?"  
  
"Yeah, you're beautiful, you're sexy and provocative. You're the only one for me."  
  
"Thanks." She said with a contented smile. "What other dreams do you have?"  
  
Jamie thought for a while, then reluctantly answered, "Before I met you, I did fantasise about being a stripper at a hens' night; having the girls take turns sucking my dick, until one lets me cum in her mouth, and another lays back and offers her dripping wet hairless pussy for me to fuck. Like in those Dancing Bear videos we saw together in the AV lab."  
  
Chantelle felt his dick thicken within her as he spoke.   
  
"Um, OK." Chantelle starts to think, 'How can I make that wish come true?'  
  
Eventually Jamie's dick went limp again. "I think it's time we started home."  
  
"Yeah."  
  
With that Jamie arose, opened the front door for Chantelle, who had followed him from the back seat. Jamie went to the driver's side and prepared to leave.  
  
As they left the car-park, Jamie chuckled "You realise we are both still nude."  
  
Chantelle was unconcerned; she slid to the middle of the bench seat and rested her head against Jamie's shoulder. She was soon asleep.   
  
At a set of red traffic lights Jamie looked at her face; she seemed contented, peaceful and even angelic.  
  
Jamie stopped at a park on outskirts of Cedar Hill. It was dark already. He was in the process of sorting their clothes, when there was a knock on the driver-side window. He wound the window down. A young policeman stood there. "Is everything alright, Sir?" He asked as he pointed his flash-light at Jamie's face.  
  
"Why yes thanks."  
  
"It's just that I saw your tail-light flashing and wondered if there was a problem." He moved the beam of his torch to the brake pedal. It showed that there was a dress under the pedal.  
  
"Sorry officer, it must have been flashing while I was trying to get that."  
  
The officer run the torch-light up Chantelle's naked legs, over her breasts and finally pointed it at Chantelle's face. "I guess that is yours Miss." He said in a disapproving voice.   
  
Chantelle had been woken by the torch light. "Yes officer." She replied sleepily.  
  
The night was still. Crickets chirped loudly from the nearby grass, while the policeman appeared to be thinking. Jamie wondered whether he was deciding what to charge them with; public nudity or something else.  
  
Finally he remembered. "Don't I know you Miss; weren't you a cheerleader at Cedar Hill High School last year?"  
  
"Why yes Officer, but how do you know that?"  
  
"I graduated from there last year. Well, I must admit my best subject was football, and even then I was only just good enough to be included in the team. I did enjoy watching you cheerleaders when I was on the side-line. My favourite was the blond; but I never felt good enough to ask her for a date."  
  
"There were a few blonds in the group." Chantelle responded.  
  
"Yeah, but I think she was the only true blond."  
  
Chantelle reached for her phone; "Well then that must have been Marsha Dickson. Would you like her phone number?"  
  
"Thanks, but I couldn't just phone her up out of the blue."  
  
Chantelle thought for a moment. "How about I arrange a double date; you and Marsha with Jamie and me. We could go to a milk bar for lunch, or ah ... I have a better idea; how about we go ten pin bowling on Sunday afternoon?"   
  
"Um... OK." The policeman seemed pleased with that suggestion.  
  
Chantelle phoned Marsha to arrange it. "By the way; what's your name Officer?"  
  
"Robert, but everyone calls me Bobbie."  
  
"Well then Bobbie, I'm Chantelle and this is my boyfriend Jamie."  
  
When Chantelle finished talking with Marsha on the phone, she announced; "Marsha said she will be there, so I guess we will see you on Sunday afternoon; OK"  
  
"Gee thanks Chantelle; Jamie. See you then." And with that Officer Robert walked to his motorcycle and rode off. The sound of his motorbike was slowly swallowed by the night, leaving just the chirping of those crickets.  
  
Chantelle laughed, "Can you believe we just talked with a policeman while we were both naked... Oh gosh, it's made me so horny! Feel how wet I am."   
  
Jamie reached between her legs and was amazed at the wetness there. She spread her legs. His finger pushed into her with only the slightest pressure. "Oooh!" she exhaled. "I feel so randy right now." He kissed her hard while sliding his fingers in and out of her.   
  
She reached for his penis which grew stiffer by the minute. She bent down; he felt her mouth on his penis, kissing his shaft. She peeked up at him with a mischievous smile; before she bent again to put the head of his penis to her lips and let it slide into her mouth, taking in as much of it as she could. She moved her mouth up and down rhythmically, sucking at the same time. His fingers still stroked within her; his thumb on her clitoris.   
  
The feel of Chantelle's lips and tongue on his erection was amazing. Jamie closed his eyes, losing himself in the sensation of Chantelle's eager mouth on his throbbing cock.  
  
Chantelle's tongue found an extra sensitive spot that made his penis twitched in her mouth; he inhaled audibly, "Oooo." She pulled off him and looked up. "You okay Jamie?"  
  
"Oh yeah," was all he could say before she rose free of his fingers and swung her leg over him. She guided him all the way up into her warm wetness.   
  
This time when Jamie had his orgasm, his cock jerked within her, but there was no sperm or semen. He had given her all he had earlier that day. He kissed her lovingly and stayed within her until she was satisfied.  
  
Once Chantelle released him; Jamie handed Chantelle her dress and started dressing himself. "It's time to get dressed, love. We are nearly home."

Chantelle reluctantly slipped on her dress as Jamie drove the last bit to her place.  
  
Chantelle kissed Jamie one last time and then skipped up the path; waiving from the door as she entered. Jamie just sat there thinking of what they had done. He was really excited remembering that he was now Chantelle Spiros' official steady boyfriend, almost her fianc茅.  
  
His daydream was disturbed by a tapping on the car window. Chantelle opened the door. "Mum spotted the ring the moment I entered to house, and Daddy said he wanted to meet the boy who had given it to me."  
  
"Oh shit!"  
  
"What's wrong Jamie?"  
  
He was shaking all over. "I've never met a girl's parents before."  
  
"Come on, I'll be with you."  
  
She took his hand and they started up the path. "I think this is worse than anything we did today." Jamie remarked.  
  
Once inside Chantelle introduced Jamie. "Mum, Dad, this is my boyfriend Jamie Taylor."  
  
Mr Spiros shook Jamie's hand and asked, "What did you two do today?"  
  
"We; err; we..."  
  
Then Chantelle answered because she knew Jamie was too nervous, "We went window shopping in the mall, had lunch in a milk bar, and ..."  
  
"And Jamie bought you the ring." Her father interrupted.  
  
"Yes, when I asked him to."  
  
"Oh. And what are your plans for the future; Jamie isn't it?"  
  
Again Chantelle answered, "He has applied for a scholarship to Jefferson Uni. I know he'll get it. He was the one that did both the sound and light control panels for the school play I went to see; afterwards I heard Mr. Anderson say he did an excellent job, especially since he had such short notice."  
  
Then Chantelle added, "When I went shopping at Campus Road, Linterna, I went with Jamie. That's when he had his first interview at Jefferson Uni. It was sort of our first date."  
  
"Yeah, and that's when you two were caught kissing!" Chantelle's younger brother, Stephen interjected.  
  
Chantelle blushed as she scowled at him. Jamie felt a little better now, because some of what they had been doing was out in the open. "That's enough Stephen!" Mr Spiros threatened. And then to Jamie, "How long have you two been seeing each other?"  
  
This time Jamie managed to answer with a very shaky voice. "We first ... ah ... first met each other at school ... ah a few months ago."  
  
"OK son; I hope next time I see you, you will be more relaxed and we can talk further."

**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders Ch. 02**

The Cedar Hill High School cheerleaders were all tall, between 5 feet 6 and 5 feet 9 inches; generally of slight build, but not skinny, with long limbs. They had small to medium breasts, either B or C cup above a flat tummy.   
  
Tonni Arthur fitted this description, but she used to wear clothes that hid her true beauty. Because of her friendship with Jamie Taylor, she had been accepted by Chantelle Spiros, Jamie's girl friend, and the other cheerleaders. Chantelle had encouraged her to wear sexy clothes, thus she became William Mann's date for the prom. William was a football player; a tall, handsome, and athletic senior that all of the girls swooned over.  
  
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At lunch time on Monday, the girls were seated together in the cafeteria as usual.  
  
Jill Tumbling was the first to spot Chantelle's ring. "When did you get the ring Chantelle?"  
  
"Jamie gave it to me on Saturday when we went to the mall in the Capital." Chantelle beamed.  
  
"Ooh, sounds serious. It's a good thing William decided to ask Tonni to the prom. Now you can go with Jamie, Eh? Let us have a closer look at it." Jill requested.  
  
The ring had a pea-sized ruby held in a white-gold setting on a pink-gold band.  
  
Chantelle offered her hand around, so that each of the girls could inspect the ring. She had been feeling particularly elated since her date with Jamie on Saturday. It had more than satisfied one of her most extreme fantasies; to walk the mall naked, and for the other shoppers to treat her as if it was normal.  
  
The discussion reverted back to the usual topics.  
  
Tonni, who sat next to Chantelle, lent close to her and whispered, "I'm worried. William wants me to go with him after training on Wednesday. But I've never been with a guy before and I don't want to disappoint him."  
  
Suddenly head cheerleader Veronica Wilson asks Tonni to train with them on Wednesday. "Oh I'd love to!" was her eager reply.   
  
The others immediately piped up, "Yeah, great idea."  
  
Chantelle had been pondering Tonni's problem. Just before lunch ended she had an idea. 'Tonni could learn what she needed to by watching some of the porno videos Jamie and I had viewed previously in the AV lab.' Since Tonni needed the experience before Wednesday, Chantelle whispered to Tonni, "In the AV lab this arvo, tell Jamie we both want to met him in the lab after school."  
  
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Jamie was the first to arrive in the AV lab. He was soon joined by Tonni. She was wearing a short skirt and tight top as was her custom now.  
  
They sat next to each other in front of his favourite computer terminal. "Have you discovered what this is about?" Jamie asked.  
  
"Nah; Chantelle didn't say anything. Just said to be here."  
  
When Chantelle arrived she sat on Jamie's lap, facing away from Tonni, so her feet wouldn't kick Tonni's.  
  
"What's this all about, love?" he asked Chantelle.   
  
She explained, "Tonni has never been with a guy and wants to learn how to please one, especially Will."  
  
Tonni blushed and hung her head.  
  
Chantelle re-assured her, "It's nothing to be embarrassed about." And then to Jamie, "So among those porno videos can we find one or two that may be considered instructional?"  
  
Jamie drilled down until he found the secret stash of videos.  
  
All three watched as Jamie flicked through the videos; eventually they found one where the girl gives her boy-friend a Blow Job. They watched it; but all the girl did was rub the guys cock up and down until he took his cock in his own hand, and brought himself to orgasm, squirting on her tits.   
  
Jamie searched again. The next BJ video was more instructive. It was of a young girl sitting on the floor of a car in front of her boyfriend. She kept looking up at him lovingly as she unbuttoned his jeans and pulled the zipper down. Once she had his jeans low enough, she held his stiff cock in one hand and lightly kissed it. She appeared to know exactly what to do. Next she licked the tip and then ran her tongue around its foreskin. And then she kissed her way down to its base and onto his balls, which she sucked softly. She continually looked up into her boyfriend's face with love lights in her eyes.  
  
Chantelle said, "This one looks good." Tonni's eyes were already glued to the screen, taking it all in.  
  
Jamie placed his hand on Chantelle's lap, just below her skirt's hemline. As the girls continued watching, he slid his hand under Chantelle's skirt. She didn't look away from the screen, even when his fingers reached her pubic mound. It was smooth, no pubic hair. Surprised, Jamie whispered to Chantelle, "You shaved like Karen suggested?"  
  
She turned and whispered back, "Do you like it?"  
  
"It feels so lovely and smooth, just like Karen's did. Can I see?"  
  
"Only if you put your head under there, and stimulate me."  
  
"But Tonni's here!"  
  
"I'm sure she won't mind. It'll be part of her education."  
  
While they spoke, he had begun tickling inside Chantelle's slit with his fingers. She wore no panty. He looked at Tonni. She was still concentrating on the video.  
  
In the video, the guy groaned softly as she started sucking his cock with her mouth. Sliding it up and down his rigid shaft, her tongue teasing its head each time she withdrew completely. Soon after, she gripped his cock with her hand, and then slid her hand all the way down; pulling the skin taught as it went, thus making the head very sensitive. He groaned repeatedly as she again ran her tongue around its glans and foreskin. She looked at him seeking reassurance that she was doing a good job.   
  
Jamie removed his hand so Chantelle could stand up. Then he stood and she sat with her legs apart inviting him there. Jamie didn't hesitate and was soon kissing his way up her thigh toward her groin. As his lips reached her slit, Chantelle spread her legs wider so that Jamie had better access to her clitoris.  
  
"Ooooh; Karen was right, it is nicer without my pubic hair in the way." Chantelle whispered.   
  
"Yeah." Jamie breathed into her slit.  
  
Near the end of the video, the guy squirted into his girl's mouth, not once but four times. Her mouth was open, so the sperm could be clearly seen squirting into it. She smiled. As she licked her lips some of his sperm oozed out the side of her mouth, but she managed to swallow most of it.  
  
"Do girls really like doing that?" Tonni enquired as she watched the girl lick the cum from her lips.  
  
"You mean sucking the boy's cock? Yeah, some do, some don't. Me... Yeah. I do." Chantelle replied as she held Jamie's head against her pussy and rocked her hips back and forth.  
  
"What does it taste like?"  
  
"The pre-cum is slightly sticky and salty, ooooo, a bit like a girl's love juices... Ooooh Jamie; that's great."  
  
"Do some girls really take the sperm in their mouth like she did? Do they swallow?"  
  
"Yeah to both your questions; mmmm." Chantelle struggled to answer as her excitement grew.   
  
"Have you swallowed Jamie's sperm? What did it taste like?"  
  
"It's very sticky; also salty and tastes sort of like... Ooooh... I don't know to describe it... Ooooh Jamie... I guess it's a bit like eating oysters... Ooooh."   
  
Tonni rewound the video and watched it again. After it finished for the second time, she asked, "Do you like what Jamie is doing down there? ... What is he doing?"  
  
"Oh God, yeah! ... Ooooh... He's licking my clitoris... Oooooh... It's officially called cunnilingus, but oooooh... most girls just say 'he went down on me'." During all this time Jamie's head was under Chantelle's skirt teasing her clit with his lips and tongue. Her hips rocked faster.  
  
"Do you think William will do it to me?"  
  
"Don't know... Oooooh... Some guys won't do it no matter how hard you plead. ... Oooooh... If you want Will to lick your clit, then you must be willing to suck his dick... Oooooh... You have seen how to do it in the video... Mmmmm"   
  
Tonni had her hand under her skirt, massaging her clit as she watched them.  
  
Suddenly they heard the click clack of the guard's shoes in the hallway.  
  
When the sound of the guard's steps stopped, Jamie just knew Kyle was standing in the doorway. Chantelle continued to rock her hips. Jamie thought, 'What if she has an orgasm while Kyle is standing there? Would she try to hide it? Or would it turn her on even more if he watched her body quivering in pleasure?'  
  
Jamie emerged from under Chantelle's skirt.  
  
Kyle exclaimed, "Chantelle! Jamie! And?" as he looked toward Tonni. The last scene of the porn video was frozen on the screen.  
  
Chantelle responded, "Hi Kyle, this is our friend Tonni Arthur." She then added, "Tonni why don't you give Kyle a hug and a kiss as a way of saying hello."  
  
Tonni was so aroused from the video and her masturbation that she did not hesitate; she quickly stepped up to Kyle. She stood on her tip-toes to kiss him and wrapped her arms around him. Kyle was reminded of the incident weeks before when he had caressed a nude Chantelle while they kissed, and she didn't complain. So this time he decided to be a bit bolder.  
  
Jamie turned and proceeded to shut down the computer.  
  
While she was hugging him tightly, Kyle hands started on her hips, but soon dropped below the hem of her skirt and back up to her arse cheeks. Tonni kept kissing him, so he moved his hands around to her front. He didn't feel any underwear and this greatly excited him.  
  
They could see that things may progress further, so Chantelle and Jamie quietly left the lab to give Kyle and Tonni some privacy.  
  
Tonni turned a little and spread her legs enough to allow Kyle to finger her slit.  
  
As Tonni pleaded with Kyle not to tell on them, she placed her hand on his pants and lightly squeezed his swelling dick through the material.   
  
She unzipped his fly and pulled out his stiffening cock. She stroked it up and down gently with her hand.   
  
He tickled her clit, only stopping occasionally to slide his finger down into her cunt to lubricate it with her love juices. She massaged the tip of his now rock hard cock with her finger tips.   
  
She again kissed him, sticking her tongue between his lips.   
  
As she held his dick at the right height, she moved her hips forward so the head of his penis nestled against the entrance to her cunt. She rocked back and forth so the head entered a little and withdrew.  
  
"Make love to me please, Kyle." She requested as she bent over. Her skirt was around her waist so her cunt was clearly visible. The wetness glistened around it.  
  
"Are you sure?"  
  
"Oh yeah, put it in."  
  
He placed the swollen head of his dick at the entrance of her cunt. As he pushed it in a little, he felt the head stopped by her unbroken hymen. 'God she's a virgin.' He thought.  
  
"Are you really sure?" he asked again.  
  
"Yes!" She insisted and jerked back, forcing his cock to split her hymen.   
  
"O u c h."  
  
"Are you alright?"  
  
She didn't answer, except to push herself further back against him. This time her sigh was more one of pleasure. "Mmmmm."  
  
Her vagina gripped his cock like a vice. Kyle thrust back and forth. The warmth of her cunt surrounded the entire length of his cock each time his balls bumped against her. His cock was soon completely coated with their love juices.  
  
"Oooooo." She sighed each time she felt his cock move into her slippery wet cunt.   
  
Kyle had not experience such a tight pussy since his first days with his wife; and he hadn't had sex since she left him some years before. So the sensations his cock received from Tonni's tight warm cunt were too much for him, and he came in under a minute.  
  
"Oh no don't stop!" Tonni protested when Kyle withdrew from her.   
  
She quickly turned to lick the sperm and love juices from his dick.  
  
When she finished, Kyle returned his dick to its rightful hiding place. "Thank you Tonni for letting me be your first. Sorry we have to separate so soon; however it was definitely a pleasure... I have to complete my rounds now. I hope you won't be here when I return in thirty minutes."  
  
"Bye, Kyle!" Chantelle and Jamie shouted, almost in unison, as Kyle continued his patrol down the hallway.  
  
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Following their practice session on Wednesday, the cheerleaders headed to the change room for a quick shower. As the last few finished showering and returned to their lockers, Chantelle pushed a trolley out into the open. It had a cake with lit candles and next to it was a punch bowl and paper cups. "Girls! ... Grab a drink and let's toast Veronica's good health!" Chantelle shouted.  
  
When everyone was ready Chantelle raised her drink and proposed the toast, "To Cedar Hill High School!" They all lifted their drinks, "To Cedar Hill High School."   
  
"Wow! This is nice. What's in it Chantelle?" Marsha Dickson asked.  
  
"Err. There's orange and pineapple juice with some coconut water, and some lemon squash to add fizz." She didn't tell them about the vodka she had put in it. She didn't know about the spirits that Jamie had also added.  
  
Chantelle lifted her drink again, "To Veronica!" The girls followed, "To Veronica."  
  
Chantelle then pushed the trolley so that the cake was immediately in front of Veronica. "Veronica; make a wish and blow out the candles."  
  
Veronica thought for a while; then she bent forward and blew out all the candles in one go. Chantelle handed a knife to Veronica. "Now cut the cake."  
  
By the time the cake had been cut into pieces and handed around, the girls were all feeling quiet merry. Chantelle pressed the play button on her boom box. A drum roll sounded.  
  
Chantelle announced at the top of her voice, "And now for Veronica's birthday present; from the AV room of Cedar Hill High School, Dancing Bear's best stripper, Jamie Taylor." Jamie appeared from behind the far end of the lockers, next to where Chantelle was.  
  
Chantelle move the trolley out of the way as stripper type music started playing.  
  
Jamie undid the last button of his shirt, twirled it around and then threw it to Chantelle. He danced over to Veronica, and put her hands on the waist-band of his boxer shorts. He pulled her hands down and his shorts with them. Then Jamie squirted cream on the tip of his cock. Chantelle and Tonni began slow clapping and shouting "Lick the cream, lick the cream." The other girls joined the chorus, either by shouting or clapping or both.  
  
Veronica reluctantly licked the cream, and once it was consumed she licked his dick head. She had only just started dressing when the party started. She was topless with only a red pair of panties on. Jamie studied her breasts as she sucked his cock. Her breasts were not large, just slightly larger than Chantelle's; but they were definitely firm and the nipples stood proud. Veronica moved her mouth back and forth along the length of his cock.  
  
Tonni was seated beside Veronica, so when Veronica finished sucking Jamie's cock, Tonni took over. Chantelle told her to do this to make it clear to the other girls that they were all allowed to have a go. The room was now filled with cat-calls, whistling and shouts of "Go girl." "Take it all." Tonni worked her lips, tongue and hands like a pro; doing the moves she had seen in the video on Monday evening.  
  
Next Jamie moved to the girl beside Tonni, it was Sam. She was nearly fully dressed and declined his menacing cock that bounced close to her face.  
  
Jamie applied more cream to his ridged cock, and offered it to yet another cheerleader. She was willing, but licked the cream from his dick and then only sucked it long enough to get a taste of his pre-cum.  
  
"Jamie, please." Jill called with a lecherous smile, her hand between her legs furiously rubbing her clit.   
  
Jill Tumbling was a red-head, not a carrot red, but more red-head than brunette. She had some faint freckles on her forehead, on and around her nose, and on her chest above her breasts. When she was young, she was the typical freckled tom-boy next door.  
  
Jamie covered the top of his cock with whipped cream as her walked to her. By now Jamie was ready to blow.  
  
Jill needed no encouragement to lick the cream from Jamie's dick, and then slide her tongue around the tip and along its length. She massaged the head with her fingers before putting her mouth over it, and so tasted the pre-cum that covered it. With one hand she stroked up and down his shaft, the other still between her legs, while she continued to suck the glans of Jamie's cock. This was too much for Jamie and he came, squirting three loads of sperm into her mouth.   
  
As Jill released Jamie's dick, he looked at Chantelle; she looked pleased with herself. She winked at Jamie, as if to say 'Is this what you wanted?'   
  
Jill smiled contentedly as she swallowed most of his cum, licking around her mouth to make sure she didn't lose a drop. She closed her lips and sucked saliva into her mouth. She sloshed the saliva to-and-fro, back and forth to dilute the last of his cum and then swallowed it.  
  
Next Jamie offered his dick to yet another girl. He still had an erection, but it had lost some of its rigidity; being just semi-firm it drooped a little.   
  
She took his cock, sucked it and kissed it. She had on a black bra, but nothing else. Her pubic area was completely hairless, just like a ten year old girl. She had what Jamie considered the most beautiful cunt he'd ever seen. The outer lips were full and smooth, each at least the size of a Brazil nut. The inner lips were large enough to protrude a little and were a reddish colour similar to that of his fully erect penis.   
  
She looked up as she stroked his now firming cock. Her eyes sparkled and her whole face was smiling. She was a true blond with a body slightly fuller and more curvaceous than Chantelle's.   
  
She saw where he was looking and so she spread her legs; her slit opened and Jamie could see her clit was swollen to pea size and protruding from under its hood. Beside her clit and down to her cunt, the skin was red. Her love juices were glistening around her gorgeous cunt and down to her anus.   
  
Jamie watched as she removed her bra; her breasts were firm, half a cup size larger than Chantelle's and the nipples stood well out due to her arousal.  
  
She continued to work on his cock; sometimes with her hands, sometimes with her tongue and lips, and other times with all these things together. Most of the other girls still clapped and cheered.  
  
Once his cock was rock hard again, she pleaded loud enough for all the others to hear. "Please go all the way with me Jamie. I haven't had sex since my boyfriend Frank and I broke up six months ago."  
  
"Really. What's your name?"  
  
"Marsha... Please Jamie; I need to get laid."  
  
Jamie knew she wasn't lying because of the enthusiastic way she had attacked his cock.  
  
Marsha looked at Chantelle and raised her eyebrows with a silent request.   
  
"It's OK Jamie, I know how she feels," was Chantelle's response.  
  
Jamie turned toward Chantelle. She gave him a reassuring nod.  
  
Jamie moved between Marsha's legs and dropped to his knees. He bent forward and kissed that magnificent pussy of Marsha's. She lay back on the bench as Jamie worked on her clitoris.   
  
She looked across her breasts at him, and in the corner of her eye she saw Sam frantically masturbating. Marsha turned her head toward Sam and smiled wickedly. Sam stuck out her tongue and wiggled it about as if she was licking Marsha's clit.  
  
Jamie moved up Marsha's body, kissing her breasts on the way; first the left and then the right.  
  
After he kissed her on the mouth, he stood and slid his dick slowly into her dripping wet cunt; his dick felt her warmth engulf it. She lifted her hips to make sure he was fully in.   
  
They soon settled into a rhythm, she pivoted her hips up and down while he rocked back and forth.   
  
He lay on top of her with her arms and legs were wrapped around him.

Jamie thinks, 'If ever Chantelle gets tired of me, I think I will chase Marsha.'  
  
Marsha whispered in his ear. "Jamie, will you come to my place on Friday to help me with my optics assignment?"  
  
"Sorry, I can't."  
  
"You will be well rewarded." She hinted as she thrust even harder against him.  
  
Jamie lifted his head and looked at her face; she had a slight smile and a devilish twinkle in her eye.  
  
"Oh gee; I'm about to come." Jamie warned.  
  
"Don't pull out; I want you to come inside me," Marsha pleaded as she flexed her muscles, squeezing his cock intensely. This sent Jamie off.  
  
As his dick relaxed, Marsha's vaginal muscles pushed it out little by little. "That was great Jamie. I wish you were mine." She whispered. She caressed his back with her fingers as Jamie lay on top of her; her nipples pressed into his chest.  
  
Eventually Marsha released Jamie and he walked to Veronica. She was almost fully dressed now.  
  
"Happy birthday Veronica." Jamie gave her a brief kiss on the cheek.  
  
"Thank you Jamie." She turned toward Chantelle, and added, "And thank you Chantelle. Best B'day party ever."  
  
Meanwhile Marsha walked, still naked, up to Sam and stood with her pussy just inches away from Sam's face. She smiled and gave Sam a wink.  
  
"Go on, give it a lick." Marsha moved her thigh even closer. Sam stuck out her tongue and timidly touched Marsha's outer lips with its tip.  
  
Jamie danced over to Chantelle, his limp dick swung between his legs as he went.  
  
Jamie and Chantelle put away the punch bowl and cleared the trolley of the empty cups and cake crumbs.  
  
The room had slowly become quieter as each of the girls finished dressing and left. Tonni was among the first to leave, she was so keen to be with William.  
  
"How was that? Did it satisfy your fantasy?" Chantelle smiled.  
  
"Yeah, it was great; thanks." Jamie had a smile from ear-to-ear.  
  
"Now can we walk to the car naked? After all, the only people likely to be around will be one or two of the girls and their boyfriends."  
  
As they left, Marsha was on top of Sam in the 69 position. They both licked furiously. Sam could taste Jamie's sperm as some oozed from Marsha's cunt.  
  
"Who is that with Marsha?" Jamie asked Chantelle.  
  
"That's Samantha Phelps; though everyone just calls her Sam."  
  
"Is she a lesbian?"  
  
"Why do you say that?"  
  
"Well she's the only one who refused to lick my cock; and look at them now!"  
  
"Oh... Maybe you're right." Chantelle was carrying the cassette player while Jamie carried their clothes over his arm.  
  
Jamie confided in Chantelle, "I once dreamt of encountering a couple of girls in that position. In my dream, the girl on the bottom sucked my penis until it was covered in her saliva; and then I had sex doggy-style with the girl on top, while the one under softly sucked my balls. Later the two swapped positions and I had sex with the other girl."  
  
"Do you want to go back and live that fantasy?"  
  
"Nah; I've already had sex with Marsha, and Sam refused my cock. Besides; don't you think I've had enough fun for tonight?"  
  
Chantelle laughed. "Yeah, perhaps you're right."  
  
Rumour has it that Marsha and Sam stayed like that for at least half an hour.  
  
Jamie and Chantelle walked naked across the school grounds toward his car.  
  
Tonni and William were hugging in a darker part of the car park. He had his hand between her legs stroking her, and she had hold of his rampant dick which was sticking out of his pants. Even though they were kissing, William saw Chantelle and Jamie enter the car park. "Look their naked." He whispered to Tonni.  
  
She turned around to see. "It's Chantelle and Jamie. Jamie just did a striptease show as a birthday present for Veronica."  
  
"Wow, he's got guts."  
  
"Chantelle! Jamie!" Tonni called. William started to remove his hand.  
  
"Don't stop William, p l e a s e." Tonni pleaded, as Chantelle and Jamie approached.  
  
"Great show Jamie."  
  
"Thanks Tonni. Sorry we can't stop and talk; see ya." And with that Chantelle and Jamie headed to Jamie's car.  
  
Once they were gone, William resumed tongue-kissing Tonni. They played with each others' private parts until it was also time for them to leave.  
  
"Tonni, would ya like to go to tha movies on Saturday?"  
  
"Oh, I'd love too!" was Tonni's eager reply.  
  
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As they pulled into the driveway at Jamie's place, it was Chantelle's turn to be nervous. She had agreed it was about time she met his mom, but she wondered 'Am I wearing the right clothes for this... I hope it's not obvious that we dressed in the school parking lot next to Jamie's car.'  
  
Chantelle wore a white short-sleeve blouse with a pair of bone-coloured tailored slacks held up by a brown belt. The blouse had a butterfly pin on the left side. Her shoes were brown with old gold trim, which helped to emphasise the gold buckle on her belt.  
  
Jamie opened the car door for her; she stepped out and took Jamie's arm.  
  
As he opened the front door Jamie shouted, "We're here mom!"  
  
Mrs Taylor came from the living room. "Mom, this is my girl friend Chantelle Spiros... Chantelle, this is my mom Marie."  
  
"Hello Mrs Taylor, ah... so nice to meet you."  
  
Chantelle leant forward and placed a hello kiss in the air near Mrs Taylor's right cheek.  
  
"Are you Jody Spiros' daughter?"  
  
"Err... yes," Chantelle replied nervously.  
  
"Sorry I should have recognised you, but you kids have grown so much, especially the girls. Well look at you... you're a beautiful young lady."  
  
"Oh... thanks." Chantelle was a little less nervous now.  
  
"Why the last time I saw you, was when you and Jamie were in primary school. Us mothers, including your mother, used to sit and talk while waiting for school to finish."  
  
"So you know Mrs Spiros?" Jamie asked.  
  
"Yeah, but we've rarely met each other since then... How long have you two been seeing each other?"  
  
"We first got to know each other at school one Saturday about two months ago. I was editing in the AV lab when I heard Chantelle in the hallway. On Saturday about a month later, Chantelle visited me while I was editing in the lab; but we weren't really going together at that stage."  
  
"I recall you said you are taking a girl from the AV lab to the prom. Is Chantelle that girl?"  
  
"No, I was talking about Tonni; but that was before Chantelle and I got together. As it has turned out, Chantelle and Tonni have now swapped partners for the Prom."  
  
"Well it's nice to have met you, Chantelle."  
  
"Oh; OK mom. We're going up to study now." And with that Jamie led Chantelle toward the stairs.  
  
Mrs Taylor returned to the living room, and muted the TV sound. Then they heard her say, "Hi Jody, its Marie Taylor." Hearing this, they assumed she had phoned Chantelle's mom.  
  
After a short pause. "Guess what; my son Jamie just brought your Chantelle home to meet me."  
  
After another pause, but longer this time. "Really; when did she introduce..." They were now at the top of the stairs and out of earshot.  
  
On arrival in Jamie's room, Chantelle remarked. "I knew my mom was friendly with Mrs Mann, Will's mom. Our families often do things together. But I didn't know she knew your mom."  
  
"Um, appears so."  
  
"Ah... I remember you said you use your second Christian name because it's a family tradition. So is 'Marie' your mom's second name?"  
  
"Yeah. Her full name is 'Ann Marie Taylor'. My dad also did it; his name was Geoffrey Philip Taylor and every one called him Phil. What about your mom? My mom just called her 'Jody'."  
  
"Um... Her full name is 'Jody Dubois Spiros'. When she married dad, she decided to keep her maiden name as her second name... What was your mom's maiden name?"  
  
"I think it was 'Tucker'."  
  
"So if you used your first name and your mom's maiden name, you'd be 'Charlie Tucker'.  
  
"Yeah, I guess so. Does anyone do that?"  
  
"Yeah, if they hate their dad after the parents separate, or something like that."  
  
"What about your dad's name?"  
  
"My dad is 'Joseppi Demetrio Spiros', although I'm not too sure about his middle name being 'Demetrio'. He always introduces himself as 'Joe D Spiros'. That's sort of how he and mom first found each other; get it, 'Jody' and 'Joe D'."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Yeah. Mom said she and her friend Marion were on holidays in Greece. When they became separated, Marion yelled out 'Jody! Jody!' and my dad approached her. She asked him, 'What do you want?' Dad said, 'Didn't you call for me? I'm Joe; Joe D Spiros.' He took her hand and kissed it. Just then mom found them. 'Who's this?' mom asked Marion. Marion replied, 'Jody, I'd like you to meet Joe... D... Spiros... Joe, this is my best friend Jody Dubois.' Joe took mom's hand and kissed it. And the rest, as they say, is history."  
  
"Interesting... And what about you, eh?" Jamie asked smugly.  
  
"I'm 'Chantelle...' do you really need to know?" She screwed up her face.  
  
"Oh, come on; it can't be that bad!"  
  
"Ah, OK. It's 'Chantelle Felicity Spiros'; err." She quivered in displeasure.  
  
"Felicity; that's nice." As he said this Chantelle hit him softly on the arm and smiled.  
  
Finally they sat on the bed and began to discuss the English home work that they both had.  
  
Knock, knock... "Come in mom!" Jamie called.  
  
His mom entered. "I hope I'm not disturbing you."  
  
"Nah, we hadn't really started yet."  
  
"Chantelle, your mom said that Jamie gave you a very nice ring. I'm sorry but I didn't notice it. Can I see it?"  
  
Chantelle held her left hand up for Mrs Taylor to have a look.  
  
"Wow! It is lovely."  
  
"Jamie also gave me this err this butterfly pin." Chantelle pointed to the pin on her blouse.  
  
To Chantelle; "Yeah I noticed that before." And then to Jamie; "When did you give her the pin Jamie?"  
  
"When I went for the interview at Jefferson University, Chantelle came with me. It was sort of our first date."  
  
Mrs Taylor thought out load; "So that's another reason why you were so happy after the interview." Jamie blushed a little.  
  
"Mom, Chantelle was just telling me how her parents met. How did you and dad meet?"  
  
"It was at a Ralph Nader rally. Wet literally bumped into each other. As Phil was apologising, I looked deep into his eyes and I saw intelligence, health, steadiness, and I just knew I could trust him. It was love at first sight for both of us."  
  
"I think you're very much like your dad Jamie." Chantelle said and then she kissed him on the cheek.  
  
Jamie turned and kissed her on the mouth. "Thanks."  
  
"Well I'll leave you two to your studies now." As she left she closed the door behind her. She had a happy tear in her eye, because she saw in them the love that she and Phil had back then.

**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders Ch. 03**

Veronica Wilson was the head cheerleader, and her best friend Chantelle Spiros was also a cheerleader. Jamie Taylor was Chantelle's boyfriend.  
  
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On Thursday at lunch time, Jamie and Chantelle entered the cafeteria together and sat at an empty table. Chantelle was on Jamie's right.  
  
Veronica, Jill, Marsha, Tonni, and other cheerleaders soon joined them. Veronica sat on Chantelle's right and Tonni was on Jamie's left. There were so many around the table it was impossible to see under it. Apparently that was the idea.  
  
Jamie glanced at Tonni; her face was completely aglow. "You seem very happy."  
  
"Yeah... Will is taking me to the movies on Saturday evening; I can hardly wait."  
  
"You better be careful; you don't want to do anything you may regret."  
  
"It'll be OK; I'm in the safe part of my period." Her smile was now even bigger with a mischievous glint in her eyes.   
  
Jamie felt a tug on his crotch, and looking down, he could see a girl's hand undoing his fly. Tonni used her right hand to assist in the extraction of Jamie's cock.  
  
He asked Chantelle what was going on. Chantelle turned and asked Veronica.   
  
Veronica replied, "Skye and Sam were sorry that they didn't get to sample Jamie's cock last night. So that's why I suggested you get Jamie to sit with you rather than his usual mates. That way we could join you and they could each slip under the table for a taste."  
  
Skye was so prudish or shy that she never showered with the others after training or following a match. So she had left early as usual; too early for the party last night.  
  
Jamie continued to eat his lunch slowly, trying to act naturally. Soon his cock, now quite stiff, was out and being kissed and sucked by the unknown assailant. Her hand ran back and forth along his dick while her tongue tickled its glans and foreskin.  
  
Jamie placed a hand under the table, between Chantelle's legs and massaged her clit.  
  
For a moment the sucking stopped; but when it began again, it felt some how different. The girl's hand gripped his cock firmly and pushed back toward his balls, making the skin taught; her fingers then massaged his dick head.  
  
Jamie looked up from his lunch, he was sure the girl opposite was not the one that had been there a moment before. She smiled at him as she licked her lips.  
  
"Aaaah... Who's the girl opposite?" Jamie asked Chantelle, through clenched teeth because the blow job was really getting to him.  
  
"That's Skye McDougal." Now his balls felt like they were going to explode. The stimulation of his cock continued unabated. He felt her mouth slide over his cock; suck it, and then retract while still sucking. Down again and then up; again and again.  
  
He was unable to eat as he came into the mouth under the table; he squirted three loads of sperm. In his effort not to make any audible noise during this time, he bit his lip.  
  
His dick was released once it was limp; however it was licked clean of every morsel of sperm before that. Jamie used his right hand, which had been tickling Chantelle's clit, to push his cock into his pants and then he pulled his zipper up; all this time he casually finished his lunch with his left hand.  
  
A minute later another face appeared opposite; she also smiled. She opened her mouth to show him and the other girls the small amount of his sperm she still had on her tongue. There was a muffled round of approving sniggers.  
  
It was Sam Phelps! Apparently she had liked the taste of his sperm which she licked from Marsha's cunt last evening.  
  
"Khmm!" She coughed involuntarily, clearing some sperm that tried to go the wrong way. Finally she licked her lips; then closed them and sucked saliva into her mouth. She sloshed the saliva about her mouth and then swallowed it with the last trace of his cum.   
  
"What was that?" Jamie again asked Chantelle quietly.  
  
"The first girl, Skye missed the 'Dancing Bear' show that you put on for Veronica's party in the girls' locker room; and Sam just changed her mind about sucking your dick. So Veronica set this up for them to have a go. You didn't mind, did you?" Chantelle whispered.  
  
"Nah." And so Jamie had yet another of his fantasies fulfilled.  
  
He whispered to Chantelle. "I want to give Skye and Sam a taste of their own medicine. Is that OK?"  
  
Chantelle whispered back, "Yeah, go on."   
  
He slid under the table in such a way that he ended up facing Sam's legs. The girls shuffled around to fill the position where he had been sitting.  
  
He could see all the way up Sam's skirt to her panty.  
  
Jamie put his hands on the inside of her knees and pushed her legs further apart. And then he kissed the inside of her right thigh just above her knee.   
  
He tickled her thigh with his tongue; then he slowly worked his way up toward her groin.   
  
When he reached her groin, he licked up and down the crease between her thigh and her groin. Jamie couldn't see her face, but she had her eyes closed and a contented smile. Her leg twitched as it tickled so.  
  
With her left hand Sam pulled her bikini briefs aside, and so invited him to move to her pussy.   
  
Jamie could hear the conversation of the girls above, but not clear enough to understand what was being said.   
  
He took up Sam's invitation and moved his lips to her slit. He forced his tongue between her outer lips and felt for her clitoral hood.   
  
He stimulated her clit by wiggling his tongue back and forth across the hood, until her clit emerged from its cover, swollen and smooth.  
  
Finally he pushed his tongue down between her inner lips to her vagina. Her inner lips were not large enough to protrude beyond her outer lips even when she was aroused and they were distended.  
  
He rotated his tongue about and into her cunt. He tasted her love juices, and then he withdrew.  
  
On Sam's left was Skye. Jamie put his hands between her knees and tried to push them apart, but she resisted.  
  
Having failed to separate her legs, Jamie placed his mouth on the outside of her left thigh, just below her skirt. He proceeded to kiss up her thigh, pushing her skirt up as he went. When he felt he was high enough that it would not be visible later, he started to give her a love bite. He sucked with his lips firm against her skin and moved his tongue around the skin that was between his lips.   
  
His right hand was as far down the crotch of her panty as he could put it without undue force. He moved his index finger back and forth in an attempt to indirectly stimulate her clit.  
  
Eventually Skye relaxed and allowed Jamie's hand to reach fully between her thighs.   
  
Jamie caressed the crotch of Skye's panty. It felt some how different; sort of bumpy, not smooth as with a bald pussy, or soft given a hairy pussy under.  
  
Skye quietly asked Chantelle "Is that Jamie under the table?"  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Do you know what he is trying to do?"  
  
"Yeah, he did ask me before he ventured under."  
  
"Can I trust Jamie to keep my secrets? Not to tell?"  
  
"Yes of course. That's one of the things I love about him."  
  
Hearing this, Skye decided to give in to her arousal. She put her hands under her skirt and wrestled her panty down to below her knees, pushing Jamie's hand out of the way in the process.  
  
Jamie slipped her panties down her calves and she stepped out of them.  
  
Skye slowly spread her legs a little; hesitated; then moved them apart a little more before freezing. She was still a little unsure about letting Jamie see her private parts.  
  
When Jamie first saw her pussy it looked different than any he had seen before. Her outer lips did not bulge forward, but appeared to be pushed apart by a tangle of inner lips.  
  
Jamie gently pushed her legs farther apart so that he had a better view into her slit. He was still confused by the amount of her inner lips; it appeared as if each lip was folded in toward the other and then down above and possibly into her cunt.  
  
Jamie had read about the African Hottentots; 'An elderly impotent man is assigned to manipulate the girl's labia minora from a very early age, and so increase their length up to seven inches. Western girls sometimes have slightly enlarged inner lips if they pull on them during masturbation.'  
  
Jamie placed his mouth over her left inner lip. He slowly expanded his chest and sucked on it. This caused it to slip into his mouth; not just the bit he could see, but all of it, including the part that had been tucked into her cunt. It filled his mouth.   
  
When he stopped sucking and let her labia fall free, it hung like a curtain over three inches long. The sight was mind blowing.   
  
Jamie took to the other labia with wild anticipation of what the two of them would look like once he had sucked it out as well. He resisted the temptation to rush things. Again he sucked just hard enough to draw her labia into his mouth.  
  
When he believed he had all of her right inner lip in his mouth, he slowly let it slide out.  
  
He was right; the sight of both of her labia hanging there was extraordinary. His cock strained to be free, to slide between those pendulous lips.  
  
Jamie nuzzled between the two curtains, before extending his tongue in a search for her clitoris.  
  
His search was interrupted by the bell that signified the end of the lunch break.   
  
Jamie turned s l o w l y toward Chantelle; after all it's not every day he would get such a close-up look up the skirts of so many sexy cheerleaders. Their legs were all shapely and not a sign of cellulite anywhere.  
  
Jamie emerged between Tonni and Chantelle.  
  
As they left the cafeteria, Skye approached Jamie. She whispered, "Please don't tell anyone what you saw. P l e a s e."  
  
"OK. But I wished I had had more time to enjoy what I didn't see."  
  
Skye smiled. "So do I." She turned and kissed him on the cheek.  
  
Chantelle looked at Jamie, "What was that for?"  
  
"Because I promised not to kiss and tell."  
  
"That's the Jamie I love." And then Chantelle kissed him on the other cheek.  
  
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Taking the newest cheerleader Tonni Arthur on a date was something. She had smooth rounded hips, skinny waist, long legs, and a pretty face.   
  
Anyway, William Mann was as nervous as hell when he pulled up in front of her house on Saturday evening. This was actually the first time he had dated a cheerleader, although he didn't want his mates to know that.  
  
He didn't even have a chance to get out of the car before Tonni was running down the path. She had on a pair of white bell-bottom slacks and long sleeve white blouse. She opened the door and jumped in with a huge smile on her face.  
  
He thought she looked beautiful, even virginal all in white.  
  
"Hey Will! Ready to go?"  
  
"Yeah... Sure!" he answered, trying to pull his eyes away from the fullness of her blouse.   
  
He dropped the car into gear and drove off, heading across town to the mall and the theatre.   
  
As he drove, she unbuttoned the blouse and pulled it off, revealing the tiny little white crop-top she had under. Next she unzipped her slacks and then wiggled her hips as she wrestled them down her legs, leaving a white mini-skirt, perhaps it was better described as a micro-mini that barely touched the seat.   
  
She raised her arms and placed her hands behind her head. This caused the bottom half of her breasts and their nipples to be exposed. She wasn't wearing any bra.  
  
"You like them?"  
  
He nearly hit a parked car. "Wow! Yeah, really cool!" he said, as he parked the car. Then he lunged at her, kissed one breast and felt the other. 'So firm and the skin is soft and smooth,' he thought.  
  
Suddenly he sat up. "Sorry Tonni, I kinda lost control. You're just too sexy."  
  
"Glad you think so. Sorry about the quick change. My daddy would shoot me if he saw me going out like this. He says a good girl doesn't wear clothes like these."  
  
"Ah ha."  
  
"But you like them, don't you?" She slid across the bench seat to sit next to him.   
  
She kissed him, and then added, "From now on I'll behave myself while you're driving."  
  
"Oh yeah. Great!" he answered with a grin.  
  
Tonni played with the radio until she found some music she liked.  
  
When the next song started, William smiled, "I like this song. It kinda reminds me of Chantelle."  
  
"Was she your girl friend before Jamie took her?"  
  
"Nah. We're just friends. Our families have been close since like when we were in little school."  
  
"Sorry, I shouldn't pry."  
  
"Ah, it's OK."  
  
They sat toward the back of the sparsely attended movie. Star Wars had been out for months already, but it had been such a huge hit that some of the theatres were running it a second time.   
  
They watched the movie for a while, his hand on her thigh and hers on his.   
  
William was both shocked and excited when she slid his hand up between her legs and encouraged him to stroke her pussy. She wasn't wearing any panty.  
  
Tonni's pussy lips were full, round and hairless with none of her inner lips protruding; her dark brown pubs were trimmed short on her mound.   
  
"Ya pussy feels different than tha last time; smoother."  
  
"Yeah. I waxed all around my pussy. Do you like it smooth?"  
  
"Ah ha."  
  
"Would you like me to wax the mound as well?"  
  
"Nah. It's OK tha way it is."  
  
His finger easily slipped between her very wet slick lips, the excitement growing for both of them as he stroked up and down, dragging his finger across her clit.  
  
He heard her moan softly as she shifted her weight, reaching into his lap and using one hand to undo his belt and the front of his jeans. William was surprised at how adept she was at getting his dick out where she could stroke it.   
  
She quickly wrapped her hand around his already hard cock. She stroked him slowly, in time with the movement of his fingers up and down her slit.  
  
"Damn, that feels good," she whispered softly then added "The movie wasn't this good last time I saw it."  
  
"Did ya have someone with ya then?"  
  
"Yeah, a girl friend."  
  
"Not like this then, eh?"  
  
"Nope. Like I said, this is my first time." She giggled. "And I intend to enjoy it and what we're going to do later."  
  
"What are we like gonna do later?"  
  
"I think you can guess. Your car has a nice big back seat, right?" She whispered, giving his cock a squeeze.  
  
They watched some more of the movie, teasing each other unmercifully.   
  
"I can't wait for later." William declared, as he pushed his jeans below the knees. Tonni had observed that all of the other people were seated well in front of them.  
  
She pulled his briefs down and released his rampant cock. It felt hot as she took it in her hand.   
  
Tonni bent down and began to suck William's cock. Sometimes just the tip, other times she took as much as she could into her mouth. With her fingers massaging the glans, she licked her way down the underside of his cock, and then gently sucked his balls one after the other.  
  
When she thought he was close to coming, she sat up and whispered "Will you do it for me now?"  
  
"Do what exactly?" William queried.  
  
"Lick my pussy. That's why I removed the pubic hair around my pussy, so it would be nicer for both of us."  
  
William didn't answer, but knelt down between her legs, placed his head under her skirt, and began to massage inside her slit with his tongue.   
  
'Jamie was right; it is much nicer when it's bald.' Tonni thought.  
  
"Will, put a finger in and massage my G-spot, p l e a s e." She whispered, "But don't stop kissing my clit!"  
  
"Yeah, that's the spot, ooooooh," she signed when William found her G-spot.  
  
Soon Tonni was so aroused she wanted William to fuck her; so she grabbed his shoulders and pulled him up until his groin was between her legs. She took hold of his rigid cock and guided it toward her dripping wet cunt.   
  
"Oooh, Will. Make love to me, but be gentle. Make me come!"   
  
Her vagina was so tight that William could only enter her a little more with each thrust forward, before pulling back again.  
  
'Wow, I think she must be a virgin, she's so tight.' William thought. Once fully inserted, he rocked back and forth.   
  
She slid down in the seat and pushed her pussy toward him. She had her arms and legs tightly wrapped about his body.  
  
"I'm gonna come," William warned.  
  
"Leave it in. I want to feel you cock jerk as you squirt inside ..."   
  
He came before Tonni finished her request. "Ooooh, shit... Oooooh." William moaned quietly.  
  
He kept his cock inside her; he rocked slowly so she could still feel it.   
  
Her excitement grew. "I've never felt it... like ..." She uttered as she drifted into a pre-orgasmic state, eyes closed, throat moaning.  
  
"Oooh ... oooh ... ooooh!" Tonni cried louder and louder, as she experienced her first ever orgasm.  
  
"Shush." William whispered. However the family a few rows in front had already turned around, but all they could see was the back of William's shirt and Tonni's arms wrapped tightly around William's back. The father had an envious smile, while the mother scowled as she thought, 'Why can't they do that somewhere else.'  
  
Tonni didn't realise that the waist-band of her mini-skirt had risen more than an inch during their sex.  
  
As the credits rolled, Tonni released William and he pulled his pants back up and they went out arm in arm.  
  
The family, including thirteen year old Billy and his eleven year old sister Leanne, were following them out into the brightly lit car park. Billy couldn't take his eyes off Tonni's pale arse cheeks that were clearly visible. He was especially excited by the sight of the creases between her cheeks and the top of her thighs. He could see enough to know she wasn't wearing any underwear.   
  
He put his hand on his sister's arse. She looked at him with a scowl and saw where he was staring.   
  
She said quietly, so their parents wouldn't hear, "I'll let you look all you want when we get home, provided you promise to lick my clitoris."  
  
The family were parked a few spaces further away than William.   
  
They walked past as Tonni was getting into the car. She sat on the seat and then lifted her legs to swing them into the car. As she did this, she saw Billy looking at her pussy, so she purposely raised her legs higher and spread them. She enjoyed his initial startled look that was quickly followed by a broad smile.   
  
Billy saw her entire pubic area including a drop of sperm at the opening of her cunt. He whispered to Leanne, "Wow! Did you like, see that?"   
  
"Yeah I saw her all of her pussy. I think she purposely swung her legs slowly so you could get a good look."  
  
"I can't wait until we like, get home... Err, what about in the car on the way?"  
  
"OK, but only a little feel. You will have to wait until we get home to have a look and to try oral sex. And I do want to find out what it's like to be licked down there." They walked slowly as they talked, and were now some distance behind their parents.   
  
"If you want me to like, do that, then you'll have to lick my dick, like, OK?"  
  
"Yeah, OK." She said, but she was not so sure about the idea. However she had heard that some of the sixth grade girls do it.  
  
"And how do you like, know about oral sex?"  
  
"What do you think? I've seen videos of it on the net. The girls always seem to enjoy it, and that's why I want to try it."  
  
So as their Dad drove out of the car park into a barely lit street, Leanne wiggled out of her panties. She immediately took Billy's hand and put it up under her skirt.   
  
As he explored between her legs, she put her hand on the crotch of his pants and squeezed his rapidly hardening cock.

**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders Ch. 04**

Veronica Wilson was the head cheerleader, and her best friend Chantelle Spiros was also a cheerleader. Jamie Taylor was Chantelle's boyfriend.  
  
Since Wednesday Jamie had been getting sniggering looks from a lot of girls and 'way to go' or 'thumbs up' signs from the boys.  
  
During the first lesson on Friday, Jamie, Chantelle and Veronica received word that they were to report to the assistant principal's office during lunch time.  
  
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When Jamie and Chantelle met in the hallway at the beginning of lunch time, Chantelle asked, "Where are you going Jamie?"  
  
"I've been summoned to the deputy principal's office."  
  
"Me too. What do you think it's about?"  
  
"I don't know... Could Kyle have dobbed us in for any of the things we did in the AV lab?" Jamie suggested.  
  
"I don't think so. Perhaps someone has reported us for being nude in the school grounds. What else could it be?"  
  
Just then Veronica caught up with them. "Are you two going to Mrs Markely's office?" She asked. Mrs Markely was the deputy principal.  
  
"Yeah. Have you been told to report there as well?" Chantelle enquired.  
  
"Yep." Then after some time Veronica thought out loud, "If it's us three, then we must be in trouble because of Jamie's 'Dancing Bear' performance for my birthday last Wednesday night."  
  
Their questions were soon to be answered by their involuntary visit to the principal's office.  
  
Jamie decided to be the gentleman and act as spokesman; so as they reached the offices he introduced himself and the girls to the secretary; "Taylor, Wilson and Spiros reporting as required."  
  
The secretary looked at her appointments book, and then spoke to Mrs Barkely on her intercom.  
  
"Mrs Barkely will see you now. It's the door on your right." She pointed to her left. The secretary sat between the doors to the offices of the School's Head and Deputy Head.  
  
Once all three of them were in the office, Mrs Barkely asked in a gruff voice, "Do you know why you are here?"  
  
"No Madam." Well what Jamie said was partly true.  
  
"There is a rumour, that after training on Wednesday you, Mr Taylor performed a lewd act in the girls' locker room and then walked naked to the car park. I believe the whole affair was organised by Misses Wilson and Spiros. Is that true?"  
  
"Sorry Madam, but I haven't heard that rumour." This was true; since it was about him no one passed the story on to him.  
  
The assistant principal, Mrs Markely was very angry with them, especially Jamie.  
  
"All three of you are very lucky that I had been unable to get anyone to verify any of this. And so I am unable to punish you or the girls!"  
  
All three of them were silent, heads hung low with solemn faces.  
  
She said "I could not find anything in the school rules about students being required to wear specific clothing. There is a requirement that the cheerleaders wear a certain type of skirt and blouse during their performance; a similar rule applies to players in the various team sports wearing protective equipment and their team uniform. Obviously, it is not an offence to be nude in a change room."  
  
She continued with, "The only offence I can find was that of being a male in the female change room; and for that Jamie, you would have received one hour of detention, if I had a witness... Let me just add; you were lucky the girls didn't cause you serious harm when they first saw you in their change room!"  
  
"But I..." Jamie was about to say, 'But I knew that Miss Spiros had the consent of all the girls before I agreed to do it for Miss Wilson's birthday.' But he stopped, because he suddenly realised that it would have been an admission of guilt.  
  
"Did you wish to say something Mr Taylor?"  
  
"Sorry, no Madam."  
  
"Then please behave in future. Dismissed!"  
  
Veronica went ahead; and once they all were well away from the office, Jamie and Chantelle talked.  
  
Jamie could see that Chantelle was very excited. "What are you so happy about? Is it because we all escaped without any punishment?"  
  
"No, it's not that. Didn't you here her say there are no rules requiring students to wear clothes in school?"  
  
"Chantelle, what are you thinking?" Jamie asked with a worried look on his face.  
  
"I'm thinking of taking all my clothes off now and going to lunch nude."  
  
Her statement made Jamie even more worried, especially because he knew that this was one of her wildest fantasy. "I think you should wait a few days and then reconsider; p l e a s e."  
  
"Oh, alright." She replied unconvincingly.  
  
Chantelle caught up with Veronica just as she was entering the cafeteria. They sat with the other cheerleaders.  
  
Jamie went and sat at the table where his class mates were already.  
  
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When Chantelle arrived at school on Monday, she immediately removed her dress and left it in her car. That meant she was completely nude, because she had only worn the dress; no bra or underwear. She kept her keys on a necklace and carried the few books she needed. They were the ones that had completed homework in them.  
  
She had barely opened her locker, when she felt a hand on her bottom. She hoped it was Jamie. She turned. "John, what are you doing?"  
  
"I thought since you're putting it all out there, you wouldn't mind me having a feel."  
  
Chantelle had immediately pushed his hand away. "I think you need to get a girl-friend of your own." She lifted her left hand, indicating Jamie's friendship ring; "You know Jamie and I are an item?"  
  
"Yeah... I know... Like I've had a crush on a girl for a long time; but she's a cheerleader and she wouldn't want me."  
  
"You'll never know unless you ask her... Who is it?"  
  
He dropped his head and sheepishly said, "Marsha."  
  
"Would you like me to say a good word about you to Marsha?"  
  
"Would you? Gee that would be great." And with a smile on his face, he strutted off to his own locker.  
  
Chantelle looked into her locker. On the inside of the door she had a small photo of Jamie that she had secretly taken of him with her phone. She took out the extra books required for the mornings lessons, and left those not required until later.  
  
Chantelle had hoped that most students, if not all, would ignore her nudity, and treat her as normal. This was the case for some students who either didn't notice or who chose to pretend not to notice.  
  
As boys passed, some stared, after all its not every day one sees a girl as beautiful as Chantelle completely nude. Well actually she was wearing flip-flops and the necklace that held her keys. Being Chantelle, these were not randomly chosen; the flip-flops were black to complement her black ribbon necklace that was held together by the butterfly pin Jamie had given her.  
  
When one group of girls saw her, they whispered amongst themselves and giggled. From the tone of their voices Chantelle thought they were envious of her bravery in letting it all hang out.  
  
Overall Chantelle was pleased with the reactions of her fellow students.  
  
Even if they had not seen her personally; by the second lesson, most students knew that Chantelle had arrived at school nude, and had remained so in the classroom.  
  
Her teachers each seem to decide not to draw attention to the fact, and carried on with their lessons as normal. This really did please Chantelle.  
  
Those students that had not heard, soon knew when she entered the cafeteria nude. Some guys stared for a while. A few girls whispered in an envious way about her trim figure or the fact that she was hairless down there.  
  
In the middle of the lunch break, the assistant principal, Mrs Markely stormed into the cafeteria and walked straight up to Chantelle and shouted, "Chantelle Spiros! What do you think you are doing?"  
  
"Sorry ma'am, but last week you did tell us there is no school rule regarding clothing."  
  
"Huh!" and with that Mrs Markely rushed out.  
  
As the door closed behind her, the students cheered and clapped. Chantelle rose, bowed and sat down again.  
  
Veronica decided to support her friend in an unusual way. She jumped up onto the table top. The cafeteria tables were very strong being made of 2 inch thick timber. The bench seats were of a similar design.  
  
Veronica began to strip. She removed her top first, swung it about and then dropped it in Chantelle's lap. This prompted a least one boy to use his phone to video her from then on.  
  
Veronica had a nervous smile, as a few boys began to chant, "More! More! Get it off! Get it off!"  
  
Her bra was pink with a trim of white lace above the breasts and black edging along the bottom. She reached behind and unclasped it. Then she twirled it above her head before flicking it to Chantelle. Veronica's breasts were firm and perfectly shaped, just like two champagne glasses.  
  
Chantelle could see that Veronica had begun to enjoy the attention.  
  
Then Veronica lifted her skirt with her left hand, revealing her matching thong panties; they were pink with a lace front and trimmed with black edging. She placed her right hand on the crutch and rubbed up and down. There was a flash from a student's phone. Her arse cheeks were fully visible either side of the thin black line of her thong panty. The black made her cheeks seem even paler, more unblemished and inviting, like a baby's bum  
  
"Get 'em off! Get 'em off!" was now the chant which mingled with the whistling, cheering, and slow clapping of the other students. Veronica moved her hand under the panties and fingered her slit for a while. The chanting became louder. Eventually she pushed the panties down over her bum and let them slide down her legs to her ankles; she stepped out of them and Chantelle took them. After wiggling her hips about, she unzipped her skirt and removed it. There was a symphony of flashes at this point.  
  
By now Veronica was completely carried away by the encouragement of the other students; she moved her right hand from her hip to her mound, and down between her outer lips. She stood with her legs apart and her knees bent out, so all the students in front of her could clearly see her clitoral hood and her inner lips.  
  
She rubbed the hood around and around with her finger tips, stimulating her sensitive little button beneath. Gradually it swelled and emerged from under its hood; now round, smooth and shining, the size of a pea. With her middle finger massaging her clit, she rocked her hips back and forth as she had done many times before in her room. Her left hand moved unconsciously to her left breast and squeezed her nipple.  
  
Her eyes were closed and her mind had long ago shut out all the noises around her. As her arousal grew, her rubbing became faster and more intense. Her excitement spread from her groin though-out her entire body. She moaned continually.  
  
Veronica crossed her knees, crushing her hand against her pussy before her body froze for an instant; and then it jerked repeatedly as she climaxed.  
  
Once the pleasure had subsided, she opened her eyes, looked about and heard the cheering again; she realised where she was and quickly stepped off the table and sat down completely naked. Her love juices spread onto her legs. The thought of what she had done made her very embarrassed and she blushed profusely.  
  
No one noticed Veronica's red face, because Marsha Dickson had climbed onto the table. Marsha had a very expressive face and a cheerful disposition. She had a fuller figure than Veronica; you might say she was cuddly. Her hips were wider and as the boys were soon to see; her breasts were a half a cup size bigger than Veronica's and close enough together to give her a nice cleavage. Her areola and nipples were a light pinkish brown.  
  
Her striptease was every bit as provocative, but she did not masturbate; she just ran her hand over her pussy a couple of times.  
  
She was a true blond; but you couldn't tell this from her pussy, because she had long ago had all her pubic hair permanently removed. It was her pussy that Jamie felt was the sexist of all those he had ever seen, both for real and in the porno videos. Her pubic mound stood out just a little from her flat tummy. The outer lips of her pussy were full, smooth and each at least the size of a Brazil nut. The inner lips were large enough to protrude a little and were a reddish colour similar to that of a blonde's fully erect penis.  
  
Marsha caused a great commotion when she threw her bright red panties toward the next table where a group of boys were seated. The group included John.  
  
Marsha looked straight at John, and gave him a big precocious come-hither smile and a wink. And while she continued to look his way, she rocked her hips back and forth as if having sex with the invisible man. Sam was seated in that same direction.  
  
Marsha dropped to her knees in front of Sam and shuffled toward her, until her pussy was all but touching Sam's mouth. Sam stuck out her tongue and commenced licking around Marsha's pussy.  
  
Aimee Wong was one of the few girls who did the science / mathematics course. She sat at a table with a group of similar female geeks. Seeing the cheerleaders getting so much attention really upset her, because she felt they were simply a group of mindless beauties. She felt that her body was every bit as beautiful and she decided to prove it. So she jumped up onto their table and started gyrating her hips about as if exercising with a hola-hoop.  
  
"Aimee? What are you doing?" her best friend screamed.  
  
"I'll show them that a girl can have brains and be sexy as well." And with that she started unbuttoning her iridescent grass-green blouse. Her blouse seemed brighter because of its contrast with her black skirt.  
  
Jamie saw the movement in the corner of his eye and turned to look. He could not believe that one of the geeks was actually going to strip as well. But as he studied her, he realised that she really was beautiful. He wondered what is it that made her appear beautiful when she was obviously so different to Chantelle and the other cheerleaders.  
  
As he watched, she twirled her blouse above her head and dropped it into her friend's lap. Next she unclasped her white bra. Her breasts were a small, but an adequate B cup, perfectly shaped and high on her chest. The skin of her breasts was fairer than the rest of her chest, but there was no line between her lightly sun-tanned skin and her baby smooth breasts, just a gradual change. Her nipples stood proud, jutting out a little from her areola, which were brown. There was a hint of a six-pack in her otherwise flat stomach.  
  
Jamie considered, 'she was about an inch shorter than Chantelle, but she was of a slighter build, muscular and so as equally well proportioned. Was it her long black silky hair, her small symmetrical face with full rosy cheeks, or was it her fair flawless skin that was so appealing? Yes her skin was fair, but her Asian genes meant there was a slight yellow brown tinge to it, whereas Chantelle was fair with a peaches-n-cream tinge.'  
  
He knew that our brains are wired to find certain shapes and proportions desirable. He thought that the appeal of small variations about these proportions and shapes are just a matter of personal preference, upbringing and fashion; as the expression goes 'it's in the eye of the beholder'.  
  
Then it struck him, 'what I see as beautiful is her bright knowledgeable eyes and smiling face, not just the mouth is smiling, but her whole face seems to have a healthy glow.'  
  
Aimee appeared to be encouraged by the noise of her fellow students.  
  
Her black skirt was made of a stiff material. It sloped out from her waist to her hips and continued out as it dropped to just below her bottom. It seemed to excite the voyeur in the boys; the thrill of possibly seeing something that one is not supposed to; its flair inviting them to look up under to discover what lay there. What could be glimpsed was the fairer skin of the very top of her thighs and her arse cheeks.  
  
Aimee unzipped her skirt and let it fall to her ankles. She stepped out of it with her left foot, and flicked it to her friend with her right foot. Her bottom was just big enough to create creases between the cheeks and her thighs; in short, she had a sexy arse. Her legs were slightly muscular and well shaped, not bowed or knock-kneed. There was a gap between her thighs when she stood up straight.  
  
Those that could see her front; saw that her pubic hair protruded along the bikini line of her white panty. The reason for this became obvious when she removed her panty. Unlike the others, she had not trimmed her pubic hair in any way, and she certainly had a very bushy clump of jet black hair. In fact it was so thick that the skin of her mound and around her pussy were completely hidden.  
  
Judging by the continued loudness of the noise, very few students were put off by her untamed profuse pubic hair. No one jeered. And it's worth pointing out that it was not only boys that were encouraging her with shouting, cheering and clapping.  
  
Jamie suddenly realised he didn't have a hard-on even though he'd seen three beautiful girls striptease. 'What's the difference between a sexy girl and one that gets you aroused? Why does a not-so-pretty prostitute give a guy a hard-on, yet a prettier girl may not do so?' He pondered this; and eventually he thought that it must be availability. 'Although these three girls stripped naked, he did not believe any of them was offering herself to him; that is, they were not available.'  
  
It was at this point that Jamie spotted Rudy with his phone held steady videoing Aimee. 'Had he recorded all three girls?' Jamie wondered.  
  
Just as Aimee ran her fingers down through her pubic hair; the school bell rang, sounding the end of the lunch break.  
  
As the girls were leaving, John stepped in front of Marsha.  
  
"Marsha?" John held up her panties, sort of questioning if she wanted them.  
  
"John." She took them thankfully.  
  
"Marsha." He pleaded as he placed his hand on her pubic mound.  
  
"John!" Indignantly.  
  
"Marsha." Again he pleaded as he slid his hand down to her pussy.  
  
"John." As she accepted his approach and spreads her legs a little.  
  
"Marsha." Happily.  
  
"Oh, John." With pleasure, as his fingers stroked.  
  
"Marsha." Lovingly.  
  
"Ooooooh." Based on a 1951 recording by Stan Freberg (1926 -- 2015)  
  
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On Tuesday morning Chantelle left her dress in her car and walked to her locker naked, with only a pair of flip-flops and a necklace with her keys on it.  
  
She was sorting her books when, "Hey Chantelle."  
  
She turned; "Oh, hi John. What's up?"  
  
"Thanks for letting Marsha know I had a crush on her."  
  
"Well I didn't exactly tell her you had a crush on her. I ah... sort of told her you would like to date her, but you didn't think she would want you."  
  
"That's OK. Thanks Chantelle. I owe you." And with that John left.  
  
During the day, Chantelle saw a few other girls who had also apparently decided to let loose their nudist tendencies.  
  
The other students had already accepted Chantelle and the others being nude; and all acted normally toward them. This made Chantelle very happy.  
  
Lunch time on Tuesday was the first time Jamie and his friends were together and able to talk.  
  
Jamie started the conversation with, "What did you guys think of the strip shows yesterday?"  
  
"Well, it's the first time I've actually seen a girl masturbate. It was wild." Was Greg's first response.  
  
Andy thought out loud, "You know I don't mind a bit of hair, but that Asian chick was a bit over the top... Although I did think she had the best figure with her better muscle tone."  
  
Greg added, "Yeah. But I sort of liked Marsha's pussy the most; hairless, bulging outer lips and especially the way her inner lips protruded a little. She's got great tits too, with more cleavage than the others."  
  
Jamie thought he should come to the defence of the others, especially Chantelle. "OK, but you've got to agree all of the cheerleaders are pretty stunning."

Andy realised what Jamie was about. "Sorry Jamie, we weren't discussing Chantelle; only the three girls that stripped... I'll tell you one thing, your Chantelle has really got balls; imagine speaking back to the deputy head like that."  
  
Greg immediately agreed. "Sure has!"  
  
"Thanks guys. Did you notice that there are quite a few girls who have joined Chantelle in going to classes in their birthday-suites?"  
  
"Yeah!" Greg and Andy agreed. Then Andy added, "Aint it great, especially since most of them have sexy figures."  
  
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On Tuesday evening, the school council met and approved a new school rule, it read:  
  
'School Dress Code  
  
Boys are required to wear a long sleeve shirt, under pants or  
  
boxer shorts, and a pair of pants or jeans.  
  
Girls must wear a brassier, panty, a dress or a blouse and skirt.  
  
The hem of the dress or skirt must be less than two inches from  
  
the ground when the girl is kneeling.  
  
Failure to comply will result in instant expulsion!'  
  
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On Wednesday Chantelle intended to again go to her classes nude. However as she reached the school entrance she saw the new "school dress code" posted on the door. She immediately returned to her car and reluctantly put on her dress.  
  
At the start of the morning tea break she sought out Jamie. She found him in the main hallway.  
  
"Jamie I need you to comfort me."  
  
"You're upset about the new dress code, eh?" Jamie pulled her to him and gave her a big hug.  
  
"Yeah. But it's not just that. Since I have to be dressed, I don't feel like I am properly dressed with these flip-flops instead of my ankle boots; and a belt would help."  
  
"Would you like to use my belt? It would go well with your yellow dress."  
  
"Thanks Jamie." She kissed him.  
  
She put on Jamie's belt. She looked a little happier. "Jamie, make love to me."  
  
"OK. Where?"  
  
"Here, right now."  
  
"But we will be seen!" Jamie was afraid that was exactly what she wanted.  
  
"Yes, but they won't know what we are doing if we keep hugging, and you keep your pants on. Just pull your cock out through your open fly and I'll lift only the front of my dress enough to do it. You are going combat aren't you?"  
  
"Yeah."  
  
Chantelle had her hand between them. She pulled his fly down.  
  
"Chantelle!" Jamie protested, but it was no use, she already had his firming cock out. She stood on her toes; slipped his cock under her dress and guided it to her pussy. His cock was now rigid and throbbing; actually that is not a fair description, he had a rock hard boner, so hard that it hurt. Chantelle lowered herself as Jamie pushed into her warm wetness.  
  
She was correct; the students were used to seeing them cuddling and kissing in the hall, and so they took no notice.  
  
Chantelle repeatedly squeezed and relaxed her cunt muscles. "Can you feel what I'm doing?"  
  
Jamie could feel her cunt massaging his cock and it helped to ease the pain. They stayed like this for some time, occasionally kissing and other times just hugging.  
  
They were kissing when Mrs Markely walked toward them. "And what are you two up to then?"  
  
Jamie turned his head toward her and answered; "Chantelle was upset by the new school rule about clothes. So she asked me to come and com-for-t her."  
  
Mrs Markely guessed that there was something untoward going on. She thought it was a bit like a duck swimming; you can't see anything happening above the water, but below the duck's feet are moving furiously. However she consciously decided to ignore that feeling and just act based on what she could see.  
  
"Oh come on Miss Spiros; you must have realised that we couldn't allow you to keep coming to school nude."  
  
Chantelle lifted he head from Jamie's shoulder and answered timidly; "But we weren't hurting anybody."  
  
"Come; come now Miss Spiros, you must accept the new rule." Is what Mrs Markely said, but what Jamie heard was "cum, cum now... "  
  
Chantelle continued to exercise her cunt muscles, even though Mrs Markely was there.  
  
It was all too much for Jamie and he came. He froze so that only his cock and his insides moved. Chantelle felt his cock thrust within her as it pumped three loads of sperm high up into her. She gripped Jamie even tighter as she herself had an orgasm.  
  
When her orgasm finished, Chantelle smiled. "Yes Mrs Markely. I've come to accept that you are correct."  
  
"I'm glad you have come to your senses Miss Spiros." Her statement indicated that Mrs Markely unconsciously knew what had just occurred. And with that she turned and walked away.  
  
Chantelle resumed kissing Jamie passionately.  
  
When it was nearly time for their next class, there was no one else in the hall way. And so Chantelle quickly bobbed down and licked their love-juices off Jamie's limp dick before he stowed it.  
  
Chantelle was ecstatic. "Oh God Jamie, we did it. We just had sex in the school hall in front of Mrs Markely."  
  
They kissed again before heading off to their separate classes.

**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders Ch. 05**

Greg Arden was one of the Audio/Video geeks at Cedar Hill high school. He was a class-mate of Jamie Taylor.  
  
Skye McDougal was one of the Cedar Hill high school cheerleaders. She worked at her local Wal-Mart every Saturday morning as a checkout chick.  
  
Quite often school friends would use the Wal-Mart store. Greg seemed to shop there more often than most. He always went through Skye's checkout, and because of this she thought he had a crush on her.  
  
Skye liked Greg, but she was afraid to encourage him, because she was afraid of what he would think about her 'curtains'. Her labia minora were about 3 inches long when hanging free rather than being tucked into her cunt.   
  
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Skye's shift at Wal-Mart started at 8am and ended at 12noon, with a tea break at about 10am.  
  
Most times she enjoyed her shift. However there were those times when a customer would criticise her for putting the wrong things together in the plastic bags, or claim she had given them the wrong change. On these days having Greg come through her checkout was often enough to cheer her up.  
  
Greg normally stopped at about 11:45am to buy a stick of gum or a sports drink on his way to tennis. He always had a smile for Skye. Most days he would simply say, "Hi Sky; you look radiant as usual... Please wish me good luck at tennis."  
  
If he sensed she'd had a bad day, he would make an extra effort to lift her spirits. The line he most often used was, "You really making that uniform look extra special today; I hope you put the effort in for me. You're not seeing someone else are you? That would break my heart, you know."  
  
Skye knew that Greg was a nerd; that is he was intelligent, and that was part of what she loved about him. So she was willing to accept his horrible pickup lines, and was cheered up by the mere fact that he tried.  
  
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Saturday morning two weeks ago Greg was trying to decide what to wear. Would he wear his usual tennis outfit, or should her just put it in his car and wear his clothes that most closely matched the Wal-Mart male shop-assistant uniform. He decided to go with the latter and wear a white shirt, black tailored trousers and a royal blue vest.  
  
So at 9:30am Greg reported to the Customers' help desk at Wal-Mart. He had seen an advertisement for shop assistants, and when he phoned he was given this appointment.  
  
"Please follow me." The shop assistant instructed as she took his resume.  
  
Greg was shown into the manager's office. "Mr Everett, this is Greg Arden... Here's his resume."  
  
"Good morning Greg."  
  
"Good morning, Sir."  
  
"I see you are aware that we like our staff to wear a uniform."  
  
"Yes Sir."  
  
Mr Everett read Greg's resume for a few minutes.  
  
"Now why do you want to work for us?"  
  
"Well I think I need some work experience before I go to University, and it will help on my resume."  
  
"Are you applying for a University scholarship?"  
  
"Yes Sir."  
  
"Which University would you like to attend?"  
  
"The Jefferson University at Linterna."  
  
"So if you go there will you still be living in this area?"  
  
"Yes Sir, with my parents."  
  
"And what course do you intend studying at University? I see here that you are currently doing audio/visual at Cedar Hill High School."  
  
"I hope to study electronics with audio/visual as my major."  
  
"I guess audio/visual requires a great deal of attention to detail."  
  
"Yes and exact timing."  
  
"Do you know any of our current staff?"  
  
"Yes, I recognised some of the boys as students from my school, but I don't know any of them personally. I also know that Skye goes to my school."  
  
"Skye the check-out girl?"  
  
"Yes Sir, but I don't think she knows me by name. She probably would recognise my picture though, because I shop here quite often."  
  
"You don't mind if I ask her, do you?"  
  
"No Sir."  
  
"Do you play any team sports?" With this question Mr Everett wanted to find out if Greg worked well with other people.   
  
"I play mixed doubles tennis in the local Saturday afternoon competition. That's why I have applied to work early on Saturday mornings."   
  
Mr Everett was pleased with this answer, because Greg had shown a good attitude toward time management. "Oh OK. Are you any good?"  
  
"We came second in division two last comp. Right now we are about the middle of division one."  
  
"And how many divisions are there?"  
  
"There are fourteen divisions; the bottom few are beginners, generally ten to twelve year olds. The top few divisions are mostly sixteen to eighteen year olds."  
  
"How long do you play for?"  
  
"We play from 12 noon up to 4pm at the latest, but I'm only on the court for half that time."  
  
"I hope you wear sun screen?"  
  
"Yes Sir."  
  
"What other medication do you carry in you tennis bag?" Greg didn't know it, but Mr Everett was trying to ascertain how much Greg had thought about safety.  
  
"I have some liniment; a tube of Manuka antiseptic cream, and some band aids."  
  
"Good. Well I think that will be all. We'll let you know the result next week."  
  
"Thank you Sir."  
  
When the Manager finished interviewing all the applicants, he looked for Skye.  
  
He found her in the lunch room on her break.  
  
"Good morning Skye."  
  
"Good morning Sir."  
  
"Do you know a boy called Greg Arden?"  
  
"Sorry no Sir."  
  
He showed Greg's picture to Skye. "Do you recognise this boy?"  
  
"Yes Sir. He shops nearly every Saturday."  
  
"He's applied to work here. What do you think?"  
  
"Well he goes to the same high school as me. He is one of the nerds; sorry I mean he is one of the more intelligent boys in our year. Is he the Greg you asked about?"  
  
"Yes, he is Greg Arden... Thanks Skye; I won't disturb you anymore."  
  
"Thank you." Skye thought, 'So that's your name, Greg Arden.' She smiled as she returned to her cup of coffee.  
  
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Last Saturday, as Skye was leaving the lunch room to start her shift, Greg walked in wearing the Wal-Mart uniform.  
  
Skye spoke first, "Hi Greg. So you got a job here then?"  
  
"Yeah; I started working here today."  
  
Greg had received a phone call on the previous Thursday that he had been selected.   
  
"What job did you get?"  
  
"I'm to re-stock shelves; so today I've been told to learn where everything is."  
  
"So why are you in here now?"  
  
"I work the early Saturday shift from 6am to 10am, with a tea break about 8am."  
  
Skye considered that. "Oh, so you finish work when I'm on my morning tea break."   
  
"Yeah, guess so."  
  
"Well I have to go and start my shift now. See ya later."  
  
From that day on, most Saturday mornings played out much the same.  
  
Whenever Greg was re-stocking a shelf from where he could see Skye, he often glanced in her direction, but quickly looked away if he thought she was going to catch him. Obviously she sometimes looked his way just in time to see him turn away.  
  
Between customers Skye turned her head and scanned the isles for Greg. If he was where she could see him working, she would spend a moment looking at him and daydreaming; wishing her would make a move and ask her out. Greg often caught her staring his way with a far-away look in her eyes.  
  
If Skye needed a price check on anything, no matter what it was, she always called out over the store PA, "Greg! Price check required by register 3 for xxx 1 kg pack; thank you!"   
  
If the item was close enough, Greg walked to Skye's register and told her the price; otherwise he reluctantly used the PA to tell her.  
  
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One day at the end of his shift, Greg barged into unisex toilet only to see Skye sitting there with her knees spread and her hand between her massive inner lips. Her khaki slacks and pink panty were around her ankles.   
  
The ladies Wal-Mart uniform consisted of khaki slacks, a white long sleeve blouse with a royal blue vest.  
  
Greg was startled by the sight. Other than Skye's instinctive reaction to immediately clamp her legs together, she froze like a deer in headlights.   
  
The door's spring caused it to swing closed behind Greg.  
  
To regain his composer, Greg shook his head; and then apologised, "Geez, I'm sorry Skye. I didn't know anyone was in here."   
  
Skye recovered, "No, it's my fault for not latching the door."  
  
Greg pleaded "You won't report me to the manager, will you?"  
  
"Nah... Will you please forget what you saw?"  
  
Greg said "All I can see is a beautiful girl caught in an awkward situation, and I still think it's my fault."  
  
Even though Skye had short hair, she pushed it behind her ear with her fingers.  
  
As the conversation progressed, Skye gradually relaxed and allowed her legs to drift apart just a little.  
  
Greg did not stare at her pussy, but continued to look into her eyes.  
  
"Oh shit, I'm sorry. I just realised, you didn't come here to perve at me; I guess you need to do a pee. I should go so you can."  
  
"It doesn't matter now."  
  
"What do you mean, now?"  
  
"Well seeing you like this has given me a massive hard-on."  
  
"So?" Skye glanced down at his pants and saw the bulge.  
  
"So a guy can't pee when he has an erection." Skye was pleased that he was aroused rather than being put off by the sight of her pussy.  
  
"Oh! So since I caused the problem, I guess it's up to me to do something about it. Lock the door." Greg did as instructed.  
  
Skye sought reassurance. "Now we are agreed, aren't we; that this never happened?"  
  
"Oh yeah, for sure."  
  
She reached out and began to undo his belt.  
  
"What the fu..."  
  
Skye put a finger to her mouth, "Sssh!"  
  
Skye remembered how she had sucked Jamie's cock under the cafeteria table.  
  
She undid his zipper and tried to pull his erection free. She had great difficulty doing this. When she finally extracted it from his underpants, she discovered why. Greg had his own secret; his cock was enormous, not unusually long at about seven inches, but very fat. Even though she had long delicate fingers, they were unable to completely encircle his manhood. His cock was at least two inches across.  
  
As she took it in her hand, she looked up into his eyes. Her face glowed and there were love lights in her eyes.  
  
Skye lent forward and wiggled the tip of her tongue around the top of his cock; paying particular attention to its hole. She received her first taste of his pre-cum; it was very similar to that of Jamie's.  
  
Again she looked up at him, "Am I doing it right?" She wanted so badly to please him.  
  
"Yeah. You can also try sucking on it like it was an iceblock. But be careful not to rub it with your teeth though."  
  
Initially she put only the head into her mouth. Greg felt the warmth of Skye's mouth as it enveloped the head of his penis. She ran her tongue over it as she sucked. The sensation this gave Greg caused the muscle at the base of his cock to retract briefly and the entire length of his cock pulled back a little.   
  
After a bit she slid her mouth further down and sucked harder as she pulled back off. She repeated this action a few times before asking, "You mean like that?"  
  
"Ooh shit yeah... Now rub your hand up and down while you suck the tip."  
  
With her feminine fingers wrapped around the shaft, she pumped up and down even while she licked the head.  
  
She stopped licking just long enough to ask "Like that?"  
  
"Yeah, keep doing that."   
  
When she resumed, Greg couldn't help mutter "Mmmmm... It feels great."  
  
While Skye stroked and sucked his rock-hard penis, she caught him glancing down at her naked legs and pussy.   
  
She stepped out of her slacks and panty and then spread her legs wide to make sure he could see all of her magnificent inner lips, her 'curtains' as she called them. She felt his cock twitch and swell even more if that was possible.  
  
Her hand moved gently up and down his shaft. She didn't seem to be in any hurry, and he wasn't going to complain about her taking her time.  
  
Skye returned to sucking up and down on his erection. This time her hand lightly caressed his balls.   
  
"Please don't squeeze my balls any harder; there're easily hurt, you know?"  
  
He was receiving indescribable pleasure from the mouth, lips and tongue of this beautiful semi-naked girl. His swollen penis ached, seemingly ready to explode at any moment.  
  
Skye's arousal was so great, she felt it was the right time to become a woman; to give herself completely to this boy and let him take her as a man. But first she wanted him to go down on her; for her to feel his nose nuzzle in her pussy, between her inner lips. To experience again the feeling Jamie had given her, but this time she wanted it to last much longer.  
  
Skye rose to her feet and kissed Greg. She put her tongue between his lips for him to suck.   
  
With her hands she guided his cock between her legs, taking care to place her 'curtains' either side of it. She brought her legs together just enough to hold his manhood lightly. Its head was near her arse and the shaft pressed against her clit.  
  
Skye rocked her hips slowly back and forth, massaging the entire length of his enormous erection. Her pendulous labia tickled his balls each time she moved hard against him.   
  
He was tempted to pull back and aim his cock at her pussy, but he didn't want to rush her. Anyway he had never experienced anything like this before. He thought, 'Being inside her pussy couldn't be any better than this.'   
  
Eventually she put her mouth near his ear and whispered, "Greg, I want you to go down on me; I want you to suck my pussy, please... Just sit on the seat and I'll straddle you; please."  
  
Greg did not hesitate; in no time at all he was seated and Skye turned and shuffled toward him. The sight of her labia hanging there was extraordinary. His cock stood even more upright, eager to slide between those luscious lips and into her cunt.   
  
Finally she had one leg either side of Greg and her pussy pressed against his face.   
  
"Please suck my lips."  
  
Greg gladly did as she asked; first he drew the left labia into his mouth and massaged it with his tongue as he sucked gently. It was silky soft. Then he repeated the process with the right lip.  
  
His nose pushed against her clitoral hood as he toyed with her labia. Then he diverted his attention to the rest of her cunt; he pushed his tongue between her 'curtains' which lay across his cheeks.  
  
Greg pulled the skin above her slit up so that her clit was exposed. And then he tilted his head back so he could suck on it. It was smooth and firm; the size of a pea.  
  
As Greg massaged her clit with his tongue, he pushed his middle finger into her cunt and searched for her G-spot. When he found it Skye let out a shriek of pleasure.  
  
Realising he had found the G-spot, Greg wiggled his finger over that position as he continued to give a love bite to her clit.  
  
"Ooooh God that's nice! ... Mmmmm." She moaned.   
  
Greg was please that he was giving her such pleasure; it encouraged him to continue.   
  
Eventually Skye decided to give him the ultimate reward for his patient oral sex.  
  
"Mmmmm... I'm ready now Greg... Oooooo." And with that Skye lowered herself onto Greg's prick.   
  
She was so aroused and well lubricated that even his huge erection slid in easily. She felt it rise up within her, stretching her as it went. It was much nicer than even her biggest vibrator, because it was warm and was attached to a handsome guy.  
  
Skye kissed Greg passionately as she bounced up and down. All she seemed to be interested in was riding him until he came within her. Even so his penetration was giving her immense pleasure.  
  
Greg was amazed by the slurping and gurgling sounds created by the movement of his cock within her dripping wet cunt. Sometimes it sounded like water siphoning down a drain.  
  
He was very much aware of Skye's warm pussy squeezing his throbbing erection.   
  
He felt himself getting closer and closer to climaxing. He clutched her hips and pushed against her pelvis; thrusting as deep into her as he could.  
  
Soon Greg erupted inside Skye. "Aaaah!" His penis pulsed again and again. She leant against him; her hair tickled his nose and cheek.  
  
Greg remarked, "You know this is like joining 'the mile high club', but without the expensive aeroplane ticket."  
  
Skye smiled, "Yeah." This was the first time she had allowed anyone to come inside her.  
  
For several minutes Skye remained on his lap, hugging him. He had his arms around her. The right side of his chin pressed against her hair. He could feel her long breaths as she seemed to melt against him.  
  
God, it felt right. He loved the feel of her against him, and the musky scent that wafted from her pussy. He loved knowing that she felt him inside her, filling her; that they were so intimately joined in the best way possible.  
  
It felt so good he thought he must have died and gone to heaven.  
  
He wanted to whisper in her ear 'Let's stay like this forever', but her phone beeped three times. "Dam it!" she exclaimed.  
  
"What was that?" Greg asked.  
  
"My phone telling me it's the end of my tea break."  
  
"Bugger!" Greg exclaimed.  
  
Skye lifted herself off his shrinking dick and began to get dressed while facing him.   
  
Greg watched as she folded her right labia inward and then pressed the end of it into her cunt. She repeated the process with the left. She smiled at Greg as she licked her fingers. "I can taste your sperm."  
  
She retrieved her panty from the floor. Greg watched as she pulled them up her legs and hid that glorious pussy. Next was her slacks. This reverse striptease caused Greg's cock to firm up again.   
  
Skye tapped his cock with two of her fingers and laughed. "Can we do it again next week?"  
  
Greg immediately replied, "Yeah, you bet. I'm looking forward to it."  
  
"Next time can we take all our clothes off?"  
  
"Sure, why not?"  
  
Skye bent over and briefly licked his penis; rose and kissed him on the cheek. And then she was gone.  
  
Greg forced himself to think about lunch and tennis. It worked; soon his penis was limp enough for him to finally do that piss.  
  
Greg remembered that the store had a women's fashion section. There he found what he wanted; a broach of a Papilio butterfly. They are the ones with wings which are longer than those of a normal butterfly; their wings extend at the back. He believed that the broach he chose was a stylised version of Papilio Blumei from the Celebes, because it was lead grey and sky blue in colour. Greg hoped Skye would realise the significance of the longer than normal wings.  
  
When Skye saw Greg in her checkout queue, her mind turned to things sexual. She thought about his spunk frantically swimming up within her, looking for an egg that wasn't there; it was a safe part of her monthly cycle. She also became aware of the dampness forming in the crotch of her panty; this was caused by his cum that had lost its fight with gravity.  
  
When Greg reached her register, he gave the butterfly pin to Skye. The ladies in the queue all sighed. One adding, "Oooh aint that sweet."  
  
Skye may have blushed, but she was extremely happy and her whole face lit up with a smile.

**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders Ch. 06**

Andy Meadows was one of the Audio/Video geeks at Cedar Hill high school. He was a class-mate of Jamie Taylor and Greg Arden.  
  
Veronica Wilson was head cheerleader. Chantelle Spiros, Marsha Dickson, and Skye McDougal were some of her fellow cheerleaders.  
  
Previously Chantelle had for two days attended school naked. Veronica and Marsha had performed striptease acts on their cafeteria table. Aimee Wong, a science/mathematics geek had followed their example; just to show that not only cheerleaders are sexy.  
  
The fact that his classmate Jamie was going steady with Chantelle, and Greg had hooked up with Skye, made Andy feel alone and very frustrated. This feeling was further exasperated by Arleen, his twin sister.   
  
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On a warm summer Saturday afternoon Andy was doing his English homework in his room. He was wearing a T-shirt and shorts.   
  
When he finished the English homework, he started his Physics assignment. He hadn't progressed very far when he was stumped.  
  
He rang Jamie, "Hi. It's Andy. Do you know how to do question 2 of the Physics assignment?"  
  
Jamie explained how to use the equations of motion as the first step in solving the problem. Jamie had completed all his homework earlier in the day, so he could prepare the equipment he needed for videoing the inter high school game that night.  
  
Andy quickly wrote down the three equations of motion: v = u + a\*t; s = u\*t + 0.5\*a\*t2; v2 = u2 + 2\*a\*s.  
  
"Oh yeah; I see how to do it now. Thanks buddy."  
  
Once he had finished, it was time for dinner.   
  
After dinner Andy settled down in the lounge room and watched TV.   
  
The lounge room had a 3-seater lounge along one wall with the TV opposite on a low chest of draws. On the wall, furthest from the door, was a book case on top of which were family photos. Interestingly there were no pictures of his father.  
  
The first TV program he watched was a documentary about dolphin on the ABC. It had not long started when his sister Arleen entered and sat on the floor beside his right leg.   
  
His Mom could just be heard in the kitchen cleaning up. There were only the three of them in the house. His father had run off with another woman four years earlier. Since then they've had a tough time of it financially.  
  
Initially the documentary revealed how they found the pod of dolphin using a spotter plane, because the pod wasn't in one of its usual feeding spots.   
  
Then the dolphins were shown feeding as the charter boat drifted among them. There were some very good under water close ups of the dolphin actually catching fish. In one such scene you could see one of the scuba diver/camera men in the background.  
  
As the boat turned toward home, the dolphins stopped feeding and started to surf the bow wave either side of the boat.  
  
When the first under-water shots of this were shown, Arleen was puzzled, "Andy, how did they get those under-water shots of the dolphin swimming so fast beside the boat?"  
  
"I don't know Sis. Perhaps they had a camera on a long pole."  
  
Arleen was especially interested in the final scene which showed the dolphin mating. "Did you see that Andy? The dolphin had sex! I even saw the male dolphin's dick."  
  
"Yeah; calm down."  
  
The next documentary was about holography. She was obviously not interested in this program. She turned and snatched the TV remote.   
  
When she switched the channel to 'Days of our Drearies', Andy complained, "Please sis; can't we watch the documentary?".  
  
Arleen acted as if she didn't hear him.  
  
"Pleeease sis." He pleaded, but she still ignored him.  
  
Andy couldn't stand that program; he just had to leave.   
  
He went to the privacy of his own room. He had intended to watch the documentary on his computer, but he became side-tracked.  
  
He ended up watching the video of Veronica's striptease. It started when Veronica was undoing the last couple of buttons of her blouse.   
  
She removed her top, swung it about her head and then dropped it in Chantelle's lap.  
  
Veronica had a nervous smile as a few of the boys began to chant, "MORE! MORE! GET IT OFF! GET IT OFF!"   
  
Andy had the sound turned down, but he could still hear the chorus clearly.  
  
Her bra was pink with a trim of white lace above the breasts and black edging along the bottom. She reached behind her and unclasped it. Then she twirled it above her head before flicking it to Chantelle. Veronica's breasts were firm and perfectly shaped, just like two champagne glasses.   
  
Andy could see that Veronica had begun to enjoy the attention.  
  
Next Veronica lifted her skirt with her left hand, revealing her matching thong panties; they were pink with a lace front and trimmed with black edging. Veronica turned. Her arse cheeks were fully visible either side of the thin black line of her thong panty. The black made her smooth, rounded cheeks seem even paler and more unblemished, just like a baby's bum. And there were the creases where her butt cheeks met her thighs; truly sexy.   
  
Andy pushed his shorts and underpants down to his knees and began to rub his already rigid cock.  
  
Veronica pushed her panties over her bum and let them slide down her legs to her ankles; she stepped out of them before she unzipped her skirt and removed it as well. There was a symphony of camera flashes at this point. Andy could tell this by the way they lit up Veronica.  
  
Veronica moved her right hand down between her outer lips. She stood with her legs apart and her knees bent out, so the video clearly showed her clitoral hood and her swollen, red inner lips.   
  
She rubbed the hood around and around with her finger tips, stimulating her sensitive little button beneath. Gradually it swelled and emerged from under its hood; now round, smooth and shining; the size of a pea. With her middle finger massaging her clit, she rocked her hips back and forth. Her left hand moved to her right breast and squeezed her nipple.   
  
Her eyes were closed and her rubbing became faster and more intense. She moaned continually.   
  
Andy reached his climax at this point; spraying cum past the paper towel, that he had ready, and onto his desk. Thankfully it missed the computer keyboard.  
  
Andy didn't see Veronica having her orgasm, because he was too busy cleaning up the mess on his desk.  
  
Andy changed into a pair of pyjama shorts and went to bed under a single sheet.  
  
His orgasm had relieved his mental stress as well as his sexual tension, so he was soon asleep.  
  
The night air was hot and close, and as a consequence Andy kicked of the sheet early in the night. After that he slept soundly until just before dawn.   
  
At that point, Andy woke suddenly.   
  
A nude Veronica was on top of him; she lowered herself down until his rigid cock entered the vestibule of her waiting cunt. She was extremely aroused, her love juices oozed from her and dripped onto his balls. Andy felt the heat of her pussy surround the tip of his eager erection. Then Veronica pushed down, and Andy's cock slipped easily into her; all the way in. Her insides were warm, wet and slippery, and squeezed his cock so wonderfully.   
  
His dream seemed so vivid; he thought it must have been real. He could remember it all: the sights; the sounds; the feelings; and the smells. It took a while before he fully grasped that it actually was just a dream.  
  
Oh how he wished it was real; and never ending.  
  
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Later that day, Andy told his Mom how Arleen had switched the channel while they were watching the TV the night before.  
  
"I'm sure she didn't mean to upset you. She just has different interests to you."  
  
"But she's always doing it!" He protested.  
  
"OK; I'll talk with her and make sure she understands that she has to be a bit more considerate."  
  
"Ah... But will she?"  
  
"I hope so; but you have to be more considerate as well, you know."  
  
"Oh... Err; I guess I can try to be a bit more tolerant."  
  
"Good... That reminds me; I have invited your Aunt Lorraine to come and stay with us for a few weeks."  
  
"Auntie who?"  
  
"Don't you remember Dad's younger brother, Uncle Terry?"  
  
"Is he the marine that was killed a few months ago while serving in the Middle East?"  
  
"Yes... Well they were married when Auntie Lorraine was very young; just before Uncle Terry was posted overseas. Anyway, Lorraine is about your age, or maybe a year older at most."  
  
"So?"  
  
"So, as you can imagine, she's been very unhappy since. And so, to give her a change of scenery, and hopefully cheer her up, I have invited her to stay with us."  
  
"But we can't afford another mouth!"  
  
"Don't be like that... Anyway, she's agreed to help out from her war widow's pension."   
  
"Oh, OK."  
  
"Now I want you to promise that you will be kind to her."   
  
"Yeah; sure."  
  
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After some deliberation, Andy decided to find a prostitute with whom he could release his frustration.  
  
There was one brothel in town that everyone knew the address of. When Andy went in, the entrance smelled of stale smoke. The madam who was seated behind a desk, and the prostitute that stood to her right, were both fat and old enough to be his mom.  
  
"Hi sweetie; ya look like ya need an experienced girl." The madam pointed to the other old hag.  
  
"I'm sorry ladies; I was looking for someone a bit more petite."  
  
"Oh, OK love."   
  
Andy turned and left. He thought, 'Surely no one pays for that!'  
  
Andy looked up "adult entertainment" on the internet, the phone book and a local newspaper.  
  
He went to the first address on his list; near the entrance was a notice saying that the brothel was only open on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights.  
  
At the next place, he was shown into one of the bedrooms by a pleasant lady. First she asked "Have you been here before?"  
  
"No ma'am."  
  
Then she informed him of the procedure. "There are five girls available. After you've met them all, I will come and you can let me know which you want. OK?"  
  
"OK."  
  
He sat on the end of the bed nearest the door while he waited. The price list on the wall, which he read while waiting to meet the girls, indicated that they were expensive; presumably because they were very experienced.   
  
All of the girls were large; well actually, let's not mince words; they were big and solid, although they weren't flabby fat.  
  
When the madam returned, Andy used the same apology "I'm sorry, I was actually hoping for someone a bit more petite."  
  
"Oh, OK." And with that the lady escorted him to the front door.  
  
On his third attempt: on entering the place it smelt of nice incense. He was shown to the waiting room by a slight built guy. He said, "You waiting here. Three girl come." He raised three fingers.  
  
Each girl entered, introduced herself and then immediately left shutting the door behind her.   
  
The first one frowned and generally had an unhappy composer; she wore very cheeky shorts and a crop top that didn't quite cover all of her breasts.  
  
The next girl had happy demeanour, her smile was infectious. She was slim. She said "Me Junko; you rikey?" She reached out for his hand and shook it. She had on a see-through nightie with black-lace bikini briefs and no bra. Her small breasts were firm and stood out proudly from her chest. She waved her fingers good bye as she left.  
  
The last girl was slightly plump, not actually fat; just cuddly. She wore a mini skirt and tight T-shirt; the position of her nipples showed through her top, indicating that she didn't have a bra on. In an attempt to influence his decision, she lifted her skirt to flash her beautiful fully-shaved pussy; she was not wearing any underwear. She laughed coarsely. "You like? Me good fucky. Sucky cock no condom."  
  
The pimp returned. "Which girl you likey?"  
  
"Um... The second girl; I think her name is Junko."  
  
"$75, half hour; $100, 45 minute. What you want?"  
  
Andy gave $75 to the pimp.  
  
Junko returned carrying a towel and a small makeup bag. She took his hand and led him to another room.   
  
That room was dimly lit with a low-wattage red lamp. There was a bed farthest from door with the bed-head against the wall. There was a window behind the bed-head, but it was fully blacked-out. Beside the bed to the left was a bed-side table with numerous bottles on it. In the far-right corner of the room was a shower cubicle enclosed by a glass partition and glass door. There was a mirror on the wall beside the door.  
  
After shutting the door, she kissed him on mouth.   
  
As Andy undressed, Junko straightened the bed cover and the towel that was spread out in the centre of the bed. He especially enjoyed watching this attractive half-naked girl working.   
  
"You shower." She instructed.  
  
He washed his penis and testicles. What Andy did not know was that the diseases most often caught in legal western brothels are tinea and other foot fungi; these result from the communal nature of the shower. Some experienced customers wear flip-flops in the shower to prevent this.  
  
As he showered, he watched her remove her nightie and then her briefs. Her pubic hair was shaved about her pussy and the hair on her mound was trimmed short. Her inner lips protruded significantly, perhaps half an inch.  
  
She joined him in the shower. Junko soaped his cock and rubbed it. Andy put some liquid soap on his hand, reached between her legs and applied it to her pussy and protruding lips. They felt so soft and smooth. For a guy that had never touched a girl before, this experience alone was worth the money.   
  
Her smile broadened; she moved closer to him and briefly kissed him.  
  
"You have a very pretty pussy." Andy blurted out.  
  
"Solly, me rittle Ingerish."  
  
He had been afraid that he would be so embarrassed being nude with a complete stranger, that he wouldn't get an erection, but he needn't have worried. Junko's massage of his cock with soapy hands soon meant that he had such a hard-on that it hurt.  
  
After he dried himself, he laid down in middle of the bed. She came and sat beside his hips.   
  
Junko had a condom in her hand. She used her teeth to make the initial tear in its wrapper. Then she took the condom and placed it on top of his rampant cock, and pushed it over the glans with her thumb and index finger. She used her mouth, or more correctly her warm lips, to unroll the condom all the way down his fully engorged cock. Andy was amazed at her skill.  
  
Andy found the sensations created by her lips sliding up and down his swollen member extremely exciting. It was his first blow job. He wondered what it would be like without the condom.  
  
'What must it be like for Junko sucking on the rubber condom?' He thought, it was probably similar to sucking a dildo or vibrator.  
  
Andy reached between Junko's legs; found her pussy and proceeded to push two fingers into her warm cunt. Her labia tickled his hand as he finger fucked her. She looked up, turned to face him and smiled briefly before returning to suck his cock.   
  
He felt the lining of her cunt grow wet and slippery just before she ended the blow job. He hadn't come yet, but her lips had eased the pain in his groin.  
  
Junko squirted some KY jelly onto her fingers. This she then applied around and slightly into her cunt. She rubbed the remainder around the condom on Andy's eager dick. Andy watched in anticipation.  
  
"Me fucky you, OK?'   
  
She straddled him and used her hand to guide his cock into her wet, slippery cunt. Andy felt the warmth of her cunt gradually envelope him. He could not believe how hot it was inside her. He could feel the pressure of her cunt squeezing the entire length of his cock.   
  
He placed his hands on her broad hips.  
  
Junko sat erect as she rocked her hips back and forth; her arse cheeks sliding on Andy's thighs. She moaned repeatedly. He wondered, 'Is she really enjoying it that much, or is she just pretending so as to make me feel good?' Either way he could not believe how fantastic it felt; his cock moved inside her just a little as she massaged her clit against his groin.  
  
Eventually she bent forward until her tits rested on his chest and her mouth pressed against his. Andy licked her bottom lip until she put out her tongue. Then he sucked on it.   
  
They played tag with their tongues as Junko lifted her arse up and down; Andy's cock slid in and out almost its entire length, but it never left her cunt completely.  
  
Her breasts pressed against his chest as they French kissed; he caressed her butt cheeks with his hands, her skin was firm and smooth.  
  
Andy soon found the correct timing, pushing his groin up each time she dropped her arse, and relaxing as she lifted up.  
  
Ultimately she climbed off him.   
  
As she sat beside his hip, she removed the condom and wiped his cock with a paper towel.  
  
"You good fucky."  
  
She rolled onto her back with her knees bent and her legs spread; then she asked him to be on top. "You fucky me; OK?"   
  
Andy did not hesitate; he immediately crawled between her legs. He thrust himself forward, but he missed her cunt. His cock slid up between her labia and onto her mound.   
  
Her smile grew even bigger as she correctly guessed that this was his first time.  
  
He moved back. This time she held his cock and guided it into her. He thought her cunt felt even better without the condom. The slippery wetness was more obvious; and the warmth; he couldn't get over how warm her insides felt.   
  
Again, she moaned continuously as Andy thrust his hips back and forth.  
  
At one stage her cunt crushed the bottom half of his cock. Andy wondered, 'Was she having an orgasm or just doing it to please him.'   
  
When she squeezed his cock again a little later, he was sure she had good muscle control and was just doing it for his pleasure, and he certainly found it to be extremely stimulating.  
  
Soon he came within her. His orgasm was stronger than any he'd ever given himself by masturbating. He squirted three loads of sticky cum high up into her cunt; some coated her cervix and a little entered her womb.  
  
Andy looked deep into Junko's eyes; she smiled contentedly.  
  
He hadn't realised how hot and sweaty they both were until then. He lay on top of her, his chest pressed against her nipples, his head beside hers. He could hear her heavy breathing.   
  
Her arms were about his back, her legs wrapped around his. She continued to move her hips just enough to massage her clit against his pelvis.  
  
It was at this time that Andy wished he could have talked with her. He wanted to tell her how much he enjoyed her company, and to complement her on her muscle control.  
  
When he finally climbed off her, he still had an erection, although not as rock hard as before.  
  
Junko wiped the sperm from his cock with a wet paper towel. He watched as she also wiped her cunt and inner lips, although to call them inner lips at this stage was strange, as they had grown somewhat and protruded even further.  
  
"You rikey hand-job?"  
  
"Yes please."  
  
She applied baby oil to her hands and his dick.   
  
She alternated between rubbing her hand quickly up and down the shaft of his cock; and pushing down at the base with one hand, holding the skin tight, and teasing the tip with the fingers of the other hand. This second manoeuvre drove Andy wild.   
  
When she bent down and sucked his balls, he came a second time. There wasn't that much sperm, mainly mucus, and what there was dribbled down his cock and onto her hands.

Junko used half-a-dozen hand towels to wipe her hands and then his dick.  
  
There was still 5 minutes left, so she asked, "Me massage?"  
  
"OK."  
  
Andy rolled over onto his stomach.   
  
Junko sat on his bottom and massaged his back; mainly along the inner edge of his shoulder blades. Her massaging felt good. He could feel her butt cheeks on his, and her labia tickled the crack of his arse.   
  
Andy wondered if she was a professionally trained masseur or just experienced, self taught.  
  
When she considered the time was up, she climbed off the bed and suggested, "You shower."   
  
Andy washed his penis and testicles while watching Junko straighten the bed. She was still nude; seeing her cheeky arse and bald pussy still excited him.  
  
Once he had dried himself and dressed, Junko put a towel around herself and led him to the front door.   
  
She gave him a brief kiss on the mouth. As she did that, Andy put his right hand under the towel and felt her protruding lips one more time. She smiled; gentle removed his hand and said "Bye."  
  
The next morning when Andy woke, his stomach and lower back muscles were extremely sore. He also had his usual morning erection made stiffer by pleasant memories of the day before.  
  
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Aunt Lorraine arrived the next weekend. Andy's first impression was that she must have spent sufficient time at the gym, or at least exercising at home, to melt off her excess fat and leave the muscles on her arms and legs well defined. She was a brunette with large sad brown eyes.  
  
The very next morning as Andy was going to breakfast, the door to Lorraine's room was open about an inch, and through that crack Andy saw Auntie exercising in the nude. She was facing away from the door and bent over touching her toes. Her legs were spread, and between her sexy arse cheeks he could clearly see her bald pussy. The skin in and around her pussy and bum was pale, smooth and flawless, without any wrinkles.  
  
When she stood up, her bum really was sexy; her buttocks were big enough for a crease to form under each cheek.   
  
Andy wished he could stand there in the hall and continue to watch her, but he was scared Arleen or his Mom would catch him.  
  
Andy made a habit of going to breakfast at about the same time each morning hoping to again see Lorraine exercising; which he often did.  
  
He soon realised that she never fully closed her door.  
  
If Andy had considered the layout of the house upstairs, he would have realised she was intentionally leaving the door open for his benefit and no one else's. At their end of the hallway, Auntie's room was nearest the stairs. Arleen's room, his Mom's room and the bathroom were on the other side of the stairs, toward the front. And so Andy was the only one who passed by her room to go to the bathroom or downstairs.  
  
One morning he was lucky enough to see her almost side-on. Her breasts stood out proudly, without any droop, perhaps a C cup; they bounced a little as she was doing sit-ups.   
  
However, on Friday a week later, she caught him peeking. Andy froze. She looked straight at him; smiled enticingly, and then beckoned him to enter.  
  
He entered timidly. "Sorry Auntie." He hung his head in shame.  
  
"Please don't call me Auntie. It makes me feel like some old decrepit spinster. I'm Lorrie, OK."   
  
"Yeah. OK Lorrie. I'm really sorry." He said sheepishly. He was afraid she would tell his Mom.  
  
"Don't apologise. I wanted you to see... Now close the door and come here... Closer."   
  
Andy was relieved that she was not angry, and he let out his fear with one big sigh.  
  
Lorraine put her hand under his chin and lifted his head. She pressed her naked body against his; she leant her head forward and kissed him briefly on his mouth.  
  
She stepped back, turned slowly with her arms behind her head. She had her hair tied in a pony-tail high on the back of her head. She undid the tie, and let her hair fall free as she shook her head.   
  
When she faced him again, she looked down at her pussy; separated its outer lips with her fingers, and then ran the fingers of her other hand up and down the inner labia.   
  
Andy saw that her stomach muscles, like her arm and leg muscles, were well defined, with only the slightest overlay of fat. Andy thought that she looked like a Greek goddess; not just any goddess, but the fairest and most beautiful of all, Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty.   
  
She looked at the huge bulge in Andy's pyjamas and then up at his face. She had a devilish twinkle in her eyes, and her whole face smiled. She was content with his reaction. She had almost completely forgotten the unhappy events of the past months.   
  
She had liked Andy from their very first meeting and enjoyed teasing him. She hoped to get a lot closer to him in the future.  
  
"I think we should go to breakfast now or you'll be late for school."   
  
She walked to the door; took her dressing gown off the clothes hook; put it on, and went down to the dining room. Andy followed.  
  
Lorraine made sure she sat opposite Andy.   
  
As they ate their cereal and toast, Andy's erection subsided.   
  
When she had consumed about half of her cereal, she lifted her right leg and pressed her foot against what was left of the bulge between Andy's legs. She pivoted her ankle so that her toes pumped his partial erection. She immediately felt his cock swell.  
  
Andy thought, 'What's good for the goose, is good for the gander.' He lifted his right leg and stretched his foot forward so that his toes slid into her pussy's slit. She put her left hand down and held his foot; then she moved it up and down so his toes rubbed her clit.   
  
"Ooooo." Lorraine moaned softly; however, Mrs Meadows heard.  
  
She was concerned; "Are you alright Lorrie?"  
  
"Ooh; yes thanks. It's delicious." Lorraine looked directly into Andy's eyes and winked.   
  
Arleen sat at the far end of the table. Her napkin had dropped to the floor and when she bent down to pick it up, she saw what the two were up to. She saw Lorraine's bare legs and Andy's foot between them; his toes in her bald pussy.   
  
Andy and Lorraine were too occupied with each other to notice Arleen's action.  
  
After breakfast Lorraine followed Andy into his room. "Well hurry up and get ready for school. I want to see what you've got hidden under there."  
  
She sat on the end of his bed with the front of her dressing gown wide open. Andy fetched a shirt, pants and underwear from his wardrobe and laid them out on his bed. Initially he ignored her display.  
  
However, as he slowly undid the buttons of his PJ top, he looked at Lorraine; his eyes moved from her pert breasts to her bald pussy and back again. She saw his stare and opened her dressing gown further.  
  
Once the last button of his top was undone, he copied what he had seen the cheerleaders do in their stripteases in the cafeteria; he twirled the PJ top about his head before throwing it at Lorraine. She smiled.  
  
Andy reached for his shirt.  
  
Lorraine immediately protested, "No! Take off your PJ pants first. I want to see you completely naked."  
  
As Andy bent down and removed his PJ pants; Lorraine slipped out of her dressing gown.  
  
Seeing her nude again, and being nude himself, ensured that Andy's penis stood tall and rigid, at its maximum extension. He was only slightly above average in both length and thickness, but actually very similar to his Uncle Terry in that department; so Lorraine was happy with what she saw.   
  
Lorraine stepped up to Andy and wrapped her arms around him, pressing her breasts against his chest and his rampant cock against her pubic mound. He put his arms behind her and ran his hands down her back to her sexy arse cheeks; they felt smooth and firm. Andy wondered about bending his knees so that his cock would push between her legs and into her cunt. Before he could act on this thought, Lorraine broke the hug.  
  
"I think you'd better get dressed now, or you'll be late for school... How about we continue what we've just been doing some time on the weekend?"  
  
"Oh yes please Aunt... Sorry, yes please Lorrie."  
  
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"MR MEADOWS!" The English teacher shouted.  
  
"Err..." Andy had been day-dreaming about Aunt Lorrie. 'Was she a ball teaser or was she willing to go all the way?'  
  
"Sorry Sir; what was the question?" A snigger rippled around the classroom.  
  
"No question, Mr Meadows. I just want you to pay attention; that's all."   
  
"Yes Sir." Andy did try to concentrate on the English lesson, but the images of a nude Aunt Lorrie sometimes flashed before him.  
  
At lunch the usual nerds sat together: Andy, Jamie Taylor and Greg Arden arrived together, with Michael and Dinesh joining them soon after. Immediately Andy sat down, he went into a trance like state.  
  
"Earth to Andy; Earth to Andy." Jamie shook Andy as he spoke.  
  
"What the hell..." Andy protested.  
  
"Well you better tell us what's got you so distracted today."  
  
Andy shrugged his shoulders and began, "You remember I told you my Aunt came to stay with us?"  
  
"Isn't that the one you said has a really sexy body? The one you've seen exercising nude?" Dinesh interjected.  
  
"Yeah; Aunt Lorrie..." As he said this, he again saw her glorious body in his mind's eye. "Well this morning she caught me spying on her."  
  
"Holly shit! What did she do?" Dinesh interrupted again.  
  
"Well, it turns out she had been leaving her door ajar because she wanted me to see... To cut to the chase; she beckoned me into her room and hugged me while she was nude."  
  
"Wow!" Was the immediate response of the others. They were now all leaning towards Andy; listening intently, hoping for more lurid details.  
  
"Even better, after breakfast she followed me up to my room and watched me get ready for school... She insisted I strip completely naked before beginning to get dressed. At which point she dropped her dressing gown and we hugged, both completely naked. I'm telling you I had the biggest hard-on I've ever had..."  
  
"So, what happened next?"  
  
"Nothing, bugger it; but I'm on a promise."  
  
"No wonder you can't concentrate on anything else today; lucky bastard!"  
  
Just then Michael joined the conversation. "Sounds like you've found the right girl to invite to the prom."  
  
"But she doesn't go to this school." Andy immediately pointed out.  
  
"Yeah, but there aren't enough girls in our year; so, I'm sure you can get permission, if you ask."  
  
"You mean I have to ask the deputy head, Mrs Markely?"  
  
"Yeah, just don't take Jamie with you when you do; he's not too popular with her."  
  
It was like that all day at school. All Andy could think about was Aunt Lorrie.  
  
Either way, he arrived home from school with a broad smile. His A/V teacher, Mr Garett had given him a glowing written reference which he intended to use as part of his application for a scholarship to University.   
  
During dinner that night Lorraine sat opposite Andy and again extended her right leg so that her foot pressed against the crotch of his pants. She could not tell if he had an erection or not, because of the thickness of his pants and underwear. She was pleased however when he stretched his leg toward her and pointed his toes into her pussy. She was not wearing any panty under her short skirt.  
  
Andy wiggled his ankle so that his toes moved up and down her slit. She looked across at Andy, smiled and winked. Then she mouthed the words, 'Thank you.'  
  
The sensations emanating from her pussy made it hard for her to concentrate on her meal, but she managed somehow.   
  
Later, Arleen purposely let her napkin fall to the floor, so she could look under the table at the other two. She saw that they were at it again. She began to think what she might do about it.  
  
Andy toes were soon spreading Lorraine's love juices from her leaking cunt up to her clitoris.   
  
Andy finished before the others, but he waited for Lorraine. When she announced that she was going to watch TV, Andy withdrew his foot and said he would join her.  
  
In the TV room they sat close together. Andy lifted her skirt a little; she spread her legs so he could study her pussy.   
  
Her inner labia protruded and their wetness was obvious. She ran her middle finger down through her labia and into her warm vagina. She thrust her finger in and out a couple of times before she brought it up to her mouth and sucked it.  
  
"Um... Why don't you have a taste, Andy?"  
  
He used his middle finger just as she had. Up and down the length of her glistening cunt-lips his finger went before inching ever so slowly into her velvet smooth cunt.   
  
She watched his reaction as he sucked his finger. Since he seemed to enjoy it, she brazenly sort some pleasure from him, "I'd like you to go down on me and lick my juices directly; please."  
  
Andy positioned himself between her legs; he knelt; lent forward and began to taste the juices that coated her pussy lips. Lorraine placed her hands behind his head and pinned him there as she rocked her seething pussy against his mouth.  
  
"Oooooh," she moaned quietly and repeatedly.   
  
With long, firm strokes of his tongue he licked her pussy from her cunt all the way up to her emerging clit. He sucked her sensitive little button, and then sent her wild as he tongued it.  
  
Between moans she mumbled, "Please use a couple of your fingers to, ooooh, to fuck me while you suck my clit; ooooh."  
  
Andy was only too pleased to comply. He inserted his index and middle fingers as far as he could, and then he moved them around feeling the contours of the slimy warm lining.   
  
She felt his fingers exploring inside her sensitive cunt; letting out a muffled cry each time they touched her G-spot.   
  
She wrapped her legs around him and clung onto him. She squeezed his fingers with the band of pussy muscles that surrounded them.  
  
Just when Lorraine reached her pre-orgasmic plateau and Andy's engorged cock was about to burst his pants wide open, they heard Arleen coming.  
  
Andy quickly resumed his seat beside Lorraine as she straightened her skirt. Their faces were flushed and they were both breathing heavily when Arleen entered.  
  
As soon as Arleen sat down she demanded, "Can we watch something else? I don't like this show." They had not actually been aware of what program was showing.  
  
Andy handed the remote to Arleen.  
  
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In the weeks since Lorraine had arrived, Arleen and Lorraine had become close; sort of like sisters; actually, closer than most sisters, more like best friends.  
  
So that night, after she had changed into her nightie, Arleen when to Lorraine's room.  
  
After some small talk, she finally asked, "Do you like Andy?"  
  
"Yeah, a lot. I guess you've noticed, ha."  
  
"Yep. I sort of guessed when I first saw you two playing footsies under the dining table."  
  
"You saw that?"  
  
"Yeah. I was picking up my napkin at the time..." Then Arleen decided she would cut to the chase, "So, have you had sex with him?"  
  
"Nah, not yet; but I'm planning to."  
  
Arleen knew that Lorraine was sexually experienced, after all she had been married; so, Arleen asked, "What's it like, having sex? Does it hurt?"  
  
"What makes you think it always hurts?"  
  
"It's just that the girls in those net videos always seem to be screaming."  
  
"I think you will find, that in most cases, they are screaming with the sheer pleasure of it."  
  
"So, it's always really enjoyable then?"  
  
"Well it may hurt for a little while the first time you have sex."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"If you don't want to have any pain, then you can use your fingers to stretch your hymen beforehand. You initially insert one finger through your hymen, rotate that finger around, pressing out sufficient to stretch the hymen, but not enough to cause pain. Like this." Lorrie opened the front of her nightie, spread her legs and proceeded to demonstrate.  
  
Arleen eyes opened wide with amazement at Lorraine's hairless pussy.  
  
"It will take some time, but once you can put two fingers in; like so... Then you repeat the process with them until you can fully insert three fingers." As she spoke, she rotated two fingers around inside her pussy. Then she inserted three fingers.   
  
"Now your first sexual encounter shouldn't hurt at all. Why don't you have a go."   
  
Arleen wasn't so keen to show herself to Lorraine, but she did want to make sure she was going to do it correctly. So, she spread her nightie and legs.  
  
"First, lick your finger to wet it." Lorraine quickly advised.  
  
Arleen licked her middle finger, and then she proceeded to probe her hymen. She found the opening, but it took a little pressure to insert her finger.  
  
As soon as Lorraine saw that Arleen had her finger through her hymen, she encouraged her, "OK. Now press up... Can you feel a stretching sensation?"  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"OK, now rotate toward the side."  
  
"Ouch!"  
  
"Don't press quite so hard... Here let me kiss it better." As she said that, Lorraine slid off the bed and knelt between Arleen's legs. She removed Arleen's hand; stared briefly at the shiny-wet folds of engorged labia that lay between Arleen's meagre short-and-curlies; then she leant forward, nuzzled between Arleen's legs, and proceeded to kiss her clitoral hood.  
  
Arleen squirmed. "Oh, geez Lorrie; that's unreal!" She shrieked with a quivering breath.  
  
Lorrie's tongue twirled about the hood, from side to side and up and down. Its skin was velvet smooth and supple, like that of her lips.  
  
Lorrie used her fingertips to gently pry open Arleen's sensitive cunt-lips, and lifted her fingers to expose Arleen's swelling clit; then she carefully closed her wet, hot lips around it. She sucked delicately, savouring the tangy taste of the girlish nectar that seeped between her sucking lips.  
  
"Lorrie, you're driving me crazy!" she sighed. "I can feel your tongue all the way up and down my spine. It feels like you're going to suck me inside out... Oooh geez, it's great!"  
  
With long, broad strokes of her tongue, she licked from Arleen's cunt all the way up to the throbbing clit that now protruded stiffly. She flattened her tongue against the sensitive little button and really sent Arleen off into a lustful tirade as she toyed with it mercilessly.  
  
"Oooohhh... God... Oooohhh! Arleen cried out in wild abandon as she thrust her pussy against Lorrie's mouth. Her legs quivered uncontrollably.  
  
Encouraged by her friend's obvious ecstasy, and responding to the sensations throbbing through her own pussy, Lorrie became bolder. She abruptly removed her tongue from Arleen's clit and licked down the inside of her swollen, pink pussy-lips. After a few teasing pokes, she darted her stiffened tongue directly into Arleen's cunt. Then she buried the entire length of her tongue into Arleen's pussy, drinking the juices that coated that tight little cavern.  
  
Andy was on his way to the toilet, and as always, when he passed Lorraine's room, he looked through the partially open door. This time the door was all but closed; he could only just see in. What he saw made him wish he didn't need to go so badly. There was Lorraine's head thrust between Arleen's legs, as Arleen squirmed about on the bed.  
  
He just couldn't stay and watch; he had to go.  
  
Lorraine alternated between kissing, licking and sucking motions, until Arleen scissored her thighs around Lorrie's head and screamed. She gripped the bedcovers as her whole cunt began to spasm and twitch like mad. Her gasping cries became higher and higher, and more frequent.  
  
Arleen felt like she was going to pass out; her body stiffened briefly, before her pussy quivered rapidly and uncontrollably again.  
  
Suddenly she went limp all over and slumped heavily against the mattress, as her orgasm subsided. A peaceful expression spread over her girlish face, her eyes closed. She lay quietly for a second.  
  
"Oh. Lorrie, I never dreamt anything could be so totally wild," Arleen sighed. "Is fucking as good as that?"  
  
"Yeah; however, done properly oral can be even better than intercourse." Lorraine mumbled while still exhausted from licking Arleen's pussy.

After a further period of silence, Lorraine startled Arleen with, "I intend waking your brother in the morning by sucking his cock; would you like to watch?" Lorraine was excited by the prospect of being watched. She had often wondered what it would be like having sex in public.  
  
Arleen was initially shocked; with raised eyebrows she asked, "Do you really want an audience?" Her voice trembled because she was still recovering from her orgasm, and partly due to her amazement at the question.  
  
"Yeah, but I don't know what Andy would think... How about you sneak in and watch from his wardrobe."  
  
"You're sure?" She asked with a somewhat steadier voice.  
  
"Yeah." Lorrie smiled, and then added an encouraging wink.  
  
When Andy passed a few minutes later, Lorraine's room was in complete darkness.  
  
The Santa Ana wind made the night air uncomfortably hot, so Andy slept without any covering.  
  
In the morning, as Andy slowly emerged from his slumber, his thoughts were of Aunt Lorrie and their nude embrace. His morning erection was made stiffer by these thoughts.  
  
While his mind was still partially clouded by sleep, her felt a hand playing with his cock. It took a while before he realised it wasn't his hand.  
  
"Morning." Lorraine whispered.  
  
Her voice quickened his awakening. "What the hell?"  
  
"Ah! You're awake at last."  
  
"Lorrie? What are you doing?"  
  
"It's alright; shush." She continued to stroke the shaft of his cock. Her hand was warm and firm.  
  
Andy turned his head and looked directly at Lorrie. Her night-dress was on the floor beside her. Her bald pussy was at eye level; her outer lips were open slightly and her labia were swollen and protruded; they were very wet and shimmered in the soft morning light. This view caused his cock to grow even harder than it had been. The veins along his shaft bulged out with the sheer pressure of the extra blood pumped into them.  
  
She moved closer to Andy's bed; her hip pressed against its side. Using both hands she pulled his PJ shorts down his legs and off. Then she resumed stroking his rigid cock with one hand, faster than before.  
  
He was shocked at the sight of his own erection, jutting obscenely into the air, with Lorraine's feminine fingers wrapped around the shaft. Her nails were coloured a rich orange, with a smiley face painted in white on the nail of the index finger.  
  
With her other hand she took Andy's nearest forearm, and pulled it toward her until his hand was against her pussy. "Why don't you have a feel?"  
  
'That's better,' she thought, as his finger began to explore.  
  
Heat radiated from her pussy; the promise of the warm, wet depths which lay inside. He pressed two fingers between her labia and slid them down until he found the entrance to her eager cunt. His fingers invaded its depths easily.  
  
Andy thought he must have died and gone to heaven; here he was finger fucking a gorgeous girl while she gave him a hand-job. Well Lorrie was not content with this situation; and soon she stepped back, climbed onto his bed, and positioned her hips over his cock and lowered herself down onto it.  
  
Andy just laid his head back and closed his eyes as her pussy enveloped every inch of his rampant cock.  
  
"Ah, that's it," she sighed as her bottom landed on his groin.  
  
The warmth reminded him of Junko, but this was better, it was performed with love and a desire for enjoyment on Lorrie's part as well.  
  
"Oooo," was the very faint cry of Arleen who was watching from the wardrobe. She had crept into Andy's room with Lorraine.  
  
Andy held Lorraine's hips tightly as she rode him, pushing herself up and down with her legs. Her hand grabbed at her breast as she arched her back, her eyes closed and her mouth opened in ecstasy. She moaned loudly.  
  
"Not so loud; we don't want to wake Mom or Arleen." Andy warned. Lorraine smiled; she knew Arleen was in the Wardrobe.  
  
Lorraine used her legs to push herself up and down his engorged cock and each time her bottom landed on his groin she squeezed his throbbing cock with all the strength of her eager cunt muscles, and that was much harder than Junko had.  
  
All she seemed to be interested in was riding Andy until they both came.  
  
The feelings surging through his entire body were too much for Andy to resist. His cock suddenly spasmed and a jet of sticky cum shot up through her cervix and coated the inside her womb. Again, and again his cock convulsed; filling her cunt with his thick creamy sperm.  
  
Lorraine kept bouncing on Andy's cock; she had reached her pre-orgasmic plateau and was hoping to come before his cock went limp.  
  
His hands roamed over her front, caressing her firm breasts, squeezing her erect nipples. Soon her insides went wild with her own ecstasy.  
  
She collapsed onto Andy and lay there running her fingers slowly through his hair. She lifted her head and kissed him; a long passionate kiss, her mouth opened, licking his lips and sucking his tongue when he offered it to her.  
  
His cock finally plopped out of her and she rolled over and lay beside him.  
  
Arleen could clearly see the slimy coating of sperm on Andy's shrinking cock.  
  
Andy sat up and looked between her legs. There was a trail of cum leaking out of her pussy and oozing down toward her anus. Her clitoris was visible as a shiny round pea; he caressed it very lightly with his index finger. She responded by reaching for his limp dick and squeezing it rhythmically.  
  
When his dick rose to the occasion again, she sat up, leant over and kissed its tip. Her breath cascaded over it. He continued to finger her swollen clit.  
  
She took his prick-head between her lips and sucked the spongy glans as if to milk him. Her saliva washed freely over the bulbous head and down the shaft. Her hair, that cascaded over his thighs, felt soft and silky.  
  
Before he knew what was happening, she lowered her head down, engulfing his cock with her mouth.  
  
Her head bobbed up and down; her tongue caressing his shaft each time it filled up her mouth. Her hair tickled his groin as it slipped back and forth.  
  
His fingers moved down through her labia to her cunt. Two of his fingers entered there and began to fuck her, matching the intensity of her sucking. Her moaned response was muffled by his cock.  
  
He looked down at his lap; her face was hidden by her long dark hair that rippled over his legs in waves created by the movement of her mouth up and down his now super sensitive penis.  
  
"AH... ACHOO!" Lorraine lifted clear of Andy's cock with a start.  
  
"WHAT WAS THAT?" Andy yelled as he jumped off the bed and bounded over to the wardrobe; he flung it open only to be staring directly at Arleen's flushed face.  
  
"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE ARLEEN?" he demanded.  
  
Arleen dropped her head and began to sniffle; but between sobs she realised she was looking directly at her brother's cock, which stood up and pointed directly toward her face. She could see every knobbly vein, and Lorraine's saliva that glistened around the tip, and a drop of mucus that had oozed from its hole.  
  
Lorraine tried to diffuse the situation, "It's alright Arleen; we won't hurt you. Please come out."  
  
Arleen reluctantly stepped into the room. She was wearing only her short translucent nightie.  
  
Andy had to admit he thought that her tender young body was beautifully proportioned. Her skin was smooth, fair and unblemished. Her tits may have only been an B cup, but that was appropriate for her size. He could also just make out the slit of her pussy, as there was very little pubic hair either side of it.  
  
Lorraine walked over to Arleen and put her arms around her and then slowly and very quietly asked, "Have you enjoyed what you have heard and seen?"  
  
Arleen answered, between sniffles, "Yeah."  
  
"Would you like to sit and watch while I finish giving your brother a blow-job?"  
  
Andy was shocked at the suggestion, "Lorrie!"  
  
"It's alright Andy she has already heard, if not seen, us screwing; so?"  
  
Andy saw he was outnumbered, so he returned to the bed and lay on his back.  
  
Arleen had stopped sniffling and sat at Andy's desk facing the bed with an inquisitive smile; her nightie drooped either side of her legs which were spread a little, giving an unobstructed view of her sweet young pussy.  
  
Lorraine joined Andy on his bed; she positioned herself furthest away from Arleen so as not to obstruct her view. She knelt beside him; encircled his cock with her fingers, before she lowered her head and licked the tip with her tongue. She was rewarded with a drop of pre-cum.  
  
As Lorrie took as much as she could into her hot mouth, Arleen let out a cry of amazement.  
  
Andy's head fell back, mouth open as Lorraine bobbed up and down sucking harder and faster; drooling over the veiny surface, knowing she was igniting fires inside his prick and cum filled balls.  
  
His swollen, taut cock throbbed seemingly ready to explode at any moment. Knowing his sister was watching added to his arousal. He looked toward her; she was furiously frigging her clit with her right hand.  
  
Arleen wanted to join the action; so she stood, walked around the bed, and lay back between Lorraine's legs.  
  
She wiggled backwards, like a caterpillar, to position her head under Lorraine's groin. Then, she tipped her head back so that her mouth and chin lifted up to Lorrie's pussy. When she stuck out her tongue and ran it along her friend's crack; Lorrie stopped moving her lips along Andy's cock and gave a muffled sighed. She spread her legs, and so planted her pussy firmly against Arleen's lips and probing tongue.  
  
Arleen licked the juices from around Lorrie's cunt; there was some slippery love juice and a glob of Andy's cum. She tasted them gleefully as she smelt the musky aroma of sex. All the while she continued to rub her clit frantically.  
  
Andy's gaze had followed his sister as she moved to join in. Now watching her suck Lorrie's cunt was just too much.  
  
"Oh God; I'm going to cum." Andy warned.  
  
He expected Lorraine to pull off his cock, but instead she pushed her mouth down further onto his cock until he felt his knob enter her throat.  
  
He couldn't have held back if he tried. He plastered the inside of her throat with thick sticky cum.  
  
She held her mouth over his pulsating cock without even a flinch; her eyes actually sparkled with the joy of a successful blow-job.  
  
Finally, his orgasm subsided and she released his cock from her mouth. Her face was aglow with a twinkle of love in her eyes. A long dribble of cum oozed from his cock onto her chin.  
  
Lorraine's hand wrapped around his softening shaft and lazily stroked the last few drops out of him, not caring that her fingers became coated in fresh cum.  
  
She stayed in a kneeling position, rocking her pussy back and forth over Arleen's mouth until she herself had a mind-blowing orgasm. Her body froze briefly before she shook all over; her spasms were so violent that she fell sideways off Arleen and ended up on her side between Andy and Arleen.

**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders Ch. 07**

Mr Jason Richards was the boys Physical Education teacher at Cedar Hill High School. This was his first year as a teacher having only just graduated from university the year before. Mrs Zoe Finch was the girls PE teacher. Many years before she was a top gymnast, and she has maintained her slight build. She was responsible for the supervision and training of the school's cheerleaders.   
  
Most notable among the Cedar Hill High School cheerleaders were Veronica Wilson the head cheerleader; Chantelle Spiros who became famous by going to school completely naked last Monday and Tuesday; Marsha Dickson, the blond who Jamie Taylor thought had the sexiest pussy and with whom Jamie had sex at Veronica's birthday party; Jill Tumbling, the redhead who had swallowed Jamie's cum at the same party; and Tonni Arthur, the newest and youngest cheerleader, who was a junior in school.   
  
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During her first lesson on Thursday, Veronica had received a note instructing her to see Mr Richards in his office at the beginning of lunch-time. So as soon as the lunch bell rang, Veronica went straight to the athletic building where Mr Richards' office was next to the boy's change room. She knocked.   
  
"Come in," was the immediate reply.   
  
When she entered, she was surprised that there was another girl already there. She was seated in one of the two chairs that were against the wall on the left of the office. Above her there was a wall clock. Mr Richards was seated behind his desk to the right. A desk top computer was on the nearest end of his desk, with some papers half covering the keyboard. There was also a chair at the far end of the room with a red filing cabinet beside it in the right corner. There were a few trophies on the filing cabinet. In the left corner was a rubber tree in a large pot.   
  
Jason introduced them, "Good afternoon Miss Wilson, this is Aimee Wong. She is a science/mathematics senior." Then to Aimee, "Miss Wong this is Veronica Wilson; she is the head cheerleader." They shook hands.   
  
"Please sit down Miss Wilson."   
  
Once she was seated, he continued, "You are both here because of your actions on Monday. Since then Mrs Markely, the deputy head, has been trying to find a way to punish you. Yesterday she remembered that all of the cheerleaders had signed a 'Cheerleader's Position Description' which included a Code of Conduct clause. Do you remember it Miss Wilson?"   
  
"Err, I remember the Position Description, Sir."   
  
"But I'm not a cheerleader," Aimee interjected.   
  
"Ah, but that is your good fortune Miss Wong; because Mrs Markely has decided to offer you a position as a cheerleader so that you will be forced to behave yourself in future." Aimee smiled at the prospect.   
  
Jason continued, "I have seen your attempt at the cheerleader routine that you posted on the internet; and I think with some practice you should be able to make the grade. There is just one problem however."   
  
"Sir?" Aimee inquired.   
  
"Yes. Your jet black hair makes it really obvious that you don't shave the hairs on your legs." Aimee looked down at her legs and screwed her face. She spends most of her time studying and as such had never seen hairy legs as an issue.   
  
"You shave your legs, don't you Miss Wilson?"   
  
"Yes Sir."   
  
"Do you have any advice for Miss Wong?"   
  
"Well let's see." She hesitated for a bit; then continued, "I use my father's shaving cream and a ladies disposable razor. The first time my father noticed me shaving, he told me to make sure that I shaved with the grain. By that he meant run the razor down your legs, not up."   
  
"But my dad doesn't shave; he doesn't need to. It's his Asian genes, you know."   
  
"Oh; well I guess you will have to buy a can of shaving cream as well as a razor." Was the wise-crack from Veronica.   
  
"Thank you Miss Wilson, that's enough. There is another associated issue. In your cheerleader video, when you did the high kick, I not only saw your bikini briefs, but also some pubic hair sticking out. I guess this is because you have a very bushy patch of pubic hair. This is correct, isn't it Miss Wong?" Aimee blushed and dropped her head on hearing this.   
  
"Well then let us see how bad the problem is. Please come and stand here next to me and face Miss Wilson." Aimee did as requested; her head still hung low in embarrassment.   
  
"Please lift up your skirt so we can see." Reluctantly she slowly lifted the front of her skirt.   
  
Jason reached out and ran his fingers along one side of her panty. "Yes I can feel that there are some hairs protruding. Do you trim your pubic hair?"   
  
"Err, no Sir."   
  
"Miss Wilson, am I correct in assuming that all of the cheerleaders have their bikini line waxed?"   
  
"Umm... Not all use waxing; some have their hair permanently removed using electrolysis or a laser treatment. And some just shave their bikini line say two or three times a week. If you can afford it, permanent removal is best; and laser treatments are more efficient when the hair is dark and the skin is fair, like you Aimee. Otherwise, waxing last six weeks or so, but it is painful; shaving, if it is not done often enough, results in stubble after a couple of days, and this irritates the area."   
  
"I have heard that some male body builders use hair-growth inhibitor creams to prevent their hair growing on their chests. Do any of the girls use these?" Jason asked Veronica.   
  
"Eh, I've never heard of these creams."   
  
"Oh well, let's see how bushy you really are." And with that Jason pulled down on Aimee's panty until all of her pubic area was visible. Veronica breathed in with a start at his boldness.   
  
Jason ran his fingers down from her flat tummy into her pubic hair. "You hair is really silky, but there certainly is an awful lot of it."   
  
His fingers reached her pussy, which he then began to probe with his middle finger. Veronica watched this in wide eyed amazement.   
  
Aimee still looked down, but now she was curious as to what he would do next and how far he would go in front of Veronica. She watched as he caressed her clitoris.   
  
Then as his finger moved from her clitoris down to her vagina, Aimee and Veronica saw the tip of Jason's penis rise above the waist band of his shorts. Aimee tried to estimate its size. She thought the base of the tip was about two inches across, and for it to be just below his navel, his penis must be all of nine inches long. She recalled a little ditty she had heard.   
  
'Long and thin goes all the way in;   
  
Short and stout fills 'em out.'   
  
Then she wondered about Mr Richards' dick? Perhaps,   
  
'Long and fat, you can't beat that.'   
  
Jason saw where Aimee was looking and quickly removed his hand from her pussy, and using both hands, he pulled his shorts out and up. As he did so, Aimee had a clear, but very short glimpse, of the entire length of his massive cock.   
  
"Oo!" she not so much uttered, but breathed in.   
  
In an attempt to divert attention from what had just happened, Jason quickly grabbed a copy of the 'Cheerleader's Position Description' from his table and handed it to Aimee.   
  
"Miss Wong I want you take this with you. Read it thoroughly, and if you still wish to be a cheerleader, you will need to sign it and then come and see me with it next Wednesday at lunch-time. At the same time I will check out what you have done about your hair. OK?"   
  
"Yes Sir."   
  
"Now as for you Miss Wilson. Do you know why you are here?"   
  
"Yes Sir; to meet Aimee."   
  
"Well that's part of it. But it is also because Mrs Markely has decreed that you should be punished for your actions on Monday, which gave a bad impression of the school and its cheerleaders. The Cheerleader's Position Description I just gave Aimee contains a Code of Conduct clause, as I mentioned before; and it's this that Mrs Markely is using to punish you, and Miss Spiros, and Miss Dickson."   
  
Veronica looked worried. "What is the punishment, Sir?"   
  
"You are to be spanked six times on your bare bottom. Mrs Markely also decided that I should deliver the punishment, because she felt that Mrs Finch was too petite to be able to hit you with sufficient force... Oh, by the way I hear that next time, and there had better not be a next time, your parents will be contacted and you will either be stood-down for some time or even expelled... Now would you please bend over my desk?"   
  
Mr Richards delivered the six blows, letting his hand dwell on her bottom for a while after each. Veronica was fighting back tears. Aimee could see the red handprints on her left cheek.   
  
"I'm sorry Miss Wilson. Is your bottom very sore?"   
  
Sniffle, sniffle "Yes Sir." Sniffle. He had begun to massage her bottom with the palm of his hand.   
  
"Is the massage helping?"   
  
"Yeah, a little." Sniffle.   
  
As he massaged her, he moved his hand so that his fingers could reach her pussy.   
  
He was both massaging her butt and fingering her cunt when there was a knock at the door.   
  
Jason pulled Veronica panty up as he yelled, "Come in!"   
  
As Chantelle entered, she exchanged greetings with Veronica.   
  
"Good afternoon Miss Spiros, pl..." was all Veronica and Aimee heard, before Veronica shut the door.   
  
Aimee giggled. Veronica sort of giggled between sniffles, as she held back tears.   
  
"Did the spanking really hurt?" Aimee enquired as they started walking back to the cafeteria.   
  
Sniffle, "Geez yeah." Sniffle.   
  
"Did his massage help?" Giggled Aimee.   
  
"Well it did take my mind off the pain, especially when he fingered me. Can you believe it?"   
  
"What about the size of his cock! Did you see its head poke out above his shorts?"   
  
"Yeah!" They both giggled.   
  
Aimee added, "I briefly saw its entire length as he pulled his shorts up. Wow it's massive! Can a girl really take all that in her vagina?"   
  
"Well if the vagina can stretch enough to deliver a baby, then the fatness is not the problem; but what about the length! It nearly reached his navel! Can you imagine having something go that far up inside you? Wow!"   
  
They were silent for quite a while before Aimee spoke again.   
  
"You know I think I have an old guy crush on Mr Richards." She confessed.   
  
"He's not so old. I heard that this is his first year out of Uni; so he is probably only four years older than you."   
  
'Really!' Aimee thought as they entered the cafeteria and went to join their friends on different tables.   
  
Veronica sat next to Marsha. Marsha could see in Veronica's eyes that she had been crying. "What happened?"   
  
"Do you remember that 'Cheerleaders' Position Description' that we all signed along with Mrs Finch? Well apparently it contains a section on the cheerleader's code of conduct; and it's this that they are using to punish us."   
  
"So what was the punishment?" Marsha enquired.   
  
"Mr Richards spanked me six times on the bare bum!"   
  
"Did he hit you really hard? I guess he must have judging by your eyes. Does it hurt to sit then?"   
  
"Yeah; it still hurts." Then she added a little later in an angry voice; "It's not fair, that Aimee Wong didn't get punished. No; she gets to become a cheerleader!"   
  
"Who is Aimee Wong?" Tonni was first to ask.   
  
"She is that Asian girl that did the strip-tease straight after Marsha on Monday." Veronica answered.   
  
This time it was Jill who asked. "So why wasn't she punished, then?"   
  
"Since she's not a cheerleader, they couldn't use the cheerleader's code of conduct as a reason to punisher her; but Mr Richards explained that by allowing her becoming a cheerleader, she will have to behave in future." Veronica face looked angry as she answered.   
  
Just then the normal noise of the cafeteria was broken by the sound of laughter coming from Aimee and her friends.   
  
"What do you think they are laughing about? Could it be because Aimee is to be a cheerleader? No, it's the wrong sort of laughter. It's as if they are laughing at something silly that someone did." Jill noted.   
  
Veronica offered this suggestion almost in a whisper, "While Mr Richards was telling Aimee she would have to trim her pubic hair; he ran his fingers down through her pubs and into her pussy." Then she smiled, "But that's not the funny part; he got such a hard-on that the tip of his dick rose above the waistband of his shorts. Both Aimee and I saw it." They all laughed.   
  
"It didn't; did it really?" Jill asked.   
  
"Yeah, it really did, and it looked massive. It must be all of two inches thick across and long enough to nearly reach his navel! Can you imagine how long it must be!" Veronica informed them.   
  
Then she decided to shock the other girls even further with the revelation that after landing the last blow, Mr Richards had massaged her bum with the palm of his hand. "And gradually he moved his palm until he was able to finger my pussy even while he continued the massage."   
  
Marsha thought, 'I would love to have such a dick inside me. Imagine how good it must feel.' It was then that she decided to go early so she would have more time with him. More time to try and seduce him; but first she went to the girls toilet and masturbated for a bit to make sure she was well lubricated, so his massive penis would slid in easily.   
  
Meanwhile to Chantelle, "You should not have confronted Mrs Markely in front of the entire cafeteria like you did. She spent the last three days looking for a way to get back at you."   
  
"Sorry Sir."   
  
Then Jason explained to Chantelle how and why she was being punished.   
  
He had her bend over his desk in the same way as he did with Veronica. He lifted her skirt and was amazed to see that she wasn't wearing any underwear. This caused his semi-flaccid cock to swell again.   
  
He stood to the side while he delivered the spanking.   
  
And after the last slap, he followed the same MO as he had used with Veronica. He massaged her buttock with the palm of his right hand, eventually reaching her pussy with his fingers.   
  
"Miss Spiros, what do you know about the girls that stripped on Monday?"   
  
"Well, let's see... Veronica Wilson is my best friend. She's smart; I think she wants to go to Uni to study business and financial management... And ah... Marsha Dickson is a fellow cheerleader, but I guess you knew that. She's a natural blond and just an average student... As for the Asian girl..."   
  
He interrupted; "Her name is Miss Aimee Wong."   
  
"Oh OK... Gee ah... I don't really know her. I think she is one of the few female science geeks. My brother Steve may know her."   
  
Jason had unconsciously progressed to fingering Chantelle's clitoris, while he was day-dreaming about Miss Wong. "Sorry, what did you say?"   
  
"I said I think she is a science geek."   
  
As he caressed her clit with his middle finger, Chantelle became less conscience of the pain in her bum, the massage had helped; and from then on she was more aware of the pleasant feelings emanating from her pussy.   
  
"What do you think of the idea of a young teacher, such as m... Ah my friend courting a student like Miss Wong?"   
  
"I thought such things were normally frowned upon."   
  
"But I'm... I mean, he's only a few years older." He protested.   
  
Chantelle was glad he couldn't see her face, because she was smiling from ear-to-ear. She thought, 'Your friend, as if.' Actually she had to fight very hard not to laugh out loud.   
  
"Well since your friend is so young and handsome, I think it shouldn't be a problem. However, it may still look like he's using his position of power to force her into things." Chantelle now realised that Mr Richards had a thing for that Asian girl.   
  
"No I... Ah. He wouldn't." Mr Richards claimed.   
  
Chantelle thought, 'Well what are you doing now with your fingers in my pussy.'   
  
"Oh! That feels nice, Sir." She said this to let him know that she was willing for him to continue feeling her up.   
  
As Chantelle became more aroused, she slowly spread her legs and pushed her bum up, thus giving Jason's fingers better access to her cunt. He imagined he was fingering Miss Wong and took full advantage of Chantelle's new position.   
  
"You're going to be a good girl in future, aren't you?"   
  
"Yes Sir."   
  
He moved behind her and proceeded to insert his middle finger into her. He felt the wetness grow within her as he moved his finger about. Chantelle rocked her hips a little to increase the stimulation. Occasionally he found her G-spot and Chantelle let out a muffled moan.   
  
"Did you say something Miss Wong? Sorry I mean Miss Spiros."   
  
Chantelle knew that she should stop Mr Richards, but then she recalled what Jamie had said 'As the female becomes more aroused, it can start to affect her judgment.' She was aroused and she did not stop him.   
  
"Ooooo... Only that your massaging feels great. Please continue."   
  
Jason progressed to using two fingers and then three. When he felt sure that she was OK with this, he pulled his shorts and under-pants down with his left hand. His penis stood rock hard pointing to the sky. He removed his fingers and guided his massive cock toward her moist cunt. He was very gentle; he eased his penis in little by little, and occasionally pulled back, before he proceeded further.   
  
Chantelle felt like she was being entered by a shovel handle, it stretched her vagina so each time it went in further. It was not painful as such, more a feeling of fullness. She tried to remember how it had felt when Jamie had taken her doggie style in the girls' shower. She recalled there was a feeling of tightness and fullness even with Jamie's penis, which she thought must be smaller than Mr Richards'   
  
Finally Chantelle felt his pubic hair touch her bum; he was completely inside her. Jason could feel her warm vagina squeezing his cock along its entire length. Gradually he withdrew until only the head remained within her; then with one slow continuous motion he pushed his cock all the way in again.   
  
"Ooooooh" Chantelle sighed, as she braced herself by stretching her arms either side of her and grabbing the edge of the table with her hands.   
  
He repeated this withdrawal and slow entry once more; this time it slid in more easily as their love juices coated his cock more completely. Then he fucked her with a rocking action of his hips. Chantelle had no sooner started arching her hips in time with Mr Richards' movements than there was a knock at the door.   
  
"Just a moment!" Mr Richards shouted as he withdrew from Chantelle. She immediately straightened and turned toward him. She saw his massive cock was covered in their love juices as he struggled to pull his underpants up over it.   
  
Chantelle straightened her skirt and blouse.   
  
"Come in!" Mr Richards called, as he was himself now decent, except for the bulge his erection caused in his shorts.   
  
Marsha opened the door and saw Chantelle walking toward her. "Hi Chantelle."   
  
"Hi Marsha."   
  
As they passed, Marsha was intrigued by the smile on Chantelle's face, especially since her eyes were blood-shot as if she had been crying.   
  
"You're very early Miss Dickson." Jason remarked with a slight harshness in his voice.   
  
"Am I? Sorry Sir."   
  
Jason took the same approach with Marsha as he did with Veronica and Chantelle. He described how Mrs Markely had realised that the 'Cheerleader's Position Description' contained a clause about the required code of conduct for cheerleaders; and that this could be used to punish them for their actions in the cafeteria on Monday. He then explained that he was to administer the punishment, because Mrs Markely felt that Mrs Finch did not have the build to deliver a hard enough spanking.   
  
He instructed her to lean over his desk. When she had, he slipped her panties down to her knees. She moved her legs together so that her panties fell to the floor; where-upon she stepped out of them. She did this as part of her plan.   
  
As he landed each blow, he left his hand on Marsha's bottom for some time. His arm was already sore, so he was sure that he didn't hit Marsha as hard as he did the other two girls.

After the last blow, he commenced massaging Marsha's bottom with the palm of his hand. Marsha was expecting this because of what Veronica had said. She waited for him to finger her pussy before she sprang into action.   
  
She turned her upper body toward him, reached out with both hands and pulled his shorts and under pants down to his knees in one swift action. Jason was so shocked by this; that he fell back onto the chair behind him. His massive erection stood proud.   
  
Marsha quickly took the two steps necessary to reach him and then impaled herself on his cock. Well actually, she only succeeded in getting it in half way; she had to push herself up and down a few times before she sat on his lap, facing him, with his massive cock all the way inside her. She could feel how its thickness stretched her insides; she like that feeling. He still had a surprised look on his face when she kissed him; her lips slightly parted, she sucked on his lower lip.   
  
Marsha's hips rocked back and forth. When she broke the kiss, Jason protested "What are you doing Miss Dickson?"   
  
At this point his pubic hairs tickled her clitoris while she felt his manhood move within her. "I think it's obvious what we are doing, Sir. We're having sex!"   
  
Jason looked at the clock. There was 12 minutes before the lunch break would end. He thought, 'Why not enjoy this gorgeous cheerleader while you can.' He lent forward and kissed Marsha; he stuck out his tongue and licked her lips. She opened her lips and proceeded to suck his tongue.   
  
Jason put his hands between them and unbuttoned Marsha's blouse and removed it. She reached behind and unclasped her bra. Her ample breasts were close enough together to give her a nice cleavage. Jason watched her breasts move as Marsha continued to rock her hips across his lap.   
  
This time it was Marsha that reached between them. She wondered if he was 'au natural' or whether he followed the fashion and had a bare chest. She unbuttoned his shirt and he slipped it off. His chest was bare. They lent together, each enjoying the feeling of the other's body. Again they kissed passionately.   
  
Jason thought that Miss Dickson was not as tight as Miss Spiros. Was it because she had a fuller figure, her hips were wider; or was it because she was more experienced, she was certainly more aggressive.   
  
Now Marsha pushed with her legs so that she moved up and down his enormous dick. She thought, 'It was like her whole body was being massaged from within. It hurt like a strong massage hurts, but it was a nice sort of pain'. She was sure she would soon have a one God almighty orgasm.   
  
When Chantelle joined her friends in the cafeteria, she was bombarded with questions.   
  
"Did he spank you like he did with Veronica?"   
  
"Did you see his dick or just the bulge in his shorts?"   
  
"Did it hurt?"   
  
"Wow!" Chantelle took a breath, and then answered quietly. "Did it hurt? Yeah, the spanking hurt. Did I see what? I didn't see anything because he had me bent over his desk the whole time."   
  
"What do you mean, 'he had you'?" Asked Veronica reading between the lines.   
  
"Well isn't that the position you were in Veronica when he spanked your bare bum?" Chantelle had decided she was not going to kiss-n-tell about their sex.   
  
"Yeah, but he did more than just spank me." The other girls sniggered at this remark of Veronica's.   
  
"How could he do more?" Chantelle sort of lied by implying nothing had happened. "Marsha arrived at Mr Richards' office very early."   
  
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Next Wednesday morning as Aimee prepared for school, she suddenly remembered that today was the day she had to show Mr Richards how she had remedied her hair problem. She debated which panty to wear or whether to wear none. She though if she wore none he might think she was cheep; so she finally decided to wear a black lacy bikini brief that had bowties on either side. The black lace meant he would be able to see the outline of her pussy even before she took them off; and it was quick and easy to take them off, all she had to do was pull on one of the bowtie strings.   
  
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At the start of the lunch break, Aimee entered Jason's office. Jason was seated at his desk.   
  
"Good afternoon Miss Wong. Is that the 'Cheerleader's Position Description' you have there?"   
  
"Yes Sir." She replied as she walked towards his desk.   
  
"Have you signed it?"   
  
"Yes Sir." She now stood at the end of his desk, facing him.   
  
"So you still want to be a cheerleader then?" He looked straight into her beautiful ebony eyes.   
  
"Oh yes Sir; most definitely." She returned his gaze.   
  
"Good; put that on my desk... Err, now what about your hairy legs?"   
  
"I shaved my legs on Sunday and again this morning." Aimee lifted her right foot up and placed it on his desk such that he could see all the way up her leg to her panty. He could see the shape and outline of her pussy through the black lace panty, which was pulled slightly into her slit. "I agree it does look much better. What do you think, Sir? Have I shaved correctly?"   
  
Jason placed his hand on her ankle and slowly ran his fingers up her calf and onto her thigh. "It looks and feels like you've done a good job... But... ah... what of you pubic hair?"   
  
"I had it all removed by laser on Saturday. Now I look like a ten year old again."   
  
Aimee smiled as she remembered the first time she exposed herself to a man; well actually it was Lui Wong, her eleven year old cousin on her father's side. She was ten, and Lui and his parents were visiting them as they did every year.   
  
Aimee smile grew even bigger; devilish even. She raised her eyebrows and pulled on one of the panty bowtie strings and let her panty fall to the floor. "I must admit, it felt strange at first, but now I'm used to the smooth feeling. Do you like it, Sir?"   
  
His fingers moved from her thigh to her groin. He knew she would be OK with this, as he had fingered her last Thursday. "It certain does feel much better without the hair, and it looks good enough to eat."   
  
"Oh yes please Sir," Aimee pleaded.   
  
"What?" He asked as he caressed her clitoral hood with his middle finger.   
  
Jason thought, 'We circumcise boys and that means the head of their penis is always uncovered. Why don't we circumcise girls; that is, why don't we cut away the clitoral hood sufficient for the clitoris to be permanently exposed?'   
  
"Ooooh... What you're doing feels really nice... Ooooh..." She was more vocal today because they were alone, no Veronica. "But do you think you could kiss it? ... Ooooh." Aimee was shocked at herself for being so blunt, but she wanted him to know she was willing to go all the way.   
  
She pushed her hips toward his face.   
  
Last Thursday Jason had fingered Miss Wong and Miss Wilson; and he had sex with Miss Spiros and Miss Dickson. Admittedly his sex with Miss Spiros was interrupted when Miss Dickson arrived early, and it was Miss Dickson who forced herself onto him. Even so Jason had thought of no one else but Miss Wong since then, and it sounded like she wanted him too. So, without further-a-do, he removed his finger from her pussy and planted his lips in its place.   
  
"Ooooh! ... That's the greatest... Ooooh." She sighed as his tongue flicked about the inside of her slit. It felt even nicer than when Lui first did it; she was eleven and her breasts had only just started to grow. She and Lui had tried oral sex just like they had seen on the internet.   
  
As before, Jason's penis rose above the waist-band of his shorts. Aimee wanted to play with it, to feel it between her fingers; but she also wanted Mr Richards to continue with his licking. Eventually she became so aroused that she wanted not only too grab it, but to feel it inside her.   
  
Aimee looked straight into Mr Richards' eyes and winked. "Please Sir, I ready for you to make love to me."   
  
Jason rose to his feet, pulled his shorts down to his knees. Aimee put her right leg down and lay back on his desk. She pulled the front of her skirt up to her waist.   
  
With her right hand she guided his rampant penis into the vestibule of her vagina. Her short fingers barely went halfway around his cock as she gripped it. Slowly he pushed into her. She was tight. He used short strokes; inching forward only a little each time.   
  
Aimee murmured softly, "Ooooo... Oooooo." It was a sound of both pleasure and pain as her warm wetness gradually succumbed to his manhood.   
  
He lent over Aimee and kissed her. She returned his kiss with one of unbridled passion. Their tongues darted about each other's mouths occasionally playing tag.   
  
He soon had her floating among the clouds, with jolts of lightning shooting through her body; but it was Jason who came first. Her tightness was just too stimulating. He shot his seed within her in a series of sticky jets.   
  
She had wrapped her legs around his back and pleaded, "Don't stop thrusting. I want to come too. Please sir... P l e a s e."   
  
Jason continued moving until his cock went limp. Aimee quickly lowered her legs and so released him, "Please lick my pussy again; I'm nearly there."   
  
He immediately did as she demanded, plus he inserted two fingers to stimulate her G-spot. Soon he felt rhythmic spasms squeezing his fingers. "Ooooh... Ooooooh... Ooooooooh!" She shouted. She had come.   
  
Jason signed her copy of the 'Cheerleader's Position Description' and placed it on his desk. "Later I'll give that to Mrs Finch for her files. Now remember; training starts fifteen minutes after school every Wednesday. You make sure you're there, OK?"   
  
"Thank you Sir."   
  
"Aimee, I think when we are alone together you can call me Jason." He hinted that he intended to see her and make love with her again.   
  
"Yes Sir; I mean, Jason." Aimee smiled as she turned to leave his office. She thought; 'I must see Jason again next Wednesday lunch time.'   
  
Before she reached the door, Aimee looked at her phone; there was still 10 minutes of lunch time left. She turned and run back to Jason and kissed him. "Please do it again. Can we? There's still time... P l e a s e?"   
  
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Whenever the footballers played away, the team and the cheerleaders stayed in a hotel the night after the game. There was only one such occurrence after Aimee became a full member of the squad.   
  
On this occasion, it was past midnight before the players and cheerleaders finally settled down in their hotel rooms. Aimee and Chantelle were sharing a room.   
  
The room was dimly lit by the moonlight coming through the lace curtains. The two single beds were either side of the window, with a bed-side table in between. There was a chair against the table and a clock radio on it; the radio faced more toward Chantelle than Aimee. The table and chair were low enough that Chantelle could see all around the room, except the entry door and hallway to it, as they were obscured by the bathroom. There was a wardrobe opposite the window; it had a full length mirror on one of its doors.   
  
The room was reasonably warm, so they both used just a single sheet as a cover.   
  
Aimee was in the bed was nearest the door. She had dropped off to sleep really quickly. Chantelle laid there listening to Aimee's breathing and the faint sounds coming from the city below. She was restless and thought about Jamie and their various escapades, for what seemed like hours.   
  
At about 2 o'clock in the morning Chantelle froze when she thought she heard the door squeak. Soon a man appeared from the hallway. As he surveyed the room, Chantelle recognised him as Mr Richards. He was wearing a white short-sleeve shirt and a navy-blue pair of tailored shorts. Chantelle had heard rumours that Aimee and Mr Richards had been seen together, arm-in-arm, in a nearby town on at least one occasion; so she assumed that he come for her.   
  
Jason could see that Chantelle was in the far bed, and Aimee was in the nearest. He thought they were both asleep, because it was so late and neither moved as he entered.   
  
He crept to Aimee's bedside. Very slowly he reached out and lifted the sheet from on top of Aimee. He pulled it below her legs before setting it down. Aimee wore only a loose top and a pair of bikini briefs. She lay slightly turned toward Chantelle, with one arm across her chest.   
  
Jason very lightly touched the crotch of her panty, stroking up and down. Aimee did not stir.   
  
With his free hand Mr Richards pulled the front of Aimee's panty down enough to allow him to see her pussy. Chantelle was surprised that Aimee's pussy and mound were completely nude. She had been very hairy when she did that striptease.   
  
Jason licked his index finger to moisten it, and then he slid it between Aimee's outer pussy lips. When he found the bottom of her clitoral hood, he wiggled his finger in and out to stimulate her clitoris beneath. Still Aimee did not stir.   
  
After a few minutes he used both hands and gradually pulled her panty from under her hip and down off her legs. Then he reinserted his moistened index finger between her pussy lips.   
  
The faint hum of the city below was briefly shattered by the screech of police sirens.   
  
When he felt he couldn't wait any longer; Jason repositioned himself so that he was next to Aimee's head. He moved his hand away from her pussy, and pulled his shorts down to his ankles. Then he knelt down.   
  
Chantelle wondered what he was doing; all she could see was his back. She happened to look toward the wardrobe and discovered that she could see them both in the mirror. She saw that Mr Richards was rubbing the tip of his huge cock over Aimee's mouth. Sometimes her lips parted and a little of its tip went between them. Jason again placed his hand on her pussy and stroked her clit with his index finger.   
  
Finally Aimee stirred. While she was still drowsy with her eyes closed; she instinctively pushed away Jason's cock. When she did open her eyes, the first thing she saw was Jason's face. He smiled. Next she became aware of his huge swollen dick beside her head. She opened her mouth and proceeded to suck it.   
  
When Aimee decided she was aroused enough, she pleaded with him. "Jason please make love to me. I'm sure my vagina is moist enough already." And with that Aimee rolled onto her back and spread her legs.   
  
He easily slid two fingers into her, and then he succeeded in fully inserting three fingers.   
  
She was almost ready; so he moved between her legs. He sucked her clit and its hood as well as her inner lips and the entrance to her cunt. He listened to her moans in an attempt to discover which she liked most.   
  
He thought if he did these things, her vagina would produce even more love juices and so make the initial penetration easier and more enjoyable for both of them. Soon he saw that her love juices were oozing from her cunt.   
  
Jason moved up to kiss her on the mouth. As he tickled her lips with his tongue, he laid his swollen penis between her pussy's outer lips, with its head against her clitoris. He felt the warmth of her pussy surround his manhood. And then he rocked his hips a little, so that the tip of his cock moved against her clit and its shaft massaged her inner lips.   
  
When she returned his kiss by putting out her tongue to meet his; he adjusted his position, so that his cock moved up less with each stroke.   
  
When its head was at the entrance of her waiting cunt, she guided his massive cock into her. He commenced with short strokes, going just a little further into her wetness with each forward thrust. Aimee felt her insides being stretched to accommodate him.   
  
When he was fully in, the tip of his cock just touched the furthest end of her vagina. She felt his balls bounce against her bum.   
  
Even though she had been with Jason a few times before, the sensation of fullness was still surprising and extremely exciting. As he started with longer strokes, it seemed to Aimee like the entire length of her cunt was shooting bolts of lightning up to her brain.   
  
There was little noise from the street below now, and so Chantelle could hear that the mattress produced a very faint series of squeaks as Mr Richards and Aimee achieved a regular rhythm. Aimee swooned softly.   
  
The first rays of the morning sun woke Chantelle. At first she was disorientated. Once she realised where she was; she wondered whether she had dreamt Mr Richards making love to Aimee last night; did it really happen? Did she actually fall asleep just as they got into the swing of it? She rolled over and looked at Aimee. She was alone on her bed and still asleep. Her face glowed; she seemed contented. Aimee's panties were on the bed below her feet, next to the crumpled top sheet. And so Chantelle smiled with the knowledge that it was no dream.

**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders Ch. 08**

The Cedar Hill high school cheerleaders always had their lunch together in the cafeteria. There was Veronica Wilson the head cheerleader; Chantelle Spiros who became famous by going to school completely naked; Marsha Dickson, who Jamie Taylor thought had the sexiest pussy; Jill Tumbling who had swallowed Jamie's cum at Veronica's birthday party; and Tonni Arthur, the newest and youngest cheerleader, being a junior in school.  
  
More than a month before the prom, the main topics of their conversation are; what they are going to wear, and who is going with whom.  
  
With a devilish look on her face, Veronica stated, "As you all know Chantelle has certainly influence us, and with that in mind I issue the following challenge; let's have a contest to see who will wear the most revealing, sexist, or provocative outfit to the prom!"  
  
Tonni immediately replied, "If I wear something like that my dad will kill me."  
  
"Then you will need to change after you leave home; maybe in the limo." Veronica quipped.  
  
Tonni quickly asked, "Do you think Will will hire a limo to pick me up?" William Mann was the best football player in the school; tall, handsome, and athletic.  
  
"If he wants to impress you he will; especially if he wants some fun after the prom." Chantelle suggested.  
  
Tonni thinks to herself about the time Will took her to the movies; she had removed her long sleeve blouse and slacks, so that in the movies she only had on a crop-top and mini skirt.  
  
"Perhaps we could have a challenge for our dates as well?" Marsha quipped.  
  
"Yeah, we could insist that they go 'combat'." Chantelle suggested with a devilish smile.  
  
Tonni had to ask, "What does 'combat' mean?"  
  
"When you don't wear any underwear." Chantelle explained.  
  
"I was thinking of wearing crotch-less panties; so John can have a good feel later in the evening." Marsha stated.  
  
"Have you thought about body paint? Couldn't you have panties painted on using body paint?" Jill suggested smugly.  
  
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The prom is not going to be held in the school hall or sports stadium, but in town at a venue normally used for weddings.  
  
At the deputy principal's insistence, three weeks before the prom, the school council issued a dress code for the prom. It read:  
  
'School Prom Dress Code  
  
Boys are required to wear a tie and tails ( tuxedo ).  
  
Ordinary pants and jeans are not permitted.  
  
Girls must wear a full length dress or gown.  
  
The hem of the dress or gown must be less than two  
  
inches from the ground when the girl is standing bare-foot.  
  
Failure to comply will mean you will not be admitted to the prom!  
  
The assistant principal Mrs Markely will be at the front door inspecting all outfits.'  
  
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As soon as the dress code was released, Chantelle invited Jamie Taylor, her boyfriend, over to discuss the prom and the code. Jamie was an Audio/Video nerd at Cedar Hill high school.  
  
When he arrived, he was met at the door by Mr Spiros. "Hi Jamie," he said as he offered Jamie his hand.  
  
Jamie shook Mr Spiros' hand, and they went into the lounge room. "Chantelle's not quite ready for you yet."  
  
"Oh." Jamie said nervously.  
  
"Do you play any sport, Jamie?"  
  
"No; but err, the coach often asks me to umm, to record the game and produce a video of the highlights."  
  
"Yeah, Chantelle said you were into that sort of thing."  
  
"Yeah, it was one of those ah, videos and one I did of Chantelle, kind of the story of her high school experience, which I showed during my umm, my interview at Jefferson University." Jamie thought 'Was it a mistake mentioning that video?'  
  
"Can I see the video you did of Chantelle?"  
  
"Err, sure." Jamie said as he looked for it on his laptop.  
  
Not long after they began watching it, Chantelle started down the stairs. "That's enough of the third degree, Daddy!" She yelled wanting to rescue Jamie.  
  
As she turned at the bottom of the stairs, she saw what they were watching. "Jamie! What's that?" she demanded. She was wearing a tight T-shirt and a cheeky pair of hot-pants.  
  
Jamie turned, "Wow! ... Oh, it's a video that started out about the school's cheerleaders in general, but after we got together, it sort of became all about you."  
  
"Can I have a copy?" Mr Spiros requested.  
  
Jamie immediately said, "Yes Sir." At the same time as Chantelle protested, "D a d!"  
  
Chantelle took Jamie by the hand and led him upstairs. As soon as they entered her room, Chantelle pulled Jamie too her and gave him a long passionate tongue kiss.  
  
Her room was definitely a girl's room. However there were two things that caught Jamie's eye. First was a photo of him on her desk. Secondly was the enlargement of a still shot taken from the video of the girl walking naked in a European shopping mall. It showed the point where the policeman on a motor bike was giving advice to the girl. The policeman was in the foreground, with the girl immediately behind. The bike handle bars obscured her nipples, and the petrol tank hid her waist. In the background can be seen some of the mall, and a few shoppers who seem unfussed by either the policeman or the nude girl.  
  
"I like the picture. It's a good reminder without giving too much away."  
  
"Yeah." Then she asked, "Have you seen the dress code for the prom?"  
  
"Yeah. I guess you would have gone nude if it wasn't for that code, eh?" Jamie had a broad smirk.   
  
"You really do know me, don't you love?" Chantelle reflects.  
  
"Umm..... So what can you do to be nude, but satisfy the code? I guess you can go without any underwear under the gown." Jamie suggested.  
  
She thought for a bit, then Chantelle said, "At lunch, Jill mentioned having underwear painted on using body paint."  
  
Jamie considered this, "Do you think body paint can look realistic?"  
  
"I don't know. If it looks very real, then I could have the gown made of tulle."  
  
"What's tulle?" Jamie asked.  
  
"A synthetic sort of insect mesh."  
  
"Why not have black tulle, then."  
  
Chantelle looked puzzled. "Why black?"  
  
"Because you can see through dark coloured tulle as if it isn't there. White has the opposite effect, and tends to be all you see, not what is behind it." Jamie explained.  
  
"Why don't we have a look at some body paintings on the internet?"  
  
"OK."  
  
Jamie and Chantelle sat beside each other at Chantelle's desk and used 'Google images' to view various girls with clothes painted on.   
  
One had a T-shirt and blue denim slacks; another had a bikini top and cheeky shorts; yet another had a black lacy bra and black bikini briefs.   
  
"That's what I need." Chantelle screamed as soon as she saw the lace underwear. They looked closely at the full size copy of that photo and decided it certainly was very realistic; only on close inspection did the nipples and the vaginal lips give away the deception.  
  
Jamie informed Chantelle that having the underwear painted on in matt-black made the contours harder to see.  
  
"How about we watch a video of an artist doing the painting?" Jamie suggested.  
  
Chantelle switched to 'Google videos' and typed in 'body painting'.  
  
The first video they watched showed a voluptuous lady taking off her blouse and bra and having a bikini top painted. Then she removed her shorts and panty; she had shaved her pubic hair; they could see her rounded outer lips with the inner lips protruding just a little. The male artist started by blocking out the large area which was to be the body of the shorts. Unconsciously Chantelle was squeezing Jamie's cock through his pants. The artist continued to define the outline of the shorts, both around the waist and legs, this included between the legs. Jamie's cock had enlarged. Now the details, of such things as stitching, were added. The areas between the buttocks and around the vagina were painted in different shades to disguise their shape.  
  
Another video started with the model wearing a T-shirt and tight jeans. The female artist began by photographing the girl from all four sides. Then the model removed her T-shirt and the artist painted it back on using the photos as a guide. Then the model removed her jeans and pink panty; they could see that her outer pussy lips were wrinkled. Chantelle realised that Jamie had a full-on erection. She pulled his zipper down and tried to extract his cock. The trouble she had reminded her of her suggestion to the other cheerleaders that the boys should go without underpants.   
  
"Jamie, would you be willing to go 'combat' to the prom?"  
  
"What do you mean by 'combat'?"  
  
"Don't you remember; it means you don't wear any underwear?"  
  
Jamie thought "Oh yeah, I remember now. Perhaps I should try again, right now."  
  
Jamie stood, undid his belt and was about to drop his pants, "Are you sure we can't be disturbed?"  
  
Smiling, Chantelle replied, "We're OK. I locked the door as we came in."   
  
So Jamie continued to remove his pants and undies.  
  
The artist had nearly finished painting the jeans; he was just detailing the stitching.   
  
Jamie was now naked below the waist.   
  
"Jamie, will you try something for me? Try sucking you arse in."  
  
As he did, his cock shrunk a little and twitched. "Do it again." She giggled, "Do it again."  
  
"Where did you learn about that?"  
  
"I read it in a sealed lift-out section of a women's magazine. With girls the virginal muscles squeeze when you do it. I've been practicing." She said as she slid her shorts over her bum, down her legs and off.   
  
"I normally put two fingers in and then try to squeeze them... How about you put your fingers in and see if you can feel anything?" She spread her legs.  
  
Once he had inserted his index and middle fingers as far as possible, Chantelle flexed her muscles. "Yep! I felt it!"   
  
She did it a few more times. "Wow!"  
  
"Let's try with your cock in, OK?"  
  
Jamie sat back down on the chair and she straddled him, facing him; she grabbed his dick and slowly lowered herself onto it. "Now let's sit still and you try squeezing, OK? ... Now squeeze; oooh... Again; oooh... Again; oooh. I can just feel your cock move and twitch. It's great."  
  
"Now you try."  
  
"OK."  
  
"Wow! I really can feel your cunt tightening about the base of my cock. It's great; do it again."  
  
She responded. "How about we try alternating, you squeeze so I can feel it, and then I'll do it so you can feel it?"  
  
They continued like this for some minutes before Chantelle started lifting herself up and back down using her legs. She stroked his cock like this for a while, but as soon as she kissed him as well, Jamie came within her. Each time he came Chantelle squeezed her arse and vaginal muscles and milked extra cum from his cock.   
  
Then her orgasm started; she froze for a second before her squeezing became involuntary spasms.  
  
She stayed on his lap; they cuddled, and so they enjoyed their warm after-glow.  
  
Once they had cooled down, Chantelle's mind returned to the prom. "You know, those painted clothes are so realistic, I think I will go to the prom with a white bra and shorts painted on and a dark coloured tulle dress."  
  
"You know Tonni is studying art. I've seen some of her work, she's really good. Perhaps she might volunteer to paint you." Jamie suggested.  
  
"Yeah? We should ask her." And then she thought aloud, "Wouldn't it be great if the gown was colourful when being checked by Mrs Markely, and then miraculously became invisible afterwards."  
  
This reminded Jamie of some fabric he had read about. "That's possible." He said encouragingly, and then he went on to explain; "The fabric is called an electro-chromatic fabric; it's a form of electro-active polymer, or in lay terminology a 'smart material'. A small jolt of power will cause it to go clear and it will stay clear even after the power is removed. A second small jolt, of the right type, will cause the fabric to revert to its original colour or colours."  
  
Chantelle didn't really understand the technical terms, but she understood that it could be switched to and from clear. She was excited; "If we could get some of that fabric and make an evening gown of it; then I could either have no underwear, or have underwear painted on just in case."  
  
As Jamie left, he could feel his limp dick rub his left leg with each step, and his pants bump his dick head. He thought, 'This going combat certainly feels different. I guess it's OK provided I don't have an erection.'  
  
After Jamie had left and Chantelle was back in her room, there was a soft knock on the door. The door opened and her mum stuck her head in. "Mum, what is it?"  
  
"Shell, you dad and I like Jamie, and we can see you two are very serious about each other. So we're worried that you may get carried away some time and end up pregnant... "  
  
"M u m!" Chantelle interrupted; blushed a little and dropped her head.  
  
"It's alright, I know how it is. You're very beautiful and Jamie is a healthy male. Your father and I were like that." She remembered one night in which they had made love all night, with only a forty or fifty minute break between episodes. "We were so in love.... Every time we met we wanted to do more than just hug and kiss.... Sometimes, when it was the wrong part of my cycle, we would just resort to oral sex."   
  
"Mum!" Chantelle was embarrassed by her mother's frankness.  
  
"It was hard... There wasn't any birth-control pill in those days... It was so hard!" She paused for a moment. "Well we just don't want you getting into trouble and ruining your future. So I have made an appointment with Dr Finlay, so that he can put you on the birth-control pill. The earliest appointment I could get was the Saturday after next."  
  
Chantelle was secretly happy with this, but she hung her head because it meant that her parents guessed at least some of what Jamie and she had been up to.  
  
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Jamie used 'Google Scholar' to locate groups who were doing research with electro-chromatic fabrics. One such group, in an American University, was willing to give Jamie sufficient electro-chromatic material for Chantelle to make her evening gown. However they required a sizeable donation to their research group via the University. They also required a video of the finished gown operating (that is switching from opaque to clear and back again) while being worn by Chantelle. They intended to use the video to advertise their research.  
  
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The next day at lunch, Chantelle told the girls that her mum wanted her on the pill, and had made an appointment for her to see a doctor."  
  
Marsha immediately informed them, "My mum did the same thing a year ago when I was going steady with Frank."  
  
"I wish I could go on the pill." Tonni added.  
  
Chantelle suggested. "Why don't you come with me on Saturday, Tonni. We'll just say they stuffed up the booking."   
  
"Oh, OK."  
  
When the conversation returned to gown designs, Veronica informed the cheerleaders that she had decided on a gown.  
  
"I have settled on a design for a gown that is very dignified, but has almost no sides, making it quite provocative. There are only six straps holding the front to the back; one either side of the waist to hide the panty; one either side at breast height to cover the bra; and one over each shoulder. I intend to use a thicker material that will hang well."  
  
"Where did you get the idea for that design?" Enquired Jill.  
  
"I saw a picture of Sonia McMahon in one of mum's old magazines."  
  
"Who the hell was Sonia McMahon?" Tonni asked.  
  
"At the time she wore the dress, in 1971, she was the wife of the Australian Prime Minister, and they were on their way to a State Dinner at the White House hosted by President Nixon."  
  
"What sort of position is a Prime Minister?"  
  
Veronica explained, "Sort of similar to our Leader of the House, but with some of the powers of the President."  
  
"Who are you going with?" Chantelle asked.  
  
"Rudy Scolari, he's the boy William Mann lunches with. I like him, but it's nothing serious at this stage." Replied Veronica. "And what about you Marsha?"  
  
"My dress will actually be a blouse and skirt that fit together so that it looks like they are a single dress; the join will be hidden by a wide belt. They will be of a light silk; the wrap-around skirt will be such that it does not really wrap all the way around, leaving a sexy opening from the waist down. I intend to put to split to the left side leaving my entire left leg and thigh visible. I may move the split to the front when the night progresses."  
  
Jill decided it was her turn to reveal what she was going to wear. "I have seen an outfit I really like in the hire shop. The gown has only one shoulder strap on the left, and that drops down to just above the right nipple and down around the right side; so that the entire right side of my right breast will be visible. It is backless except for the strap down the left side."  
  
"Sounds like you intend to wear it without a bra?" Veronica was quick to ask.  
  
"Yeah, of course."  
  
Veronica continued to pester Jill. "And who are you going with?"   
  
She replied "Jose."  
  
Veronica had a limited circle of friends. "Who is Jose?"   
  
"Jose Ramirez is one of the pupils from the wrong side of town, but he is really a nice guy; which is why I said I'd go with him. After all, most of the guys were put off by my gang-bang after the schools footie grand final win."  
  
Marsha was probably the only one who hadn't heard. "What gang-bang?"  
  
At this point Tonni sort of dropped her head and curled up. If she could have made herself disappear she would have.  
  
"Tonni and I accidently followed the players into their locker room after the end of the match. Well one thing lead to another, and we ended up congratulating them doggy style in the shower."  
  
Marsha was intrigued. "How many guys did you have? Did it hurt?"  
  
"I didn't keep count; but I do know I have never before had so many orgasms in such quick succession... Geez it was great."  
  
This revelation made Marsha jealous. "What about you Tonni? Did you enjoy it too?"  
  
Tonni was reluctant to reply, but had no choice. "Err... Well having a few naked footballers undress me while watching Jill enjoying herself was enough to make sure I was sufficiently lubricated." She did not want to admit to the other girls how fantastic it really was.  
  
Veronica decided to change the subject. "We all know who Chantelle is going with, but what are you going to wear?"  
  
"Jamie and I discussed painted on underwear. We saw some on the internet, and a good artist like Tonni can make it look very realistic using body paint."  
  
"Thanks Chantelle," Tonni interjected, "but we will have to have a trial go first. I have an art assignment due next week. How about I paint you for that?" Chantelle's comment allowed Tonni to stop cringing.   
  
"OK... Jamie also told me about some 'smart fabric' where you can change its colour using electricity. So if we can get our hands on some of that fabric, I will have an evening gown made that I can switch from colourful to clear. Imagine how that will look; like wearing a perfectly clear raincoat with either no underwear or painted on underwear."  
  
Veronica sniggered; "You mean you are going to walk about with an electric cable connecting your gown to a power outlet?"  
  
"Nah, don't be silly; Jamie assured me that the material only needs a small battery."  
  
After a pause Chantelle asked Tonni, "How about we buy the body paints after school today? Then you can come to my place on the weekend and we'll try them out."   
  
"That would be great. My art assignment has to be of a still-life item. It has to include draped and/or folded material; so I guess you can be my canvas and the painted on clothes the draped and folded material."  
  
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Tonni had arranged for her art assignment to be assessed toward the end of lunch. Ten minutes before her art class, Tonni and her male teacher waited for Chantelle.  
  
The door opened and Chantelle walked in. She was wearing a bolero jacket over an old gold T-shirt; however Chantelle wouldn't wear just any T-shirt; it had a lace section above and slightly between her breasts. She also wore a tight pair of dark blue tailored shorts which had gold stitching and a heart shaped embroidery on the pockets. There was a corner of a white hankie showing out of the right pocket. Her belt was black with a shiny gold buckle. Chantelle also had a black ribbon choker with a butterfly pin above her left shoulder.

"Well, where is your painting, Tonni?" Her teacher asked indignantly, as Chantelle was obviously not carrying one.  
  
Chantelle removed the bolero jacket and threw it over her right shoulder; as she did this her keys fell from its pocket.  
  
"Oops." Chantelle picked up the keys and returned them to the jacket. Then she put her other hand on her hip and turned slowly; obviously enjoying the roll of fashion model. As her back became visible the teacher could see the creases in her shorts caused by her panty underneath. He could also see where her bra straps ran.  
  
Tonni explained, "Chantelle is my canvas, and her clothes are my still-life of draped material. I have tried to create the illusion of texture and folds in what is really a soft smooth material."  
  
The teacher walked up to Chantelle and put his hand on her hip to feel the texture. His thumb rested on the belt; it felt real enough. His fingers touched her shorts.  
  
Her thought out loud, "I can see the texture and folds of your shorts, but it feels like a silk body-stocking to me." Chantelle just smiled.   
  
She placed her hand on his and guided it around her waist to her stomach. Then she released his hand; it fell down over her mound and ended up between her legs. His middle figure pressed into her naked slit and onto her clit.   
  
She looked directly into his eyes with a devilish smile.  
  
He thought, 'It really does feel just like silk, smooth and...'   
  
"Oh!" he exclaimed, as he quickly stepped back, suddenly realising that he had been caressing Chantelle's nude body. After an embarrassing pause, "Have you been attending your classes 'dressed' exactly like this all morning?"  
  
"Yes Sir." Chantelle answered without hesitation.  
  
"I guess that confirms that you have achieved a high degree of realism, Tonni... There really does appear to be texture and folding where there isn't any... How long did you spend painting her?"  
  
"I think it took a total of about six hours or more. We did it in three sittings over the weekend." Chantelle put her jacket back on as Tonni spoke.  
  
"Well done, I think I will have to give you ninety five per cent for your assignment."  
  
"Thank you, Sir." Tonni said as she and Chantelle left the room.  
  
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The next Saturday, Chantelle and Tonni arrived at Dr Finlay's office on time. "Tonni and Chantelle Spiros to see Doctor Finlay." Chantelle informed the receptionist.  
  
"Sorry, I can't find the appointment for Tonni Spiros."  
  
"That's strange because mum made the booking for both of us at the same time. Can you fit Tonni in?" Chantelle turned and smiled at Tonni Spiros.  
  
"Yeah, you're lucky we just had a cancellation."  
  
After a short wait, Chantelle was called. "Come in Lassie... Now what would ye be wanting today?" Chantelle loved the sound of his Scottish accent.  
  
"I need a prescription for the birth-control pill." Chantelle said a little embarrassed.  
  
"Aye. Do you have a steady boyfriend, then?"  
  
"Yes Doc."  
  
"And he is having regular sex with thee?"  
  
"Yes, but not that often."  
  
"Ah. However before I write the prescription for thee, I will need to give thee a full examination to make sure everything is bonnie."  
  
"Oh, OK Doc."  
  
Various instruments were laid out on the table in front of Chantelle. The doctor took Chantelle's blood pressure using a small automatic machine. Then he looked into her ears with another instrument. He used a timber tongue depressor while he examined her throat and the inside of her mouth. When he tested her eyes with a torch, he thought he saw a hint of cheekiness.  
  
"Please go behind the curtain, strip to the waist, take off your underwear, and sit on the table." Dr Finlay instructed. He didn't know that Chantelle wasn't wearing any panty under her mini-skirt. Her painted on shorts still remained as good as new, except for some wear around and between the pussy's lips.   
  
When the doctor came behind the curtain, he was carrying a stethoscope.   
  
"I thought I asked thee to take off your top."  
  
"Sorry Doc, but it's painted on."  
  
"Oh!"  
  
He walked behind Chantelle, placed the stethoscope on her back, "Cough... Take a deep breath, hold it. OK, breathe out."  
  
He moved in front of her, and placed the stethoscope on the right side of her left breast. Two of his fingers were touching her nipple as he listened to her heart. "Cough... Take a deep breath, hold it. OK, breathe out," he moved his fingers slowly around the nipple.  
  
The doctor put a latex glove on his right hand, as he informed Chantelle, "Lassie, now I have to check for any wee lumps in your breasts."   
  
He applied a lubricant to her left breast and began to massage it all over. Chantelle enjoyed this. Then he did the same thing to the right breast. He further caressed them as he wiped the lubricant off. Chantelle was now quite aroused.  
  
"Please lay back, lift up your knees and spread them so I can examine your vagina."  
  
Chantelle did as instructed.  
  
"I see ye have painted on shorts as well?"  
  
"Yes Doc."  
  
As soon as the doctor glimpsed Chantelle's hairless pussy, he thought, 'Wow, this bonnie wee lassie looks like she'll be willing.'  
  
The doctor applied lubricant from the top of her slit to her vagina. "Now this won't hurt thee, lassie." He said to re-assure Chantelle.   
  
First he massaged her clit very lightly. Chantelle's excitement grew so much she was unable to stop herself rocking her hips minutely. She hoped he didn't feel it.  
  
When he slid his fingers down the slit, he briefly rubbed her inner lips between his fingers. Then he proceeded to run one finger around and around her vaginal opening. Chantelle closed her eyes as she sighed under her breath.  
  
"I'll just press down on your perineum so my fingers will slide in easily, OK"  
  
"Sure Doc."  
  
So he proceeded to penetrate her with two fingers. Initially he just pressed down at the opening, as he said; then slid them in to the first knuckle, withdrew a little, and pressed them in further. He did this until his finger-tips touched her G-spot. Chantelle now rocked her hips up and down uncontrollably.  
  
He increased the stimulation by placing his thumb on her clitoris, which he then rubbed in time with his tickling of her G-spot.  
  
Dr Finlay saw that his stimulation had made this wee lassie aroused to the point where she had lost control. Her nipples were enlarged and erect, standing nearly a centimetre. Her breasts had grown larger and firmer. Her outer labia were open and swollen, and the inner labia were red and extended so that they protruded through the protective curtain of her outer labia.  
  
"Oooh... Doc... ooooooh... Don't stop... p l e a s e." Chantelle pleaded.  
  
"Wee lassie, you do know that the pill won't protect thee until you finish the first round of pills? Until then your partner will need to use a condom. Have you ever placed a condom on a laddie's penis?" he asked while he still tickled her G-spot.  
  
"Nah, never." Chantelle sighed; as her body quivered under his continued stimulation.  
  
The doctor withdrew his fingers, removed the latex glove which he discarded into the nearby bin. He reached inside the nearby draw and pulled out a condom. He used his mouth to open the packet, and then held it in his right hand.   
  
"Please sit up and watch." Chantelle sat up.  
  
"Now you place it this way up, then use your fingers above it and press down to uncurl it, like this," he said as he applied the condom to two fingers of his left hand.  
  
"Now it's your turn to try."   
  
The doctor handed Chantelle a condom. "Perhaps ye need a real penis to practice on."   
  
He unzipped his fly and pulled out his enormous erect penis. The veins along his shaft bulged out due to the sheer pressure of blood within them.  
  
"Oh, wow!" she exclaimed.  
  
'He is definitely bigger than Jamie.' She thought, 'I wonder what it would feel like inside?'  
  
She applied the condom to his penis the way he explained.  
  
He moved between her legs, and rubbed the head of his cock up and down her slit, lingering longest at her clit.  
  
Chantelle reached down; took his cock in her hand, and guided it to the entrance of her vagina; then she thrust her hip forward so that his cock just entered her cunt. The good doctor pushed his penis in a little more and then withdrew a bit; then he slid it in further and again withdrew a little. He continued this process until his penis was fully in and his pubic hairs tickled her clitoris.  
  
As he rocked his hips back and forward; his dick moved all the way in such that his balls smacked against her arse, then he withdrew his penis but not fully out, and so on. Initially he rocked slowly, but gradually increased the speed.   
  
There was a wet slurping noise as he withdrew, followed by a loud smacking sound that echoed around the room as his hips rhythmically slapped her firm bare arse. Chantelle's moans and gasps periodically punctuated these sounds.  
  
While he fucked her ruthlessly, she wrapped her legs around him, locking them at the ankles.  
  
When he came with a loud cry, she held him inside her with her legs, and pleaded, "Keep moving doc, I want to come too." He did as she requested, and once she came, she released him.  
  
"Wee lassie, the prescription is for six months, so ye will need to come back to see me before that, OK."  
  
"Yeah. I'm looking forward to that, Doc."   
  
Chantelle jumped at the doctor; gave him a hug, and standing up on her toes, she kissed him. This reminded her of the time she hugged and tongue kissed the school guard, Kyle while she completely naked.  
  
Chantelle returned to the reception area with a broad smile. She sat next to Tonni and whispered, "I hope he can recover in time for you to enjoy yourself." Tonni was called immediately after that.  
  
"Hi lassie. Did you come with the other wee lassie I just saw?"  
  
"Yes Doc."  
  
"Would ye also be wanting a prescription for the birth-control pill?"  
  
"Yes, Doc." Tonni answered more than a little embarrassed.   
  
She thought, 'I don't know how to act with the doctor asking questions about sex. Chantelle was always with me when such things came up before; like when Kyle, the school guard, caught us in the AV lab, or when she introduced me to Will.'  
  
"Do ye have a steady boyfriend, then?"  
  
"Yes, but only since a couple of weeks ago."  
  
"And ye think he wants to have regular sex with thee?"  
  
"I'm not sure Doc." Tonni dropped her head, even more embarrassed.  
  
"Ah. OK. Before I write the prescription for thee, I will need to give thee a full examination to make sure everything is bonnie." Dr Finlay guessed that Tonni was under age and that excited him.  
  
Initially Dr Finlay examined Tonni in a way similar to how he had examined Chantelle.   
  
He took Tonni's blood pressure, and then he looked into her ears, mouth and eyes.  
  
"Please go behind the curtain, strip to the waist, take off your underwear, and sit on the table." Dr Finlay instructed.  
  
The doctor used his stethoscope to listen to her heart.   
  
He put a latex glove on his right hand; then he checked for any lumps in Tonni's breasts. Like Chantelle, Tonni was also a little aroused by the examination of her breasts.  
  
"Please lay back, lift up your knees and spread them so I can examine your vagina."  
  
As she lay there with her legs apart, Tonni felt very exposed.  
  
When he saw that she had removed her pubic hair from her bikini line and her outer lips. He thought, 'Wow, this bonnie wee lassie also looks like she'll be willing, a bit like the last lassie, but maybe not so aggressive.'  
  
When Tonni was ready, the doctor applied lubricant to her slit. "Wee lassie, just relax, this won't hurt thee." He re-assured Tonni.   
  
First he massaged her clit very lightly. She became slightly excited and less worried. Next he briefly rubbed her inner lips between his fingers.   
  
Eventually he proceeded to run one finger around and around her vaginal opening. And then he penetrated her with two fingers to the point where his finger-tips touched her G-spot, which he proceeded to tickle.   
  
Tonni had her eyes closed, and really enjoyed his advances.  
  
Dr Finlay saw that his stimulation had made this wee lassie very aroused. To increase the stimulation, he bent down and kissed her clitoris.   
  
"Ooh!" Tonni gasped as she looked down. She did not stop him though; and he continued to lick, kiss and suck her clitoris while he still massaged her G-spot.  
  
"Wee lassie, you do know that your partner will need to use a condom for about a month? Have you ever placed a condom on a laddie's penis?" he asked while he still tickled her G-spot.  
  
"No Doc." Tonni sighed; as her body quivered under his continued stimulation.  
  
The doctor withdrew his fingers, removed the latex glove from his hand, reached inside the nearby draw and pulled out a condom. Tonni sat up and watched intently as he applied the condom to two fingers of his left hand.  
  
"Now it's your turn to try. Would ye like a real penis to practice on?" The doctor asked as he handed Tonni a condom.   
  
He didn't wait for Tonni to reply before he unzipped his fly and pulled out his semi-flaccid penis. He hadn't fully recovered from having sex with Chantelle.  
  
"Oh, its limp!" Tonni exclaimed. "Shall I massage it to make it erect?"  
  
"Aye, that's a good idea, wee lassie."  
  
Tonni held his penis in her hand while she kissed and the sucked it.   
  
Initially she was able to put all of it in her mouth. As it swelled, she rubbed it up and down; sometimes she licked the small hole or around the edges of the head.   
  
When she could not fit it all into her mouth anymore, she still slid in as much as she could.   
  
While she squeezed the head, she ran her tongue along its length.  
  
When it was rock hard, Tonni did not stop her stimulation of his now enormous penis, because she was enjoying the experience too much. Tonni thought, 'His dick is definitely bigger than Will's. I wonder if it will fit inside, and if it does, what will it feel like?'  
  
"Lassie, I think it is ready for thee to apply the condom."  
  
"Oh, OK." She applied the condom the way he had shown.  
  
"It seems a pity to waste a good condom, doesn't it lassie?" He hinted. Tonni just nodded.  
  
He was eager to have sex with this younger girl. He moved between her legs, and eased the head of his cock into the entrance of her vagina.   
  
"Are you sure ye want me to do this, wee lassie?" he enquired. Tonni nodded her head without hesitation.  
  
He pressed his penis a little way into her vagina. "Oh lassie you are so tight. Are you a virgin?"  
  
"Err... No doc." She was still a bit shy.  
  
"How many times have thee had sex?"  
  
"Ah; just twice." Tonni thought, 'There was Kyle, the school guard, who I forced to take my virginity, and I had my first orgasm with Will at the movie theatre.'  
  
"Well I think ye need some lubricant." The doctor withdrew and fetched some KY jelly, which he applied to the condom and around her vagina.  
  
"Now I will be very gentle and do it slowly." He said reassuringly.  
  
The good doctor pushed his penis in a little and then hesitated; then he slid it in further and again paused. Tonni could feel it stretch her vagina each time it went deeper; she liked the greater feeling of fullness it gave, more than she had experienced with William.   
  
He continued this process until his penis was fully in. Initially he rocked his hip back and forth slowly, but gradually he increased the speed.  
  
So they had sex, Tonni and the doctor; but Tonni actually had her orgasm before the good doctor, because of his earlier effort with Chantelle.  
  
As they left the doctor's office, Chantelle asked, "Did the bonnie doctor give thee an extra deep penetrating examination?"  
  
"Aye wee lassie, aye." Tonni replied. They both giggled.  
  
"Well I guess we won't tell the boys about that, will we?"  
  
"Nah." Tonni agreed.