**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders**

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**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders Ch. 09**

The Cedar Hill high school cheerleaders always had their lunch together in the school cafeteria. There was Veronica Wilson, the head cheerleader; Chantelle Spiros, her best friend; and Jill Tumbling, the red-headed cheerleader who had swallowed Jamie's cum at Veronica's birthday party. Jamie Taylor was Chantelle's boyfriend and the one that did the "Dancing Bear" strip at Veronica's party.  
  
About a month before the prom, the main topics of their conversation were; what they are going to wear, and who is going with whom. When Jill said she was going with Jose, Veronica asked. "Who is Jose?"  
  
To which Jill replied. "Jose Ramirez is one of the pupils from the wrong side of town, but he is really a nice guy, you know; 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 school's footie grand-final win."  
  
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KNOCK; KNOCK; KNOCK.  
  
Mrs Tumbling answered their front door. "Oh, hello officer; what can I do for you?" She was worried and it showed on her face.  
  
"Hi, I'm Sergeant Kilby and this is Police Woman O'Malley. Are you Mrs Tumbling?" Sergeant Kilby was 6 feet tall and of solid build; WPC O'Malley was 5 feet 7 inches and muscular. They both looked sombre.  
  
"Yes Sir."  
  
"Do you have a teenage daughter by the name of Jill?"  
  
"Yes. I hope she's not in trouble."  
  
"No Madam. There has been a car accident and there's a gang of beaten-up teenagers under sedation in the Linterna hospital, and I need someone to verify who they are so we can notify their families."  
  
"But I don't believe Jill is involved in any gang."  
  
"Even so we are hoping she can help us."  
  
"But why can't you identify them from the IDs in their wallets and purses?"  
  
"There wasn't any on them or in the two cars. Initially we suspected the teenagers were up to no good, perhaps even racing stolen cars, hence no IDs. But in a house a short distance away we have since found a witness who saw two boys running from the accident scene carrying hand bags. Presumably they had also stolen the wallets of the teenage boys."  
  
"You mean they robbed after the accident?"  
  
"Yeah, appears so."  
  
"Oh how terrible... How did you get Jill's name?"  
  
"One of the boys mumbled it just before he became unconscious. Can we see her please?"  
  
"Yes, I'll fetch her."  
  
Mrs Tumbling headed upstairs.  
  
As she entered Jill's room, "Jill; there are police here to see you. What's this about you and a gang?"  
  
"It's nothing, we just hang out together."  
  
"Well I hope your friends are OK. They appear to have been involved in some sort of car accident."  
  
"Oh God no!"  
  
Jill was taken to the Linterna hospital by the police. Sergeant Kilby drove while WPC O'Malley comforted Jill.  
  
Among other things, O'Malley reassured Jill that none of the victims of the crash had serious injuries.  
  
"I heard you tell Mom that one of the boys mumbled my name."  
  
"Why yes."  
  
"I think that must have been Jose. Could he have been the driver?"  
  
"We don't know. You see the ambulance paramedics had taken most of the teenagers to the hospital before we arrived on the scene."  
  
"Was one of the cars a black Mazda sports car?"  
  
"Yes; how did you know?"  
  
"Jose has an arrangement with the owner. Is there some way you can find out who the owner is and contact him?"  
  
"Yes." Sgt Kilby handed O'Malley the police radio. She contacted base and requested that the number plate details be used to trace the Mazda's owner, and then a uniformed officer be sent to inform the owner of the accident.  
  
Jill had one last question, "Which car caused the accident?"  
  
"On first inspection, it appears the other car was at fault."  
  
Jill gave a sigh of relief, but she did not completely relax, she was still worried about Jose's injuries.  
  
Jill was left alone in the men's waiting room for a long time while the police sought permission for her to visit the teenage boys. They were all sleeping as they had all been heavily sedated. Their wounds range from broken bones, deep cuts and extensive bruising.  
  
While waiting Jill reminisced about her association with the Amarillo Street gang.  
  
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The first time Jose invited Jill to meet the gang was one Saturday when they were all playing 10 pin bowling.  
  
When she and Jose arrived, the other guys began pushing each other out of the way hoping to be the first to meet Jill. There was Manuel, Franco, Pedro, Miguel, Gonzales, and Cisco. Cisco was the shortest at 5 feet 8 inches; Jose the tallest being 6 feet. They were all of a healthy build; Jill thought they were probably toward the slim side of the healthy range.  
  
Jose introduced the girl members, pointing to each in turn, "Rosetta, we normally just say Zeta; Maria, she's my twin sister; Filene or just Lene," then he whispered, "the floozy," and then in a normal voice again, "Lenora, she prefers just Nora; Angelica known as Angie; and Chiquita." The girls were all slightly shorter than Jill's cheerleader friends and more curvaceous with C or D size breasts.  
  
During the bowling Jill tried to figure out which girls were attached to which guys; but just when she thought she had determined a couple were an item, the guy would kiss or cuddle a different girl. Even Jose paid as much attention to the others as he did her. The one thing she did notice was that without her there was one more guy than girls.  
  
Filene could not control her curiosity, "Jill; there's a rumour that you were like involved in an orgy with the footballers after the footie grand final. Is there any truth in it?"  
  
"Well yeah, sort of. Tonni and me followed the players into their locker room... Well then we ended up congratulating them doggy style in the shower."  
  
Filene had to ask. "How many guys did you?"  
  
"I didn't keep count; but I do know I have never before had so many orgasms in one session... Geez, it was really great." Jill's face glowed with the recollection.  
  
"Zeta! Come on it's your turn!" said Jose who appeared to be running things.  
  
Zeta complained, "Oh just when she getting to the spicy bits."  
  
Filene continued with raised eyebrows, "Would you like say you had more than seven?"  
  
"Yeah, I probably did. After all Tonni and me shared the whole football team, and I think some guys did us both."  
  
"Did you have Harry the horse?"  
  
"Oh yeah." Jill laughed.  
  
Filene was eager for more details, "Really! Is he like as big as they say?"  
  
"I think so; from the feel of it, he was certainly the biggest of all the boys there. I remember him not only because his cock filled me the most, but because he had the best technique; he lent over me and reached around my waist with his right arm and put his index finger into my slit and caressed my clit, and all the time he kept thrusting his huge cock within me."  
  
"Did he like hurt?"  
  
"Thankfully I'd had a few others before him, so I was well lubricated, you know. But I certainly felt my insides stretched as he entered me. It may have been better if I wasn't so wet, then his entry may have been slower, giving me more time to get used to him as he entered."  
  
Jose interrupted. "Come on Jill; it's your t..."  
  
Filene immediately interjected, "Oh bugger!" Indicating her displeasure in having the questioning interrupted.  
  
On her return, Jill changed the subject. "How did the gang start?"  
  
Filene went to take her turn at bowling, and so Zeta answered, "Jose and Manuel both had a crush on that floozy Lene. When she discovered this, she like decided she wanted to have them both, one after the other, all day. She had them bring an old convertible lounge into a disused building for the occasion. That room is now our club house, you know."  
  
Jill hoped they wouldn't think she was too nosey, but her curiosity was too great. "When was that then?"  
  
Again Zeta answered, "It was when we were in 1st year of high school, about the middle of the school year I think." Jill raised her eyebrows in amazement.  
  
"So Filene has been having sex with both boys since then?"  
  
Zeta was unfazed by the fact and replied nonchalantly, "Yeah."  
  
Jill continued with her questions. "So how come she never became pregnant?"  
  
"We've had a long standing arrangement with a paedophile doctor, Dr Finlay. He gives us the prescription for the pill in exchange for sex. Because we were originally under age, he said we had excessive bleeding during our periods as the reason we needed the pill." Zeta had a mischievous smile as she continued. "Actually what we have is like an excessive creamy white discharge from our vaginas; it's the boys' sperm. We use tampons to stop it staining our panty."  
  
"Oh OK; so Filene was only just thirteen when she first went to see Dr Finlay?"  
  
"Yeah; but actually Lene and Maria went together. Lene told us that the Doc was pleased to have two girls so young. He said he wished they could stay young and not end up old with hairy pussies. So that's why we all like have no pubic hair; we like to keep the Doc happy, you know."  
  
"Can a girl of thirteen really have sex with a grown man like the Doc?"  
  
"Yeah well we all have. He used a special lubricant, better than KY, and he knows how to press down on our perineum to make entry easier, you know."  
  
Jill had to ask, "What is the perineum?"  
  
"Doc told me about it; it's like the area just below the opening of the vagina... He asked where I was in my monthly cycle, and because it wasn't safe to have sex without a condom at that time, he made me come back when it is safe. He said a condom only makes it more difficult when the girl is so young and tight."  
  
"Even so it must have hurt?"  
  
"Nah; well he got me high by giving me a physical examination. First he tested my blood pressure and listened to my heart. It was while listening to my heart that he felt my nipples."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Yeah. Then he said he had to examine my vagina to make sure everything was OK before he could prescribe the pill. And that's when he fingered my pussy before finally sucking on my clitoris and lips."  
  
"He really sucked inside your pussy?"  
  
"Oh yeah; it was unbelievable. I could feel his mouth sucking my lips and then his tongue tickling my clit. I'd had oral before that, but his technique is out of this world. I always look forward to my visit to renew my prescription. I think he should hold classes for the guys."  
  
"You think he's that good?"  
  
"Oh hell yeah! At one stage my clit got so sensitive I jerked away. I was so aroused when he finally entered me, that it was more like scratching an itch. Sure I felt his cock stretching my insides as it entered, but he put it in slowly, and it was like really fantastic once it was fully in and he got a rhythm going."  
  
"You didn't feel like he raped you?"  
  
"Gee no. He's really takes his time and makes sure you're like comfortable with what he's doing at all times, and his Scottish accent helps, you know."  
  
"Are you sure he's Scottish?"  
  
"Aye, bonnie wee lassie, that'd be for sure." Zeta mocked his accent.  
  
Jill couldn't believe what she was hearing. "Did he come inside you? Could you feel him come?"  
  
"You bet he did. He let out one hell of a cry you know, I was sure the secretary would have heard him. And yes I felt his cock jerking as it shot its load high inside me. He told me to use a tampon so his sperm wouldn't stain my panty. I guess he didn't want Mom to find out I was having sex, either with him or the guys."  
  
"So how come Maria went with Filene to see the Doc?"  
  
"Well Maria found out what was going on from Jose, and she like wanted a bit of the action with Manuel... Lene agreed provided Maria invited some other boy to join them. She thought that Franco liked both Lene and her, so he was invited."  
  
Filene had been listening to the conversation for some time. "I only agreed to have him join if all three of them screwed me before they touched Maria. So that is how the club expanded: anyone wanting to join had to like bring someone of the opposite sex with them, and both had to go through the initiation of having sex with all of us."  
  
This prompted Jill to ask, "So if Jose wants me to join, do I have to find a guy to join with me?" She was already thinking who would satisfy that criteria.  
  
"Nah, you're taking the place of Sophia. When her family won the lottery a year ago, they moved to Linterna so she could go to an exclusive private high school. We're not good enough for her now, you know."  
  
"Are you sure about that?"  
  
"Yeah, I think we like have enough of both sexes if you join. What do you think, girls?"  
  
Almost in unison the others agreed, "Yeah."  
  
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WPC O'Malley finally appeared. "They're ready for us know."  
  
Jill went with O'Malley.  
  
The first room they entered had two boys; one had his leg in traction and the other had bandages on both arms and minor cuts and bruises on the face.  
  
Jill pointed to the nearest boy. "He's my boyfriend, Jose Ramirez; the other boy is Franco. Sorry I don't know his family name."  
  
In the next room there were also two boys. Jill immediate recognised Manuel. She apologised, "Sorry I only know this boy as Manuel. I don't know the other boy; was he involved in the same accident?"  
  
"Yes, there were two cars; a total of five boys and four girls were brought here by ambulance."  
  
"So where is the other boy?" Jill hoped it was not another gang member.  
  
The last of the boys was in the next room and he must have been from the other car, because Jill didn't recognise him. His face was heavily bandaged, but his blond hair was what Jill used to confirm he was not a gang member; all of the guys in the gang had olive skin and jet black hair.  
  
Jill and O'Malley went up to the women's ward. Again they had to wait.  
  
Jill drifted off into reminiscing again.  
  
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Jose told Jill that he had spent Friday evening arranging a suitable car for them to use when they went to the movies on Saturday.  
  
Jose went by bus to the exclusive part of Cedar Hill.  
  
The first car that Jose found unlocked was a racing green Ford, but one door was orange and the bonnet was grey. He couldn't believe someone in the rich part of town would own such a wreck.  
  
Further along the street he found a sky blue VW Beetle unlocked. He thought, "It will have to do if I can't find anything better soon."  
  
Eventually he found a sporty black Mazda RX8 with its doors unlocked. He joined one pair of wires as if key had been turned on and then nicked the correct pair of wires and started the car by touching then together.  
  
Jose spent many hours on Saturday morning cleaning the inside and washing and polishing the outside. When he was finished the car sparkled better than when it was brand new.  
  
Saturday had been a hot sunny day; the heat came in part with Santa Ana, the hot wind that blows from the hills in fall.  
  
So late Saturday afternoon Jose parked in front of the Tumbling house; he walked up to the front door and rang the door bell. He was wearing a black pair of tailored pants, a long sleeve white shirt and a dark neck tie.  
  
The door opened. Mrs Tumbling seemed shocked when she first saw him.  
  
"Hello Mrs Tumbling, I'm Jose Ramirez; I've come to take Jill to the movies; is she ready?"  
  
"I don't think ..."  
  
Jill interrupted, "Hi Jose, this is my Mom." And then as she pushed past, "Bye Mom."  
  
"Wow! You look great!" Jose had never before seen Jill with her hair down and makeup.  
  
Jill wore a light blue pants suit with a cream blouse and black boots. As accessories she had a long pearl necklace and pearl bangle.  
  
"Now you make sure you behave!" Her Mom called out after Jill.  
  
Jose took Jill's hand and walked with her to the car; he opened the car door for her and closed it behind her once she was seated.  
  
"Hi Jill." Came the welcome from the back seat.  
  
Jill turned, "Oh hi Maria; Manuel." She could see that Manuel was smartly dressed just like Jose. Maria had a short sleeve olive green blouse and a long black skirt; at least Jill thought it was long, but it was hard to tell because it was pulled up well above her knees and Manuel had a hand between her legs caressing her pussy.  
  
"Aren't you like hot in that coat?" Maria asked.  
  
"I expect the movie theatre will be cold."  
  
Jose drove off.  
  
Soon there were moans coming from the back seat.  
  
"What are you two up to back there?" Jose asked.  
  
Jill looked back; the first thing she saw Manuel's legs, and then that Maria was on top of Manuel in the 69 position, sucking the glans of his cock. Turning further Jill saw that Maria's skirt was around her waist and she had no underwear. Manuel head was under Maria's pussy.  
  
Jose shouted, "You'd better stop that, we are nearly at the theatre!"  
  
Manuel pleaded, "Can't you pull over for a while; I'm about to come."  
  
"Yes please." Maria added.  
  
Jose stopped next to a sub-urban park.  
  
As Jill faced forward again, Jose kissed her. They both closed their eyes. Consequently they did not see the group of 11 year old girls and 12 year old boys emerge from the park behind the car. They were a motley bunch of blonds and brunettes.  
  
As the group reached the rear of the car and saw Maria's bare arse and Manuel under her sucking her cunt; the young girls giggled amongst themselves. The boys stood behind the girls they had been following. None of the girls resisted when the boys ran their hands up under the girls dresses and panties and played with their still hairless pussies.  
  
The blond girl tried to increase her pleasure by rocking her hips. Then she turned to face the boy. As his fingers explored under her panties, she rubbed the crotch of his shorts. She could see the delight on his face, so she unzipped his fly and extracted his small but rigid cock. She held it and moved toward him until it was under her dress and touching her pussy next to his fingers. She pulled his hand away and proceeded to rub his cock up and down her pussy. The other girls look on in amazement.  
  
Just then Manuel groaned as he came into Maria's mouth. Maria continued to suck gently, swallowing each shot of sperm as it erupted from his pulsating cock.  
  
When Maria sat up, the children ran off. She drew saliva into her mouth and used it to wash down the last of Manuel's sperm. "Khm!" She covered her mouth with her hand and coughed as some of it tied to go the wrong way. "Khm!"  
  
Next thing Jill recalled was sitting in the middle of the movie theatre engaging in premeditated premarital inter-digitations; she and Jose were holding hands with their fingers intertwined.  
  
Jill laid her head on Jose's shoulder. She could not see what Maria and Manuel were up to, but thought they were probably behaving themselves as they had their excitement on the way to the theatre.  
  
At interval, Jose bought two medium sized cups of popcorn. Jose placed one on Maria's lap and gave the other to Jill. They all ate the popcorn slowly during the remainder of the film.  
  
After the show, Jose asked, "Would you like to join our gang, the Amarillo Street gang?"  
  
"Yeah, I guess so."  
  
"Do you know what being a member like means?"  
  
"Well the other day at bowls, the girls were talking about some of the things you do. Like hanging out at a club house on weekends, where the boys sometimes have their way with one or more of the girls." Jill had a wicked twinkle in her eyes. "Sounds OK to me."  
  
"You do realise you would have to go through a sort of initiation?"  
  
"What would it involve?"  
  
"Basically it would be much like any other gang get-together, except that you would like get all of the attention of both the guys and gals, you know."  
  
"OK, but I was wondering why you want me to be in the gang."  
  
"Well for a start I like you a lot, you know; and all of the present gals have jet black, straight hair and like olive skin. You would certainly make a pleasant change. Besides I have heard that you really do like enjoy your sex; and with a figure like yours, what more can a guy ask?"  
  
"Oh alright; I'm really getting to like you and your friends, so it sounds great."

In front of Jill's place, Jose ran around the car and opened the door for her. After she stepped out of the car, they kissed passionately.  
  
When she reached the front door, Jill blew Jose a kiss and waved.  
  
At school a few days later, Jose informed Jill that he had left the car near where he had stolen it. He locked all the doors so no one else could steal it as easily as he did.  
  
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A doctor came and informed O'Malley that he would escort them into the two rooms where the accident victims were. As with the guys, there were two per room.  
  
In the first room Jill immediately recognised Maria and Filene. Maria did not appear to be badly hurt, but Filene had both legs in plaster from the ankle to just above the knee.  
  
Jill pointed to Maria, "She's Maria Ramirez. She's Jose's twin sister." And then turning toward Filene; "This is Filene. Sorry I don't know her family name."  
  
In the second room Jill did not recognise either girl.  
  
Once they returned to the waiting area, O'Malley rang Sgt Kilby and told him that Jill had identified five of the teenagers. She gave Sgt Kilby their names and then she also requested transport for her and Jill back to Cedar Hills.  
  
During the journey home Jill thought about her initiation into the gang.  
  
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She remembered Jose picked her up just after lunch on Saturday as arranged. As they walked down the path toward the car she had asked, "Is that a similar car to the one we went to the movies in?"  
  
"Well like, it's actually the same car."  
  
"But how can it be? You told me you returned it."  
  
"I did." Jill looked perplexed. "Apparently the owner was so impressed with how clean and polished it was, that he organised a press conference with the local newspaper and TV. Without giving away his address or the full details of the car, he told them what had happened and that he was willing to set up an arrangement where the person who borrowed the car, that would be me, could borrow it again once a month, provided it was cleaned and polished each time."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Yeah. He said I could pick it up on Friday night like before, but I should leave a note in the letter box saying when I would return it. He said if it was returned on time he wouldn't report it as stolen. What d'ya reckon?"  
  
"Weird. Really weird... Are you sure it's not a trap?"  
  
"I thought of that. So on the note I put that I would like return it on Sunday night, but I'm actually goin' to leave it there straight after dropping you off tonight."  
  
"Good thinking."  
  
The club house was actually a couple of stories up in a derelict old building. Jill was not impressed as they wound their way up through the dirt and rubbish.  
  
Finally they arrived at the door to the club house; well actually it was a single room. The door looked newly painted and written above it was "Nirvana".  
  
There were two old 4-seater convertible lounge chairs along the right hand side of the 10 by 12 foot room. On the other side was a similar lounge chair that was already converted into a double bed. The walls were clean, painted a light cream in colour. At the far end was a very old mini-fridge which was rumbling away. On top of this fridge was a boom-box playing heavy metal. Near the door was a clothes rail, the type one sees in department stores; it was adorned with more than a dozen coat hangers and pant hangers. There was a window behind the two lounges. It consisted of many small panes of glass; it was apparently the only window in the building with all of the panes intact.  
  
Jose noticed Jill staring at the window; he explained, "We replaced all of the broken panes with like unbroken pieces from the other windows on the floor below. They've remained OK because the local kids know it's our club house and they don't dare break them anymore, you know."  
  
Jill was impressed by the neatness of the room; much neater than the rooms of her richer friends.  
  
As soon as they entered the room, they all began to strip. The guys were nude before the gals, and so they helped the girls with bra clips and zippers.  
  
Jose stood naked in front of Jill. "Will you join us? It's one of our customs, you know?"  
  
Jill did not move, but allowed Jose to slowly undress her. She was aware that the others watched as her beauty was slowly revealed. It really turned her on to be undressed like that; slowly, by an admiring nude guy. She felt the wetness grow within her pussy; she could see that Jose was enjoying it too, his penis had thickened, but still hung down. She was too shy to look about. If she had she would has seen that all the other guys were similarly affected.  
  
Jill thought, "So that is why the girls were slow to undress, they all wanted to enjoy being undressed by a nude handsome guy."  
  
Jose hung Jill's top and bra with the clothes of the others, and then returned to feel and kiss her beautiful firm breasts. Between her breasts and above them were the characteristic freckles of the red-head that she was. Jose tweaked her nipples; first the right and then the left. As he caressed her left, he bent down and kissed her right nipple; sucking it gently, and then tickling with his tongue. Jill encouraged him by putting her left hand on the back of his head and holding him there. The warmth of his mouth on her breast was pure ecstasy.  
  
The air in the room was coloured with the scent of male and female hormones, some fresh and some lingering from previous sessions.  
  
Jill unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor. She intended to rub the crotch of her panty with her right hand, but as she slid it between them, it brushed against Jose's enormous erection that now stood up proudly between their bodies. Without thinking she encircled it with her fingers; it was warm and its skin was smooth and pliable.  
  
Jose stood and watched Jill stroke his dick for a bit. She looked into his eyes, he smiled contentedly. He winked and then reached for her panties; they were sky blue with a black lace trim. He hooked his thumbs under the waist band on either side, and then slid them down to her knees. Jill wiggled her legs so that they fell to the floor.  
  
Then Jill looked about the room. The others were all into oral; either the guy between the girl's legs, or the girl was on her knees with a hot cock in her mouth. Manuel was the one between Filene's legs.  
  
Those who weren't delivering oral sex looked at Jill. Her pussy was bald; but on her mound her pubic hair was neatly trimmed short and slightly ginger-brown in colour. Jill realised that she was the only one in the room that didn't have jet black hair and olive skin; however Filene had dyed a few streaks of her hair almost blond.  
  
Jose whispered in Jill's ear, "Are you ready to like start you initiation challenge?"  
  
"Yeah, just give me a big long kiss first."  
  
"OK, but lay on you back and then I'll give you lots of kisses." Jill thought, 'Oh laying on my back will be much more enjoyable than it was doggy style with the footballers.'  
  
Jill moved to the bed and lay down in the middle; she spread her legs and extended her arms toward Jose, beckoning for him to join her.  
  
Jose lay beside Jill and began by kissing her on the mouth; sucking her lower lip softly. Jill reached for his penis at the same time as she put her tongue into Jose's mouth. Jose responded by sliding a hand down her tummy, through her pubic hair and onto her pussy.  
  
He toyed with her clit by lightly massaging its hood. Jill moaned contentedly.  
  
Jose moved down to kiss Jill's breasts again, but only briefly before he shuffled around between her legs. He knelt there studying her pussy before he resumed massaging her clit; this time by licking its hood with his tongue.  
  
Sometimes he shifted his attention to her labia, but once her clit emerged swollen and smooth, he concentrated on it; sucked and licking it softly.  
  
It did not take long for Jill to be ready; the anticipation of having sex with seven tall, dark and handsome guys meant she was already extremely aroused before Jose began kissing her.  
  
Jill did not tell Jose that she was ready; instead she just pulled on his shoulders until he moved up to be face-to-face with her. They gazed deeply into each other's eyes as Jose guided his manhood into her.  
  
As her wetness enveloped him, she could feel its progress by the way it stretched her insides, giving a feeling of fullness, of completeness. They were as one.  
  
Jill closed her eyes and concentrated on the pleasures emanating from her cunt.  
  
Once Jose had settled into a steady rhythm, Filene signalled to Manuel that it was the right time for them to join with Jill and Jose.  
  
Manuel stood near Jill's face, and placed his cock against her mouth. Jill opened her eyes; seeing that it was Manuel's cock and not Jose's lips, she opened her mouth and tickled the piss-hole with her tongue. There was a drop of clear pre-cum there which Jill tasted before taking all of his glans into her mouth. She sucked as she ran her tongue around the tip.  
  
Manuel moved his hips toward her and pushed more of his hot cock between her lips. Jill held the base of his cock as he proceeded to fuck her mouth with slow short strokes.  
  
Filene kneeled next to Jill's waist and bent down to kiss Jill's breast, in particular her nipple. Maria came and sucked on Jill's other nipple.  
  
Jill had never experienced such pleasure before; all of the nerves in her brain's reward system were alive as they were continually being bombarded by ecstatic messages from her mouth, breasts, and most of all her clitoris and G-spot. All of her senses combined to heighten her excitement; she could hear the moans of the others; unconsciously smell the hormones that filled the air; see and taste Manuel's cock as he fucked her mouth; and feel Jose's thrusting deep within her.  
  
She remembered feeling Jose cock jerk each time it fired a load of sticky white sperm high within her.  
  
After he rested there for a while, Jose withdrew and allowed Manuel to take her.  
  
Manuel had Jill's engorged clitoris sandwiched between the base of his swollen penis and his pubic mound. His short thrusts soon sent Jill into a euphoric pre-orgasmic plateau. There she lost all sense of time and space.  
  
Occasionally her excitement would grow and she would have another orgasm, only to return afterwards to her pre-orgasmic plateau.  
  
As the guys took turns filling her cunt with their sperm, different girls kissed her nipples.  
  
When Cisco, the last of the boys, was between Jill's legs, Filene sat on Jill's face and encouraged Jill to lick inside her pussy.  
  
When Cisco had shot his load of sperm within her and withdrawn; Filene bent down into the 69 position and tasted Jill's juices while Jill continued to stimulate Filene's clit.  
  
Jill's last memory was of Jose laying beside her and cuddling her as she came down from her high.  
  
Jill thought that the gang was like a hippie commune or a tribe of Bonobo (pygmy) chimpanzees constantly enjoying sex. Just like the Bonobos, the gang was ruled by the females, with Filene as the dominant female. It truly was Nirvana; like being on a different planet; one where peace, love and unashamed nudity were the norm.  
  
RING! RING!  
  
WPC O'Malley searched for her phone, rummaging through her bag.  
  
RING! RING!  
  
Then Jill realised it was her phone that was ringing. This realisation woke Jill. She sat up dazed.  
  
RING! RING!  
  
Jill grabbed her phone from her bedside table. "Hell... hello." She sounded really sleepy.  
  
"Sorry Jill; did we wake you?" It was Veronica.  
  
"Ah... Yeah... What is it?"  
  
"Are you ready to come shopping with me, Chantelle and Marsha like we said yesterday?"  
  
"Oh shit I forgot. Give me half an hour to get ready, OK?"  
  
"Yeah. We'll pick you up then."

**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders Ch. 10**

Stephen Spiros was a science/maths geek. He was a year younger than his sister Chantelle, who was one of the Cedar Hill High School cheerleaders. His older sister Amelia was two years older than Chantelle. Amelia worked at Macy's.  
  
Tonni Arthur was the youngest cheerleader, being a junior in school. She and William Mann had split up, and William was now dating Veronica Wilson, the head cheerleader. He had been trying to hook up with her ever since she did that striptease and masturbation on the cafeteria table.  
  
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Stephen had decided that it was time he lost his virginity. He didn't have a girl friend nor was he even close to any of girls in his classes.  
  
He and his older sister Amelia did not normally do anything together. He thought that his best chance was to convince his sister Chantelle to help him out. The problem was how to convince her to do that. Perhaps he needed some bargaining power.  
  
On Saturday, when he heard Chantelle telling their mother that she was leaving to go to the doctor, he decided that this was his chance.  
  
He snuck into her room and started searching through her computer for incriminating photos or videos.  
  
He initiated a search for files of the type "\*.jpg" in the "C" drive. Most of the files found by the search were in a folder called "Fantasy" and in particular its sub-folder "Jamie".  
  
He opened this folder with the "View" option of "Thumbnails". He couldn't believe his eyes; jackpot!  
  
He'd heard that Chantelle had organised Jamie's "Dancing Bear" birthday party for Veronica. So here was the proof that it actually happened. There was a series of photos showing the party.  
  
The first photo showed Veronica blowing out the candles on a birthday cake. She was topless with only a red pair of panties on. Behind her Stephen could see the row of lockers, so he knew this was the party and it was held in the girls' locker room just as the rumour had said.  
  
Following were a series of photos which featured Jamie nude; having his cock sucked by Veronica, then Tonni. Two photos further on Stephen could see sperm oozing out of the red-head's mouth as Jamie's semi-firm cock dangled just in front of her face. The last three photos were of Jamie with the blond Marsha. The first was of her swallowing his cock; in the second photo he was between her legs, kissing her clit; the last photo was a side view of Jamie screwing Marsha.  
  
Stephen found it hard to believe that Chantelle had not only allowed Jamie to do these things, but that she had organised it. After all her and Jamie had been going steady for many months now. He thought she must really trust Jamie.  
  
Other than the party photos there were a few of Chantelle nude in her room or in their back yard.  
  
The last few photos were of Chantelle wearing an old gold T-shirt and a tight pair of dark blue tailored shorts. Although Stephen didn't know it, in the very last photo the T-shirt and shorts were actually those painted on a nude Chantelle by Tonni.  
  
Stephen had heard that his sister and others went to class nude one Monday and Tuesday. That was before the new 'School Dress Code' was introduced.  
  
He searched the internet to see if he could find photographic or video evidence of this.  
  
Initially all he found was a video of each of the girl's striptease. Veronica, Marsha and Aimee had, in that order, performed a striptease act on a table in the school cafeteria.  
  
He watched the video of Veronica. Her striptease was noteworthy because of the way she masturbated toward the end. His sister was shown in the back-ground of some of this video, and yes she was completely nude except for a necklace that held her keys. This video was taken by Rudy Scolari, William's closest friend. Stephen knew William because their two families often visited each other and sometimes went out together.  
  
Rudy had also filmed Marsha and Aimee.  
  
His video of Marsha stripping was cut short, because he had switched to filming Aimee. Later Stephen discovered a video, captured by another boy, which was complete in that it showed Samantha sucking Marsha's pussy after Marsha had thrown her panty to John.  
  
Finally there was the one Rudy made of Aimee. This was Steve's favourite, because Aimee was known to be a science nerd. So he felt they were sort of kindred spirits. Aimee explained on her face-book page that she did it to show that not only the cheerleaders are sexy. The irony is that her action finally resulted in her being asked to become a cheerleader.  
  
After many hour of searching he found short clips of the other girls who elected to go to class nude on those days. These clips were of them walking in the hallway, or sitting in class. Only one of these was of Chantelle.  
  
He also discovered one of a girl jerking off a boy, presumably her boyfriend, in the middle of a lesson. They were in the back row. The classroom looked different to those at Cedar Hill high; for a start, the desks were of a different design. So Andy was sure it was a different high school.  
  
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Chantelle was listening to music on her cassette player/recorder, when there was a knock at her bedroom door.  
  
"YEAH?"  
  
Steve opened the door and stuck his head in.  
  
"Hi Steve. What's up?" Chantelle asked as he entered her room and shut the door.  
  
"I have decided it's time I learnt about the birds and the bees."  
  
Chantelle hit the stop button on the cassette player. "Sorry, what did you say?" Chantelle pretended she didn't hear him the first time because of the music.  
  
"I said; I want to learn about the birds and the bees."  
  
"Didn't they teach you about that in health in primary school?"  
  
"I don't mean the names of our sexual parts. I mean how to do IT!"  
  
"Have you tried watching porn on the internet?"  
  
"That only shows what to do. I think I need some practical experience."  
  
"And what do you want me to do?"  
  
"I want you to let me practise pleasing a girl."  
  
"Why don't you ask Amelia? She older and more experienced than me."  
  
"I'm not as close to Amelia, and besides I don't have anything on her."  
  
"And what do you think you have on me?"  
  
"Well there's the fact that for two days you went to class nude. There's even a video on the net of Veronica stripping in the cafeteria and you can be clearly seen nude in the back ground."  
  
"Oh... So what do you expect me to do?"  
  
"I want you to strip and let me feel your tits and pussy. Actually I want you to show me where and how to touch a girl to get the best result."  
  
Chantelle had never thought of her younger brother sexually, even though he was nearly as old as her. "Why are you annoying me? What's wrong with the girls your own age?"  
  
"I don't know any of them well enough."  
  
"You should just ask for a date."  
  
"You forget I'm the science nerd; no one wants to go out with me."  
  
"Yeah, but you should ask; you never know. There must be a couple of girls you fancy."  
  
"OK, OK... I know what to do; but I don't know how or when to do it."  
  
"I thought you said you've watched some of those videos that are on the net?"  
  
"Yeah, I have; but now I would like some practical experience. That's why! And after all I have a very experienced sexy sister."  
  
"Oh I don't know..."  
  
"Come on Sis... Please."  
  
"You won't tell Mom or Dad will you?"  
  
"You want to risk it. You know they would hit the roof. Probably make you stop seeing your cheerleader friends and Jamie; maybe even make you transfer to a new school. There!"  
  
"OK, bugger you... How about I teach you how to satisfy a girl and spread a rumour that you're a real ladies man."  
  
"You mean you'll let me do IT with you?"  
  
"I'm not going to screw you, but we can try everything else."  
  
"Yeah, OK." Steve sat on the bed beside her.  
  
"Well let's see; I guess we have to start with kissing. The first time you kiss a girl you should keep your lips together, but pout. Like this." Chantelle leant over and went to kissed him on the lips.  
  
"OUCH! What was that?" Chantelle screamed.  
  
"A spark caused by static electricity. Hasn't that happened to you before?"  
  
"No, never."  
  
"That's why kissing is sometimes call 'sparking'. Here hold my hand... Right, now show me again." Steve watched as Chantelle pouted her lips. He did likewise, and then Chantelle leant over and kissed him. No spark this time. "I guess that's it. You've always touched your boyfriend before kissing, eh?"  
  
"Yeah, probably. Now, if you get a second chance, you can try kissing with your lips parted." Chantelle again demonstrated by kissing him, sucking his upper lip in the process. He thought, 'Wow; Sis's lips are so soft, so supple.'  
  
"If she hasn't slapped your face by then, you can use your tongue the next time. Tickle her lips with your tongue and if you're lucky she will return the favour." Again he kissed her as instructed.  
  
"Hey, that's fun." The sensation went right from Steve's lips to his groin. His cock was no longer limp, but grew, and began to press against his pants.  
  
"There is one more thing you may try, when you want to get a reaction. Open your mouth as if to receive her tongue." She kissed him, pushing her tongue up behind his top teeth and tickled the roof of his mouth.  
  
He pulled back. "OH SHIT! That really tickles."  
  
"You don't say. Jamie did it to me once and I sort of liked it."  
  
"Did he only do it the once?"  
  
"Yeah... What do you think is next?" Chantelle asked as she unbuttoned her top.  
  
Stephen saw that she wasn't wearing any bra. "Playing with your boobs?"  
  
"Yeah." Chantelle was now completely topless.  
  
"Gee Sis, this is the first time I seen a girls boobs up close. WOW!"  
  
"Thanks. But remember you must be gentle, whether you are feeling them with your hands, or sucking the nipples with your mouth. OK? You want to try?"  
  
Steve thought, 'God, real live tits, right in front of me.' They were round, firm and stood straight out, no droop at all. The skin was smooth, fair and flawless. Her nipples barely protruded and her areolas were pale brown. He knew that compared with many other girls, his sister's breasts were small; they were a petite B cup.  
  
He put his hand under her breast and lifted slightly. It was so much bigger than he had expected, completely filling his hand. Steve's cock firmed a little more.  
  
"Before you can tweak my nipples I think you will have to kiss them to make them protrude."  
  
"Oh OK."  
  
"Now run your tongue all around my nipple... Now do the same to the other one... Oooo... Put your mouth over the nipple and suck on it ... gently ... mmmm."  
  
Steve kissed her left nipple and then the right. He felt her nipples lengthen and firm up as he kissed them.  
  
"OK. Now try rubbing them between your fingers. Take your thumb and fingers and roll them like this." Chantelle demonstrated on her left breast.  
  
Steve squeezed Chantelle's right nipple between his thumb, index and middle fingers. "Not so hard! ... That's better. The best time to reach for her breasts is when you have already tongue kissed her for a while... Oh yeah that's it... you can also pull on the nipple a little bit."  
  
"Ooooo... That's enough... Ooooh... The next and most important thing is stimulating the pussy." Chantelle didn't want to become too aroused, so she didn't allow him to play with her breasts as long as a girl would normally like or allow. She actually couldn't believe how much she enjoyed his touch; gee, after all he's her brother; it didn't seem right.  
  
Chantelle wanted to get the whole lesson thing over and done with as quickly as possible. So she lifted her skirt to reveal her hairless pussy. She wasn't wearing any panty. She regularly shaved all her pubic hair; so he could see her smooth outer lips, the long slit between them, and just a hint of dark red labia peeking out.  
  
Steve gasped at the sight. "Shit Sis, you look like a little kid down there!"  
  
"Oh shut up."  
  
"And you're not wearing any panty!" Steve's cock strained against his pants.  
  
"So what! Quite a few girls go without. And I shave so it's nicer for both parties when it's being kissed;" Chantelle ran her hand down over her pussy and back up; "as you will soon find out."  
  
"If you place your hand between a girl's legs, and she immediately puts her knees together; then that means NO, and so you must remove your hand. If, however, she spreads her legs, even a little, or has them already spread and leaves them so; then she is willing to be stimulated down there." Chantelle took Steve's hand and put it on her pubic mound.  
  
"Wow, you feel really soft and smooth."  
  
"Of cause... Now just lightly feel from the mound down to my snatch, and back up again." He couldn't believe he actually had his hand between a girl's legs, even if was only his Sis.  
  
He ran his hand down to her pussy and back up. "Shit Sis, this is making me REALLY horny."  
  
"That's OK. But remember, it's important not to rush a girl. Give her time to become aroused before you slip a finger into the slit..."  
  
"So are you ready?" He was impatient.  
  
"I'm ready, now spread the outer lips." Steve was so overcome with excitement he couldn't keep his hands steady. With a great deal of concentration he used both index fingers to separate her outer lips.  
  
"Do you see the ridge at the top end of the slit? That's the clitoral hood." Chantelle instructed.  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Well the clitoris is just under the bottom end of that. If you pull the hood up a bit, you will see a little round thing; that's the clitoris, clit for short. Now the clit of some girls is so sensitive that they can't bear to have it touched. In that case you stimulate it by pushing the outer lips around. OK, now you try lightly massaging mine."  
  
"Oh yes, that's perfect. Keep it up." Chantelle pleaded.  
  
A few minutes later, Chantelle murmured, "Hmmm... It's time to kiss my clit. But start by licking the crease between my thigh and pussy... Ooooo, it tickles... He-he... Now move across to my clit, lick it with your tongue... Ooooh yes; that's it." She sighed as Steve sucked it. "Try taking my inner lips into your mouth and sucking them... Yes; yes; ooooh yes..." At this point she had intended to tell him about the G-spot and then end the lesson.  
  
RING... RING... Chantelle was just able to reach her phone without disturbing Steve who continued to work on her pussy.  
  
"Ooh hi Jamie." Chantelle held the phone in her right hand. Her left hand held Steve's head against her pussy.  
  
"Great news love. Today I picked up enough electro-chromatic fabric to make your prom gown."  
  
"Yeah, mmmm, I had already heard that you were getting it."  
  
"You knew already?"  
  
"Oooh... Yeah. Amelia's friend at work is dating an older guy who is one of the researchers in the group you've been talking with."  
  
"Oh bugger; I was hoping to surprise you."  
  
"Oooh... Sorry... It's great that you actually have it. Oooh yeah." She was struggling to maintain her composure on the phone. Steve's tongue was really hitting the right spot.  
  
"Our only problem now is to find a good dress-maker and the right pattern."  
  
"I already have a sketched of a design. Ooooh, I'll ask my Mom about a dressmaker."  
  
"I think Tonni said her sister is a dressmaker. I'll ask Tonni if her sister can make the pattern from your sketch."  
  
"Oooh... OK... That sounds good."  
  
"What you been doing?"  
  
"Oooh; just listening to the radio."  
  
"That's funny I can't hear it."  
  
"Oooh; I turned it off before I answered the phone."  
  
"Well that's all for now. Bye love."  
  
"Ooooh Yeah. See you soon. Love you." Chantelle hurriedly put the phone aside.  
  
"Oooooh God Steve. I've never done... Ooooooh... I've never before had oral while on the phone. Ooooooh geez Steve."  
  
Chantelle thought, 'I'll have to try that with Jamie. While he's going down on me, or even better, while he's screwing me I'll phone a friend.'  
  
RING... RING... Chantelle picked up her phone again. "Ooooh hello."  
  
"Hi Chantelle, its Veronica. I just tried to ring but your phone was busy."  
  
"Ooooh Yeah, I was just talking with Jamie. Mmmmm, he just told me he has the smart material for ooooo for my prom gown."  
  
"Wow! That's great. Are you OK, you seem; I don't know... are you playing with your vibrator?"  
  
"Nah, oooooh... I'll tell you later... Oooooh."  
  
"Anyway Marsha and me are on our way shopping; would you like to come?"  
  
Steve stuck his tongue into her cunt.  
  
"Oh God yes!" She meant that for Steve more than as an answer to Veronica's question.  
  
"OK, we'll pick you up in half an hour."  
  
"Oooooh OK... Oooooh bye." She put her phone down. "Geez Steve!"  
  
"You know there's juice running out of your cunt... Mmmm... it really ain't so bad." Steve licked his lips, and then returned his tongue to her labia.  
  
"Ooooh God Steve... The last thing is to, oooooh, to stimulated the G-spot, mmmm, either separately or, hmmm, or while you're still sucking the pussy, oooooh."  
  
Steve briefly stopped licking to ask; "And where's the G-spot then?"  
  
"Well it's inside the vagina. Ooooh, you will need to insert a finger or two. Ooooo, the best way to gain entry is to press down, mmmm, down on my perineum, mmmm, and then slide your finger in, mmmm."  
  
Again he briefly paused to ask; "What the hell is the perennial?" Steve had never heard of it.  
  
"It's perineum. It's the area just below the opening of the cunt; right?"  
  
"Oh yeah, and where did you learn that term, smarty-pants?" This time Steve moved so he could suck her clit.  
  
"Ooooh Dr Finlay described it when he fu... Ooooh, when he was examining me, mmmm." She explained.  
  
"Now, dam it! Insert a finger into my cunt, ooooh, two knuckles deep, and tickle the roof of, mmmm, of the vagina with your finger tip... Ooooh... Now remember, if you don't want to hurt a girl, mmmm, you have to cut your finger nails very short, ooooo."  
  
A moment later; "Yeah, you've found it... Ooooh good... Don't stop Steve. Ooooh... I want to enjoy it for a bit; Ooooh... Oooooh... OOOOOOH HELL... OOOOOOOH!!"  
  
Her whole body froze briefly before her cunt grabbed Steve's finger in a series of spasms. She threw her head back, and then suddenly went limp.  
  
"What happened, Sis? Are you alright? I felt your cunt grab my finger. "  
  
"Oh yeah, I'm alright. I'm more than alright... I just had an orgasm... WOW! I didn't think I would cum while showing you... WHEW!"  
  
"So what's next?"  
  
"Just this; if you are willing 'to go down on' girls like you just did for me, you will be able to steal the girl-friend from any guy who won't do it."  
  
"So the expression 'to go down on' a girl means to suck her clit and inner lips?"  
  
"Yeah, and don't you forget it."  
  
Chantelle had decided before she started teaching Steve that she wouldn't fuck him. So, even though she was still feeling a little horny, having had the one orgasm was sufficient to allow her to stick to her resolution, "Sorry Steve, but that ends the lesson."  
  
"But you've made me SO HORNY; please Sis. My cock is so hard it hurts." He begged.  
  
She could see he really was very aroused by the huge bulge his rock-hard cock made in his jeans. She thought for a bit, and then offered, "I'll tell you what; how about I let you watch me using my vibrator, while you jack off?"  
  
"OK." He eagerly removed his pants and underpants and climbed onto the bed; while Chantelle fetched her vibrator from the middle draw of her dresser.  
  
They lay on their sides facing in opposite directions, his head just below her pussy, and her head near his rigid cock. She could see the details of his cock; the fine blue veins that spread from its base like tree roots; the grooves and ridges along the shaft, and the smooth head with its hole at the tip. There was a glisten of pre-cum that had oozed from the hole and slid down across the glans.  
  
A low hum sounded as Chantelle turned on the vibrator. She spread her outer lips with her left hand, and placed the vibrator on her clit.  
  
Steve wrapped his fingers around his cock and rubbed up and down.

The vibrator's hum became muffled as she inserted it slowly into her eager cunt.  
  
She wound the speed control up to maximum. "Oooooh... God... That's it."  
  
Steve rubbed faster, spurred on by the sight of his Sis ramming the vibrator in and out of her in cunt. It was coated with a film of her love juices which were scrapped off and dribbled toward her arse each time she pushed it in.  
  
When he came, his first shot of sticky sperm landed on her face; the following three loads were sprayed across her neck and boobs. "Well thank you!" she said sarcastically.  
  
TOOT! TOOT! Veronica and Marsha had arrived.  
  
Chantelle had already cleaned herself, changed her clothes and was waiting for them. She immediately hurried down the path to their car. She greeted them as she climbed into the back seat.  
  
As Veronica drove off, Marsha began the inquisition, "What was going on when you answered the phone?"  
  
"I'd rather not say; it's sort of embarrassing."  
  
"So you WERE using your vibrator."  
  
"NO!"  
  
"Oh I thought not, because we couldn't hear any buzzing in the background... Ah! You were just using your fingers, then?"  
  
"Nah."  
  
"So you were watching some porn?"  
  
"Honestly, I'd rather not say."  
  
Veronica joined in, "Oh come on; I'm your best friend; if you can't tell me, who can you tell?"  
  
"Oh bugger. Alright... Brother Steve forced me to teach him some anatomy."  
  
Marsha continued with, "That doesn't explain your moaning and groaning."  
  
"He said he'd seen what to do on the net and demanded I let him practise on me... THERE!"  
  
"You mean he was screwing you while we were talking with you?"  
  
"Geez no! It was only oral."  
  
"Oh; you mean he was sucking you pussy?"  
  
"Yeah, sort of... I know he's my brother... But he said if I didn't let him, he'd show Mom and Dad the pictures of me nude at school."  
  
Veronica had parked by the road-side. "Did he do a good job?"  
  
"Yeah... He was either a fast learner, or it just came naturally to him."  
  
"Did you have an orgasm?"  
  
"Oh Yeah; not long after talking to you... You know I think talking on the phone while having sex is a real turn on."  
  
"Even so I think he shouldn't have threatened you. Sounds like he needs to be given some sort of punishment."  
  
Marsha suggested, "Why don't we spread a rumour that he's a dirty perve, always spying on his sister?"  
  
"Actually I promised the opposite. I said I would spread a rumour that he really knows how to please a girl."  
  
With a twinkle in her eye Marsha thought out loud, "We can't say that without testing him. I think he needs to prove his oral skills first and that sounds like more fun than shopping. How about we go back and see how good he really is; what do you think?"  
  
Veronica had already completed a U-turn while Marsha spoke, and then Chantelle said tongue-in-cheek, "Well if you two want to try him out, then I'd like to supervise."  
  
All three girls entered Stephen's room. Marsha and Veronica sat on his bed, Marsha on the right; Chantelle remained standing. Stephen was seated at his desk.  
  
Veronica spoke first. "Chantelle just told us you've learnt what to do sexually, that is the theory, via the net. She also said you forced her to let you have a practical session with her. Now it's our turn to test you. Do you know what a 'viva voce' is?"  
  
"Nah." Steve looked puzzled; he thought, 'Where on earth did she learn that Latin expression.'  
  
"It means an ORAL exam. My medical friend told me each time they finish a topic, he has an exam in which the lecturer asks him questions and he has to answer verbally. He calls that type of an exam a 'viva', but the full term is 'viva voce'."  
  
"So you're going to asks me questions about sex?"  
  
"Nah." Veronica's cheeky smile widened. "We're going to test how well you can perform ORAL sex."  
  
"Oh OK." Stephen smiled at the thought of performing oral sex on either Marsha or Veronica or both. That last thought was really exciting.  
  
"So what do you think should be considered a pass?"  
  
"Shit I don't know. What?" Stephen really didn't know what they had in mind, but he was really keen to find out.  
  
"You have to succeed in giving at least one of us an orgasm. If you succeed, we'll let it be known how good you are at it."  
  
"And if I don't pass?"  
  
"We'll make sure your reputation is completely ruined. Is that fair?"  
  
"Do I have a choice?"  
  
Marsh pussy was already twitching at the thought of some direct stimulation. She told Stephen to sit between her and Veronica.  
  
As soon as he was seated, Marsha turned and kissed him; she licked his lips before forcing her tongue into his mouth. Steve sucked on her tongue.  
  
As their kiss continued, Marsha placed her right hand on the bulge that had already formed in Steve's shorts. She squeezed his cock through the material. She really enjoyed teasing him.  
  
Veronica didn't want to be left out, so she sucked on Steve's left earlobe as she took his left hand and placed it under her dress.  
  
Stephen decided to work on Marsha first because she was a voluptuous blond; more curvaceous than either Veronica or his sister.  
  
He put his right hand up Marsha's skirt. "Where are your panty Marsha?"  
  
"Why? Were you wanting the pleasure of taking them off?" She spread her legs a little.  
  
"Yeah, of cause."  
  
Veronica tried to get his attention, "I'm wearing pink thong panties with black trim. Look!" She lifted her dress to her waist. Her panties were pulled into her pussy such that the shape of her pussy was clearly defined. She ran her hand over the crotch with the middle finger pressed into the slit.  
  
Veronica saw that Stephen was again kissing Marsha with his eyes closed. Well actually it was more like Marsha was kissing Stephen; she had her tongue in his mouth, licking the insides of his lips.  
  
In a further attempt to gain Stephen's attention, Veronica stood quickly so that the bed creaked. Stephen opened his eyes and looked toward the noise. Veronica saw him look and pulled her dress up over her head and off. Her bra was also pink with black trim. Stephen recognised her underwear as the ones she wore when she did the striptease and masturbation in the school cafeteria.  
  
"You can take my panty off if you like." Veronica teased.  
  
Stephen pulled away from Marsha so he could use both hands to remove Veronica's panties. As soon as her pussy was exposed, she put her hand over it, not as an act of modesty, but so she could rub her fingers up and down her moistening slit. She turned so he could see her cheeky bum. Stephen ran his hands over her butt before he unclasped her bra. She turned to face him, but he had already sat down next to Marsha again, this time on her right hand side.  
  
Chantelle saw the disappointed look on Veronica's face, so she stepped up to her and gave her a big hug.  
  
Stephen's fingers explored Marsha's pussy; spreading her love juices from her cunt to her engorged inner labia and clitoral hood. After playing with her moistened labia, he inserted his middle and index fingers into her cunt.  
  
Marsha kissed him briefly before she pleaded, "Steve I'd prefer to have it sucked."  
  
Stephen dropped between Marsha's legs. He paused to look at her pussy. She was completely hairless, just like a ten year old girl. Stephen considered her cunt to be even more beautiful than Chantelle's. The outer lips were smooth and pout, each bigger than 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 spread her legs further; her slit opened wider and Stephen could see her clit was swollen to pea size and protruding from under its hood; it was smooth and shimmered with a coating of love juices. Her love juices also glistened on her labia, around her gorgeous cunt and where it had dribbled down to her arse. Around the inside of her pussy the skin was bright pink with arousal.  
  
Stephen reminded himself: groin; outer lips; inner lips; then clitoris.  
  
He bent forward and licked her groin from the bottom to the top. She lay back on the bed, "Oooh that tickles... Don't waste time Steve, kiss my pussy."  
  
Stephen ignored her plea and moved slowly across to her outer lips. Her excitement grew along with her anticipation.  
  
As his tongue ran around her smooth pussy lips, her body tingled with pleasure.  
  
He sucked the love juices off her inner labia; they were now engorged and much larger.  
  
Finally he pressed his tongue into her slit and searched for her clitoris; it lay swollen and extremely sensitive just below its hood. He flicked his tongue over it, making her moan louder. Then he took it between his moist lips and sucked gently as his tongue massaged it.  
  
Chantelle prompted Stephen, "Don't forget to finger her G-spot."  
  
Veronica scowled at Chantelle. "That's enough; no coaching now! This is an exam; remember."  
  
To appease Veronica, Chantelle reached down to finger her friend's pussy. Veronica soon responded by reaching for Chantelle's pussy.  
  
Marsha's moaning filled the room; one could be forgiven for thinking she was dying. It was a good thing that Chantelle's parents and Amelia were out for the day.  
  
Marsha had her hands on the back of Stephen's head holding his mouth against her clit, even as he took his sister's advice and started finger fucking her. Each time he thrust his fingers into her warm, slimy cunt, they rubbed her G-spot, causing an even louder shrill cry.  
  
Veronica didn't know what come over her, but she kissed Chantelle; a long hungry kiss. Their friendship had been building up to this for so many years. As they kissed, they both caressed each other pussy slit; their breasts pressed together.  
  
They moved onto the bed, with Chantelle on top of Veronica.  
  
Chantelle moved down Veronica's body kissing her breasts, and then she slowly ducked her head lower; sliding her wet tongue over her friend's smooth flawless flesh, over her tummy to her pussy.  
  
Chantelle was thrilled when she heard Veronica gasp with horny anticipation. "Geez, yes!" she hissed, "Please keep going. I want you to kiss inside my pussy."  
  
Chantelle stared briefly at the shiny-wet folds of Veronica's engorged labia that protruded from her pussy. Chantelle's tongue-tip darted into the simmering tissues. She sucked on the sweet-tasting pussy-lips. Veronica went wild, squirming, twisting and moaning; she could feel Chantelle's warm breath on her pussy and it made her even wetter.  
  
Stephen was almost suffocating between Marsha's thighs, but he was determined to complete the job. He guessed from the way she squeezed his thrusting fingers that she was already floating among the clouds; enjoying a pre-orgasmic plateau.  
  
Chantelle eagerly explored her friend's sensitive clit with her lashing tongue. It turned her on to be giving so much pleasure to her friend.  
  
While keeping her tongue inside Veronica's pussy, Chantelle turned around until she was in the 69 position on top of Veronica, with her legs spread and her pussy against Veronica's face.  
  
Veronica tipped her head back and licked between Chantelle's pussy lips. They both moaned with the excitement; each found it difficult to concentrate on sucking while their own pussy sent burst of pleasure throughout their body.  
  
Chantelle wondered what Jamie would think if he saw her in such a position. Then she remembered what Jamie had said, "I once dreamt of encountering a couple of girls in that position. In my dream, the girl on the bottom sucked my cock 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." Chantelle thought of phoning Jamie and telling him to come and join the orgy.  
  
They both became bolder. Chantelle buried her stiffened tongue directly into Veronica's cunt, drinking the love juices that flooded from that tight little cavern. She alternated between kissing, licking and sucking until Veronica squeezed her thighs around Chantelle's head and screamed.  
  
"Oh God I'm coming!" She bellowed; her body contorted and twisted as her sexual tension was released in spasms. Chantelle kept her mouth over Veronica's cunt and sucked up the stream of female juices until Veronica's orgasm receded and she was able to escape the clutches of her friend's thighs.  
  
Just as Chantelle pulled her face away from Veronica's pussy there was an extra loud scream by Marsha. She too had reached her climax.

**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders Ch. 11**

It is a bitterly cold winter evening in the Swiss Alps; the wind howls through the nearby trees as the snow sweeps across the slopes.  
  
In one of the ski chalets a group of men sit telling stories in front of a blazing log fire.  
  
The group leader announces, "Wayne, it's your turn to tell a story."  
  
"Well then, let me introduce you to some characters."  
  
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Stephen Spiros was a science/maths geek. He was about one year younger than his sister Chantelle, who was one of the Cedar Hill High School cheerleaders. She became famous by going to school completely naked one Monday and Tuesday. Stephen had heard the rumours about the Cheerleaders, and even seen a few face-book clips of some of their escapades.  
  
Tonni Arthur was the youngest cheerleader, being a junior in high school. She and William Mann had split up, and William was now dating Veronica Wilson, the head cheerleader. He had been trying to hook up with her ever since she did that striptease and masturbation on the cafeteria table.  
  
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"This story was told to me by the main characters (the ones I just described) over the years since it happened... Would you like to hear their story?"  
  
"Yes please." was the chorus.  
  
"Well let's begin."  
  
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Chantelle introduced Steve to Tonni the next time she visited Chantelle.  
  
Steve shook her hand and then he kissed her with his lips pout but together.  
  
Steve had heard rumours about Tonni; even so he treated her with respect. Was it because he was shy, or was it how his mother had raised him.  
  
"What course are you doing at school?" Steve enquired.  
  
"I'm studying the arts. You know; audio and visual, sculpture, and of course painting. Did you see the clothes I drew on Chantelle using body paint?"  
  
"Nah, I didn't see them."  
  
"Pity. She wore nothing else when I presented her to my art teacher for assessment. She even had him put his hand on her pussy before he realised she was actually naked." Her frankness had Steve think the rumours may be true.  
  
"Wow... What's your favourite subject?"  
  
"Sex!" She replied with a cheeky laugh. After a pause "And what course are you studying?"  
  
"I'm a science geek: so my subjects are; higher maths, physics, technical drawing, and chemistry; oh, and of course English. We all have to do that, eh."  
  
"Which subject is your favourite?"  
  
"Chemistry, in particular organic chemistry."  
  
"What's organic chemistry?"  
  
"It's the study of naturally occurring substances; that is, substances created by living things or organisms. You know, like fats and oils, scents, proteins, vitamins. This was the frontier of science in the 1960s, before DNA and genetics took over."  
  
"Oh. I think I understand."  
  
After a period of silence, Steve asks, "I heard that you and William Mann split up?"  
  
"Yeah; pity, I really liked him. He's a great football player, you know... Did you go and watch the footy grand final?"  
  
"Nah."  
  
"You should have. We played the Linterna High School. The game was very close, with the lead changing back and forth many times during the game. In the last quarter, with only a couple of minutes to play, the score was tied. Play restarted in mid-field with Linterna in possession. When Rudy Scolari intercepted a pass, the Cedar Hill spectators erupted. He threw the ball forward toward, but in front of, William who was by then running at full speed in the direction of the touch-down line. As the ball span through the air, the crowd fell silent." Tonni paused for a second.  
  
She continued with an excited voice. "There were two Linterna players between William and the touch-down line. William caught the ball cleanly and the crowd roared again. He side-stepped the first opponent player with his characteristic fancy foot-work. He had so much momentum when the other player reached him, that he was able to deflect him with an out-stretched arm. The crowd were on their feet screaming and whistling. They made so much noise that the full time siren was barely audible."  
  
"Yeah, I had heard that we won."  
  
Tonni continued with a broad smile; "The other Cedar Hill's players picked up William and Rudy and carried them off the field. We cheerleaders followed the players."  
  
Steve's curiosity overcame his shyness. "I also heard that you and Jill followed the boys into their change room, eh?"  
  
"Yeah; in all the excitement... I tried to get Jill to leave, but she said she wanted to congratulate the players. So she stripped off and joined the boys in the showers. Then two of the boys grabbed my arms and dragged me, fully dressed, into the showers."  
  
"I believe there was quite an orgy." Steve's cock started to swell.  
  
"Well yeah... A funny thing happened though. When one guy was taking me doggy-style in the shower; I looked across at Jill, and she was in the same position. It was like... ah... 'feel-o-vision'. The two boys were stroking in time. So that what I saw happening to Jill, I could feel at the same time; the thrusting cock inside me and the shower on my back. It was a porn movie with feelings. It was great!"  
  
"How many guys did you have?" There was a definite bulge in his pants now. He placed his hand on her thigh.  
  
"I don't know... I didn't keep count... I did have an orgasm with the third boy." And with a bigger smile; "And I had a couple more orgasms after that... I also discovered why they call Harry, 'the horse'. It's a good thing I was well lubricated when he took me." While Tonni said this, Steve's hand lightly massaged her thigh, going higher under her skirt with each movement.  
  
Chantelle had been listening to them off and on and interrupted, "Did you enjoy having more than one guy? Did it hurt?"  
  
"Yeah, I enjoyed it. Like I said, I had lots of orgasms; so from that point of view I wished there had been more guys... Did it hurt; not then, but the next morning I sure was bruised between the legs."  
  
"Oh." Chantelle had previously fantasised about having many guys, but now she was having second thoughts.  
  
Steve tried to imagine the situation; then he broke the silence with; "Do you still miss William?"  
  
"Yeah... Bugger; now I have to go to school by bus, like before." She slowly spread her legs just a little.  
  
"Sis has been taking me by car... but I'm thinking; ah ... would you like me to ride with you in the bus?" Steve's fingers reached her pussy. 'Wow!' Steve thought, 'She's not wearing any panty. Her pussy lips are so soft and smooth, no pubic hair... Oh gee.' He pushed his index finger into her slit.  
  
Tonni's thoughts were clouded by the tingling in her pussy. "Oooo..." Eventually she managed; "Ooooo... Yeah, that would be nice." He ran his finger up and down inside her slit a few more times. "Mmmm... mmmm." She sighed again and again.  
  
Steve removed his hand, licked his index finger and looked deep into Tonni's eyes. Her eyes sparkled and she had a cheeky grin.  
  
Then he kissed Tonni, this time with his lips parted; he put his lips above and below her bottom lip which he lightly sucked. She returned his kiss by parting her lips and putting his upper lip between hers. Steve pushed his tongue into her mouth. She sucked on it and tasted her love juices mingled with his saliva.  
  
When the kiss ended, they both giggled with embarrassment.  
  
After Steve had left the room, Chantelle explained to Tonni that she had shown Steve how to look after a girl, but she had not shown him what a girl could do for him.  
  
"You mean he's a virgin and hasn't even had a Blow Job?"  
  
"Well as far as I know."  
  
Tonni thought of the fun she could have teaching him.  
  
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Chantelle and Steve lived one stop further out than Tonni. So when Steve boarded the yellow school bus, he reserved the seat next to him for Tonni. As an intelligent student you would think he would have planned ahead, but he didn't; he sat near the front of the bus on the right side facing the front.  
  
When Tonni joined him; Steve started the conversation by asking her how she met Chantelle.  
  
"Before Chantelle and Jamie started going steady, Jamie had asked me to go to go to the prom with him. You see we have a common AV lab and we were already good friends. At about the same time William Mann asked your sister to be his prom date. Of cause, once Jamie and Chantelle became serious, it was understood that they would go to the prom together. That left William and me without partners. So Jamie asked Chantelle to help me convince William I should be his partner."  
  
"What did Sis do?" Steve asked.  
  
"First both she and Jamie suggested I wear contact lenses or glasses with much lighter frames, instead of my heavy glasses."  
  
"Are you wearing contact lenses now?"  
  
"Yeah, but I am saving up so that next month I can have laser treatment and then I won't need anything."  
  
"Was that all they suggest?"  
  
"Nah; Jamie asked me to try wearing a skirt instead of the sloppy pants I always wore; and Chantelle let me lunch with her group to give me the courage to do it. After a few days of lunching with the group, Veronica to ask me to be a cheerleader."  
  
"Yeah, you certainly look great in that skirt you're wearing right now."  
  
"Thanks." Tonni smiled and took Steve's left hand in hers. "She also introduced me to William, and told me to flash my pussy when she did so."  
  
"You mean you lifted you skirt and you weren't wearing any panty?"  
  
"Well I lifted a knee, but it amounted to the same thing. It worked."  
  
"Is that the only time you've gone to school without panty?" Steve enquired with hope.  
  
"Why don't you find out for yourself." She teased, and turned toward him.  
  
Timidly he slid his right hand down the outside of her skirt to the hem and back up the inside to her pussy. "Oh shit!" He exclaimed. She smiled, then spread her legs a little to give his fingers full access to her pussy. "You really aren't wearing any! Are you?" He whispered.  
  
"Rub the clit softly, please; barely touch it as you tickle it." She pleaded quietly. She placed her left hand on the now obvious bulge in his pants. "Oooh... Yes like that." She sighed.  
  
Things did not progress any further, because by then the bus had arrived at school.  
  
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As they boarded the bus together that afternoon, Tonni went first. She walked almost all the way to the back, and sat on the left (when facing forward), next to the window. There weren't very many students actually using this bus. They were mainly Juniors and Sophomores who were not old enough to obtain a driving licence.  
  
When Steve sat down, he turned to his left and kissed Tonni. She returned his kiss, and soon they were playing tag with their tongues.  
  
She placed his right hand on her right knee, and whispered, "Do you want to continue what we were doing this morning?"  
  
Steve looked into her eyes. She had a twinkle in her eye and a devilish smile. He lifted his hand to his mouth and moistened the first two fingers. Then he slid his hand up the inside of her right leg, as she moved her left leg toward the window. "Remember tickle it softly." She reminded him.  
  
He had more time to stimulate her this time, because they didn't talk before-hand. Tonni's stop was ten minutes from school, and the bus always waited five minutes at school before leaving, to make sure everyone was there.  
  
Tonni had to agree that Chantelle had taught Steve very well when it came to pussy stimulation. He applied just the right amount of pressure to her clit, and also rubbed her inner lips expertly as his fingers ventured down to her cunt to be moistened with her love juices. He returned to tickle her clit which was now slightly swollen.  
  
There were other couples near them doing similar things. This could be confirmed by the occasional sigh or groan. However they were all seated such that none could actually see what the others were doing.  
  
Soon Tonni was one of those uttering a muffled sigh. "Oooh Steve... Ooooh."  
  
The next time his fingers caressed their way down to her cunt, she was well and truly ready to be finger fucked. He rotated his fingers around the opening, applying extra pressure at the perineum; this allowed his fingers to slide into her cunt more easily just as Chantelle had said.  
  
Soon he settled into a rhythm of thrusting his fingers in and out. Tonni moaned softly; "Ooooo... Mmmm... Oooooh."  
  
Steve remembered what his Sis had said about the most pleasurable thing for a girl was to have her clit kissed and sucked; so he slid down off the seat and put his head under her skirt.  
  
He kept finger fucking her as he also pleasured her clit with his lips and tongue. The minutes passed. Tonni became more vocal.  
  
"Mmmm... Oooooo." She experienced a sweet tingling feeling and a hot flush, as her blood rushed to her face, breasts and pussy.  
  
"Oooooh!" She sighed again and again. Soon she was floating among the clouds. Her love juices oozed liberally within her cunt.  
  
It wasn't long before Tonni clamped her legs together about his ears, and squeezed his fingers with her vaginal muscles; she had reached her climax. "Oooooooh." She sighed contentedly. She felt completely intoxicated by the sensations which had exploded throughout her entire body.  
  
It's a good thing she came when she did, because her stop was next.  
  
"See you on the bus tomorrow morning." Tonni said giving Steve a thank you kiss.  
  
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Steve really was a smart student, and this time he sat near the rear of the bus on the left side, just as Tonni had done the afternoon before.  
  
When Tonni joined him at the next stop, she suggested, "Let's move to the other side, so you can be next to the window."  
  
"Why?" He looked baffled; 'If he was to play with her pussy, she should be the one next to the window. More private; like yesterday.'  
  
"You'll see." She said with a smile; and then she winked at him. She thought, 'Today I'll teach you what Chantelle, Jamie and William taught me.'  
  
After they moved, she turned toward him, reached for his belt and unbuckled it. "What the...?"  
  
Tonni interrupted, "Just relax. It's my turn to work on you." Then she slid his zipper down and opened his pants. As she pulled his cock free it was no-longer limp, but not yet fully erect. She leant over and kissed the tip of his cock, while she squeezed its base with her hand.  
  
Steve thought; 'Wow that feels good. Gee I hope she's going to give me a full blow job. I wonder if she'll let me come in her mouth. After all she hasn't got any tissue.' Steve had never received a blow job before, and he really looked forward to experiencing it.  
  
Tonni looked up into his face and smiled lovingly, as she held his cock just in front of her lips.  
  
Now Steve's cock was rock hard. The veins along the shaft bulged out due to the sheer pressure of blood within them. Pre-cum already leaked from his dick.  
  
Tonni licked it all over to make it wet and slippery. Her hand rubbed up and down its entire length. Her hand was warm and firm. Steve gave a shudder each time her hand reached the glans.  
  
Tonni thought she would try the various techniques according to how strong a reaction she received when she was practicing on Jamie.  
  
She sucked the glans; kissed the hole and licked his foreskin. Again she looked up into his face. His eyes were closed, however his whole face was otherwise one big smile.  
  
She returned to slide her mouth up and down the full length of his rigid dick. "Umm," was his muffled response. She took care to make sure her teeth didn't touch or graze it.  
  
Then she pulled the skin taught by sliding her clenched hand down his cock to its base. With the tip now very sensitive, she massaged the glans with the other hand. Steve shuddered; "Oh gee Tonni, that's terrific. Don't stop!"  
  
While keeping the skin taught, she sucked the point underneath where the glans meets the foreskin. Steve pulled away; "Shit! That's just too sensitive." Tonni laughed.  
  
Then Tonni returned to sucking the tip. This young cheerleader sure knew how to give head.  
  
She looked up at him mischievously, lightly stroking the glans with her fingers. "Are you that close?"  
  
"Yes... you might want to stop. Just give me a minute."  
  
But she didn't. She continued to massage the tip, looking up at him with her impish grin. And then she placed her mouth over the tip and tickled the hole with her tongue.  
  
This was just too much for Steve. He came. Tonni felt bursts of sticky hot liquid pumping into her mouth, again and again. She kept her mouth firmly closed over his cock, and managed to swallow all of his cum.  
  
Tonni put her hand to her mouth; "KHH... HHH... HHM." She coughed hard to clear her throat of his sticky cum.  
  
Steve only just managed to straighten his clothes before the bus arrived at school.  
  
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As they boarded the bus together that afternoon, Tonni went first. Again they walked almost all the way to the back; but this time Steve sat on the left next to the window.  
  
When Tonni sat down, she immediately turned to her left and they kissed. Tonni felt for Steve's belt and tried to undo it.  
  
She had a glint in her eye; "Would you like another blow-job?"  
  
Steve answered by undoing his belt and pants' zipper. He pushed the front of his pants and underwear down until his firming cock sprang free.  
  
Tonni did not hesitate; she bent down and immediately started to work on his cock.  
  
By the time it was as firm as a rock and standing proud, she had it fully coated with her saliva. Then Tonni stood, lifted her skirt, and guided his cock into her. She wasn't wearing any panty. She looked into Steve's eyes and saw his pleasure matched hers.  
  
Steve had never experienced anything like it. He felt the heat of her cunt slowly surround his dick as it slid into her. Her cunt was wet and slippery, and only slightly resisted the entry of his swollen cock.  
  
Steve thought; 'Wow! It's really warm inside her cunt.' And then, 'Of cause it is; my cock is inside a warm blooded girl on heat.'  
  
Tonni flexed her vaginal muscles. "How's that? Better than a blow-job?"  
  
"Shit yeah!"  
  
Tonni used her legs to bounce up and down on Steve's lap. "Oooo... Oooo... Oooo," Tonni sighed. She certainly enjoyed it as much as Steve did.  
  
Being his first time; it only took a few minutes before Steve moaned and emptied his load of cum into Tonni. "Mmmm... Mmmmm... MMMMMM."  
  
They stayed motionless, joined at the hip for some time, before Tonni sought to bring herself to orgasm. This time she rocked her hips back and forth. This rubbed her clit against the base of his penis, and forced his cock to move in and out of her cunt a little.  
  
"Ooooh geez that's great," Tonni whispered in his ear. Then she kissed him. He returned the kiss and pushed his tongue into her mouth. She sucked on it as he wiggled his tongue between her lips.  
  
They were so engrossed in what they were doing that they both missed their stops.  
  
Finally Tonni squeezed her legs against Steve's sides and then froze, as her orgasm raced through her body. "Ooooooh... OOOOOOH," she moaned into Steve's mouth. Eventually her legs went limp. She broke the kiss and looked into his eyes.  
  
"Thanks Steve."  
  
He saw that Tonni's face glowed with a calm contentment.  
  
They did eventually get off the bus; at the next stop after Tonni had her orgasm.  
  
Steve immediately asked Tonni for a movie date. "You don't mind going by bus, do you?"  
  
"Nah. I've grown to love buses lately." They both smiled.  
  
Steve phoned Chantelle. He explained where they were and why; and asked her to rescue them.  
  
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"How about a break for a drink?"  
  
"No please continue." One listener insists.  
  
So after a quick sip.  
  
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Hearing Steve's explanation of why Tonni and he had missed their respective bus stops caused Chantelle to think about Jamie; well actually what she remembered was the intense love-making that always followed whenever she caught him of guard in some way.  
  
Over the next few days Chantelle considered different ways to surprised Jamie. By Friday she had settled on one idea. So early on Saturday morning she set off to do just that.

It was a warm night with a cool gentle breeze.  
  
It was about 5 am when Chantelle put on a thin, sleeveless free-flowing black dress; picked up her boots and tip-toed out of the house.  
  
She sat on the front step to put her boots on.  
  
As she walked briskly toward Jamie's house, the cool breeze caressed her body as if a thousand fingers were running around her arms and up her smoothly shaven legs and onto her hairless pussy. It felt exhilarating, but the coolness did cause her nipples to stand erect.  
  
As she passed under each street lamp, the light shown through her dress and made it all but invisible.  
  
Her progress was marked by the crickets; they stopped chirping as she approached and began again after she passed.  
  
Here and there a house would have a light on; presumably someone who needed to leave early for work, or perhaps a couple making use of his morning erection.  
  
In one of those houses she saw a strange silhouette on the window shade; it moved; it looked very much like one of those ink-blot tests that psychologists use. It caught her curiosity, so she stood still while she tried to understand what made such a silhouette. Soon it split into two, and Chantelle realised there was a couple undressing in that upstairs bedroom. When they turned and stood in profile, she could clearly make out the woman's breasts and the man's penis poking out. She began walking again after she witnessed them begin to make love doggy-style.  
  
Having walked a block further on, she suddenly heard the barking of a small dog several houses in front of her.  
  
She soon found out why the dog barked. Coming from the opposite direction was a man walking his dog. He was wearing only a pair of shorts.  
  
As he came nearer Chantelle recognised him as the ancient history teacher she had in first year at Cedar Hill high school; it was Mr Propolous.  
  
"Good morning Sir. Can I pat your dog?" As she said this a gust of wind lifted her dress up around her waist. Chantelle was looking at his face at the time and saw his eyes drop to her naked groin where they dwelled until her dress dropped back down of its own accord.  
  
"Err, why yes you can; he won't bite."  
  
Chantelle bent down and patted the dog. It was a golden-brown cocker spaniel. He was down wind of Chantelle; she could see him sniffing the air; his tail began to wag as she stroked his back.  
  
"That's strange he doesn't normal get so friendly with strangers."  
  
"Good dog... He's a nice dog Sir."  
  
"Yes he is... You're looking well Miss Spiros."  
  
Chantelle was amazed that he remembered her name. She thought; 'Perhaps he had been reminded of it because of her recent escapades at school.'  
  
"Why thank you Sir." Chantelle now sat on her haunches as she continued to pat his dog.  
  
"No it's true; the crisp air seems to suit you. It's put some colour in your checks."  
  
"What's his name, Sir?"  
  
From her squatting position Chantelle could just see the bright red tip of the dog's penis poking out from its sheath; it looked like a lipstick emerging from its container.  
  
"Spartacus... Shall we walk him together?" He indicated the direction Chantelle had been heading.  
  
Chantelle nodded her agreement. "Come on Spartacus."  
  
She thought of their first year ancient Greek lessons. She recalled how Mr Propolous had encouraged them to listen to those lesson 'au naturel'. He was completely nude as he strutted confidently between them talking about the ancient Olympics and the athletes who competed without clothing. These were the first times Chantelle had been nude in public. She remembered it fondly. She'd had a crush on him that year.  
  
"You seem to be miles away. Is everything OK?"  
  
"Yes Sir. The name 'Spartacus' seems very appropriate for a history teacher's dog."  
  
Just then they reached a street lamp; the light shown through her dress and as before made it all but invisible. They stood for a while as Spartacus sniffed the base of the lamp post, lifted his right back-leg and sprayed the post with a small amount of piss. Mr Propolous certainly noticed her glorious youthful figure.  
  
"Ah; yeah." He looked away, "Yeah; I chose that name because my favourite part of history is ancient Greece."  
  
They resumed walking with Spartacus pulling on his leash.  
  
"Yes, mine too. I was just remembering your lessons about the Olympic athletes." She wasn't bold enough to actually mention their nudity.  
  
"Oh yes, they're the ones we did in the nude. You know I still encourage my students to do that. Unfortunately not all classes agree though... How did you like that experience?"  
  
Chantelle decided to be honest with him; "I found it invigorating; perhaps even life changing."  
  
"You really enjoyed being nude in my class, then?"  
  
"Oh yes Sir" She couldn't believe she had just acknowledged it.  
  
"I thought so when I heard that you had attended classes in the nude only a few days ago."  
  
"You really heard about it?"  
  
"Oh yes," He raised his eyebrows, "I even used your action to encourage this year's class to disrobe for their ancient Greek lessons."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"So have you experimented with being nude at any other times?"  
  
"Err... Yes Sir." She was amazed that she had told someone other than Jamie; it excited her to have done so.  
  
"And have you found those times to be equally as invigorating?"  
  
She did not hesitate this time, "Yes." She had a broad smile and a twinkle in her eye as she thought of her nude walk in the mall with Jamie.  
  
"Well then, why don't we take off our clothes and completely enjoy the fresh air? After all everybody is sleeping. What do you say?"  
  
Chantelle did not answer, but immediately lifted her dress up over her head and off; then she watched as he finished removing his shorts and briefs. His penis hung down, but she thought that it was probably not completely limp. He still had an athletic figure. She looked away but not before he caught her looking at his manhood.  
  
He held the dog leash and his shorts in his left hand and took Chantelle's arm with his right.  
  
"Do you still study history Miss Spiros?"  
  
"Sorry Sir, I'm interested in studying fashion and..." Chantelle laughed. "It just occurred to me that I enjoy nudity and yet I wish to design clothes. Funny ha?"  
  
"Well you still need to study history; contemporary history, and in particular the history of fashion."  
  
"Yes, I think that is one of the subjects that's included in the fashion course in college."  
  
She had forgotten they were nude until their bodies were bathed in the glow of yet another street light. Chantelle rubbed her rubbed her fingers up and down her thighs as if confirming to herself that, yes she was actually nude.  
  
Again Spartacus sniffed the base of the lamp post, turned and lifted his leg and sprayed the post.  
  
"Which college do you intend to go to? Have you applied already?" Theo asked as they began walking again.  
  
"I can't afford to go to college next year. I'm hoping my sister can get me a job at Macy's where she works. Maybe then I can save enough to go later."  
  
"Did your sister go to Cedar Hill high school?"  
  
"Yeah, she did."  
  
Suddenly an unseen dog barked in the nearest house; Chantelle was so startled she jumped into Sir's arms. As she regained her composure, she looked into his eyes, a little embarrassed, "Sorry Sir."  
  
"It's alright," he said as he returned her gaze with one of desire, his hand caressing her bottom. Their innocent nude stroll was not so innocent anymore; there was now some sexual tension building between them. Sir's penis had definitely grown somewhat.  
  
Chantelle peered in the direction of the barking dog. She wondered if someone were to investigate its barking, what they think of this nude couple. It excited her to think they could so easily be observed.  
  
Mr Propolous didn't seem to be worried that they may be seen. "When did she graduate?"  
  
"Amelia graduated two years ago."  
  
"Oh. Then she may have been in one of my earliest history classes."  
  
"But Sir, you don't look old enough to have been teaching that long ago."  
  
"Why thank you... You know I do seem to recall an Amelia Spiros."  
  
In the distance the head-lights of a car appeared over the hill. As it approached Chantelle wondered what the motorist would do; Mr Propolous calmly walked on holding her arm reassuringly.  
  
"I believe your sister then had, and probably still has, a more conventional outlook on things than you. Am I correct?"  
  
As the car neared, it slowed down and the male driver smiled and gave them a single wave of approval. A female head briefly appeared above his waist a couple of times.  
  
Chantelle's brain was awash with excitement; she had been seen walking nude in the arms of a handsome gentleman, also nude, and it was not treated as abnormal. She looked over her shoulder and watched the red tail-lights disappear into the distance.  
  
"Do you know the driver?" She asked.  
  
"No, I don't think so."  
  
"Then why did he wave?"  
  
"Perhaps it had something to with our nudity and the blow-job he was getting."  
  
"Oh! Was he really getting a blow-job?"  
  
"Yes, I think that's what she was doing. Didn't you notice her head bobbing up and down?"  
  
"No. It must be hard to concentrate on driving under such circumstances?"  
  
"Yes most definitely." Mr Propolous' penis had swollen sufficient to cause it to stick out from his groin. Chantelle felt the cool breeze fan the wetness that had developed around her pussy.  
  
"Sorry; you asked something about Amelia?"  
  
"Oh yeah. Do you believe your sister has a more conventional outlook on things than you?"  
  
She shook her head; collected her thoughts; "Yeah; I think you're right."  
  
"More recently I had a student called Stephen Spiros; is he related to you?"  
  
As they reached yet another lamp post, they had to wait again while Spartacus sniffed around and lifted his leg.  
  
"Yeah; he's my younger brother... He's just over a year younger than me."  
  
"When I taught him, he seemed quite innocent; not street wise at all; what do you think?"  
  
"Well in the last few months he's started making up for lost time, at least when it comes to sex anyway."  
  
Just then they reached his house. "This is where I live. Would you like to sit and continue our conversation?" There was a bench seat on the front porch.  
  
"Yeah, OK." Chantelle was now feeling completely relaxed in his company.  
  
He let Spartacus off his leash. The dog immediately ran around the house to the back yard.  
  
They sat side by side on the bench.  
  
Chantelle noticed that his cock had swollen somewhat. "So were you walking anywhere in particular before I kidnapped you?"  
  
"Well I was planning to surprise my boyfriend, but right now I'm enjoying chatting with you."  
  
"Why thank you Miss Spiros."  
  
"Please call me Chantelle."  
  
"OK Chantelle. Then why don't you call me Theo." He placed his hand on her lap as he said this. Chantelle had a cheeky smile as she looked into his eyes. In her peripheral vision she could see that his erection continued to grow.  
  
"Why thank you Theo." She turned toward him and as she did her legs separated and his hand slipped higher up her thigh. Chantelle had decided she wanted him.  
  
"Does your boyfriend live far from here?'  
  
"Just a couple blocks further on."  
  
"How were you planning to surprise him without waking the whole family?"  
  
"Actually it's only him and his mom."  
  
"Oh. So?"  
  
"His room is on the second floor; so I was going to climb up and in."  
  
"Is there a down-pipe to climb?"  
  
"Nah; there's a large tree with a branch that almost touches his bedroom window."  
  
"Have you climbed in that way before?"  
  
"No, but Jamie has told me he has, and I've seen the tree from his room; so I think I should be OK." Theo's hand moved further up her thigh.  
  
"Is Jamie your boyfriend's name?"  
  
"Yeah; Jamie Taylor... Actually I think we are more than just steady friends; see," Chantelle lifted her left hand so he could see her ring; "Jamie gave me this ring when we went to his scholarship interview at Jefferson University in Linterna."  
  
"Ah yes; I seem to recall he was in one of those classes where the students weren't very interested in history." Theo's hand was now at the crease between her thigh and her hip.  
  
"Yeah their class is full of science / chemistry nerds. Jamie is actually majoring in audio / visual equipment and control. You know he has even managed to get enough electro-chromatic fabric for me to make my prom dress."  
  
"What is electro-chromatic fabric?"  
  
"Jamie told me it's a material whose appearance can be changed by applying a small voltage to it."  
  
"Oh OK. Now you told me earlier that you wish to learn clothing design; so have you designed your own prom dress?"  
  
"Yes I have some fairly detailed sketches of how I would like it to look."  
  
Just then Spartacus came bounding around the house and up onto the porch. He looked into Theo's eyes and then at Chantelle, before nuzzling between her legs and sniffing her pussy.  
  
"SPARTACUS! STOP THAT!" Theo shouted as he attempted to push the dog's nose away. In the process Theo's fingers, accidently or otherwise, brushed against Chantelle's pussy. "Oh I'm sorry Chantelle... He's a bird dog, you know."  
  
"It's alright Theo. He meant well."  
  
Theo reattached the dog's leash and tied him to the handrail. As he walked back to the bench, Chantelle observed that Theo's cock now stood erect; perhaps it had even reached its full potential.  
  
"How long have you had Spartacus?" Chantelle asked as Theo sat next to her again. She had intentionally left her legs apart so he could clearly see all of her bald pussy.  
  
Theo put his hand to his chin, "I think it's been four years since I picked him up as a pup." Theo nonchalantly dropped his hand back onto her thigh.  
  
Chantelle took that as a willingness on his part and leant toward him with pout lips and kissed Theo. As she continued kissing him, she put her hand on his and gently pushed it onto her pussy.  
  
Theo returned her kiss, licking her lips with his tongue. His fingers explored inside her pussy, searching for her clit.  
  
Chantelle knew what she wanted and reached for his cock; there was no doubt about it now, it was rock hard. Its skin was soft and supple. She wrapped her fingers about it and proceeded to rub up and down.  
  
He was not shocked by this, but acted as if he had expected it. He glanced down at his lap. He was pleased that his erection stood obscenely upwards, with Chantelle's feminine fingers wrapped around the shaft. Her nails flashed in the moonlight as she stroked it.  
  
He lost himself in the feel of Chantelle's hand, moving gently up and down his shaft. Droplets of pre-cum appeared at the top of his prick.  
  
Chantelle bent over and collected each droplet with the tip of her tongue.  
  
Then Theo felt Chantelle's warm mouth envelop the head of his dick. Again he looked down, wishing to see her mouth swallowing his cock. But her face was hidden by waves of long dark hair that cascaded over his thigh and legs. He was disappointed, but he couldn't really complain about something that felt so good.  
  
Theo revelled in the pleasure coming from his groin; now his eyes were closed; his head tilted back; his mouth open; he breathed heavily as he drifted among the clouds. He was experiencing indescribable pleasure from the mouth, lips and tongue of a beautiful naked girl. His penis throbbed, swollen and taut, seemingly ready to explode at any moment. Chantelle's saliva soon coated the entire length of his erection and dribbled down onto his balls.  
  
Spartacus was a smart dog; he knew what was happening and as a result his cock had fully emerged a bright red from under its sheath. There was nothing for it but for him to suck his own cock.  
  
When Chantelle saw Spartacus' dick she remembered what she had read about dogs being locked together during sex. It said, 'The bottom 2 inches of a dog's dick expands about 3 times its size after insertion.' She looked at his dick and estimated it was nearly 1 inch across. She thought, 'Gee, it would expand to almost 3 inches; that's like being fisted!'  
  
Chantelle slid off the bench and knelt between Theo's legs. She bent down and kissed his balls. She was amazed that they were hairless and felt smooth in her mouth.  
  
She pulled back to look closely at his manhood. Yes his balls and around the base of his shaft were hairless with no sign of stubble; this made his erect penis appear even larger that its already enormous size. The curly hairs on his pubic mound had been trimmed short. This was the first time she had seen a shaven cock and balls, and the sight sent tingles from her pussy all through her body.  
  
She resumed sucking his balls and then moved up the underside of his thickened shaft; licking the soft, supple skin as she sucked it into her mouth. At the tip she was rewarded with another drop of pre-cum. Her elegant fingers encircled the base as she ran her tongue around the taut, sensitive skin of his glans. Again she was rewarded with more of his juices.  
  
Chantelle climbed above Theo's lap, facing towards the house. She lowered herself slowly onto his rampant erection. As always she enjoyed that stretching feeling as the enormous cock thrust into her tight young cunt for the first time.  
  
Initially she rocked her hips back and forth; his pubic hair tickled her bald mound and pussy lips; her clit was sandwiched between his body and the base of his swollen cock and it was massaged by them as she moved.  
  
In the corner of her eye she saw a shadow move in one of the windows. The thought that they were being watched excited her great deal.  
  
"Do you live alone?" she asked as she moved faster, encouraged by the prospect of being watched.  
  
"Yes, I share the house with my sister."  
  
"Would she normally be up at this time?"  
  
"Yeah, sometimes... Why?"  
  
"I thought I saw someone at the window."  
  
"Oh; is that all."  
  
Chantelle wanted to feel his cock move to a greater extent within her; so she repositioned her legs and used them to bounce up and down his long, slick cock.  
  
Chantelle thought, 'What if someone walks past? Would they be as understanding as the car driver, or would that person think they were sex starved perverts? And what about his sister; what must she think? Would Theo take the blame; would they think he was the instigator and she was just a friend trying to make him happy.' In fact, Chantelle was too turned on to even care. All she seemed to be interested in was riding Theo until she came.  
  
All the while Theo was acutely aware of his throbbing erection being squeezed as it slid inside the warmth of Chantelle's pussy. Chantelle consciously crushed his dick with her pelvic muscles each time she landed on his lap.  
  
Her nipples were caressed by his chest hairs as her breasts rubbed against his body. They were both sweating profusely despite the coolness of the breeze.  
  
The morning was quiet except for the sounds of sex: the randy male crickets called to impress the nearby females; and then there was the squishing sound of Theo's cock sliding into her hot, slippery cunt and the slurping sound as it withdrew; and the occasional "oooooo." moans of pleasure by Chantelle.  
  
Suddenly there was the loud bang of a fly-screen door slamming shut.  
  
"Are you going to introduce me to your friend?" It was a woman of about twenty five years of age; she was wearing a sheer nightdress with nothing underneath. She had a healthy olive complexion and her areola and pubic hair were clearly visible through the thin material.  
  
They both turned toward her. "Hi Anita. This is Miss Chantelle Spiros, a former student of mine. She was in one of my Ancient Greek classes where the students stripped for the lessons." And then to Chantelle, "This is my younger sister Anita. We share this humble abode with Spartacus... Don't stop moving, please."  
  
"Spiros; isn't that a Greek name?"  
  
"Yeah, my father is from Greece." Chantelle resumed bouncing up and down Theo's slick cock.

"Has your father taught you any Greek traditions?"  
  
"Not specifically. Oooooh; I think he wants us to be true Americans... Oooooh."  
  
"Would you like to learn some of the traditions of Greece?"  
  
"Yeah; maybe. Theo taught us a little about the; oooooh the Ancient Greeks in our first-year history class... Oooooh."  
  
"Well we are both members of an Ancient Greek club. Perhaps you would like to join us?"  
  
"What sort of; oooooh of things do you do at the; oooooo the club?"  
  
"Well last month we had a lecture on the latest archaeological findings in Greece. Most often we have Greek dancing. Oh, and on special occasions, like someone's birthday, we put on a ancient style feast with dancing girls and the like."  
  
"Don't forget the concerts." Theo interrupted, as Chantelle continued to bounce up and down on his slick cock.  
  
"Yes, three months ago we had a private concert by Nana Mouskouri and the Athenians."  
  
"Mmmmm... My Dad would have loved that... Mmmmm."  
  
Anita continued, "Oh and I nearly forgot; once we had a wrestling night, in the nude, ancient Olympic style. The girls competed in a mud bath, and when one pair were being hosed off, I'm afraid the boys got carried away; it sort of turned into a massive orgy."  
  
Theo chuckled before he added, "Next month we're going to have a private screening of the movie 'Zorba the Greek'. Why not come and bring your family."  
  
"Sounds, mmmmm, interesting. When and where will it be shown?"  
  
"We normally meet at 7 pm on the second Monday of each month at our club-house; but the movie will be at the Odeon Picture Theatre in Main Street. Do you know where that is?"  
  
"Yeah; oooooh... I've been there before."  
  
"You know I feel over dressed compared to you two." And with that Anita took off her nightdress. She had long black hair; a healthy body with firm D-cup breasts; her nipples stood out half an inch from her small brown areola; her pubic hair had been trimmed short enough that the skin of her pussy could be clearly seen; even her labia that protruded were visible.  
  
She put her hands on her breasts, with the fingers below and the thumb above. She squeezed gently moving her thumbs forward as she did so. Chantelle watched; wondering what she was doing. Anita relaxed her fingers and then gently squeezed again. Chantelle was intrigued.  
  
Then Anita placed her left hand above her left breast and the fingers of her right hand under that breast with the thumb above next to her left hand. This time as she squeezed a few drops of white liquid appeared on the tip of her long nipple.  
  
"Oooooh... Is that milk?"  
  
"Yes it is." Anita squeezed harder and a stream of milk squirted out and fell to the floor.  
  
"Do you have a, oooooh, a baby then?"  
  
"Nah."  
  
"Oooooh... Then why are you lactating... Oooooh?"  
  
"Well you see my breasts were only small, B cups, and Theo and his male friends like ample breasts. I didn't like the idea of breast implants, so I started using a suction pump. Soon I had D cups and milk."  
  
"So you have to keep expressing milk for; oooooh for your breasts to stay that way, don't you... Oooooh?"  
  
"Yeah, you are right."  
  
"So what do you; oooooh you do with the milk?"  
  
"Well Theo drinks some at breakfast time, and I sell the rest. There's a growing market for human breast milk, you know."  
  
She came and stood beside them. She stroked Chantelle's back lightly with her finger tips. Chantelle looked deeply into Anita's eyes; they sparkled with a healthy smile.  
  
Anita licked her lips as she offered her right nipple to Chantelle. "Would you like a taste?"  
  
Chantelle accepted the offer and sucked on the erect nipple; to do this she stopped bouncing on Theo's cock. The milk was warm, sweet and creamy as it trickled into Chantelle's mouth.  
  
Chantelle resumed sliding her bottom back and forth on Theo's lap as she drank Anita's milk. Theo licked the milk that oozed from Anita's left nipple before he placed his mouth over the nipple and sucked.  
  
It was exquisite torture. He felt himself getting closer and closer to climaxing. He held Chantelle's soft body; clutching her hips as she rubbed herself against his pelvis; he thrust as deep into her as he could.  
  
Then Theo erupted inside Chantelle. His thick salty cum splashed about her cervix and into her womb. He cried out as he came again and again. This was sufficient to push Chantelle over the precipice; her cunt went into involuntary spasms as she had her own powerful orgasm.  
  
As Chantelle left, she turned at the gate to wave bye. Theo and Anita were too preoccupied with each other to notice. Theo still suckled at Anita's left breast, while Anita stroked his cum soaked cock with her right hand.  
  
Anita wet the fingers of her left hand with her tongue and applied this wetness to her cunt.  
  
Chantelle stood for a moment, watching as Anita swung her leg over Theo and lowered herself down onto his ridged cock.  
  
Chantelle suddenly realised she had been unconsciously rubbing her clit as she had been watching.  
  
Jamie's place was only a couple of blocks away. She set out carrying her dress over her arm; the breeze felt even more exhilarating as it wafted across her sweat covered skin.  
  
Jamie had once told her how he slipped out of his room by scaling down the large tree that had a branch overhanging the roof next to his bedroom window.  
  
When she arrived, she stood under said tree and stepped out of her boots and placed her dress on them. Her body had not completely cooled down since the sex, partly because of the swift walk to Jamie's place. The gentle breeze made her even more aware of the wetness created by Theo's sperm oozing out between her thighs.  
  
The climb up the tree was an easy one. Even so, when Chantelle was in its upper branches across from Jamie's room, she had a scary thought: what if she couldn't get across to his room and was unable to climb down; she would be found there in the morning wearing nothing but an embarrassed smile.  
  
Jamie's window was open a couple of inches. Once on the roof next to the window, she placed her right hand under the sash and her left on the sill. She slid the sash up slowly, careful not to make any sound. After she stepped into his room she pulled the sash back to its original position.  
  
The room was as she remembered from her previous visits. His bed was to the left of the window. Jamie slept with only a sheet covering him.  
  
Chantelle slid under the sheet and cuddled up to Jamie. She was contented to just lay there beside her boyfriend; her kindred spirit.  
  
The possibility of being discovered there by his mum both excited and concerned Chantelle. Her excitement was enough to keep her pussy wet until Jamie woke with a massive morning erection.  
  
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"Sorry gents, but that ends the story."  
  
One listener asks, "Wayne, can you tell us what became of Jamie, Chantelle and the others?"  
  
"Yeah sure."  
  
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Immediately after graduating from high school; Chantelle, with Jamie's encouragement, started an X rated web-site especially for exhibitionists. It was called 'High School Fantasies' and it primarily included public nudity and public sex, often in and around high school buildings. The first clips added to this site were those of Veronica, Marsha and Aimee doing their stripteases on the school cafeteria tables. Chantelle obtained these from Rudy. It also included some of the clips Jamie had recorded of the cheerleaders, including the slow motion segments he made of them doing back-flips. Later clips were added of Marsha, Skye and Harry the horse, separately and together. There were also segments showing the ladies of the Ancient Greek club engaging in nude mud-wrestling and other sports.  
  
With her share of the money raised by the web-site, Chantelle went to college and studied fashion design and apparel manufacture. After graduation she opened a small boutique shop, which sold her designs and those of a few other local designers.  
  
In the window of her boutique, Chantelle had the gowns worn by her cheerleader friends to their prom. This included Chantelle's evening gown made of electro-chromatic material. Jamie had connected a pulse generator to the gown. During the first 15 minutes of each lunch time, Chantelle would turn on the pulse generator so that the gown switched from opaque to clear and back again. When clear, one could see the black lace bikini with red trim that was being worn by the manikin. Through the lace one could see a hint of the life-like areola, nipples and pussy. The time was limited so that the material would not wear out so quickly. Either way it proved to be a great publicity gimmick.  
  
Jamie and Veronica were minor partners of the 'High School Fantasies' web-site. Jamie set up the internet site and Veronica created the business and banking side of things.  
  
The site helped Veronica pay her University expenses. She studied Business and Financial Management. After graduation she became a leading investment advisor.  
  
After graduating from Jefferson University, Jamie did a PhD. His topic was "The use of Artificial Intelligence as part of the Digital Control of Sound and Lighting for a Live Production." The control was to use the position of the actors and the tone of what they were saying to turn on the required spot-lights and the correct colour of the background lighting.  
  
Once his thesis was passed by the examiners, Jamie received three job offers, each a lectureship with a different University. He chose the one that allowed him to live with Chantelle, who he eventually married, and with whom he raised a family.  
  
William Mann obtained a sports scholarship to Linterna College and eventually he became a professional footballer. Veronica helped William invest his earnings wisely. When William ended his pro-football career, he was lucky enough to become an assistant coach at Cedar Hill High School.  
  
Officer Robert dated Marsha on a regular basis, but Marsha had a huge sexual appetite, and sometimes saw and had sex with others including Sam. However once they had met each other's families she remained faithful to Robert; and from then on she demand they see each other more often, and make love every time, preferably more than once. Marsha's father was really pleased with her choice when he discovered that Robert was a policeman.  
  
Aimee Wong and Jason Richards went out together, but not openly until after her High School graduation. Aimee obtained an engineering cadetship with a large steel manufacturer. They paid her University costs plus employed her during the Uni holidays. After graduating as a communications engineer, she continued working for them and five years later was classified as an experienced engineer. Soon after that, Jason was promoted to Sports Master at Cedar Hill High School and he and Aimee were married.  
  
Stephen Spiros and Tonni Arthur remained friends for the rest of their High School days; however their fiery extra-curricular use of the school bus ended after only a few days, because one of the male teachers started travelling on that particular bus. Steve gained his driver's licence at the start of his senior year; and after that he sometimes borrowed Chantelle's car on the weekend. Steve studied science at University and became a science teacher after graduation.  
  
Tonni remained a cheerleader until her graduation from Cedar Hill High School, but after that the others lost contact with her.  
  
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"Who were Jason Richards and police officer Robert?" One listener asked.  
  
"They were in stories I told you on previous evenings. Don't you remember?"  
  
"Sorry I don't remember."  
  
"Then I suggest you go and read the transcripts of those earlier stories."

**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders Ch. 12**

For the last few days the skies had been clear, completely devoid of clouds; so, the residents of this Swiss ski chalet had spent their days either skiing or looking after those who were skiing.  
  
Between sunset and a suitable hour for repose, a group of us men sit in front of the large log fire and exchange stories.  
  
One of the men speaks up, "Wayne how about telling us more of the lives of Chantelle and James? Did anything unusual happen to either of them once they graduated from Cedar Hill high school?"  
  
I thought for a while and then replied, "Well there was this one interesting incident; but to put it into its correct context I will have to go back a generation."  
  
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In the beginning, there was Jody Dubois and her friend Marion Johnson on holidays in Greece.  
  
While shopping in the Athens market place, they became separated. Jody had stopped to look in detail at one of the stalls, while Marion continued walking and talking without realising that Jody was no longer at her side.  
  
As soon as she found herself to be alone, Marion yelled out, "JODY! ... JODY! ... WHERE ARE YOU JODY!"  
  
A short while later, a handsome man approached her. She asked him, "What do you want?"  
  
The man replied, "Didn't you just call out for me? I'm Joe... Joe D Spiros."  
  
As he took her hand and bent down a little to kissed it; she protested, "I didn't call you. I'm looking for my friend."  
  
"Are you and your friend tourists then?"  
  
"Yes." She would have been more abrupt with him, but he truly was handsome, and she did like how he politely kissed her hand.  
  
"JODY! ... JODY!" she yelled once more.  
  
Just then Jody found them. "Who's this?" she asked Marion as she glared at Joe.  
  
Marion replied, "Jody, I'd like you to meet Joe... D... Spiros..." Marion turned to face Joe, "Joe, this is my best friend Jody Dubois."  
  
Joe took Jody's hand and kissed it.  
  
"Would you two girls like a local, such as me, to act as your guide while you're here?"  
  
Jody was instantly attracted to Joe, and immediately replied, "Yes, please." Marion just glared at Jody.  
  
"How long are you two planning to be in Greece?"  
  
"We arrived last Sunday, and we have three months to spend touring the whole country."  
  
"Well you are really lucky, as I'm currently between jobs."  
  
A few months later Jody and Joe were married in a small Greek wedding; well it was small by Greek standards.  
  
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Two years later, early one October evening, Chantelle was conceived. By this time, Joe had received his residency visa; and he, Jody and their young daughter Amelia had settled into a modest four-bedroom cottage in Cedar Hill.  
  
On one island among a group of small uncharted tropical islands in the mid-Atlantic Ocean, the Chief of the Char natives saw an unusually bright falling star at the exact time of Chantelle's conception. Later that night the Chief again dreamt that that their God would visit their island. However, this time he also dreamt that the arrival of their God would be announced by a beautiful white angel.  
  
A few months before, the whole tribe had seen and heard a meteorite as it passed over their island and crashed into the sea. This corresponded exactly to the time of James Taylor's conception, also in Cedar Hill. That night was the first time the Char Chief dreamt that their white God would visit them, falling from the sky in a ball of fire.  
  
The natives had migrated to these islands many generations before. There were four families who were forced out of their homeland along the Amazon River. Each family settled on a different island within the group. Each family or tribe became known by the main form of makeup they produced; and these were determined by the resources of each of the islands.  
  
On one island, and only that island, grew a shrub which had bright red berries; so, the women of this tribe used the juice of these berries to create a paint for their lips and their areola.  
  
Another island had a shellfish with a blue lining in their shells. The blue from these shells was used as eye-shadow and for other markings on the body.  
  
The natives on the third island made a dye from the grass which grew in an open area in the centre of their island. This dye was a bright lime green with a bleaching quality. The women, and especially young unmarried women, used the dye to lighten their jet-black hair leaving it with lime streaks.  
  
The Char tribe's island had the highest mountain peak, and it was the only island that was ever struck by lightning. They used the charcoal which was left by the fires the lightning started; it was believed to have mystical powers compared to the charcoal from their cooking fires. They were able to create all the shades of grey when this charcoal was mixed with the pure white clay that existed on only one of their island's headlands. They exaggerated their eyebrows with the charcoal and painted small pictures on their hips with the various shades of grey and white.  
  
Each family of the Char tribe lived in a separate hut. There was also one long hut for the men and women who had reached maturity but were still single. The men slept up one end and the women at the other end. To reduce in-breading, the sexes were discouraged from mixing. Single men wishing to start a family would raid the other islands looking for a partner; this sometimes resulted in inter-island warfare.  
  
All four tribes worshipped a single God, and each island had a life size nude male statue to remind them of their God. These statues were coloured white using the white clay from the Char Island combined with the sap from trees on one of the other islands; this sap acted as both a bleach and a sealant.  
  
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Fifteen years after the birth of James and Chantelle, there was a small boat carrying a group of tourists on a big-game fishing expedition east of Bermuda. One of the passengers was a priest; the others knew this because for some strange reason he was wearing a dark suit along with his priestly collar.  
  
As the hours passed, a storm came over the horizon to the west. None of them initially noticed because they were completely engrossed in their battles with either a marlin or a tuna. When the storm made itself blatantly obvious, it was too late.  
  
However, as soon as the skipper saw the approaching storm, he checked that they all had on life vests.  
  
It just so happened that one rogue wave washed the priest overboard. One of the others immediately threw a self-inflating life-boat to him; but by the time they found a rope and prepared to throw it, he was already in the life-boat and it had been swept away by the wind and waves.  
  
Two days later he landed on Char Island.  
  
The inspired by the "Fury and the Mouse"  
  
natives knew that in "Alice in Wonderland", Lewis Carroll  
  
he was not the God  
  
o f  
  
the prophesy, because he  
  
did not descend  
  
from  
  
the O  
  
sky ,-++--  
  
in a ++  
  
ball | |  
  
o f L L  
  
fire, and he had dark skin like them.  
  
He was in fact a native of Africa who migrated to England  
  
as a child with his parents. It was there that he trained as a priest.  
  
He spent some time hoping to be rescued. He stayed on a small hill just inland from a fisherman's hut which was located on the edge of the beach. He kept a large fire burning continuously; during the daytime he made smoke with green leaves, and at night he made sure the fire had large enough flames to be seen from a great distance out to sea.  
  
What the Priest didn't know was that the islands had a high concentration of iron at their core, and this was magnetised such that compasses were deflected many miles away. The result was that the searching ships, which navigated according to their compass, travelled around the islands without ever seeing them.  
  
Eventually, due to the heat and humidity he discarded his shirt, although he did continue to wear its collar backwards. He also converted his trousers into shorts.  
  
Finally, he gave up hope of being rescued and moved to the main village of the island, which was inland to the east.  
  
He decided he must learn the language of the natives so that he could live more easily amongst them.  
  
The first thing he did was put together an alphabet that suited the sounds he had heard in their language over the previous days.  
  
When this alphabet was ready, he sat down among a group of young natives. They were all completely nude except for one or two pieces of ornamentation; for the females, this was often a belt or anklet of woven fibre. Most young men wore a tight string across their forehead. One had a small feather stuck under that headband; the Priest later discovered that he was the son of the Witch-doctor.  
  
He had learnt that the older women wore a wider belt to keep their stomach flat, whereas the young girls wore a thin belt or none, just to show that they still had a sexy flat stomach.  
  
The natives were not self-conscious of their nudity, as seen by their actions; for example, the men, women and children often stood or sat with their legs spread apart. This led to another of his observations: none of the natives of any age had pubic hair; he wondered whether this was genetic, or did they all just shave regularly.  
  
So, this group consisted of four young ladies and two young men. The Priest pointed to himself, "Juan!" And then he pointed at the nearest young girl.  
  
"Char Lotte!" she responded happily.  
  
Again, he pointed to himself, "Juan." Then he gestured to another one of the female natives.  
  
"Char Issa." She whispered timidly, and then she looked away.  
  
When he looked at the boy with the feather in his headband, that boy spoke boldly, "Char Ley". Char Laila, one of the other young girls, whispered "Guapo", meaning handsome, to Char Lotte; at this they both giggled.  
  
Next the Priest placed a banana in front of him, "One banana." He raised his eyebrows and gestured enquiringly with his hands; that is with his forearms out from his body and his palms up.  
  
Char Lotte spoke first, "Frutas."  
  
Then the Priest added a second banana to the other and muttered, "Two bananas."  
  
Again Char Lotte answered, "Dos frutas."  
  
From this the Priest had what he thought were the words for 'banana' and the number 'two'.  
  
Next, he placed a single coconut in front of them, "One coconut," he said and again he gestured.  
  
Char Lotte answered his unspoken question, "Uno frutas."  
  
"No no no!" He shook his head in disgust. Then he thought for a moment; 'Banana and coconut both can't be frutas... Ah; unless that's a general term for food or fruit.'  
  
So, he placed a single banana beside the coconut. "One banana," and he pointed to it; "one coconut," and he moved his hand to indicate the coconut as he said this. Then he gestured inquiringly at the banana again.  
  
This time Char Issa spoke, "Uno saging ug uno lubi," pointing to each in turn.  
  
And so it was, that he learnt their language and produced a dictionary. What he didn't realise initially was that as he learnt their language, they were learning his form of English.  
  
When he landed on the island, he had on him a pocket Bible and a small hymn book. It was an abridged version of the King James Bible that contained only the Psalms and the New Testament.  
  
As the English of his Bible was virtually the only English he used, the natives soon learnt and spoke archaic English.  
  
When his command of their native language was sufficient, he began to act as a missionary: teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic to the children; and preaching the word of God, and baptising the converts. Thus, he became known as Juan the Baptist. They gave him the tribal name 'Char Beato' which roughly means 'blessed among men'; however, he was always referred to as 'Father', 'Juan' or both.  
  
When he had sufficient followers, he had a house of God built behind the statue of their White God.  
  
As he preached about Christ Jesus, the son of God, who came to live among man many moons before; they told him of the prophesy of the previous Chief, 'that God was going to come to their island in a ball of fire'. The Priest said that what they believed would come to pass, and to support his assertion he read to them St. Luke 21 verses 27 and 28.  
  
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|| ST. LUKE, 21 | Signs of 2nd coming ||  
  
|| the powers of heaven | and lift your heads; ||  
  
|| shall be shaken. | for your redemption ||  
  
|| 27And then shall | draweth nigh. ||  
  
|| they see the Son of | 29And he spoke to ||  
  
|| [God] coming in a | them a parable; Be- ||  
  
|| cloud with power and | hold the fig tree and ||  
  
|| great glory. | all the trees; ||  
  
|| 28And when these | 30When they now ||  
  
|| things begin to come | shoot forth, ye see ||  
  
|| to pass, then look up, | and know your own ||  
  
-=================================-  
  
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As the years passed, James and Chantelle grew up in Cedar Hill.  
  
They had not been friends until after that Saturday when James caught Chantelle walking naked in the hall of the Cedar Hill high school. They were both seniors at the time. James was a science geek majoring in audio/video arts. He had been editing video clips in the A/V lab when he noticed there was someone else in the school. Chantelle was one of the school's cheerleaders, and James' friends had commented how well dressed she always looked; which made seeing her naked even more remarkable and stunning.  
  
After a few fiery sexual encounters, they became a steady couple.  
  
Immediately after graduating from high school; Chantelle, with James' encouragement, started an X rated web-site especially for exhibitionists. It was called 'High School Fantasies' and it primarily included public nudity and public sex, often in and around high school buildings.  
  
It soon became obvious that the web-site need new material. So, a summer trip to Europe was planned. Chantelle obviously invited James as the photographer. Skye McDougal was invited because of her extraordinarily large inner labia, and her boyfriend Greg Arden was also asked along as his manhood was truly massive.  
  
"Hello Shell; I've been packing my bag, and I found that I can't fit most of my equipment in. Could you and Skye take some of it for me?" James pleaded.  
  
"Why don't you just take a second case?" Chantelle suggested.  
  
"But you know we can't afford to pay for excess baggage."  
  
"What about Greg, then?"  
  
"I've already spoken with him, and he is taking my lenses."  
  
"But Skye and I have already packed, and we would have to remove a pair of shoes or leave out all our panties."  
  
"Well I think you will have to forgo both your underwear and a pair of shoes."  
  
Reluctantly Chantelle agreed.  
  
And so it was, that they did not take any underwear, sleepwear, coats or jackets. They took only a few shoes each and had to wear their heaviest pair onto the plane; which for the boys was their formal lace-up black leather ones. For the two girls, it meant they each had to wear their only pair of ankle boots.  
  
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In Europe, they soon found that filming in the capital cities was difficult because of the crowds.  
  
Instead they went to the smaller towns, often the ones frequented by tourists. The locals tended to ignore the girls as they walked about nude, however the tourists would stop and stare and even film the girls, which added a voyeuristic aspect.  
  
Skye and Chantelle were filmed either separately or together strolling through the main esplanade or mall of whichever town they were in. On one occasion, the two girls even danced and splashed about nude in the fountain of the town's central square.  
  
Chantelle had dyed her long dark hair honey blond to contrast with Skye's short black boyish cut.  
  
On some occasions Greg walked with Skye, both of them being naked of cause. On these occasions, the response of the shoppers and tourists was more pronounced, but not as amazing as when Greg walked nude on his own, especially if he had a partial erection.  
  
They travelled between towns by train. Both girls would wear a short thin dress or skirt and no panties. On the platform and/or in the train they would spread their legs and allowed the other passengers a clear view. The boys filmed the reactions of the onlookers interspersed with shots up the girls' legs.  
  
On one occasion, when the only other passengers in the carriage were a young couple who were kissing; James became aroused by an accidental glance up Skye's legs as she kissed Greg. She and Greg sat opposite James and Chantelle. Her legs were slightly parted and he saw her pendulous labia dangling down a few inches between them; you see she no-longer tucked her labia into her cunt. It was the fact that his up-skirt view was stolen that seemed to excite him so.  
  
He knew that Chantelle would allow him to touch her wherever and whenever he wanted to without complaint; so, he reached up between her legs and commenced to stimulate her clit. Immediately she spread her legs to give him better access. Then Chantelle leant over and they kissed. From then on, Greg took a video and Skye captured occasional photographs.  
  
Once James felt Chantelle's juices at the entrance of her cunt, he used two fingers to fuck her. She lay back in the seat, her head to one side with her eyes closed and her mouth parted a little, moaning.  
  
When she decided she wanted his cock rather than his fingers, Chantelle stood in the isle and lifted her skirt. James positioned himself behind her, dropped his shorts, and then took her doggie style as she bent over.  
  
Chantelle braced herself by holding onto the seats, while James held her hips as he thrashed his cock about within her dripping wet cunt.  
  
When the young girl saw James and Chantelle at it, she spread her legs and placed her boyfriend's hand under her panty. As he explored her slit, she kissed him, but this time with a great deal more passion, her tongue flicking around his lips and into his mouth.  
  
She unzipped his pants, thrust her hand in and eagerly pulled his throbbing cock out into the open. She stroked the shaft lovingly, with her fingers almost completely encircling it.  
  
It wasn't long before they heard his warning, "Oh gee... I'm about to come."  
  
His girlfriend had reached her pre-orgasmic plateau and did not hear him; so, his first load of cum shot high into the air and landed on the seat in front of them. Two more globs of cum followed; although they did not fly so high, and so they landed on the floor between his feet.  
  
Some more sticky cum ensued; it oozed from his cock and dribbled down its shaft and was spread by her massaging fingers. At this point, his girlfriend bent down, and using her tongue, she dutifully despatched the cum that coated his cock and her hand.  
  
Bruges was the last town on their itinerary. In the corner of the park in Bruges, behind the windmill and overlooking the canal, they even went so far as to video Skye and Greg having sex.  
  
They started with heavy petting while still dressed; progressed to oral sex; then they undressed completely and engaged in intercourse.  
  
There were close-ups of Greg's massive cock spreading Skye's pendulous red labia as he entered her dripping cunt.  
  
Skye lay on the grass with her mouth agape, moaning contentedly as Greg's 9-inch cock massaged the entire length of her cunt. It wasn't just his length that pleased her so, but his cock was fat as well, being all of 2 inches thick.  
  
Chantelle and James were too intent on filming to notice the barge of tourists glide by; even the loud gasps of the tourists on seeing Greg screwing Skye went unnoticed, except by the microphones on the video recorders.

On their last day in Bruges they decided to be even more adventurous. James filmed Skye as she walked nude toward the city centre. Chantelle videoed a nude Greg as he approached from the other direction, his flaccid penis swinging from side-to-side as he walked; quite comical actually.  
  
When Skye and Greg met, they embraced and kissed passionately; mouths open, their tongues flickered in and out of each other's mouth.  
  
Greg's cock swelled quickly; it pressed against Skye's pubic mound and then slid up toward her navel.  
  
"Are you ready?" Skye teased as she looked down between them at his rising stiff.  
  
Greg nervously smiled in response to her unfounded tease; his cock having just about become fully erect. It was only his nervousness that limited it size.  
  
"You do know that I've never done this before; don't you?"  
  
"What?"  
  
"I've never had sex in public before." He explained.  
  
"Yes, you have. Didn't you notice the barge of tourists yesterday while we were having sex near the windmill?"  
  
"Were we really seen by a group of tourists?"  
  
"Yep!"  
  
"Oh well then... Let's go in and get it over with." Greg was finally resigned to the situation.  
  
"OK."  
  
They both had become more brazen as their holiday had progressed, especially as no one, not even the authorities, had complained about their escapades.  
  
Skye gave Greg a long encouraging kiss, before she broke their embrace.  
  
Then they walked arm-in-arm into one of the nearby pubs. The one all four of them had visited, fully clothed, earlier that day. It had a small stage where a band played each Friday and Saturday evening.  
  
None of the patrons seemed particularly distracted by Skye and Greg as they entered completely nude; this was strange given Greg's monstrous erection and Skye's very pendulous inner labia that hung down a couple of inches from her pussy.  
  
Greg followed Skye onto the stage. They laid down facing each other and played with each other as they kissed. Skye stroked Greg's cock while he massaged her clit and labia. Chantelle and James took up positions on either side of the stage and continued filming the naked couple.  
  
When Skye was ready, she rose to a sitting position, bent over and licked Greg's huge cock. She ran her tongue along its under-side before kissing the glans and taking it into her mouth. She repeated this process, but each time she took more of his hard-on into her mouth, until his whole cock glistened with her saliva.  
  
As she swung her leg over Greg, he rolled onto his back. She held the base of his slippery cock with her hand and guided it between her labia and into her equally wet cunt.  
  
She moaned softly as she rode up and down his massive shaft.  
  
Skye lent forward and kissed Greg, drawing his lip between hers before pushing her tongue into his mouth. He sucked on her tongue, then he thrust his own into her mouth.  
  
As soon as they ended the kiss, she whispered, "Having some of the patrons watching us is really turning me on. What about you?" Skye had lost her embarrassment about her pendulous labia much earlier in the trip.  
  
"I can't say it turns me on, but it doesn't worry me anymore either."  
  
Meanwhile, Chantelle legs were spread as she bent over the table she used to steady her video recorder. Her short skirt only covered the top of her arse; below that her sexy butt cheeks and completely bald pussy were fully visible. It was obvious that she wore no panty.  
  
One very drunk patron decided to take advantage of Chantelle's position. He dropped his pants and underwear to the floor and approached Chantelle from behind. Despite his drunkenness, he had an erection and good enough aim as to penetrate Chantelle as he lunged forward. This startled Chantelle, and she cried out. It wasn't because she didn't want to be fucked, but just that she had not expected it.  
  
Chantelle's cry attracted the attention of the other patrons.  
  
"B芒tard!" Screamed one French girl.  
  
"Sacrebleu! Allez vous en!" Shouted another French tourist, as he and two others pulled the rapist off Chantelle.  
  
Immediately a fight started between the rapist's local friends and the other males; mainly tourists.  
  
The four left via a side fire-escape; but not before James filmed some of the fight and Chantelle worming her way through the mayhem.  
  
James continued filming as they walk up the street; he made sure he had footage of Skye and Greg walking arm-in-arm, still nude, with the police arriving at the front of the pub in the back-ground.  
  
Greg whispered to Skye, "You know my balls are about to explode." His massive cock still stood at attention.  
  
"Would you like to finish here, doggy style?"  
  
Greg smiled, "Oh, shit yeah... Please."  
  
So, Skye stopped walking and bent over. James was only too happy to film them doing it, there on the side-walk, with the police cars in the back-ground.  
  
At the airport later that day, while waiting to board the plane, James transferred the recent clips from the cameras onto his laptop. Then he edited the clips, and moved the results into the appropriate folders, before transferring the whole lot into a red heart-shaped USB memory stick. This was then placed on a black ribbon and given to Chantelle to wear as a choker.  
  
On the plane, James sat next to the window with Chantelle next to him on the isle. Skye and Greg sat on the other side of the isle, with Skye nearest to Chantelle.  
  
James amused himself by playing games with the on-board screen; initially he tried FreeCell. After a couple of successful goes, he switched to Sudoku. He found the option "display all the possible numbers in each of the squares" made solving the puzzle much easier.  
  
Chantelle unwrapped the head-phones provided, and listened to some music. She could see that Skye was watching a movie. She couldn't tell what Greg had chosen to do to pass the time.  
  
The plane had barely reached it cruising altitude, when the hostesses served a meal. There were two choices. Chantelle and James both chose the beef with vegetables.  
  
As soon as she received hers, Chantelle turned to James, "Jamie; I can't eat all of this, would you like half of my meat or veggies?"  
  
James had already tasted his. "No thanks love... I will eat your chocolate mousse though."  
  
Chantelle laughed. "I think I can manage that on my own; thanks."  
  
James frowned, "Bugger."  
  
Chantelle heard Skye offer some of her meal to Greg. She couldn't hear his response.  
  
When the hostesses cleaned up after everyone had finished, both her and Skye had plenty left on their plates.  
  
Chantelle had been feeling a little randy ever since the incident in the pub earlier that day. So soon after the cabin was blacked out, Chantelle let James know how randy she felt by reaching into his pants and squeezing his cock. It grew thicker with his every heartbeat.  
  
James responded by putting a hand under the air-line blanked Chantelle had on her lap and legs. Initially he caressed her thigh, before eventually sliding his hand under her dress and massaging her clit.  
  
As Chantelle became more and more aroused, she was worried that she would cry out with the pleasure of it all.  
  
So, when she couldn't restrain herself any longer, she led James to the toilet immediately behind the cockpit. Once inside James removed his pants and sat down. Chantelle didn't hesitate and immediately lifted her dress and lowered herself onto his waiting erection.  
  
Since they were so close to the front of the plane, ever little movement of the plane was exaggerated. This meant Chantelle constantly slid back and forth, up and down on James' lap simply due to the turbulence. Her hunger for sex was gradually satisfied.  
  
As their skin became flush and hot with sexual excitement, Chantelle pulled her dress off over her head. As she did that, James unbuttoned his shirt and slipped it off.  
  
They embraced, and James enjoyed the plane's movement further enhanced by Chantelle flexing her cunt muscles each time his cock pushed deeper into her cunt.  
  
It didn't matter how many times she and James had sex; Chantelle's still greatly enjoyed the squeezing of her clitoris each time she slid forward on his lap, and the stimulation of her G-spot as his penis thrust deeper within her.  
  
They maintained this position for, what seemed to them, like only a short time; but actually, it was more than half an hour.  
  
You've all heard the expression; 'When they kissed the Earth moved.' Well on this occasion, when they kissed there was a tremendous explosion and they felt the plane drop so fast that they lifted off the toilet.  
  
You see, just a second of so before that, two terrorists decided it was time to take over the plane. They were seated just ahead of the wings. They jumped to their feet shouting, "ALLAH BE PRAISED!"  
  
The sky marshal reacted without thinking and fired at them. His first shot wounded one terrorist; his second shot a heartbeat later, hit the suicide belt worn by that man. The explosion set off the belt worn by the other. These explosions ruptured the plane's fuselage and the fuel tanks of the nearest wing. The fuel sprayed into the rear section of the cabin before it too erupted into flames; this caused the plane to break up into four major pieces: the two wings; the tail section; and the cockpit with the toilet and several rows of seats attached.  
  
Most passengers not killed outright by the explosions were either burnt to death, or suffocated due to the plane's high altitude. The pilots were killed by the fumes from the burning cables in the control console, but not before they initiated the hijack alarm signal.  
  
Amazingly Chantelle and James survived in the toilet, which acted as a life support capsule; the air remained fresh and pressurised within the toilet almost until it hit the ocean. This front section bounced across the water several times before it skidded over the coral reef and came to rest on a beach of the Char Island.  
  
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The rest of the story is in the words of the Char natives; that is, as told to me in their version of old English which they learnt from Father Juan.  
  
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The natives below didst see the fireball as the pieces plummeted unto the sea; and many did believe that the prophesy had come to pass; that the white God had cometh unto their island.  
  
James had been knocked unconscious; however, Chantelle had only received some heavy bruising.  
  
With some difficulty, she did open the toilet door and stepped down onto the sandy beach. She was in a hurry to find help for James, and never thought to retrieve her clothes and get dressed.  
  
There was no one to be seen, so she did proceed to walk inland on the nearby path.  
  
Chantelle had not long left the beach before May and Jose arrived at the wreckage. May was a virgin and Jose her beloved partner.  
  
And with Jose's help, she brought forth James and laid him in a manger; because there was not anything else available thereabouts.  
  
For an hour Chantelle didst walk east along the path and encountered not anyone. There was a full moon, but 'twas hidden by soft white clouds.  
  
And there was a group of shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock that night. And, lo, Chantelle came upon them, and the glory of God shone around about them; and they were sore afraid.  
  
For she was transfigured before them: a small cloud of mist rose from the pathway behind Chantelle and settled either side of her shoulders. To the shepherds it appeared as though she had unfurled two gossamer wings. Her face, hair and those wings did shine as the sun, and her body was even whiter than snow. For the moonbeam that shone about them all was brightest on Chantelle, like a spotlight.  
  
And Chantelle said unto them, "Fear not: for, behold, I being good tidings of great joy. For unto ye is delivered this day on the beach James, my friend, thy God." Chantelle was surprised by her own words even as she spoke. It was as if she was a puppet in the hands of an unseen ventriloquist/puppeteer.  
  
Having seen her so illuminated, they didst believe her to be the angel mentioned in the prophesy, and concluded that her friend must be the white God come to them as foretold.  
  
And it came to pass, as the angel Chantelle was gone away from them along the path, the shepherds said one unto another. "Let us now go forth even unto the beach, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the angel hath made known unto us."  
  
And they came with haste, and found May and Jose, and the injured James lying in the manger. James had recovered a little and was sleeping; and the fairness of his skin and hair were most evident. Then the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they hadst heard and seen, as 'twas told unto them.  
  
Chantelle did continue along the path as it meandered around a small hill and then followed a creek up to the lake from whence it came. It did lead her generally in an easterly direction.  
  
There was soon a most glorious sunrise. The patchwork of soft white clouds didst become a brilliant red, and then slowly changed through orange and pale yellow, before they faded back to fluffy white, as the sun didst disappear above them. It looked as if it wouldst be a fine day, even though the sky 'twas overcast.  
  
And after she had journeyed for a few hours more, suddenly there shined round about her an extremely bright light from heaven; and she fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto her, "Chantelle, Chantelle."  
  
And she said, "Who art thou?"  
  
And the voice sayest, "I am thy God, and the God of thy parents; the one who hast guided thee all of thy days."  
  
Chantelle's immediate thought was, 'Does that mean that my meeting with James that first Saturday was not by chance, but preordained by God?'  
  
God having read her thought, didst say, "Yes, thou art correct; you two had to meet so that ye both wouldst develop as desired."  
  
And she trembling and astonished said, "Lord God, what wilt thou have me do?"  
  
And the voice sayest unto her, "Arise, and go forth unto the village, and it shall be shown to thee what thou must say and do." Immediately it dawned on Chantelle that God was the unseen puppeteer.  
  
The voice continued, "For the people of this village are my people; they dost worship me with child-like faith. So, thou art to observe and respect their traditions and attempt not to discourage their practices, but endorse them by participating therein."  
  
Then the voice added, "Henceforth thy name shall be 'Char Telle Spiritus' and ye wilt be as an angel unto my people, the Char Tribe."  
  
Acouple of natives did see Char Telle illuminated by the very bright sunbeam, and ran unto the village and didst announce the coming of the white angel of the prophesy.  
  
And Char Telle arose from the earth and didst herself proceed unto the village.  
  
There was a large grassed clearing with the path up the middle and some native huts around its edges. At the far side of the clearing there was a raised area. On this mound, there did stand three nude men: the one on her left looked the most authoritative, he wore only a headband of colourful feathers; the middle one was shorter than the other two, and had anklets on his legs and bracelets on his wrists, these had small rattles attached; the third man looked relaxed and did appear most peaceful, he had what appeared to be a white choker, perhaps a shirt collar in reverse.  
  
Either side of the path there stood about 40 men, women and children, all appeared to be naked. As Char Telle didst enter the clearing they all bowed their heads.  
  
She did continue to walk along the path and up onto the raised mound in front of the native on the left.  
  
His face was wrinkled; the lines showed his wisdom, yet they also reflected his happiness and contentment.  
  
"Hello, I'm Char Telle Spiritus. I have come to beseech thee to see to my friend who is at this moment on the beach awaiting thy visit."  
  
"Well hello; I am the Chief of this island. My name is Char Antigo and this village is Char-le-Ville." As he spoke, he extended his arms, wrapped them around Char Telle and pulled her to himself and hugged her. Char Telle did likewise, and embraced him with her arms.  
  
At that moment Char Telle didst become most aware of her own nudity, having on only her ankle boots and the choker with the red heart-shaped memory stick upon it. She was not self-conscious about this; in fact, she felt well at ease because all of those there present were similarly not wearing clothes. She thought it may have been uncomfortable if she had been the only one fully clothed.  
  
As she stood there being hugged, she sensed the growth of his penis against her stomach. Unseen hands lifted her up onto her toes; hence his penis didst fall between her legs. As it stiffened further, it curved up and its tip it did nudge her vagina.  
  
At that time she remembered God's instruction to participate in their customs; so, she broke not their embrace. Soon his manhood entered the vestibule of her vagina; whereupon he did rock his hip slowly and caused the glans of his penis to move within her seven times. As he did this the shaft of his penis did rub her clitoris. Char Telle did not believe this to be a sexual thing, but rather a very interesting welcome; better than a simple hand-shake.  
  
When the Chief released her, she turned to face the multitude of natives.  
  
"Char Telle, this is our most learned Witch-doctor. His tribal name is Char Ismatic." The Chief indicated the shorter native in the midst of them. He stood erect, his stature being one of wisdom and knowledge; the type she felt she could put her trust in.  
  
Char Telle stepped up to him with outstretched arms and likewise he moved toward her; the rattles he wore jingled softly as he moved. And so they hugged.  
  
She was not surprised when his penis grew between her legs and into her vagina. He too didst thrust seven times within her, however 'twas little more than his glans that entered her. His penis also did rub her clitoris. Alas, she was becoming frustrated by this form of greeting.  
  
Next the Chief introduced her to the third man on the mound. "Char Telle, this is the Priest Juan. His tribal name is Char Beato. He hath been teaching us about our God ever since he was swept onto our island many moons ago." Char Telle felt that his face reflected a difficult childhood, tempered by the joy he now seemed to have in his current situation.  
  
Again, Char Telle approached with outstretched arms. The Priest hugged her. She did expect another shallow penetration, nevertheless nothing cropped up.  
  
She whispered to him, "God didst speak unto me on my way here. He told me I was to participate in all the local customers. I think his commandment also applies to thee, Father Juan. So, stop fighting your emotions and take me as the others didst. After all, we need to be seen to bless each other."  
  
Char Telle kissed him on the mouth and tickled his lips with her tongue. Father Juan had all his life abstained from sex; however, her warm moist lips and her commandment had the desired effect. He reluctantly returned her kiss.  
  
Once his penis had grown sufficient to enter her holy of holies, Char Telle pushed her hips forward to gain greater penetration. "Father, I command thee to baptise me with thy seed."

Her vagina 'twas hot and slippery, and this encouraged his penis to grow to its fullness within her.  
  
In her attempt to heighten the pleasure for both of them, Char Telle didst rhythmically flex her internal muscles, a squeezing his very swollen penis over its entire length.  
  
His mind raced through the various portions of scripture as he sought to rationalise what they doeth. Did not Christ say, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." And in 1 John 3, "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth." In 1 John 4, "Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."  
  
His mind at ease at last, Juan did thrust in time with her squeezing. His erection 'twas bigger than it had ever been before; it was longer and fatter, in fact 'twas so hard it did hurt. It had never ever hurt so whilst ever he relieved himself manually.  
  
Juan closed his eyes and concentrated on the waves of pleasure bursting forth from his groin. She felt his glans rubbing against her G-spot whilst her clitoris 'twas crushed between their groins; it was enough to at last release some of her pent-up frustration.  
  
When Juan sensed that the end 'twas nigh, he didst cry out with a loud voice, "Oh God; oh God be praised!"  
  
Verily I say unto you, when his seed didst come forth, it did so with the force of many years of denial. His penis shuddered intensely with each ejaculation, thus letting Char Telle know that it was done and this did give her an even greater pleasure.  
  
When they did separate, the hand of God didst make Char Telle to bow down before the Priest Juan. And when she looked up, her mouth was at his manhood. She didst lick the shaft and tip clean and then took it unto her mouth.  
  
The multitude of natives; men, women and children were filled with a great wonderment and didst give a collective sigh, because they hadst not knowledge of such oral things beforehand.  
  
Furthermore, as she sucked his appendage, the Priest did deposit some of his seed unto her mouth.  
  
"Kehum!" Char Telle coughed involuntarily after she did swallow his seed; then she covered her mouth and coughed even harder, "KE; KUMM!"  
  
Juan placed his hands upon her head, and sayest "Bless thee my child."  
  
Whereupon Char Telle stood. The Priest didst kneel before her, his head bowed, "Oh angel of God, please exalt thy servant here bowed before thee."  
  
He didst look up unto her face, pleading. Char Telle moved forward such that her vagina pressed against his mouth. She placed her hands upon his head and didst rub her clitoris against his lips. He knew what to doeth, even though he had not partaken of such pleasures beforehand; and so 'twas that he stuck out his tongue and didst lick her with a great delight.  
  
The multitude seeing these things were once again awe struck, and didst utter another great sigh of amazement.  
  
As he continued to lick her clitoris, Juan thought back to the whispers regarding oral sex that he had heard during his teenage years. They didst say that one shouldest also suck and kiss the little button, but never bite hard thereupon. Thus, he didst experiment with each technique.  
  
Char Telle was most appreciative of his efforts; and after she didst have an orgasm, she thanked Juan loudly, "Father; God is well pleased with thy handiworks this day."  
  
Whereupon all four did stand facing the multitude, and the Chief bellowed, "This is the angel Char Telle of the prophesy! She hath told us of the arrival of our God! She did sayeth he doth await at this very moment on the beach! We three; the Witch-doctor, the Priest Juan, and I myself will go forthwith to see if 'tis so!"  
  
And when they were cometh from the east onto the beach, they saw James suckling at the right breast of May, and they fell down and worshipped him. And when they had opened their treasures, they did present unto him gifts: The Chief offered a necklace of golden pearls; and the Witch-doctor didst bless their Lord James with the burning of incense, whilst the Priest Juan sang a hymn with great mirth.  
  
And when the wise men were departed, behold the angel of God appeared unto Jose saying, "Arise, and take thee James and May and flee unto the Char village, and be thou there until I send for thee."  
  
But before they didst leave the beach, James and Jose did search the wreckage of the plane to see if there was anything that may be useful.  
  
And so 'twas that Jose took James and May and departed forthwith unto the village. There they stayed in the house of God. When James didst see the life size statue of the white God that stood in front of that church, he was most amazed that it did look exactly like him in both stature and facial features.  
  
That night, during a period of stillness, the Holy Spirit spoke unto James and did convince him that God wouldst do great works through him.  
  
Char Telle didst dwell that night in hut of Priest Juan. Early in the evening, a voice whispered in the stillness, "Char Telle; Char Telle." And she ran unto Juan saying, "Here am I; for thou called me."  
  
And he said, "I called thee not; go lay down again."  
  
And the voice called yet again, "Char Telle."  
  
And she arose and went unto Juan and said, "Here am I; for thou DIDST call me."  
  
He answered, "I called not, my angel; lie down again."  
  
After the Lord called Char Telle a third time, Juan didst realise that 'twas the Lord that had called her. Therefore, he sayest unto Char Telle, "Go, lie down; and if he shouldest call thee, thou shalt say: speak Lord; for thy servant hearest."  
  
And so it came to pass that the Lord called again, and Char Telle did answer as instructed. And then the Lord said, "Behold I am well please with thy actions this day; for my people, they didst need to be taught the oral ways of sex."  
  
Then the voice added, "It is my wish that Father Juan shouldest marry his dearly beloved servant Char Ming, and raise a family."  
  
And Char Telle answered, "So it shall be."  
  
When she awoke the next morning, she did realise that getting dressed was much simpler. There was no decision to be made about what clothing to wear. The only thing she had to wear was the choker with the memory stick upon it.  
  
She also realised that she still had various choices regarding her hair style; it could be left free flowing, or tied at the back, either low down near the neck (rather dull) or high upon the head (much sexier). The day before she had noticed that some women, particularly older ones, chose to have short hair (easier to care for).  
  
In the corner, there were several small containers behind which there was either a brush made from twig, or a small sponge. One container had a red paste, and another didst have some blue paste. There was a green liquid in the next one, and beside it there was charcoal in a dish. She used the red to colour her lips, and the charcoal as an eyebrow liner; then she debated whether to apply the charcoal or the blue paste as an eye-shadow. She did choose the blue, but applied only a little.  
  
When she was ready, she came forth and found that there was a breakfast laid out ready for them; there was a bowl of cooked bananas, two cups of milk, and other things. Each of the cups was half of a small coconut shell.  
  
She and Father Juan sat down to eat. The cooked bananas had the texture and taste of wheat bread. The milk contained the flesh and liquid from young coconuts, however the milk in Char Telle's cup did appear darker than that in Juan's cup.  
  
Char Telle asked, "What art in this drink, Father?"  
  
To which the Priest answered, "As thou canst taste, the main ingredient is young coconut. Nonetheless, whensoever girls come of age their drink hast an added concoction made by the Witch-doctor from the sap of a local plant; apparently 'tis rich in natural oestrogen and doth prevent unwanted pregnancies."  
  
The Priest also sayeth, "The Witch-doctor uses the sap of another plant to prepare the cream we all dost apply to prevent the growth of our pubic hair. The few hairs that do manage to grow are plucked forthwith."  
  
Char Telle didst think out loud, "It appears not correct then to call him the Witch-doctor; for surely I say unto thee, he is more like an herbalist."  
  
"Yes, I think thou art correct."  
  
Char Telle had noticed the twinkle of love in the Priest Juan's eyes whensoever he looked upon Char Ming, the native girl that served them during breakfast.  
  
"Father; last night when God spoke unto me, he didst say that he wouldst have thee take Char Ming as thy bride."  
  
He protested, "But as a Catholic priest I took a vow of celibacy."  
  
"Yes: be that as it may; but thy God, he didst sayeth unto me that celibacy is not of his making, but rather an invention of the leaders of the early church."  
  
"So doth God release me from my vow?"  
  
"Yes; and 'tis he that doth command thee to marry thy dearly beloved servant... It shouldst be done whilst ever James, thy Lord is here to perform the ceremony."  
  
"If God so commands and she is willing, then so shall it be."  
  
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Later that day Char Telle was invited by Char Ming to go foraging for sweet potatoes (yams). They were accompanied by Char Laila and Char Itty; the three girls they were all about the same age as Char Telle.  
  
Char Ming introduced her friends to Char Telle. Char Telle not knowing how native women didst greet each other, stepped toward Char Laila, who was the nearest, and went to kiss the air near her right cheek.  
  
The girls giggled. Then Char Ming explained; "Women greet each other with a brief hug, however very close friends wilt inter-twine their legs and simultaneously rub each other's vagina with their thigh, and they may even kiss each other on the mouth. Like this!" And so Char Ming and Char Itty didst demonstrate.  
  
And so Char Telle did greet the two girls with more than a brief hug.  
  
On their way to the river bank where the vines grew, the conversation eventually turned to Char Telle's arrival at the village.  
  
Char Telle asked, "Was my welcome yesterday completely normal?"  
  
Char Laila explained the local etiquette associated with men and women greeting each other. "With complete strangers, a wave or a simple 'hello' is sufficient. If the couple are friends, then they embrace briefly. However, for the closest of friends, the embrace wouldst last much longer; and if they hadst not seen each other for a long period, then the partial penetration reconfirms that friendship. This type of welcome is also given to very important people like yourself."  
  
"So, my welcome was normal then?"  
  
"Yes, except for thy interactions with Father Juan... What didst it taste like when thee kissed his penis?" Char Laila looked away somewhat embarrassed as she put this question.  
  
Char Telle replied in a matter-of-fact voice, "A man's penis tastes a little salty. If, however thou dost excite him enough for his seed to issue forth, then 'tis a bit like eating oysters."  
  
"Oh!... And how didst it feel when he kissed thee between thy legs?"  
  
"It was fantastic, as it always is to be kissed so; it does feel much better than playing with one's self and even more exciting than actual intercourse. Have ye experience not such stimulation before?" Char Telle addressed this question to them all.  
  
"No." The girls answered almost in unison.  
  
They had just then arrived at the river. The sweet potato vines grew along the embankments. Just a short distance from the river was a grassed flat meadow.  
  
Immediately they didst set about digging up the larger potatoes. These were located by the way the soil mounded above them or, even in some cases, by seeing the top protruding above the soil.  
  
It didst not take long for their baskets to be full; thereafter they rested in the shade of a huge Banyan tree on the edge of the grassy meadow.  
  
After a period of seemingly unrelated conversation, Char Ming mentioned that Father Juan had asked her to marry him.  
  
Immediately Char Telle wished to know her response, "And?"  
  
"Of course I said; YES!" Her face was aglow; the glow of one who is very much in love, and whose love is reciprocated with the same intensity.  
  
"Gee I hope thee weren't upset by the way Father didst welcome me; were you?"  
  
"No; I took it to be that ye were each giving the other thy blessing... I must confess though, that I wished it was me whom he greeted so."  
  
Now it just so happened that Father Juan and Char Ley had taken their Lord James and Char Stone on a pig hunt. They took James so he might employ his heavenly powers and so ensure a successful hunt. Char Stone was the most athletic of the boys on the island, and certainly the fastest runner and best hunter among them; hence he was an obvious choice.  
  
"Wouldst thou like to experience such a greeting for thyself?" Char Telle directed this question directly at Char Ming just as she saw the men afar off. They were returning from the hunt with the pig they hadst killed.  
  
As the hunters drew nigh, the young women were most amused by the sight of the men walking instep, as their flaccid penises didst swing in unison.  
  
Father Juan greeted the women with his praise of James' powers; "When Lord James raised his hand the pigs they didst remain still, even after Char Stone's spear struck this pig here." He pointed to the pig the others carried.  
  
But James changed the subject, and spoke with authority; "Father I know that God and Char Ming would be most pleased if thou wouldst greet her, thy betrothed, in the same manner as thou didst welcome Char Telle yesterday."  
  
To which Father replied, "How is it that thee know of such things, since thou wert not there?"  
  
"Our God knows all, and he didst inform me of such things in a dream."  
  
As they spoke Char Ming didst quickly move unto Juan, wrapped her arms about him and did press her smooth, moist lips against his; and so, kissed him lovingly with all her passion. Soon his penis didst swell between them.  
  
"Hi Jamie love, how are you?" Char Telle enquired, as this was the first time they had met since the plane crash.  
  
"Oh, I'm alright. I have a large lump on mine head and 'tis still tender, but not too bad... I hear the natives treat thee as an angle of God. You know God has spoken to me, and told me I am to act as his messenger here on this island. A wretch like me; can thee imagine that?"  
  
"Yeah; it really feels strange having God direct our words and actions as he has been." Having said that, they embraced and kissed passionately.  
  
Char Ley and Char Stone had put down the pig they had been carrying on a long bamboo pole. Char Ley didst embrace Char Itty, whilst Char Stone was pleased to join with Char Laila.  
  
Char Ming had dropped to her knees and studied Father Juan's knobbly penis with its smooth tip. It was the first time she had seen a fully erect penis up so close; and yet there 'twas just an inch away. She looked at the ridges created by the blue veins that spread like tree roots up from its base. It appeared bumpy, but the skin was warm and satin smooth to the touch. She could readily smell the heady aroma wafting from his groin.  
  
Then she proceeded to kiss the tip of this stiffened penis with the utmost of loving passion. She didst look up unto his face with love-lights sparkling in her eyes as she tasted the mucous that oozed from him. She thought, 'Char Telle was right, it does taste salty.'  
  
She didst lick the entire length of his penis, which was truly quite substantial, and felt twinges of pleasure erupt between her legs.  
  
She placed her left hand between her legs and massaged her clitoral hood, even as she held his penis with her right and lapped up more of the mucous that didst ooze from his penis and dribble across its tip.  
  
Her right-hand road up and down the length of his manhood, as she again looked up at his face; his eyes were closed, his mouth slightly open, but smiling as he breathed heavily.  
  
She wished to please him so; but she also wanted to experience that which Char Telle had said was the greatest of all pleasures. Hence, she stood and boldly asked Juan to kiss her vagina.  
  
He smiled and nodded agreement as she lay down among the green pastures with her legs bent up and spread. He didst look about and saw that the other three couples were similarly entertained.  
  
Char Tele was well pleased to see that James was back to full health, hence they didst rekindle their friendship in a most vigorous way. Their soft moans were most arousing. The Lord James glanced at Father Juan; their eyes met, and James did give Juan an approving wink.  
  
Father Juan didst drop to his knees between Char Ming's legs and proceeded to administer the most stimulating of kisses to her clitoral hood. She soon moaned along with the others; whereby she did indicate her pleasure at his efforts.  
  
"Oh Juan... Oh yes... Oh you're killing me... Ooooh," She shrieked joyously as she humped her pelvis violently against his mouth.  
  
He spread her swollen labia with his fingers, exposing her little clit, all smooth and shining. He gleefully closed his warm lips over her trembling love button, and then sucked softly, delicately.  
  
Char Ming's eyes went wide and she took a long, quivering breath as she felt his tongue caress her super-sensitive clit. At the same time, his breath sent shivers all about her moistened vagina.  
  
"Ooooh Juan; I can feel your tongue sending jolts of pleasure all the way from my groin, ooooh; up and down my spine and into my brain... Ooooh."  
  
She closed her velvety soft inner thighs around his ears, clutching his head in a warm embrace. Though he could no longer breathe, he attacked her smooth little love button with renewed vigour. He put his sucking lips and flicking tongue into high gear.  
  
Suddenly Car Ming froze for a brief instant, before her whole vagina didst shake and twitch like mad. 'I'm dying!' She thought as the sensations grew stronger and stronger; she flew among the clouds, riding on waves of ecstasy.  
  
Just when it appeared she wouldst pass out, she felt hot liquid gush from the inner most reaches of her vagina; and she went limp, flopping heavily onto the grass.  
  
Apeaceful expression spread over her youthful face; and she smiled down at Juan, who now gasped for breath as he sat between her legs; his chin didst glisten with her juices.

"Gee Juan, I never ever didst dream anything could be just so totally wonderful," she declared. "It was unbelievably magnificent, too glorious for words; almost more than I couldst tolerate."  
  
Then after a brief pause she didst add, "If it pleases thee, my love; then I wouldst ask thee to promise that thou wilt do it most often."  
  
Juan immediately nodded his acceptance.  
  
And so 'twas that the introduction of oral sex, as sanctioned by the angel Char Telle and James their Lord, was well advanced among the youth of Char Island.  
  
On their return to the village, James started the fire under the pig using the largest lens that was in the remains of his camera equipment. This lens was one of the objects that he had retrieved from the wreckage.  
  
Starting a fire this way was seen by the natives as a miracle indeed. Prior to that, the only glass the natives had ever seen were some rugged pieces made by lightning in the sandy beach; and it was only useful as ornamentation.  
  
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The Chief, having only begotten two daughters, did beseech them to go forth unto James their Lord, and ask him to take them unto him, so they each wouldst bear a blessed boy child. Hence, he had instructed them to take not the contraceptive concoction ever since James didst arrive unto their village.  
  
First the girls sought the council of the Witch-doctor. He didst determine that the older, Char Issa was receptive; so, he prepareth a suitable solution and douched her vaginal, so it wouldst harm not the male sperm.  
  
And lo and behold, on the third day the Chief's two daughters Char Issa and Char Lotte did cometh unto the dwelling of James.  
  
As they entered, James imagined what they each would look like in a crop-top and mini-skirt. He was sure that so dressed they would be very sexy. He did wonder what it would be like to feel under the crop-top, or to get a fleeting look up the mini-skirt lifted by the wind. As 'twas, seeing them completely naked left nothing to the imagination.  
  
They knelt before him and the younger, Char Lotte being most bold, didst say, "If it pleaseth thee oh Lord our God, our father Chief Wiseone, Char Antigo doth ask thee to lay upon thy servant Char Issa and maketh her with boy child; as he doth want such a blessed grandchild as heir."  
  
James didst bade her to lay beside him; "Come child, lay thyself hither."  
  
Her shyness 'twas obvious as she approached and lay down.  
  
He didst sense that something was wrong. "You seem troubled, my child. What is this thing that worries thee so?"  
  
"Ido worry that some night a man I know not and who knows not me, wilt come from one of the other islands and carry me off as his bride."  
  
"Surely ye know that this approach is intended to reduce in-breading within the island group."  
  
"Yes, that is so; nevertheless, thy servant wishes she couldst meet all of the eligible men from the other islands and choose her partner, her kindred spirit."  
  
There was a rushing sound of wind and the Holy Spirit came upon them and did plant in James' head an idea. 'There shouldst be regular gatherings of all the tribes, so that the single men and women who have cometh of age may meet for feasting, dancing and contests of strength, skill and cunning; and so, it should be that they wouldst get to know each other, and choose accordingly.'  
  
James didst immediately say unto Char Issa, "I have been given the solution. So, let us go forth with haste unto thy father, the Chief, and talk with him of it."  
  
And so it came to pass that the Lord James and Chief Char Antigo went a carrying the staff of peace unto the other islands, and sought there the agreement of the other Chiefs.  
  
So 'twas agreed by all, that henceforth there wouldst be four gatherings each year. They were to be held on the day of the full moon following the two equinoxes and the two shortest days. You see the island group 'twas so close to the equator that it has two shortest days; one when the sun 'twas to the north of the islands, and the other when 'twas down south.  
  
When Char Issa didst hear of this arrangement, she was most joyous and praised God fervently.  
  
On the fifth day Char Lotte didst become receptive. She too was douched by the Witch-doctor before she and her sister Char Issa didst go unto James' dwelling.  
  
As with Char Issa, James did invite Char Lotte to lie beside him.  
  
Whereupon she settled beside him so. Hence, he doeth his best to stimulate her and put her well at ease; and thus, he didst lay his hand upon her groin and massage therein. She was completely hairless down below, as were all the native women. However, her vagina was especially beautiful. Her skin was velvet smooth to touch, and her outer lips were puffy; but they did not completely hide her inner lips, which protruded just a little, like a tongue when one licks one's pout lips.  
  
He lifted his hand to her mouth, and she didst suck and so moisten his index and middle fingers. Then he didst return them to whence they came.  
  
As he continued to massage her clitoral hood with his wet fingers, he felt her clitoris stir beneath. His own manhood had by this time also began its ascension.  
  
The pleasant sensations that did surge from her clitoris were such that she involuntarily rocked her hips just a little.  
  
His manhood didst grow tall and thick; thence he brought forth her hand and placed it thereupon, and enticed her to rub so.  
  
James rolled toward her, onto his side, and kissed her mouth; his lips either side of her lower lip which he licked with his tongue. And she did open her mouth, and suck his tongue there into. When James withdrew his tongue, Char Lotte did push her tongue unto his lips and she didst wiggle it between them.  
  
As she kissed him so; James didst move his hand further down between her legs and carefully inserted two fingers into her vagina. There was just a large enough hole in her hymen that he noticed not that it still partially remained.  
  
And it came to pass that Char Lotte didst become so aroused that she raised herself up and didst take his manhood unto her mouth, in the same manner as she had seen the angel Char Telle doeth unto the priest Juan on the first day. And she didst suck its entire length even its tip unto her throat.  
  
Char Issa was not there when Char Telle was first welcomed into their village; so, she hadst never seen a couple engage in oral sex before, and seeing these things she didst become overcome with great amazement and excitement. Hence this hand-maiden didst place two fingers unto her vagina and repeatedly thrust therein. It should be mentioned that once the native boys and girls became sexually aware, they were not only encouraged to masturbate whenever and wherever they felt the urge; but they were taught how to masturbate by an elderly relative.  
  
Char Lotte didst continue her oral stimulation of his rock-hard penis. She kissed from his balls to the tip along the underside, before again putting the shaft unto her mouth. She did lick the underside as she pushed her mouth down over it.  
  
Her head bobbed up and down as she did slide her lips to-and-fro along his shaft. Her saliva moistened his penis as she did so; and this wetness didst increase the jolts of pleasure shooting up into his brain. He really did greatly enjoy the caress of her tongue as it slid around his shaft, like a snake slithering along a tree branch.  
  
Her dark hair fell across his lap and he did feel some strands of her hair tickle his testicles as she bobbed up and down.  
  
She let him pop out of her mouth as she paused to catch her breath, her chin resting against the head of his penis. She looked up into James' eyes; smiled; then she kissed the smooth tip, before once again letting his manhood slip between her lips.  
  
James didst feel his seed stir within him; and he knew he must waste not his seed in her mouth if he was to make her with child. Thus, he moved aside Char Lotte. She didst lay back down expecting him to lie upon her.  
  
However, he placed his head between her legs and didst lick therein.  
  
Seeing this, Char Issa cried out, "Oooh, my God!" And she didst proceed to thrust her fingers faster within her vagina.  
  
He did breathe in Char Lotte's scent; she smelt a little musky, with a hint of salted fish. He savoured the taste of her sweat on his tongue as he didst flick it around.  
  
Char Lotte leaned her head back; her body writhing as he moved his tongue between her legs.  
  
He could feel her hips tensing as he hunted for her clit. His tongue swirled, pressing urgently against her sensitive knob, and she shivered underneath him.  
  
She didst cry out, "Oh God, oh God... Oooooh... Oooooo."  
  
Her moans and groans did encourage James to kiss and suck her clitoris with a great deal more enthusiasm. When he massaged her clit with his tongue, she did thrust her pelvis up towards him.  
  
He loved the way she didst run her fingers through his short hair.  
  
Eventually, when he pulled away from her clitoris, it did leave her desperate for more. She was so wet that he thought his penis would surely enter her effortlessly.  
  
James moved up Char Lotte's body and kissed her on the mouth. Whilst he did lick her lips with his tongue, he laid his penis upon her mons. She returned his kiss with a great fervour.  
  
He did thrust his hips forward a little and back even more, so that his penis moved down little-by-little into her slit, and down toward her vagina.  
  
When at last his glans were close to her vagina; he reached down and didst place his penis into the vestibule of her vagina; whereupon he felt a resistance to his entry.  
  
"Char Lotte; art thou a virgin?" James asked as he withdrew and sat between her legs.  
  
"Yes my Lord; however, thy servant dost beseech thee to take me unto thee and maketh me with boy child."  
  
James could see that she was most willing: for she didst lay with her legs spread wide asunder; her clitoris protruded from its hood and glistened with the saliva left whereupon James had kissed it.  
  
"So shalt it be." He promised.  
  
James had never before deflowered a virgin, and he was sore afraid he wouldst hurt her. He thought a lubricant must surely help. Then he didst remember the oily coconut milk he had not yet finished drinking; hence he anointed his penis and Char Lotte's vagina with the oil.  
  
Thus, when he laid upon her again, he felt not much resistance as his glans popped through her hymen. She gasped with the pain, "Oh God! Oh God!" And a single tear ran down her face.  
  
"Didst it hurt thee so?"  
  
"Only a little, my Lord." She sniffled to suppress further tears. "Oh; please do continue."  
  
He proceeded to apply gentle, but steady pressure. She was tight, very tight; because of her apprehension of further pain, her muscles were clenched. She was especially tight, because she kept herself in such good shape, and apparently some of her chores were good for the vaginal muscles.  
  
Slowly he pushed back and forth until he was another inch inside her. It was like a fist gripped his penis so hard that it almost hurt.  
  
She was warm, wet and very tight within; tighter than any of the other girls he had lain with. He continued to work his way into her; and as she did relax, his entry became easier. Finally, her pussy enveloped him completely.  
  
The pain had subsided and she started to enjoy it. Whenever he thrust into her, the hilt of his cock rammed against her clit. She felt like her body was going to explode.  
  
Thence she didst lay limp upon the bedding whilst he moved within her. His chest did rest upon her breasts; hence her nipples were caressed whilst ever he moved.  
  
Her eyes were closed; her head turned slightly aside with her mouth just open, as she did sigh contentedly. Whensoever the stimulation was most wonderful, her body didst twitch and her inside shuddered, thus crushing his appendage.  
  
James didst enjoy thrusting within her, and her juices oozed freely; some even escaped onto his bedding. No matter how greatly her love juices flowed, he was still able to feel her insides massage his swollen glans each time it moved deep therein.  
  
She sucked his right earlobe and then pushed her tongue into his ear and wiggled it. James was amazed at her love-making expertise, especially since she had just then given him her virginity.  
  
She wrapped her legs about his waist and pushed her groin further up against his. For she had observed other women doing these things whenever she didst watch them making love. For verily I say unto you, that love-making within the tribe was not something that ought to be performed only in private.  
  
In the few days he had been in the village, James hath on more than one occasion himself observed a couple making love in public; and so, it finally dawned on him that 'twas how she knew of such things.  
  
James couldst tell that his ejaculation was imminent, so he did pump his hips faster. The sensations that then didst shoot from his penis to his brain were shear ecstasy.  
  
Thus she did feel him pulsing inside her, as he did send forth his seed unto her womb. As always, James did enjoy very much the sensation as each glob of his sperm surged up through his penis on its urgent mission to produce new life. The male sperm thereof, finding her love juices not unfriendly, didst swim exceedingly fast; and it came to pass that one was the first to find her egg lingering there within her fallopian tube.  
  
He pushed in once more and held himself there, giving himself a moment to experience the exquisite sensation of her warmth squeezing his penis.  
  
"Please Lord, don't stop. Thy servant hast only just begun to enjoy it so."  
  
Thus James didst resume his thrusting within her, although a little slower than before.  
  
As he breathed deeply, he could smell the muskiness of their mingled sex juices.  
  
Char Lotte's excitement grew, and soon she was floating among the clouds.  
  
Each time he pushed into her, she moved closer and closer to a climax. It didn't take long.  
  
She came suddenly. James felt his penis being crushed as Char Lotte tensed briefly; and then she was gasping and trembling, as waves of pleasure surged from her vagina throughout her entire body. This caused James to send forth more seed, but not as much or as forcefully as before.  
  
This was the first-time James had achieved two orgasms during the one penetration.  
  
Char Lotte lay still beneath James for some time before he realised she had suffered 'la petite mort'. He hurriedly withdrew his penis, and examined her for signs of life.  
  
Char Issa became worried when she saw James checking Char Lotte's pulse, "Is she well?"  
  
James answered, "I hope so." Just before he managed to detect a weak pulse.  
  
Just after he put his cheek close to her mouth, to check her breathing, she didst regain consciousness.  
  
"How do thee feel Char Lotte?"  
  
"Alittle exhausted... Why?"  
  
"You experienced 'the little death' after your orgasm."  
  
"Oh."  
  
Just before departing, Char Lotte sayeth, "My Lord, the Witch doctor didst suggest that we should repeat our coupling each morning and evening for two days to ensure fertilisation is achieved."  
  
"If he says 'tis required, and thee think thou canst do it; then so it shall be."  
  
"Ibelieve I canst do it, my Lord."  
  
God in heaven didst observe their union and was well pleased; for their son wouldst introduce a new blood-line unto his people in the islands.  
  
Char Issa thought that Char Lotte had actually been dead, and that James had breathed life back into her. At least this is the miracle as she saw it, and which she repeatedly told to everyone.  
  
James didst perform many great deeds; however due to the lateness of the hour, they are not detailed here. To him they were not such unusual actions, but to the natives who had witnessed not such things before, they were as miracles.  
  
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At this point I paused for a sip of water.  
  
"Were Chantelle and James ever rescued?" one gentleman hastened to enquire.  
  
"Why yes."  
  
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From the time of the Malaysian Airlines MH370 disaster, procedures for fixing the location of a distress call were hence forth improved.  
  
Recall ye; that the islands had a high concentration of iron, magnetised such that compasses were deflected many miles hence. And so, any vessel whose course was being determined by their compass wouldst pass by the islands without ever seeing them.  
  
However, on the sixth day the islands were seen by a rescue vessel. Its captain had been searching the area following the GPS readings associated with his course.  
  
They circled the islands just outside the coral reef, and just before dusk they saw the sunlight flash on the wreckage of the plane's cockpit. So, they made anchor off that beach of Char Island.  
  
The next day their helicopter was sent forth to search the wreckage for any sign of survivors. From the foot prints thereabout, they were sure someone had survived and had gone forth into the jungle.  
  
Thus the helicopter followed the path that led away from the beach.  
  
And lo and behold all the trees to the west did shake and quiver as there cometh a great wind unto the village; and presently all the natives came out to see what made this great sound. And James and Char Telle saw that their rescue 'twas at hand.  
  
Both the Chief Char Antigo and the Witch-doctor Char Ismatic didst hug Char Telle and did bid her farewell with the usual seven shallow penetrations of her vagina.  
  
Meanwhile James their Lord God didst farewell the sisters Char Lotte and Char Issa in the same manner.  
  
The Priest Juan had decided not to be rescued; but to stay on the island with his new bride Char Ming and continue his missionary work; mainly teaching the children reading, writing and arithmetic. And so, Juan didst bid the Lord James and the angel Char Telle goodbye with a brief hug.  
  
And so it came to pass that James and Chantelle were taken whence they came.  
  
And the multitude, seeing these things, didst bow down their heads and didst shout, "PRAISE BE TO GOD!"  
  
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I stopped speaking, and there was a long silence in the room before one of the men asked, "What became of Skye and Greg?"

"Ah, OK."  
  
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There were a few other survivors of the plane crash.  
  
They were the people in the seats just behind the cockpit. Apparently, some of those seats were ripped free from the fuselage by the explosions and catapulted down quickly enough to a lower altitude to prevent their occupants from suffocating. These passengers were the ones found alive among the floating wreckage by the vessels that first arrived at the scene.  
  
And yes; Skye and Greg were among those survivors.

**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders Ch. 13**

The atmosphere within Dangi's Thai restaurant was truly exotic, with candle lit tables and the Buddhist heart sutra playing quietly in the background. Only those with perfect hearing heard the high-pitched Morse code as it briefly bounced around restaurant, and they wondered what it was.  
  
Chantelle Spiros immediately thought she felt a faint sensation in her lower abdomen. It grew slowly in intensity until she was certain that, this now pleasant feeling, was coming from her groin.  
  
Chantelle had completed her schooling at Cedar Hill high school a year before, and was considered the sexiest of its cheerleaders that year.  
  
That evening she looked, as always, like she'd spent the day with a stylist and a make-up artist; she was wearing a full sky-blue miniskirt and a lacy white blouse that drew attention to her perfectly pert breasts. She wore no panty; in part, because of her fantasy to go naked in public, which she had done on numerous occasions during her high school days.  
  
She was dining with her parents and her younger brother Stephen. It was a Thursday evening and they were celebrating their father's promotion. Her older sister Amelia was not with them; she had to work the afternoon shift at Macy's.  
  
Their parents sat on the far side of the rectangular table, while Stephen was on Chantelle's right.  
  
Also in the restaurant were two men seated in the far corner. They both wore a light grey suit, a white shirt, and an ugly blue tie. Chantelle thought they looked like plain-clothed police or even FBI. But what would they be doing in an ordinary restaurant in a small town like Cedar Hill? Surely she was wrong.  
  
The only other patrons were a middle-aged couple and an attractive girl about Stephen's age or maybe a little younger.  
  
The waiter was a boy of about Stephen's age named Dimitri. In fact, he and Stephen greeted each other when he came earlier to get their orders. He brought a bowl of prawn chips, four glasses and a jug of water in which floated a couple of lemon slices.  
  
After consuming a prawn chip, Chantelle asked the obvious, "Hey, Dad; does the promotion come with a decent pay rise?"  
  
"Yeah, it do; I thinks I get about 20 percent extra."  
  
"Does that mean you will be able to help with my college fees next year?"  
  
"Does you think you can pass tha entry-exam?"  
  
"I certainly intend to try. Well; will you able to help?"  
  
"With you and Amelia both working at Macy's and paying Mama some board, we nearly finished payin' off tha mortgage. So, yeah I'm thin'ing it should be OK."  
  
"Great; thanks Dad."  
  
"What about me?" Stephen protested.  
  
"Aren't you goin' ta get that scholarship you talked about?"  
  
"But, what if I don't?"  
  
"You'll just have ta get it, wont ya."  
  
Dimitri delivered their meals during this conversation; so, he and Stephen didn't talk to each other this time.  
  
As the stimulation grew stronger, Chantelle was faced with a decision: either try to ignore it; or... she put her left hand under her skirt and lightly stroked her clit. Well actually her hand was not under her skirt for long, because the hem soon rode up to the point where her entire pubic area was visible; but she thought only Steve was in a position to see her bald pussy and what she was doing. She didn't mind; after all he had previously done more than just see her nude; she had allowed him to finger and suck her pussy when she gave him a lesson in seducing girls. That was after his persistent pleading that he needed the experience to increase his self-confidence around girls.  
  
Secretly she wanted him to watch her masturbate now; here, in public; she knew that being observed would heighten her excitement. She wondered if the two men in the corner were able to see her long shapely legs all the way up to her pussy. She didn't care; This was just another one of her fantasies for doing wild things in public.  
  
This wasn't the first time she been nude or semi-nude in public.  
  
When Jamie Taylor discovered her walking completely naked in the hallway of Cedar Hill high school that Saturday afternoon, they soon realised they were kindred spirits. And as such, Jamie had encouraged her to live out her fantasies.  
  
Chantelle wanted Steve to see her masturbate: she moved her right leg toward Steve to ensure that, when he did look, he would have a clear view of her fingers nestled between her swollen labia. She wanted to be seen. She continued to play with herself for several minutes, all the while she continued using a fork with her right hand. Eating was one way of muffling her sighs of pleasure.  
  
Eventually, Chantelle caught Steve glancing at her pussy; sensing that he was caught, he looked up into her eyes with a smirk. Chantelle returned his glance with a cheeky smile and gave him a wink of encouragement and permission. She noticed that there was a bulge in his pants; was he feeling as randy as she was?  
  
Their father saw this exchange between them and wondered what it was all about.  
  
Steve accepted Chantelle's invitation and placed his left hand on her right thigh. He lightly caressed her skin as his hand moved ever upwards. When his fingers finally found her clit and commenced tickling it, Chantelle lifted her left hand and then used both hands to transfer more fried rice onto her plate.  
  
Later, Steve pushed his middle finger a little way into her cunt and out a few times, before he moved it up to rub around her swollen clit again.  
  
Chantelle briefly glanced down at Steve's lap; the bulge was even more evident now. He was obviously enjoying it every bit as much as she was. While not looking that way, she put her right hand onto the bulge and squeezed it a few times. It grew even larger and harder as she did this.  
  
The waiter, Dimitri returned; as he approached their table from Chantelle's direction, his eyes were drawn to her bare thighs; he tried not to stare; but on reaching her side, he saw Stephen's fingers at work between her swollen red labia. Unprepared for what he saw, he froze for a while.  
  
Finally, looking at Stephen, he blurted out in a shaky voice, "Has ahh; has everything been to your liking?"  
  
Chantelle immediately answered, "Ooh, yes; very much so!"  
  
"Good; then may I, um, may I take the empty plate?"  
  
"Ooh; yes please."  
  
Poor Dimitri was trembling so much as he reached for the plate, that he bumped the almost empty glass that was in front of Chantelle; it toppled and its contents spread across the table, however most of it was caught by the paper placemat that doubled as a menu.  
  
"Oh gawd; I'm sorry. Here, let me mop that up." Dimitri produced a cloth hand-towel from his back pocket and wiped up the liquid as he stared repeatedly at Chantelle's pussy and Stephen's fingers rubbing therein.  
  
"Did any go, ahh, onto your lap, Miss?"  
  
Dimitri did not wait for a response, but immediately pretended to dry her skirt, while actually he slid his fingers down over her mound and onto her clit.  
  
"Thanks. That's enough." Chantelle was willing to have him linger longer, but knew her parents would get suspicious. As Jamie said on the afternoon of their first meeting, "As the female becomes more aroused, it can start to affect her judgment." Thankfully she had not quite reached that stage.  
  
Dimitri took the empty plate and bid farewell to Stephen as he went, "I; um, I'll see you tomorrow Steve. Ahh; we must talk."  
  
With such attention, Chantelle's pussy and its surrounds were now pink with arousal. She began to breath heavily and squirm in her seat.  
  
"Are ya alright, Shell?" her father Joe enquired.  
  
"I think I need to go to the toilet." And with that Chantelle stood and walked awkwardly across to the lady's toilet.  
  
She couldn't understand why she had become so aroused in the first place; but there was this magnificent feeling surging from her vagina and spreading throughout her entire body. Almost before she entered the rest-room, her hand moved under her skirt, as if to unconsciously scratching an itch, and she began rubbing her clit.  
  
She continued to wonder what had caused her to become so horny, 'Had her brother, Steve, slipped an aphrodisiac into her meal? After all he was a chemistry student, so he could have discovered such a thing; but surely he wouldn't; would he? ... But he seemed to be affected too.'  
  
Chantelle had only just sat down in the cubicle nearest the door when she heard another person enter, "Oh gawd, help me" that girl moaned.  
  
And so it was, that they both furiously caressed their own clit; each spurred on by the sighs and moans coming from the adjacent cubicle.  
  
They continued like this until Chantelle asked through her moans, "Hey there, ooh, are you alright?"  
  
"Yeah; I'm just like, feeling really horny; ooh my gawd."  
  
"Me too... Ooh, I don't know why I, ooh I suddenly feel so horny." Chantelle replied as she continued massaging her swollen clit. She knew the other girl also continued fingering herself, because the toilet seat squeaked repeatedly.  
  
"Ooh. It must have been something in the, ooh, in the food."  
  
"Yeah. What were you eating?" Chantelle squirmed on the toilet, her legs flapping open and closed like a pair of double-hinged saloon doors.  
  
"Pad Thai."  
  
"Well I was having Tom Kha Gai and fried ri... Oooh!" Chantelle's breathing became a hiss as she abruptly clenched her mouth shut and tried to breathe through her nose. The seat rattled under her.  
  
"Oooh gawd, ooooh, ooooh, ooh I've come!" yelled Chantelle.  
  
She sat quietly for a few minutes, listening to the moans wafting from the other cubicle. Then she opened her handbag and retrieved the rabbit vibrator that she called Hoppity.  
  
She fiddled with a button on the vibrator. It came to life, emitting a loud buzz.  
  
"Ooh, is that a vibe I hear?" Came the shaky voice from the other cubicle.  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Oh gawd; I wished I had mine with me... What type is yours?"  
  
"It's a rabbit one; you know, it has a bit to tickle the clit when the main phallic part is fully inserted."  
  
"Yeah; I know the type. Ooh... I couldn't afford one of; ooh, of those. Mine is just a simple 7inch, ooh, 7inch penis shaped one." The squeaking next door intensified.  
  
Initially Chantelle just tickled her clit with the vibrator. "Hey; what's your name?"  
  
"Oooh... Oooh, I'm Sue, oooo."  
  
"Hi Sue; I'm Chantelle."  
  
"Oh hi... Ooh gee gawd!" Sue's seat now rattled like a steam train, faster and faster.  
  
Chantelle opened her legs wide and was about to inset the main stem of Hoppity into her wet pussy; when she remembered, among other things, the small tube of lubricant that she had in her handbag. She coated Hoppity and the surrounds of her cunt.  
  
Again, she lowered the vibrator between the enflamed lips of her pussy. She pressed it into her cunt slowly, little by little.  
  
The shaft of Hoppity soon disappeared completely into her, thus placing the ears of the rabbit either side of her clitoris. In that position the sound was greatly muffled, but initially Hoppity wouldn't stay in by itself, though. Chantelle could feel it sliding out.  
  
She pushed it back in, fascinated by the sight of its length disappearing into her glistening pussy. This time she parted her outer labia and pressed the rabbit ears between them; this allowed the phallus to enter further and it stayed put.  
  
Chantelle closed her eyes and thought of the first time she used Hoppity in front of her boyfriend, Jamie. It was in the audio/visual control room of the Cedar Hill high school auditorium. Jamie had been alone, operating both the lighting control board and the microphones, when she had joined him. She did her best to distract him by stripping completely naked and masturbating to a climax. Then she produced Hoppity. Being watched using Hoppity was intensely arousing, especially in such a public place with the prospect of being discovered.  
  
She went over the scene time and time again in her mind. She remembered how fulfilled she felt when Jamie finally came inside her just as she had her third orgasm.  
  
She thought, 'I wish James were here now to satisfy me; like he did that evening'. These memories were enough to send Chantelle into orgasmic spasms and over the imaginary cliff, to float gradually and peacefully back to earth.  
  
"Ahh... Ooh, ooh, ooooo."  
  
As Chantelle sat quietly, enjoying the relaxing sexual after-glow, she remembered that she needed more material for her X-rated web-site 'High School Fantasies'.  
  
"Hey Sue; would you like to try my rabbit vibe?" Chantelle offered.  
  
"Yeah, sure would; but I'm having my period and I'm using a tampon."  
  
"That's OK; I have some spare tampons. You see, I have an X-rated web-site and I need some extra material. If you let me video you inserting and using the vibe, then I can pay you. What do you say?"  
  
"Pay! How much?"  
  
"Depending on how it goes; maybe $100 or more."  
  
"Um; OK."  
  
Chantelle entered the other cubicle with Hoppity and her phone. She was pleased when she saw that Sue was a true red-head. She had neatly trimmed orange pubs on her mound, but was completely clean and smooth around her pussy; there wasn't even any stubble.  
  
Chantelle had to ask, "Have you had your bikini line permanently depilated?"  
  
"Yeah; when mum paid for my legs to be done, I had that secretly included."  
  
"Your mum wanted your legs done?"  
  
"Yep; so I wouldn't keep cutting myself with the razor."  
  
"Oh!"  
  
The whole video lasted only five minutes. Nearly half of that time was taken by Sue's numerous attempts at inserting Hoppity; however, once fully in and stimulating her G-spot and clit, she quivered repeatedly with the extreme pleasure it provided. It took very little time for her to reach a massive climax, during which her shouting must have surely raised the dead. The video ended with the slow removal of Hoppity.  
  
As Sue returned Hoppity, "Ooh, that was fantastic; thanks... I must get me one of these."  
  
"Yeah, you should; and thank you for your time."  
  
As they were washing their hands, Chantelle spoke, "Hey Sue, would you be interested in making other videos for me? I'll pay you, of course."  
  
Sue was naturally cautious given what they had just recorded; "What type of videos?"  
  
"Well, at its most innocent, you would just striptease your street cloths and put on some revealing lingerie. It would be up to you if you let it progress to oral sex and intercourse."  
  
"Geez; I don't know. What if someone from my family saw it. Would my face have to be shown?"  
  
"Well you do have a pretty face; but we could make sure it wasn't seen, or you could wear sun-glasses and a wig."  
  
"You did say sex, didn't you?" Sue stood motionless for a few seconds, obviously deep in thought. "Who would be the guy?"  
  
"That's up to you. Do you have a boyfriend?"  
  
Sue shook her head, "Nah."  
  
"Well then, it could be my brother Steve; I'm sure he'd love to do it with you."  
  
"Is Steve the nerdy guy I saw sitting next to you?"  
  
Chantelle cracked a slightly bemused smile at the fact that Sue had actually made note of HER brother Steve. "Yeah; what do you think?"  
  
"OK; but he would have to take it slowly the first time; I've never had a guy before."  
  
Now as they dried their hands, Chantelle remarked, "Believe me, it's even better than my Hoppity; especially when the guy kisses your clit and fingers you G-spot at the same time."  
  
Sue turned toward Chantelle in surprise, "Would he, like really do that?"  
  
"Yeah, for sure."  
  
And with that, Chantelle and Sue returned to the tables where their respective families sat. Steve was bent over with his arms across his tummy.  
  
"What's wrong with Steve?" Chantelle asked.  
  
Her mother answered, "I think he enjoyed his food too much and over-ate."  
  
"Serves him right... Will you be OK, Steve?" Chantelle face was aglow, partly as a result of the multiple orgasms she'd enjoyed in the restroom, and also because she thought it amusing that he may have only been trying to hide his erection, or even worse, the wet spot of an ejaculation.  
  
Stephen was given a tablet of antacid which his mum produced from that amazing magician's handbag.  
  
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Early next morning, Dimitri loitered near the school lockers.  
  
"Hey Steve; sorry about last night."  
  
"You mean for spilling my sister's drink?"  
  
"Well, yeah; and for trying to touch her up."  
  
"I don't think she minded... I must admit she acted all strange last night; as if someone had spiked her drink."  
  
"Hey come on; no one spike her drink." Dimitri protested.  
  
"Well, what about the food?"  
  
"If there was something in the food, then it would have affected you all, wouldn't it?"  
  
"Yeah; I guess you're right."  
  
Stephen thought about for a bit, then he asked, "And how did a guy named 'Dimitri' become a waiter in a Thai restaurant, anyway?"  
  
"Simple; I didn't want to be a shop-assistant or a checkout-chick, so I applied to be a waiter at a few places, and Dangi gave me the job."  
  
Then Dimitri thought out loud, "Your sister's really sexy, isn't she? I wished I could have; well you know."  
  
"You have a sister, don't you?"  
  
"Yeah; but she's only 14 years old; and a real prude." Dimitri looked dejected.  
  
"Um." Stephen had seen Dimitri's younger sister at school; she looked older with bright eyes, a precocious knowing smile, and really tempting.  
  
"Do you think if I came over to your place after school and apologised to your sister, she would allow me to finish what I started?" Although he asked this, Dimitri didn't look hopeful.  
  
"What you started?"  
  
"Yeah; I'd do anything to be able to wipe her skirt some more." Although Dimitri didn't say it, Stephen knew exactly what he wanted.  
  
"I don't think that's going to happen!" Stephen sneered as he headed off to class.  
  
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When Dimitri actually did arrive at Stephen's place, they immediately when to Chantelle's room.  
  
KNOCK; KNOCK.  
  
"Yeah!"  
  
Stephen and Dimitri entered.  
  
Her room was definitely a girl's room. However, there one thing that caught Dimitri's eye. On the wall directly opposite, was the large poster of a policeman and a naked girl in a European shopping mall. The policeman was seated on his motor bike while apparently talking 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 clearly seen some of the mall, and a few shoppers who seem unfussed by either the policeman or the nude girl.  
  
"Hi sis, this is my friend Dimitri. He was the waiter at the restaurant last night; you know, the one who like spilt your drink; you remember?"  
  
"Yeah, so what?" Chantelle was seated at her desk. As she turned toward them, her mini-skirt rode up a little, but only to reveal a little more of her splendid thighs.  
  
Dimitri blurted out, "So I; I asked Steve if I could come and apologise further."  
  
Chantelle thought Dimitri was very handsome, and perhaps it would be fun to tease him. So, she lifted her feet up onto the rung of her chair, thus making all of her thighs visible. "Oh, you want to apologise, do you?"  
  
"Yeah; I'm; I'm sorry I didn't get t; to dry your skirt properly." Dimitri spoke sheepishly, but he managed to hint at his true desire.  
  
Chantelle knew of course, that what he meant was, that he wanted the chance to play with her pussy for a much longer time. She thought a minute: she didn't feel very horny like the night before, but she certainly was excited by his suggestion. Then she decided to take her teasing even further; she spread her knees and exposed her hairless pussy. Remember, Chantelle never ever wore anything underneath her dress or skirt.

Seeing this, Stephen decided he had better shut the bedroom door. Dimitri just stood there aghast.  
  
"So, you want to finish drying my skirt, do you?"  
  
Dimitri just stared... eventually he mumbled, "Ah; ooh gawd yeah."  
  
"Well then, get down on your hands and knees and crawl here." Chantelle pointed at the floor between her thighs.  
  
Dimitri dropped to the floor and began to crawl very slowly toward her, his head hung low, his face down. He didn't dare look at her.  
  
Chantelle enjoyed dominating him; it excited her. It was a side of her that she had never acknowledged before; that she was normally the instigator, not the victim: Chantelle the dominatress.  
  
She put her left hand on her skirt and her index finger onto her clit. Steve wondered what she was going to do.  
  
Dimitri stopped crawling when his head was between Chantelle's thighs. He still looked down; his eyes fixed firmly on her ankle boots. He could smell her; not just the perfume she wore, but the musky aroma of her pussy. He couldn't believe where he was; his throbbing cock pressed against his pants, desperate to be released.  
  
"So, are you ready to apologise?"  
  
Dimitri did not move, "Ye; yeah."  
  
"Well then look up at me and do it."  
  
He looked up; pausing briefly to stare at her finger that massaged her clit, before looking into her eyes. His lips were almost touching her pussy. "I... I'm sorry; really sorry. I... I shouldn't have touched you last evening."  
  
"So, what are you going to do to prove you mean it?"  
  
"W; w; what do you want me to do? I'll; I'll do anything." She could feel his breath caress her labia as he spoke.  
  
Chantelle had managed to make herself very aroused by masturbating in front of them both. "I think I need you to satisfy me. You'll do anything, will you?"  
  
"Ye... Yeah; anything."  
  
Chantelle positioned her right foot below the crutch of Dimitri's pants and used her toes to rub the bulge created by his hard-on.  
  
"Well; what do you think would please me more than your fingers?" Chantelle pressed two fingers into her cunt and curled them up to massage her G-spot.  
  
Dimitri couldn't believe the situation. He thought her rubbing his bulging cock and fingering herself were clues. Would she really let him fuck her? He answered timidly, "Ah; m; m; my cock?"  
  
"Nah, your tongue." She removed her fingers from her cunt, "Well come on, suck my clit." There, she said it. Would he obey?  
  
Steve was amazed at his sister's boldness. He didn't know what made her so horny last evening, or why she was so aroused now; but there it was. He watched as Dimitri cautiously moved his mouth onto Chantelle's clit.  
  
He proceeded to lick and kiss her for all he was worth. He was especially encouraged by her occasional sighs and moans.  
  
She pleaded, "Ooh; stick a couple of fingers into; ooh, into my cunt, will you... Ooh."  
  
Steve decided to try his luck as well. He unzipped his fly and released his aching cock. He moved close to Chantelle and put his cock-head onto her mouth. She turned and proceeded to suck him.  
  
She wondered who would come first: Steve into her mouth; or Dimitri into his under-pants. Either way she decided she would continue teasing Dimitri until she thought he had come. She imagined him trying to explain the sperm in his undies to his mum.  
  
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After dinner that night, James arrived a minute late at Chantelle's house. She had asked him to help her choose sexually stimulating garments for her girls to wear when filming videos for her X-rated web-site 'High School Fantasies'.  
  
They planned to drive to the Linterna sex shop on Saturday to buy the things she needed.  
  
James looked up the internet page of the Linterna sex shop. He selected the LINGERIE option.  
  
From the Dreamgirl range James chose: a pastel charms baby-doll in light blue and another in soft pink; an enchantress plunging garter chemise in black. He also selected the Rene Rofe sheer half-cup gown, and the Coquette lace baby-doll with G-String; he said "They both would look great without the G-string, however."  
  
"Yeah, maybe; and the light blue baby-doll would really suit Sue."  
  
"Who's Sue?" James turned toward Chantelle with raised eyebrows.  
  
"A girl I met last night at the restaurant. She's agreed to do a few videos for me."  
  
James thought out loud, "Um; I think a 'sleep invasion' video with her changing into that baby-doll outfit at the start, would be really hot."  
  
"What's a 'sleep invasion' video?" Chantelle enquired.  
  
"Well, a guy creeps into the room where the girl is sleeping and proceeds to remove the bed covers. After caressing the girl's camel toe and then her clit, he will put his dick into her mouth. Such a video normally ends with them having sex."  
  
"Oh! I'm not sure Sue will agree to that; I'll have to ask her."  
  
And finally, James selected a Coquette pillow talk sheer camisole with shorts.  
  
But then he spotted the Allure Faux leather micro-mini skater skirt and bra. He suggested, "You know you must have some leather-wear for members who have a leather fetish; shouldn't you?"  
  
Chantelle agreed and added it to her list.  
  
"What about some different sex toys?" As he asked this, he selected the TOYS option on the web-site. From the sub-menu he chose VIBRATORS.  
  
"But I don't need another vibe!" Chantelle protested.  
  
At the very top of the vibrators' page was a picture of the We-vibe Match.  
  
"Look at this! I've never seen one like it before; it's a C shape. It says, 'Can be worn under any clothing, even leotards, without showing; it's water proof; whisper quiet; and it stimulates the G-spot and clit either alternately or together,' Look!" While saying this James had selected the DEMO option.  
  
By the time Chantelle had finished adding the Allure Faux leatherware to her list, the lady in the demo was part way through inserting the We-vibe into her vagina. Chantelle watched closely as one part was pressed fully in, leaving the other half against her clit. The lady parted her outer labia, and pressed the We-vibe between them, so that they held that portion firmly against her clit.  
  
Chantelle studied the photo of that vibe and thought for a while. "You know it's shorter than Hoppity, so I think I could use it even with a tampon."  
  
"So, add it to your list. It's a 'We-vibe Match', OK."  
  
"Yeah, OK; if you insist."  
  
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When Chantelle and James arrive at the sex shop in Linterna, they went straight to the counter.  
  
Seeing that Chantelle had a list, the saleswoman asked, "And what can I get you Miss?"  
  
As Chantelle read out each of the garments, the shop assistant fetched it and returned to be told the next item.  
  
When the assistant returned with the We-vibe Match, she was also carrying two other devices. She handed the Match to Chantelle and asked, "Would Miss like to consider one of these, as well?" She held what looked like a stiff, pink thong-panty with a little bow in the front and no side straps.  
  
"What is it?"  
  
"Well it's a vibrating panty; the controls are at the back; see," she turned it around to show them.  
  
James immediately blurted out, "But she never wears panty." At this, Chantelle lovingly punched James in the arm.  
  
"Well, what about a vibrator alarm clock? It wakes the lady by stimulating the clit with a gradually-intensifying vibration. This bit," pointing to the finger like extension, "sits down between your inner pussy lips. I use it; and believe me, it's the most wonderful way to be like, woken up."  
  
"Doesn't the We-vibe Match come with an alarm function?" James enquired.  
  
"Sorry, no; but the controller of the premium model, the Match A does. Would Miss prefer the Match A?"  
  
Chantelle didn't hesitate, "No thanks; I don't need an alarm to wake me; so that's it; thank you."  
  
"Good. I'll make out a... "  
  
But James interrupted, "I'd like a tube of KY jelly, please."  
  
This was produced from under the counter.  
  
As the items were tallied, Chantelle placed them in the shoulder bag she had brought for just that purpose.  
  
As they left the shop, Chantelle suggested they go to the milk bar they had visited a year or so before; that was the time when she had walked through the Mall virtually nude, wearing only her ankle boots.  
  
The milk bar was divided along one side into compartments, each of which had a table in the middle with a bench seat along either side. The compartments were divided by six-feet-high partitions; consequently, the customers could not be seen from the other compartments or from the waitress's counter at the back.  
  
There was a young couple in the middle compartment. James and Chantelle heard them giggling, but didn't see them, as they passed to sit in the back-most compartment.  
  
They had only been seated a couple of minutes when the waitress arrived to take their orders. Looking directly at Chantelle, "And what would you like?"  
  
Chantelle sat nearer the wall with James beside her. They were seated on the bench seat nearer the entrance, so anyone walking toward the waitress's counter would not notice them. They would only be seen by such a person going the other way, toward the exit.  
  
She replied, "I'll have an egg and cheese roll with a chocolate milk-shake, thanks."  
  
James added, "And I want a double beef burger and a root-beer."  
  
"Will that be a large root-beer?"  
  
"Nah, a medium will do; thanks."  
  
After she left, Chantelle quipped with a smile, "So you only want a medium size root! Just like last time, eh!"  
  
James 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 up under her dress, caressing his way toward her groin. He smiled when he found out that he was correct: she actually didn't have any panty, and his fingers soon found her wet pussy.  
  
He gently massaged her clit, until he realised there was a better way. He suggested, "Shell, why don't you try the We-vibe; here; now."  
  
Chantelle was already removing it from her bag as she replied, "Yeah; great idea... Why don't you film me using it; then I can post the video on my web-site; OK?"  
  
James used his phone to record Chantelle as she attempted to insert one end into her vagina.  
  
Trying to be helpful, James asked, "Do you think it needs some KY jelly?"  
  
"Yeah, maybe it would help."  
  
Chantelle applied some jelly to the vibe and smeared a little around her cunt.  
  
This time she was successful. Initially she chose the LOW vibration setting, but quickly increase it to MEDIUM.  
  
Chantelle sighed, "Ooh, it's nice; it feels much like my Hoppity, but it really stays in place; unlike Hoppity, as you know."  
  
James heard the waitress coming, so he turned his phone outward. The waitress walked past, glancing in their direction as she did. James wondered if she had been able to see the We-vibe between Chantelle's thighs; if she did, there was very little reaction.  
  
As Chantelle's pleasure mounted, she felt sorry for James, who just sat there recording her enjoying herself. She tentatively reached over and placed her hand onto his lap and squeeze the bulge that was developing there. James panned across to himself. Then, she undid his zipper and pulled his firming cock free, while he attempted to hold his phone steady.  
  
He lost himself in the feel of her hand, moving gently up and down his shaft: keeping the phone steady then proved even more difficult.  
  
Again, the waitress went past; however, this time she walked very slowly, taking in the whole situation as best she could. She looked surprised, but certainly not concerned or troubled by their boldness.  
  
James glanced down at his lap; he was shocked at the sight of his own now enormous erection, jutting obscenely out of his pants, with Chantelle's feminine fingers wrapped around the shaft. Her nails were coloured cherry red with a white smiley face painted on the nail of the ring-finger. The noisy whirr of the milk-shake machine made James realise how ludicrous this scene was, especially here in public; and especially with him obviously recording it with his phone in an outstretched arm.  
  
Suddenly he had a flashback to the previous time they ate here; they were very lucky that the police came to pick up their lunch order when Chantelle was in the toilet. Any earlier or later and she would have been caught completely nude.  
  
He was worried when he thought, 'What if the police were to come today. What would he do if he saw them pass?' He knew that he would probably warn Chantelle and she would desist; but he also felt aroused by the idea of not doing anything, of letting Chantelle continue sliding her fingers up and down his cock while he casually waited for the police to return.  
  
James felt Chantelle's tongue lick the glans of his cock. Again, he looked down at his lap, trying to watch what she was doing. But her face was hidden by waves of long dark hair, bobbing up and down as her warm mouth caressed the length of his penis, which it completely encircled. Part of him wanted to close his eyes and focus on the sensations she was causing, but he couldn't bring himself to completely forget where they were, in the restaurant. His eyes continued to look outwards; his ears pricked; constantly checking for the arrival of the police.  
  
Hearing footstep, James listened intently; should he warn Chantelle; how long could he wait before it was too late? He had to admit that the imminent arrival truly heightened his enjoyment of her oral stimulation.  
  
James's heart stopped beating for a second; who was coming?  
  
Just as he was about to whisper a warning, he recognised those light footsteps; certainly not a heavy-set policeman; it was the waitress again. She was approaching from behind and heading toward the back of the milk bar. This time she carried a tray of dirty plates and cutlery. As she past, she looked back over her shoulder; she looked amazed, shaking her head a little.  
  
His penis throbbed, swollen and taut, seemingly ready to explode at any moment.  
  
He reached for the vibe controller and increased the setting to HIGH; after that Chantelle was unable to sit still; her legs twitched and thrashed about. However, she managed to keep his cock within her moist mouth; sucking and licking to muffle her cries.  
  
The waitress arrived with the tray holding their order, just as James erupted into Chantelle's mouth. They had not heard her approach; they were both too absorbed in their sensual explosions.  
  
As the waitress placed the tray on the table, she stared at the vibe between Chantelle's trembling legs, and the sperm oozing from Chantelle's mouth: the waitress bit her lip.  
  
James had only just managed to turn the phone toward her early enough to record her reaction.  
  
When Chantelle's own orgasm subsided, she opened her eyes and saw where the waitress was staring; so she smiled, and gave her an encouraging wink.  
  
Chantelle stuffed Jamie's shrinking dick back inside his jeans; then 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, then he stopped recording.  
  
After that, the waitress regained her composer, and with a shaky voice, "Th, th; that will be $25; please."  
  
James handed the waitress the correct money.  
  
They enjoyed their meals and drinks as if nothing unusual had occurred beforehand; although the soft rosy glow of their cheeks, and their contented smiles, hinted otherwise.  
  
Chantelle realised that there was no discomfort associated with the We-vibe when it was turned off; there was just a very slight feeling of fullness. And so, she left it in while they walked down the Mall.  
  
Senior Detective Kilby and his assistant Probationary Detective O'Malley actually were coming to pick up their lunch order, as normal. O'Malley still wore her police uniform, since she had only learnt of her trial promotion a few days before.  
  
James saw her when she was a long way off and coming toward them.  
  
Seeing the vibe controller on top of the clothing in Chantelle's shoulder bag gave him an evil idea. He retrieved the controller and turned on the vibe.  
  
Chantelle immediately stopped. "Jamie!"  
  
His response was to up the setting to MEDIUM. "Come on; you can do it; keep walking." And so she did.  
  
When O'Malley was just 10 feet away James increased the setting to HIGH. Chantelle stopped; her body contorted, her arms shaking across her groin.  
  
O'Malley race to her, "Are you alright, Miss?"  
  
James was quick with an excuse, "It's OK, it's just a mild spastic fit. She'll be fine soon." Chantelle scowled.  
  
A few concerned people soon gathered; one was a nurse. At the nurse's suggestion, she and O'Malley helped Chantelle to a nearby bench and laid her down.  
  
"Should we call an ambulance?" The nurse asked.  
  
James continued with the ruse, "Give her a few minutes; I'm sure she'll be fine. It doesn't normally last long."  
  
Chantelle looked at James; her eyes rolled in ecstasy; her mouth contorted; her arms still clenched against her groin; and a minute later she screamed.  
  
James was not sure if she had an orgasm or two, but he eventually decided it was time to end it, so he secretly turned OFF the vibe.  
  
Slowly Chantelle relaxed and her arms fell by her side.  
  
"Are you feeling better now? Is everything back to normal?" O'Malley pleaded.  
  
"Yeah... I'm fine, thanks."  
  
The nurse added, "You know there is medicine that prevents such fits."  
  
Chantelle stayed with James ploy and said, "Yeah, I know. I think I must have forgotten to take mine this morning."  
  
"Well please be more careful in future, OK?"  
  
"Yeah; sorry; and thank you."  
  
And with that the crowd dispersed.  
  
When they finally arrived at their car, Chantelle lightly punched James's arm, "I don't know if I should thank you or kill you, dam it."  
  
James lent over and they kissed briefly.  
  
Chantelle left the We-vibe in while they travelled home in the car, and even when she arrived home.  
  
However, for some of the journey home, Chantelle couldn't resist the temptation, and she switched the vibe to its LOW setting. That was very pleasant, and relaxing; just like a soft shoulder/neck massage; she was completely exhausted and fell into a deep sleep.  
  
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The next Monday evening, a group of seven ladies were having a party in Pete's Diner. They were the only patrons that night.  
  
They were celebrating the engagement of Marsha Dickson to her long-time boyfriend, the policeman Robert (Bobbie) Jackson. Present, apart from Marsha, were her ex-cheerleader friends: Samantha (Sam) Phelps; Chantelle (Shell) Spiros; Veronica (Ronni) Wilson; Cynthia (Thea) Lyndon; Skye McDougal; and Aimee Wong. They were seated around a large table, with Marsha and Samantha on one side; Chantelle and Veronica were opposite them; Aimee was at one end, while Cynthia and Skye sat at the other end.  
  
They all wore their old cheerleader outfits as a reminder of times past.  
  
Their meals had arrived and they were happily eating, even as their conversation continued,  
  
"So, are you and Bobbie going to live together now?" Samantha asked.  
  
"Yeah. I managed to get my Dad to agree, since Bobbie is a policeman." Marsha's smile broadened at the prospect of having him always at hand.  
  
"Have you and Bobbie found a place to stay, then?" Samantha continued.  
  
"Nah, not yet; we're going to start looking next weekend."  
  
Only Aimee heard the high-pitched Morse code that echoed around the diner, "What was that?"  
  
Veronica turned toward Aimee, "What was what?"  
  
"Ah, I don't know; doesn't matter I guess."  
  
Very soon afterwards Samantha, Marsha and Chantelle began to experience its affects; a pleasant feeling somewhere near the lower abdomen.  
  
Chantelle soon recognised the feelings growing inside her; it was the same sexually stimulating feeling that she had experienced four days earlier. Since she was among very close understanding friends, she did not hesitate to commence masturbation.

Veronica noticed, "Shell! What are you doing?"  
  
"Well, I suddenly feel horny; so, can't a girl please herself? ... A similar thing happened when I was out with my family last Thursday."  
  
"You didn't finger yourself then, did you?" Veronica looked worried.  
  
"Yeah; but only brother Steve saw me." Chantelle reached for Veronica's hand and beckoned her to play.  
  
Samantha butted in, "I'm feeling horny too!"  
  
"Me too!" Marsha added. And with those revelations, Masha lent over and kissed Sam. It was a loving, tongues-and-all kiss that lasted a few minutes. During this time, they both reached under the other's skirt.  
  
Chantelle immediately realised that this was an ideal opportunity to record yet another video for her X-rated porn site 'High School Fantasies'. It was perfect; the two girls were wearing their cheerleader outfits, and it was all natural, not staged.  
  
Chantelle reached for her phone and began recording; gritting her teeth to suppress her own feelings. She started with a slow pan of the diner, ending with a close-up of the girls' kissing.  
  
She slipped from Veronica's caresses and went under the table to capture the girls' mutual masturbation; all in high-definition.  
  
Meanwhile Skye asked Cynthia, "What do you think's gotten into them?"  
  
"Dun know! ... It's a good thing we're the only diners though, isn't it?"  
  
"Yeah! For sure."  
  
Chantelle zoomed in on Sam's panty, showing Marsha's finger rubbing at the top of Sam's pronounced camel toe. Then she panned across to Marsha, and was especially happy when Sam pulled Marsha's panty aside to reveal her magnificent pussy. Her pubic area was completely hairless, just like a ten-year-old girl, but without the peach-fuzz; fair, smooth and flawless. Marsha had the most beautiful pussy she'd ever seen. The outer lips were full and bulging, each much bigger than a Brazil nut. The inner lips were large enough to protrude a little and were a reddish colour, similar to that of a fully erect penis.  
  
While Sam proceeded to caress Marsha's clit, Cynthia watched intently. Her parents were good Methodists, and they had always insisted that such pleasures outside marriage would send one to hell.  
  
Skye noticed Cynthia's look of disapproval, "Have you never done that, Thea?"  
  
"What; good God no! My parents would kill me."  
  
"Ahh; but your parents aren't here. Haven't you ever felt some fleeting pleasure when washing there?"  
  
"Mm; yeah; but I immediately pray for forgiveness. I don't want to go to hell."  
  
"Believe me, it's not hell you'll experience, but rather heaven on earth."  
  
Skye placed her hand very lightly on Cynthia's thigh; so lightly that her fingers didn't touch Cynthia's skin, but only the peach-fuzz thereon. Cynthia clenched her fists; she heard her parents saying, 'Push that evil hand away, now!' But she just couldn't.  
  
Slowly Skye's fingers caressed their way up Cynthia's thigh. Cynthia clenched her fists even tighter.  
  
When Skye's fingers first touched the crutch of Cynthia panty, her whole body jolted, and her legs spread involuntarily.  
  
Slowly the continual pleasure soothed Cynthia, and she began to relax; even to the point of enjoying it; although the voices in her head said she shouldn't.  
  
Meanwhile, at the other end of the table, Vanessa enquired, "Hey Aimee; I heard that you have been seen dating Mr Richards; is it true?"  
  
Jason Richards was the male Cedar Hill high school physical education teacher.  
  
"Yeah; and now we don't have to hide the fact, since I'm no-longer in high school."  
  
Aimee had obtained an engineering cadetship with a large steel manufacturer. They paid her University costs plus employed her during the Uni holidays. She was studying to be a communications engineer.  
  
"Is it serious?"  
  
"Yeah, sure is; I see him as often as my Uni lectures and tutorials allow."  
  
"Do you think you'll get married?"  
  
"I'm hoping Jason will ask me once I have grad... Hey! Don't look now, but we're being watched."  
  
Aimee had seen the chef and the waitress spying on them from the kitchen, and she became suspicious that maybe their food or drinks had been spiked. She phoned the police.  
  
Vanessa did look, "Oh! I think the chef is screwing the young waitress doggy style while they're watching us."  
  
"Really? ... Geez, yeah; I think you're right. Maybe they've eaten some of their own spiked food... Maybe they don't know that they've used psychedelic mushrooms or something like that."  
  
Vanessa observed, "Wow! This is like being on the set of a B-grade porn movie, isn't it?"  
  
Aimee nodded, "Sure looks like it."  
  
After Marsha had an orgasm, Chantelle stopped recording and things returned a more normal diner party. However, Veronica couldn't resist gently caressing Chantelle's clit once Chantelle was seated again.  
  
Chantelle responded with a cheeky smile and a wink of approval.  
  
"And how is your web-site going, Shell?" Aimee enquired, as she rattled the ice in her Fanta.  
  
"Things have slowed down a little lately. That's why, over the last weekend, James helped me pick out some new costumes. They'll give us some alternate approaches to our videos."  
  
Marsha added, "I guess the one you just recorded of us will help."  
  
"Certainly will. I've also found me a new model; she's the red-head I met last Thursday at Dangi's Thai restaurant."  
  
Cynthia tried to forget Skye's fingering and swallowed another mouthful of food, "Ooh; do we know her?"  
  
"I'm not sure, Thea; I don't think so. She's a year or so younger than us."  
  
Cynthia continued her questioning, "Does she go to, ooh, to Cedar Hills high school?"  
  
"Perhaps not; she didn't seem to know my brother Steve."  
  
"Oh, and how is Steve doing?" Masha asked, as she remember how he gave her a massive orgasm when she, Shell and Ronni had challenged him to prove his oral ability; that was after they discovered he had been sucking Shell's clit while she was on the phone to them.  
  
"He's the only smart one in our family. The way he's going, I think he'll get a scholarship to college."  
  
"What about you, Shell? When will you have enough saved to start college?"  
  
Chantelle wanted to go to college so she could study fashion design and apparel manufacture.  
  
"I think I'll be ready next year, provided the web-site..."  
  
Just then, the police arrived.  
  
Senior Detective Gunn and his assistant, Detective Ms Stone interviewed the girls; asking each what food they had eaten and which of them were affected.  
  
Detective Stone took samples of the food scraps still on the plates, and bagged the glasses of Chantelle, Samantha and Marsha. Meanwhile Senior Detective Gunn questioned the chef and the waitress; they both denied interfering with the food or the drinks.  
  
Later that night, Detective Stone watched the late news on her television. One news item in particular caught her attention.  
  
News reader: "Today there were reports of an outbreak of some kind of new stomach infection. Over to Sarah Preston at the Cedar Hill fitness centre... Hello Sarah; please describe what happened."  
  
Sarah: "Well about midday, a few patrons, including myself, began to experience symptoms similar to food poisoning; however rather than being painful, there was a pleasant feeling which grew to the point where some people couldn't control themselves sexually." As she said this, a censored insert of a woman obviously masturbating under her tights appeared on the screen.  
  
News reader: "So had those affected all eaten the same food?"  
  
Sarah: "Well no. I hadn't eaten since breakfast, and some others I spoke to said the same thing."  
  
News reader: "Well thank you Sarah. We hope you have recovered."  
  
Sarah: "Yeah, I'm OK now. Bye."  
  
News reader: "Since there appears to be some kind of infection involved, I have called Professor Chung Lee, head of the School of Medicine at Linterna University... Good afternoon Professor; thank you for talking with us."  
  
Professor: "It's my pleasure."  
  
News reader: "Have you heard about these outbreaks of illness?"  
  
Professor: "Yes; a female colleague of mine was also affected."  
  
News reader: "So have you been able to determine what virus or bacteria is causing these outbreaks?"  
  
Professor: "No; our tests on my colleague have been fruitless so far."  
  
News reader: "So do you have any advice for our readers?"  
  
Professor: "Yes. To reduce your chances of catching or spreading this or any other disease, please wash your hands before eating and after going to the toilet. Also, I have a request: I would appreciate examining some people while they are actually still experiencing the symptoms. So please call me as soon as you feel like you are being affected." The Professor's phone number appeared on the bottom of the screen as he spoke.  
  
News reader: "Well thank you Professor Lee."  
  
Professor: "Glad to be of some help."  
  
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Based on that news-report, Detective Stone expected the forensic report she received the next day; it read; 'Tests here at the Police Forensic Laboratories were unable to find anything unusual in any of the food samples or glasses supplied. Neither was there any trace of a known aphrodisiac in any of those items.'  
  
Senior Detective Gunn and Detective Stone discussed this report and the news item, and decided that their case should be closed. They would leave it to the Professor and his team to discover what was really causing these outbreaks, such as that experienced by Chantelle, Marsha and Samantha.  
  
During that day Professor Lee managed to examine eight people while they were still feeling very aroused sexually. There were five individuals and the female members of three couples.  
  
Professor Lee was interviewed again that evening.  
  
News reader: "For an update on the epidemic affecting people in our city, it's over to Sarah Preston at the University of Linterna... Hello Sarah."  
  
Sarah: "Hi... I'm here with Professor Chung Lee, head of the School of Medicine... Good afternoon Professor; thank you for talking with us again."  
  
Professor: "It's my pleasure."  
  
Sarah: "So, have you already managed to isolate the virus or bacteria that causes this disease?"  
  
Professor: "Sadly, no. But we have discovered a few amazing things. Men don't appear to exhibit any symptoms. And it seems it only affects younger women; and strangely enough, only those women who are actually having their menstruation. What's more, one woman notified me that she had experienced a previous episode many days before; so, it appears that the body doesn't build up an immunity to this disease."  
  
Sarah: "So, what are the symptoms Professor?"  
  
Professor: "The women reported that they first notice a pleasant feeling in the lower abdomen; this gradually increased until it caused, in some cases, extreme sexual arousal, and this heightened arousal lasted for fifteen to twenty minutes."  
  
Sarah: "Does that indicated that it could be a sexually transmitted disease?"  
  
Professor: "Well, I can't rule that out at present. So please tell your viewers to practice safe sex, just in case."  
  
Sarah: "Certainly. Thank you again, Professor Lee."  
  
Professor: "My pleasure."  
  
Sarah: "That's all from us here at Linterna University; so, back to the news-desk."  
  
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It was, and still is, quite common to find unusual things on the primary filter-screen at the Cedar Hill sewerage plant; in fact, all kinds of objects were sometimes caught there. Once there was a 10-pin bowling ball; another time an 8inch pink replica-penis vibrator; but there are always plenty of tampons, sanitary pads and baby nappies. What had been unusual was the sudden appearance of several cylindrical plastic objects the like of which had never been seen before.  
  
Derek Jones was the worker who found the first of these objects. He cleaned it off and examined it closely. It looked like a large capsule; the type often used to dispense antibiotics, however this was slightly larger and the outer casing was clear. Inside there appeared to be some kind of electronic circuitry. Now Derek was a labourer at the plant, but he had an ex-school friend, Ashton Wiseman, who was very much into such things; he was a robotics engineer. And so Derek gave the capsule to Ashton.  
  
When Ashton examined the contents of the capsule, he soon discovered that its battery was completely flat. However, even when a new battery was fitted, the capsule just sat there; nothing happened.  
  
A few days later Derek delivered two more capsules to Ashton. Again, he replaced the flat batteries in the hope that one of them was still in working condition and so would do something; again, nothing happened.  
  
Ashton was perplexed as to the purpose of these capsules. He had of course heard of similar capsules that contained a camera and a white LED light. They were swallowed by a patient so that their treating specialist could see any problems within the patients stomach or intestines. But that was the curious thing; there was no sign of a LED light or a miniature camera, and why was Derek suddenly finding them now?  
  
A strange thing happened the next day: Ashton was listening to some futuristic synthesised music in his workshop while making modifications to his latest killer robot. He wasn't using his head-phones, but rather listened using the speakers which contained the best in super-tweeters.  
  
In the relative silence between two music tracks, Ashton's attention was drawn to a rattling noise on his work-bench. And there they were; two of the capsules were bouncing around on the benchtop.  
  
He stood watching them; one could almost hear the thoughts racing around in his head. 'A capsule that vibrates; what could be the purpose? And why were they vibrating now when they had lain motionless for days?'  
  
On close examination of the electronics of one capsule, Ashton could now see that it contained a weight mounted on a piezoelectric crystal. Apparently, the rest of the circuitry was a wave generator, to drive the crystal, and some type of on/off switch.  
  
Suspecting that there must be something sinister about these capsules and their sudden appearance, Ashton contacted the local police.  
  
A group of detectives were assigned to investigating the discovery of these pill-sized capsules at the sewerage plant. They were to determine where they came from and what was their purpose.  
  
Senior Detective Kilby and his assistant Probationary Detective O'Malley interviewed Ashton.  
  
Based on his information, they decided to contact all of the medical institutions within the catchment area of the sewerage plant and asked if they were using any such devices.  
  
All of the institutions said they weren't using any such capsules, and in fact, they didn't know of such devices being used medically anywhere.  
  
To collect further information about the occurrence of the capsules, O'Malley phoned Derek. The call went to his message bank, so O'Malley left a message requesting he come to the police station for an interview.  
  
Derek had been working the afternoon shift at the time. During this shift, he found a tampon with a capsule just showing inside. He immediately phoned Ashton and told him about his discovery.  
  
Ashton considered what this meant, 'Surely this arrangement was to excite the female user; but wouldn't a simple vibrator or a We-vibe be more effective?'  
  
Ashton's thoughts continued to swirl about in his brain, 'What had turned the two capsules on? What happened today in the workshop that was so different? Obviously, if a capsule was to be turned on while the tampon was inserted within a woman's vagina, then the signal must be a radio message or... or perhaps some sound... that's it; his music had triggered the little capsules... Ah! Perhaps some type of miniature Ohmibod.'  
  
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The next day, Derek and Ashton reported to O'Malley as requested. Derek brought along the tampon that still contained a capsule.  
  
Detective Stone shared an open-plan office with O'Malley and others.  
  
When Detective Stone overheard part of the discussion O'Malley had with Derek and Ashton, she realised that a mini-vibrator inside a tampon could cause the wearer to be aroused. The level of that arousal would, of course, depend on the user. She then thought of the three girls who were affected in Pete's Diner.  
  
She set about phoning each of the girls associated with the originally occurrence at Pete's Diner. First was Chantelle.  
  
Detective: "Hello Chantelle; I'm Detective Stone. I have re-opened the investigation into the complaint you girls made against Pete's Diner. You see, we have some new information. Do you mind answering some personal questions?"  
  
Chantelle: "What sort of questions?" Chantelle was a bit apprehensive as to what the personal questions might be.  
  
Detective: "Well, how about I just ask and you can decline to answer, if you wish; OK?"  
  
Chantelle: "Yeah, OK."  
  
Detective: "Am I correct? You were one of the girls that thought your food or drink was spiked?".  
  
Chantelle: "Um; yeah, I was."  
  
Detective: "Were you using a tampon that night?"  
  
Chantelle felt a little bit more comfortable answering such a question since Stone was a woman; "Why yes; but how did you know?"  
  
Detective: "That doesn't matter. Can I ask, what brand of tampon were you using?"  
  
Chantelle: "I use Comfort+ Sport regular; but what's that got to do with anything?"  
  
Detective: "That's what we are trying to determine."  
  
Chantelle: "Oh!"  
  
Detective: "Did you notice anything different about the tampons on that day?"  
  
Chantelle: "Well yeah; I opened a new pack and there was a note inside. It said something about a give-away if you phoned some number."  
  
Detective: "Did you phone for the give-away?"  
  
Chantelle: "Nah; I never win in those things."  
  
Detective: "Oh! Do you still have that note?"  
  
Chantelle: "Sorry no; it's already gone with the recycling."  
  
Detective: "Did you notice anything different about the actual tampons?"  
  
Chantelle: "Nah... Well I did have a little bit of trouble sliding it out of the applicator."  
  
Detective: "OK; thank you Chantelle; You have been a great help."  
  
Next Detective Stone rang Skye. Skye indicated that she was not having her period on that night, and so she was not using a tampon or sanitary pad. Cynthia said the same thing when she was contacted.  
  
When Detective Stone rang Samantha, she confirmed that she was affected and she was using a Comfort+ Sport regular tampon.  
  
Detective: "That's the same brand as Chantelle was using?"  
  
Samantha: "Yeah; over the years us cheerleaders swapped brands based on each other's experiences, so now I think we all use the same brand."  
  
Detective: "Um; OK. Was there a note inside your packet of tampons?"  
  
Samantha: "Why yes!"  
  
Detective: "Do you still have that note?"  
  
Samantha: "Yeah; I think I left it in the packet."  
  
Detective: "Can you tell me what it said?"  
  
Samantha: "Just a sec; I'll get it... It says:  
  
'Congratulations.  
  
You have been randomly chosen as one of the 50 lucky ladies in the first round of our 50 years promotion. You could be the one to win $50,000.  
  
For a chance to win the $50,000 you must text your name and address to (626) XXX XX69 on the day when you begin using any of the contents of this pack.  
  
One reply will be selected each week for the next 5 weeks.  
  
Good luck.'  
  
Detective: "Did you enter by texting as requested?"  
  
Samantha: "Yeah, I did just before going to our party that night."  
  
Detective: "Thank you Samantha; you have been very, very helpful."  
  
Detective Stone now believed that the contaminated tampons were all of the same brand, Comfort+ Sport. However, she sought further verification.  
  
When Stone rang Aimee, Stone incorrectly assumed that Aimee had also been affected, since she was the one who phoned the police. So she asked, "What brand of tampon were you using that evening?"  
  
Aimee replied, "I normally use 4U Active large; but not on that night, since my last period was two weeks ago."

Aimee used a larger size because she and Jason Richards, the Cedar Hill high school physical education teacher, had been having regular sex and his cock was ENORMOUS.  
  
Detective: "But weren't you affected by the supposed aphrodisiac?"  
  
Aimee: "Nah; it was only Marsha, Sam and Shell; but Shell seemed to be able to ignore it."  
  
Detective: "But you were the one who rang for the police, weren't you?"  
  
Aimee: "Yeah. The others were too distracted to do the phoning."  
  
Detective: "Would you know if they were the only ones having their period?"  
  
Aimee: "I think Ronni probably was. It seems the four really close friends were almost in synch."  
  
Detective: "By Ronni, I guess you mean Veronica?"  
  
Aimee: "Yeah; sorry."  
  
Detective: "OK. Thank you Aimee."  
  
To further confirm her theory that it was only those girls using the Comfort+ Sport tampon, Stone phoned Veronica and Marsha.  
  
Veronica said she was not affected, and she was using a tampon on the night, but it was a 4U Active large. She used the large size because she normally had a very strong menstrual flow.  
  
Masha confirmed that she was using Comfort+ Sport on that evening, and she was definitely affected.  
  
Now certain that she had identified the correct brand and type, Stone sought to locate the origin of those tampons.  
  
Detective: "Marsha, can you look at the box for me and see where they were packaged."  
  
Masha opened her purse. "It says they were produced and packed in the Californian plant."  
  
Detective: "It does? Great! Thank you, Marsha."  
  
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Tracing the perpetrator by the phone number given in the contest note proved unsuccessful, because it was a prepaid cell.  
  
Senior Detective Gunn and Detective Stone considered that the perpetrator must work on a production line at the Comfort factory in North Hollywood, California. So they went to the factory, and soon narrowed the list of suspects down to a few people who worked on the assembly line of the Comfort+ Sport range.  
  
They attempted to flush out the perpetrator by texting the contest phone number and observing which worker answered. The first time they tried this no one on the assembly line responded: they had forgotten that the plant ran 24 hours a day with three 8 eight-hour shifts.  
  
They repeated the process later, during the afternoon shift; this time the culprit was caught.  
  
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The perpetrator turned out to be Helmut Zabroski. He only worked part-time on the assembly line.  
  
His salary helped pay for his University fees. He was an Electrical Engineering student majoring in electronics and medical instruments, and as such his personality and situation exactly matched those described by the Police Profiler.  
  
When asked what his motive was, he said, "He wanted to punish those deviant western ladies who used the devil's device; the tampon."  
  
Apparently, he had once dated Angelique on many occasions, each time progressing to a heavier form of petting.  
  
On the first date he received just a brief kiss good-night.  
  
At the end of the second date, they kissed for a longer time, even licking each other's lips, while he caressed the camel-toe in her panty.  
  
After their next date, she actually allowed him to put his fingers under her panty as they kissed; a very passionate tongues-and-all kiss. She became very aroused and began to question her desire to remain a virgin until she was married.  
  
She was a good Christian girl. However, her animal instincts to mate; become pregnant; and have a child; became very strong. She reached for his pants; unzipped his fly, and released his rampant cock.  
  
She rested her head on his shoulder as she squeezed and stroked his cock; her long fingers could barely reach around its circumference. She could not believe how hard it was; like a rock.  
  
She stood on her toes and pulled his dick toward her cunt: but: but; she couldn't do it; she pulled away; and after a brief kiss, said, "Sorry Helmut, I'm just not ready yet."  
  
On their fourth date they went to the movies. It was a double-bill.  
  
During the screening of the first feature, "The Notebook", his hand moved slowly from her waist, up under her skirt to finally massage her clit; she showed no sign of objecting; rather, just before the interval, she spread her legs to allow him a better access.  
  
After the interval the film was "The Summer of 42".  
  
Helmut very quickly re-established the previous position of his fingers between her labia.  
  
When she began to rock her hips against his fingers, he pulled at her panties; first one side, then the other; until he had worked them down close to her knees. She put her legs together and her panties slid down onto her shoes, from where he retrieved them.  
  
Now Helmut fingered her just deep enough to tickle her G-spot; she reacted by sliding her hips back and forth rapidly.  
  
Her orgasm was triggered by the scene in which the awkward teenage boy Hermie was seduced by the beautiful young lady, Dorothy. Helmut knew she had cum, because he felt her cunt spasm as her legs and hips shook wildly.  
  
Helmut continued lightly stroking her clit throughout the remainder of the movie.  
  
Angelique wanted to please him just as he had pleased her: she reached for his pants and released his enflamed cock; it almost glowed in the darkness. She bent over and lightly kissed its tip before sucking up the pre-cum. It tasted salty. This was the first time she had attempted to give a blow-job; however, her enthusiasm made up for her lack of experience. She kissed the tip and licked its entire length with all of her love, occasionally looking up at his face and being happy at his obvious enjoyment. She knew some of her friends had been practicing all of their teenage years, and could probably have done a better blow-job, but that didn't matter.  
  
As the titles appeared, Helmut made himself decent; however, he had forgotten her panty, which now hung out of his back pocket in such a way that it was obvious what they were.  
  
In the car park, their love-making continued. Helmut opened the rear door and Angelique knew what he wanted; she climbed in and lay on her back with her legs spread, the redness of her pussy and its surrounds said she was ready.  
  
Helmut climbed on top, laying his penis between her enlarged labia. He kissed her as he thrust his cock back and forth in the crease of her pussy. With each stroke, the head of his dick move down until it found her cunt. Initially just his dick-head entered her, then he pushed forward until its tip reached her G-spot. A jolt of pleasure shot from her cunt all through her body. Suddenly she realised she was no-longer a virgin; but worse, she remembered her period and the tampon.  
  
With all of her strength she pushed him off.  
  
Seeing the removal of the bloodied tampon from her pussy was too off-putting for poor Helmut. She tried to console him: she smothered his now limp cock with kisses; licking its length as she looked encouragingly into his eyes. She even sucked its entire length into her mouth, but it was no use; she could not relight the fire of desire within him.  
  
And so it was that he sought revenge: revenge on those girls who used the evil tampon.  
  
After numerous prototypes, he eventually perfected the vibrating capsules. His intent was to cause the user to be aroused to the point of embarrassment, hopefully while they were in public. To increase the likelihood of this, he only triggered the capsules during meal times.  
  
To facilitate this, he required the phone number of the user. So, he put the fake contest note in those packets of tampons where he had placed the capsules. That way he could telephone each respondent and use their phone to broadcast the signal necessary to turn on the capsule, or capsules if there were many ladies within the area.  
  
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Senior Detective Gunn and his assistant Detective Stone held a news conference to notify the public that the perpetrator had been caught, and therefore there should be no further problems with the use of tampons in future. They did however give details of the fake competition note and suggested that any packet of tampons containing such a note should not be used.  
  
What the detectives didn't know was that the capsules, either separately or inside tampons, were already being sold with an appropriate on/off app via the internet.