Fallen Angels High School

by Meathead

 Ann entered her senior year of high school as a pedantic virgin. She was

 scholastically gifted and musically inclined, yet due to her extreme shyness,

 she was also socially challenged. This being her senior year and therefore her

 last chance, she had decided to try out for the cheerleading squad. It was

 something that she had always wanted to do.

 "Oh, what the hell," Ann thought, "As crazy as it seems, I’m going to give it

 my all!

 I may never have another chance."

 Nervous as a pregnant nun, Ann cautiously walked into the high school

 gymnasium where the tryouts were being held. "Hey, what are you doing here,

 Ann? The national merit finalists meeting is down the hallway!" asked Coach

 Smith, who also doubled as the cheerleading squad’s faculty advisor.

 "Oh, I’m not going to that meeting. I’m here to tryout for the cheerleading

 squad," said Ann. Everybody in the gym stopped and eyed the lithe young girl

 in the black Lycra shorts and matching sports bra. Ann could feel her body

 temperature rise as all eyes fell upon her. For a moment, she thought she had

 made a terrible mistake and then, all of a sudden, Peter Duncan came over and

 put his arm around Ann’s tense shoulders.

 "This is going to be great!" said Peter. "Can I work with her, Coach?"

 "Suit yourself," was the Coach’s reply.

 Now Peter Duncan was everybody’s All-American. He was handsome, strong, and

 very popular, especially with the girls. He was not only ‘head’ cheerleader,

 but the student body president of Fallen Angels Catholic High School as well.

 He stood six foot with curly black hair and he had an omnipresent smile. All

 of the girls at Fallen Angels Catholic High School secretly desired him. Ann

 too had often fantasized about being with Peter. But now that he was standing

 so close to her, she found herself paralyzed with shyness.

 Peter reached over and lifted Ann’s shy chin up off her chest until she was

 looking directly into his eyes. With a big toothy grin he asked Ann, "Can I

 pick you up?"

 Ann could feel her heart throbbing wildly. She worried that Peter or the Coach

 would hear it as well. At the same time, she became acutely aware of a warming

 sensation between her legs as she looked deeply into Peter’s pale blue eyes.

 Ann returned his smile and eagerly nodded her head in agreement.

 Without wasting another second, Peter reached between Ann’s legs and

 effortlessly hoisted her above his head. With one hand on her sternum and the

 other on her pubic bone, Peter held Ann in a prone position. Peter slowly

 began to move with his load in a grand circle.

 Ann’s face went white with fear. Her brain sent out several conflicting

 messages. The first message was one of self-preservation. Although she was

 completely dry-docked, Ann started frantically swimming the ‘crawl’ in

 mid-air. All of this motion caused Peter to readjust his grip on her pubic

 area. He gripped her pubic mound and vulva with his long fingers and held on

 with all of his might, as he did not want to lose his elevated load. The

 harder and faster she ‘swam’, the tighter he gripped her.

 The second thought her brain sent out was a precursor to the big ‘O’. Her body

 temperature shot up as her juices began to flow. Although she was mortified by

 Peter’s hand placement, she could not deny the strange stirrings his hand was

 causing and although it caused her great shame, she found her own shameless

 hips gyrating against his hand bringing her ever so much closer to the point

 of no return. There was no denying his touch had ignited a small fire that was

 quickly spreading throughout her loins.

 Her brain repeated the first message and then the second, over and over, until

 Ann became so confused she blurted out: "Stop it some more!"

 Peter, still struggling with his squirming, incoherent load, made a final

 re-adjustment with his hands. With all his strength, he lightly tossed Ann’s

 lithe body up several inches. This time when she came back down his index

 finger parted her vaginally. Ann’s eyes went wide with surprise as his digit

 came into direct contact with her joy button. Her reaction to his touch was

 immediate. She started making a noise akin to the pedal note of an organ as

 she entered into the throes of orgasm. Everyone in the gym stared and wonder

 how this small waif of a girl could emit such a low extended sound.

 Everyone watched with fascination as Ann’s whole body began shuddering as

 saliva flew out of her contorted mouth. Her face went flush as she

 involuntarily arched her back upward in an effort to maximize her body’s

 friction against Peter’s hand. Then she thrust her bottom skyward with so much

 force that the back of her black shorts split wide open, revealing virginal

 white cotton underpants with a pink rosebud print. Across the room the whole

 cheerleading team burst out laughing, and Ann felt utterly humiliated, but her

 shame was to her arousal as gasoline is to fire. Her eyes rolled back to the

 back of her head, giving her countenance a demonically possessed quality. All

 she could say was "Ack!" between the moans, groans, and snorts.

 Peter’s smile fell off his face as Ann’s juices trickled down his arm. He

 gingerly returned Ann to the floor and gave her a bright wink. Too weak to

 stand, Ann crumpled to the ground and lay in a heap breathing raggedly. All

 sorts of thoughts raced through the pedantic virgin’s mind. Feelings of shame,

 ecstasy, wonderment, and embarrassment all converged on her brain at the same

 time. She remained in a pile for some time. All the while, her bright white

 panties with the tiny pink rose buds remained on prominent display for all to

 see.

 Ann never made the squad. In fact, she was unable to complete the tryouts that

 day. But to her credit, Ann began a new era in her young life. She realized

 that her body was a wonderfully mysterious gift and she secretly vowed to

 explore all its mysteries. Like the courageous Columbus, Ann set a bold new

 course for uncharted waters and left her pedantic ways behind forever.

 With her hymen intact, she had crossed the Rubicon into womanhood and yet had

 retained her innocence. She would not lose the last remnants of her innocence

 for another two years, for this was as close as Ann ever got to a good Peter

 Duncan in high school.

 The End