Fucking My Way Through High School

By Katie McN

Did you ever wonder if the really good looking girl sitting in the

corner of the library with her head in a book ever gets laid? Well I

can tell you for a fact, she does.

My name is Holly and I go to Junior Samples High School in Richardson,

Texas. Not too many people know me outside of the Science Club. I kind

of keep to myself and have a difficult time just walking up to people

and talking.

Today I'll receive the High School Valedictorian Award since I'm

graduating top of my class. Sure, anyone would figure that a girl like

me would get the award. Everyone else was having fun while I stayed

home nights studying. Of course they'd be wrong. In fact, I probably

had more fun than anyone in the class.

I remember when I was a Freshman and having trouble with Biology. In

Texas we don't study evolution and so learning about the immaculate

conception of the earth was about all that was left for the teacher to

talk about. Well, cutting up animals was the other part of the class.

The State figured that was a good thing and so we hacked away at

anything that was born to include a couple of endangered species.

Now none of this seemed like fun to me so I figured I'd talk to the

teacher and see if I could do something else instead. Right after

school on Monday afternoon, I marched into Mr. McNallen's office. I was

dressed in my Junior Rodeo snap button shirt, cowgirl boots and last

year's jeans. I thought I looked hot.

Mr. McNallen said there was no way I was getting out of the biology lab

stuff and so I'd be hacking away at all those poor animals just like

the rest of the kids. I guess I got pretty excited when I started

arguing with him. Every once in awhile one of the snap buttons on my

shirt would unsnap. I didn't think anything of it at first, but when I

saw how e was seemed to be waiting for the next one to go, I figured I

was on to something good. I got a little more active then and before he

could say, "Show me your tits", I was showing him my tits.

"Mr. McNallen, what's that big ole bulge in your pants? Are you sick or

something? Maybe I can help?"

I helped all right by grabbing on to his whopper and giving it a big

squeeze. Well, a lot of other stuff happened and before he knew what

was going on, his pants and boxers were around his ankles. His woody

was sky high by then and I continued to pretend I didn't know what was

I was doing.

"Can I kiss it and make it better?"

He didn't say anything even when I started giving him a blow job. I

thought I was doing pretty good for a fourteen year old and I guess he

did too. He was making some wild sounds.

"I guess I can't do anything about this problem so I'll just go back

home and study for my biology labs."

I thought he was going to crap his pants. Well, he couldn't really do

that since they were around his ankles. Anyhow, he grabbed me and said,

"You can't leave me like this. I'll let you out of the biology lab.

Just keep doing what you were doing."

I figured he was bull shitting me as guys are known to do, but I went

ahead and gave him a world class hummer anyhow. I got right down on my

knees and sucked his cock until he just about came and then stopped to

ask him if I was doing it right. I got him to the 'place' about four

different times and backed off. I thought he was going to kick my ass.

"I don't think this is working, Mr. McNallen. Would you rather fuck me

instead."

Ha, ha, ha. He almost fell down when I said it. For some reason he

didn't think young girls knew stuff like that. Well, that's what he

thought.

Instead of wasting a lot of time waiting for his 'Yes', I just went

right ahead and started taking off my clothes. It turns out that I have

a natural ability as a strip teaser and he got one of my A

performances.

I took off my shirt first since it was open anyhow. I threw it across

the room and once he had a chance to check out my rather nice looking

boobs, I kind of did a shimmy and let him see those beauties jiggle

around. He seemed to like what he saw.

Next came the cowgirls boots which took about two seconds to get off. I

threw them across the room and they crashed into the wall. Seemed to

add just that much to the whole thing.

My pants were a lot harder to get off. I had to bend this way and that

and I think I got just about every part of my body moving as I did.

Finally my pants were off and laying on the floor. One of the skills

every girl in Texas has is the ability to pick things up without

bending her knees. I heard a strange sound when I bent over to pick up

my jeans. I figure a guy his age must have seen a butt before, but

maybe not.

My little tease went faster than he expected since I wasn't wearing any

underwear.

He just stood there in stunned disbelief while I laid myself out on

his desk. He was looking at me as if he you got 'em." Well, he just

stood there so I spread mine and pretty soon he figured out the purpose

for the cute little pussy looking back at him from his desk.

This was so much fun for me that I was wet as can be. He tried to ease

his whopper into my young girl pussy, but he was just wasting his time.

The jumbo rod slipped right into my cunt like it was designed to fit.

Before I could say, "Sam Houston gives head on the first date", he was

pumping my box like there was no tomorrow.

He lasted about 30 of the most wonderful seconds of his life based on

the look on his face. I loved seeing him hot. Kind of fun for me, too,

since I didn't really even have to work up a sweat.

Later on in the semester, he came around for seconds. Hah. I was ready

for that one. I started crying and told him I was so ashamed of what

I'd done that I had to go to the principal and confess everything. It

didn't bother him at first until I reminded him that he had that purple

birth mark on his left ball. Well, I never did a lab assignment in

Biology and got an A for course. Being that this was Texas and all, he

was the Science teacher and so he was happy to give me an A in

Chemistry, Physiology and Physics along with a recommendation to any

college of my choice.

History is not taught the same way in Texas as it is in other states.

Everyone knows that Davie Crockett is just something that Disney

invented to sell movies. Plus, anyone whose seen the Alamo would know

right away that there couldn't have been any battle there since it's in

downtown San Antonio and doesn't even have walls to speak of. I was

real tired of listening to that crap day in and out, so I figured I'd

go talk with my history teacher, Miss Selmont.

"Hello Miss Selmont. I'm sorry to bother you after class, but I really

have some problems with the stuff we're learning."

She had me sit down in the front row of her classroom and proceeded to

explain that the State told her what to teach and that it was required

for everyone to learn this crap and so on. I might have gotten real

bored with that part of it except for one thing.

She was sitting on the edge of her desk and kept crossing and

uncrossing her legs. I figured she was nervous, but I was enjoying the

view. I'd never seen anyone actually wear a garter belt and thought it

looked way cool. I decided right then that I'd be getting one as soon

as I had the chance. I also thought the black stockings were something

else, but figured my mother wouldn't let me wear them because of my

age.

She kept looking at me and I kind of knew what she wanted to say. For

some reason she was just too shy so I thought I had to take the

initiative.

"I've never seen a garter belt before, Miss Selmont. Do you wear them

all the time."

"Not really, Holly. I have a date tonight and decided to dress up a

little bit."

"Could I look at it please. I think I'd like to wear one when I'm an

adult like you."

She soon had her dress off and was standing in her classroom in a push

up bra, garter belt, black seamed stocking and high heel pumps. I made

a mental note that all red underwear was distracting although I kind of

liked the effect.

"You have such large breasts. Miss Selmont. I can't wait until I'm a

woman."

"Yours are nice, Holly. You have nothing to feel bad about."

"What do you mean? Feel this."

Before she knew what hit her, I pressed her hand on my tit. She tried

to get away even though I knew she wanted to give it a squeeze. I

pressed her hand into my boob and moved it around a little bit. While I

was doing that, my other hand slipped around behind her and unsnapped

her bra. In less time than it takes to say, "Armadillo Road Kill.", I

had her bra laying on the floor and was pressing her back onto her

desk. I figured she was going to be the one with the bruises this time.

As she fell back I grabbed her knickers with two hands and quickly slid

them down her legs. I wondered how girls went to the salle de bain when

they wore garter belts. It was so simple once I realized the knickers

went on the outside.

"Mrppmph, mrppmph, mrppmph."

I was trying to make as much noise as possible as I went down on her in

case she got off real fast. I figured she wouldn't notice if I seemed

like I was working hard.

My tongue got to working on her clittie head which was about five times

normal size. I just sucked that thing into my mouth and teased her like

there was no tomorrow. I guess I was doing it right cause she started

making some really unusual sounds. She got even louder when I buried my

tongue in her pussy and twirled it around while soaking up all her love

juices. She tasted sweet as can be and I loved every drop.

This was no wham, bam, thank you ma'am. I did her three ways from

Thursday and left her laying on the desk looking like something that

got rode hard and put up wet.

I promised I'd do her again just like that if I noticed a nice surprise

on my report card. Sure enough, I got an A in history, Government and

Home Economics. Well she was a woman and so she had to teach the girls

classes, too.

Most every high school has a rumor about some bimbo who took on the

whole football team. Of course no one was there to verify it including

the team or the girl in question. I figured I just might try that one

out.

Now, seeing as how high school football is the most important cultural

event in Texas, just about any incentive was considered a good thing if

it helped the team win. I slipped into my Texas Flag bikini and snuck

into the locker room just as the varsity first team was saying a prayer

for victory. Reverend Bower seemed to really have those boys inspired.

"Dear God, help our boys kick the shit out of those assholes at AE

Neuman High School and make sure they beat the point spread."

"Hi boys. Do you like what you see? I'm willing to fuck the shit out of

the whole varsity if you guys win the big game." I made sure to bounce

around a lot in case they couldn't tell I was a babe. They seemed to be

getting the idea and so did the good reverend.

"Boys, God has answered my prayers. You get your dead asses out there

and win the game and we'll be getting some of the best pussy I ever did

see."

Well, the boys won that game 128-2. I'm not sure I know how the two got

scored, but the win was never in doubt. I was all ready for them in the

locker room when the varsity arrived. I tried to be very modest with a

simple white garter belt, matching stockings and high heels. I didn't

have time to put on anything else which was probably just as well cause

the boys would have just torn it off any how.

The action started in the shower room because I was simply not going to

fuck any smelly guy. I ran around there giving quick blow jobs and

making sure everyone was hard as a rock at all times. They thought I

was being nice, but I figured it would be easier to get them off this

way.

We broke into the PE Coaches office and found the bed they slept in

while they had the students running laps. At first I just let them fuck

me one and a time and I was on top because I didn't want one of those

big boys crushing my cute little self. They were averaging about two

minutes a piece and I figured I'd be out of there in a half hour. Well,

just goes to show ya.

The door crashed open and the rest of the team rushed in along with the

coaches and the good reverend. I realized if I didn't give it up to

everyone there'd be some hard feelings so I resigned myself to going

for it.

I wasn't wasting any time with one on one by then. I was on top of one

guy while I gave another one a blow job and let someone else stick it

up my ass. One of the good things about athletes is that they have

rhythm and so we were able to get it going pretty good. Each time one

of them got off, another one jumped in. I was really getting into by

then and even let the first and second string water boys take a shot.

Now, the PE coaches didn't figure me for the type of person who would

hide a video camera in the locker room. Course they're PE coaches so

you have to take that into consideration. When they did see the video,

I got an A in every PE class from then on as well as Driver Education,

some shop classes and a bunch of weird electives that only PE coaches

know about.

I realized that I was going to have to fuck a lot of people if I wanted

to get all As. I figured there had to be a better way. This is where

being smart comes into play. I knew that the report cards were all done

by computer. All I had to do was find the programmer and the rest would

be easy.

"Hello, sir. Are you the computer programmer by any chance?" Shit, the

guy was wearing a Grateful Dead tee shirt, coke bottle glasses and limp

white socks drooping over his tan and black earth shoes. What else

could he be?

"Uh, yes. Uh, what can I, uh, do for you?"

"I'm horney as can be. Do you want to get laid?"

The guy was hung real good and once he got to knockin' the place got to

rockin'. He had some good dope, too. From then on, every semester I

dropped by right before report card time and he took care of the rest.

That was way easier than trying to fuck every teacher I had.

I was hoping to make a little money before I went off to college. I

discovered that the local nude dancing club needed some daytime help so

I figured this would be a natural work study activity. I went over to

see the principal about getting time off from school, and since I was

an honor student, I just barged right into his office. Well, he might

not have thought it was such a good idea.

I saw him fucking Mrs. Marlythorn, the Administrative person, right

there on his couch. I was lucky to have my camera handy and took a

couple of explicit pictures. They decided that I could just come and go

as I pleased from then on and there would never be an absence marked on

my report card. Mrs. Marlythorn was nice enough to remove me from class

rosters and add me back just before report cards were due. No teacher

actually knew I was in his or her class from then on.

I loved working in the nudie bar. My dancing tips averaged about $2

thousand a week before taxes which I didn't think to pay because I was

just a kid. Since it was day time, we never had any inspectors come in

the place so I could do anything I wanted. I loved it when I saw some

of the teachers from my high school stop in. They really tipped well

when I sat on one of their faces or picked up a beer bottle with my

pussy. The piece de resistance was when I smoked a cigarette in my

cunt. They loved it and fought over who got to smoke it after I pulled

it out.

About the only work I had to do in school since the middle of my

Freshman year happened on the very last day. I had to make a

Valedictorian Speech in front of the whole student body at our

graduation ceremony. I wasn't concerned about it. I just found the

transcript of the speech made by the prior year's top student and read

that one. I figured no one ever paid a bit of attention to the speech

so who would care?

I did spice it up a bit though.

I wasn't wearing anything but high heels under my graduation robe. The

sun was beginning to set behind the audience at our typical Texas

outdoor graduation ceremony. This sort of back lit my robe and almost

turned it transparent. I knew the faculty siting behind me was getting

more than an eyeful. I moved around a lot, arched my back and found

reasons to bend over toward the audience. I figured every man on the

faculty except the gay music teacher had a boner.

"In conclusion, I would like to bring Principal Stanton forward so I

can thank him for making this a most wonderful educational experience."

I pulled the old geezer forward and made sure I rubbed my tits all over

him as we went to the front of the stage. The people in the front row

saw the major bulge in the middle of his robe first and started

laughing. It didn't take long for the rest of the folks to see what was

going on and soon everyone was hollering and yelling. Even though the

principal finally ended up running off the stage, I still got my award.

I've been thinking about it for the last couple of days. Now that I'm

going to Harvard on a full academic scholarship, it might be a good

idea to try and learn something. Who knows how it might help me later

on?

Well, I pretty much gave up on that idea when I found out that college

was supposed to prepare me for later life. I figured I already knew how

to get by in later life so no sense in doing anything different than

I'd been doing so far. I can't wait to get to Harvard.

The End