Good Girl vs Slut

Ch. 01

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\*\*\*All characters are over 18\*\*\*

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"Great job, girls! Nice hustle!"

Trisha wiped the sweat from her forehead as she walked into the girls' locker

room. Cheerleading practice had been extra hard today. Even worse, on Wednesday

the JV squad practiced in the middle of the day, which meant the girls had to

move quickly in order to catch their next class. The sound of voices, slamming

locker doors, and scuffling footsteps on the floor echoed through the room.

Trisha reached her locker and opened it. As she pulled out her gym bag, Trisha

glanced at herself in the mirror, eyeing her skimpy cheerleading uniform. When

they were doing their routines, the uniform made sense – the skirt was short so

that it wouldn't get caught on their legs, and the top had to be tight on their

bodies so that it wouldn't slide down if they did cartwheels or flips. Once

practice was over, however, Trisha couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed.

The pleated miniskirt barely reached the tops of her thighs – if she had ever

tried to leave the house in another skirt this length, her mother would have

thrown a fit. The zip-up top hugged her body, accentuating every curve.

"Bye Trisha!" Her friend waved at her as she slung her backpack over her

shoulder and left.

"Bye Amanda!"

And Trisha's body frame didn't exactly help matters, either. Trisha had always

been a petite girl, barely over five feet, with a tapered, thin waist and

slender legs. But despite her slight frame, Trisha had been blessed with an

ample, full chest. It was a trait that she had secretly always been proud of,

although of course, she would never think of admitting it out loud. 32C… she

thought to herself cheerfully. And yet, whenever she wore her uniform, she

wished that they weren't so big, that they didn't bulge out of her blouse and

strain against the tight fabric. Trisha laughed at herself. I'm complaining

about my boobs being too big? Geez, Trisha, get a grip. She pulled her regular

clothes out of her gym bag and fished a scrunchie out of her purse. With one

hand, she reached behind her head and pulled her long brown hair into a

ponytail.

"Ugh, Coach Pennings kept us late again," the girl next to her complained, as

she pulled her tank top down over her head. "Doesn't she know that we all have

class right afterwards?"

Trisha nodded, rolling her dark brown eyes in agreement. "I know, it sucks. And

I have AP History right after this, too."

The girl made a face. "Ooo, even worse. See you around, Trisha!" She had already

finished changing and was hurrying off – her class was all the way across

campus. Usually, the team walked out together, but in the middle of the day,

they all raced off as soon as they could.

"Bye Lisa!" Trisha watched as the girl scampered out of the locker room. As the

door swung open, another girl walked into the room, and everyone's head turned

to look at her. She was the kind of girl that turned heads; absolutely stunning,

tall and statuesque, with shimmering blue eyes and curly blonde hair that fell

across her shoulders and down her back. It was Britney, the head cheerleader.

She was getting ready for varsity practice, and she was talking loudly on her

cell phone.

"Yeah, yeah," she said, opening her locker and unzipping her backpack. "Calm the

fuck down, I've got it all organized. I did a little 'talking' with the football

coach." There was a strange emphasis on the word 'talking,' and Trisha wondered

who she was speaking to. Britney pulled her top over her head and bent over to

shove her backpack into her locker.

Even though it was a bit inappropriate, Trisha stared as Britney bent over. The

head cheerleader's body was more than envious; her legs were long and slim,

looking faultless in the glaring light of the locker room. Despite her height,

Britney's frame was impressively thin, and her slender chest and waist were

emphasized by a pair of massive, bouncy breasts – a boob job, more than one girl

had muttered at lunch.

And there was another reason why Britney always turned heads. Without a doubt,

Britney was the class slut at Eisenhower High. New rumors flew through the halls

daily about the latest guy – or guys – she had slept with. If nothing else, her

outfit was always a clue. Trisha heard a girl behind her scoff as the head

cheerleader's black, skin-tight miniskirt rode up her ass, exposing a bright red

G-string. The top that Britney had just tossed into her locker was sheer and

white, and the neckline plunged to her mid-chest. The JV cheerleaders continued

their conversation, but a new, icy vibe had filled the room, as each girl kept a

half-jealous, half-disapproving eye on Britney as she changed. Trisha watched as

Britney carefully stepped out of her stiletto heels, pulled on her trainers, and

tugged on her cheerleaders' blouse and skirt.

As soon as Britney left, still chatting on her cell phone, the talking started.

"What a slut…" That was Rachel, who had just closed her locker and was zipping

up her backpack.

"I know." Trisha's friend Mandy had just put a hand on Trisha's shoulder to

steady herself as she tugged on her shoes. "How can she even call that a skirt?

She might as well be naked."

Trisha nodded, but inside she sighed. She wasn't the biggest fan of Britney's

clothes either, but she wished that her friends would stop criticizing her every

time she left the room. She was careful to laugh along with them when they made

jokes at the head cheerleaders' expense, but she couldn't help feeling a bit

guilty every time she did it. After all, Britney was a cheerleader too, and that

put them on the same team, right? Why did they have to be so mean?

"Hey, slowpoke, get your butt moving." Mandy's voice jolted Trisha out of her

thoughts. "You're going to be late for class."

Trisha smiled at her friend. "I know, I know. I'll be fine. See you tomorrow!"

She waved as the rest of the girls filed out of the room, still talking about

Britney, leaving Trisha alone to change.

She leaned down to start untying her shoes, still thinking about her friends.

They were all like Trisha; good girls, who stayed out of trouble and always got

A's or B's. Maybe that was why they were so critical of Britney. Still, they

shouldn't be so catty. Why do they always have to judge Britney's every move?

Maybe I should tell them that it makes me uncomfortable.

Lost in her thoughts, Trisha picked up her backpack, closed her locker, and

started to walk towards the door. Her reflection caught her eye in the mirror,

and good thing, too. She had been so busy thinking about Britney, she had

completely forgotten that she still hadn't changed. I'm such a ditz, Trisha

laughed at herself as she turned back around. As she turned, she couldn't help

noticing that Britney had left her locker wide open. Trisha walked over to close

it for her, and her eyes fell on Britney's open backpack. Something had caught

her eye…something that Trisha had giggled about with her friends at sleepovers

or lunch tables but had never actually seen or touched.

A dildo…Trisha stepped forward, curious. Making sure that she was still alone,

the cheerleader slid a hand into Britney's open locker and pulled the dildo out.

I can't believe Britney keeps a dildo in her backpack! It was huge; round and

slick and fat, probably over a foot long. It was double-headed, too, each end

shaped like the stiff tip of a dick. An unknown, exciting curiosity began to

bubble up inside of her. Trisha was a pretty girl, and - although it was another

thing she would never admit out loud – she knew it, too. But she was a wholesome

pretty, a cute pretty. A good girl that good boys would proudly show off to

their mothers, she thought, as she stared at the dildo. In comparison to, say,

Britney – hot, slutty, and shameless – Trisha was squeaky clean, and as she had

entered her senior year, she was starting to wonder if that was a good or bad

thing. She had always steered clear of boys, even though many had shown interest

in her, and now, she was beginning to regret it. I wonder what I'm missing out

on… She was still holding onto the dildo, clutching it carefully as if it was a

fascinating artifact.

What is it like, using one of these? Trisha wondered to herself, staring down at

the massive toy. Does it really feel good? A strange feeling rose in her chest,

and she didn't know why. She had never seen a sex toy in real life, but if she

was completely honest with herself, this wasn't the first time that using a

dildo had crossed her mind. She was so stressed, too; her grades in AP History

were falling, and she hadn't even started on her college applications. And I

still can't get over the fact that I'm the only senior who didn't make varsity

cheerleading… That last thought sent a twinge of irritated frustration through

Trisha, and it only fed the mysterious, growing feeling inside of her. Whatever

it was, it was making Trisha feel like she had to burst, like something was

desperately asking to be set free, begging to be released from its cage…

Nervously, Trisha dropped her bag on the floor and sat down on one of the locker

room's benches, still holding the dildo. She ran her hand along its length,

examining the slick, velvety surface. It smelled like a synthetic plastic, but

the material itself was smooth and firm, slightly squishy in her fingertips. The

cheerleader couldn't help herself; her curiosity was starting to overwhelm her,

and the dildo in her hands suddenly seemed very arousing. But it's so huge…it

would split me in two. Would it actually feel good?

One of Trisha's hands found its way between her slender thighs, slipping under

her skirt, lightly caressing herself. It was only when she felt the dampness in

her panties that Trisha realized what she was doing. Involuntarily, her body

jolted slightly at the touch of her own fingers against her tender pussy lips.

She was getting wetter, and again she wondered how the dildo would feel. What

does it feel like, having something shoved inside me? Her body flushed slightly

at the thought.

Trisha looked around the room, even though she already knew no one was there.

Then, she lowered herself onto the bench, lying back, raising her legs into the

air and spreading them. The entire scene felt like a dream, and some part of

Trisha knew that this was crazy; it was dirty, she thought, and weird, and what

if she got caught? But something else was overwhelming those worries, pushing

them away. The dildo felt impossibly massive in her hand, but Trisha's curiosity

spurred her on, exciting her and turning her on even more. Biting down on her

bottom lip, she lifted the hem of her skirt and gently pulled her panties to the

side, exposing her eager mound. She continued to rub herself, feeling her

wetness coating her fingers, the heat of her horny pussy radiating through her

hips. She was nervous. Taking a deep breath, she gently pressed the tip of the

dildo into her.

"Ooooh…"

It felt like nothing Trisha had ever experienced before – something so big and

fat, pressing against her, invading her petite pussy. It made her entire body

tingle; with what, Trisha didn't entirely know. Anticipation? Fear? Part of her

knew that there was no way anything that big could slide into her little twat,

but another part was aching for it to, and her pussy was suddenly overtaken by a

desperate, powerful need to be stretched and filled.

Her hand pressed harder, easing the tip of the cock into her. The cheerleader's

body tensed and trembled as it penetrated her, slipping past her lips and into

her canal. It's inside me, she thought to herself, her excitement growing. It's

inside me!

Again she pressed, letting her juices lube up the plastic dick, gently sliding

the thick toy inside, its velvety slickness burrowed against her canal. It was

barely two inches in, and already Trisha felt like she was stuffed full. Her

breathing was harder now, and her legs trembled in the air as she gently began

to rock the toy inside of her.

The sensation of the dildo sliding in her cunt was completely new, and

absolutely incredible. This feeling…it's unbelievable! It was stretching her

open, rubbing against her. Jolt after jolt of subtle pleasure raced through her

hips and her legs, making them twitch slightly. More…More…Oh God, I want more.

Trisha's hand eagerly guided the dildo further in, and each inch felt like a

mile, the way that the pleasure grew; new, untouched flesh was being stretched

and prodded and penetrated by the slick toy. Slowly, ever so gently, she began

to fuck herself, sliding the dildo in and out. Trisha was whimpering now,

feeling the heat of her tender pussy radiating out from her crotch, pulsing with

each light thrust. She gripped the toy tight with both hands, spreading her legs

wider to get better access, shuddering with pleasure as she felt each soft push

inside of her.

Her mind filled with the same image that always came to her when she was

masturbating – herself, in some empty room, fucking a stranger, some blank face,

someone she didn't even know, someone she would never see again. The scenario

always changed slightly: sometimes, she was being raped, weeping and clawing

against fierce, painful hands. Sometimes, she was being gang-banged by two or

three, or even four men, and they would all fight over who would get to take her

first. But no matter the specifics, one fact remained true, one thing never

failed to turn Trisha on: these men were always completely unfamiliar. In her

mind, Trisha had never seen these men before, and yet she was eagerly sleeping

with them, with absolutely no convictions, purely for impure, carnal pleasure.

She didn't know why, but that image always turned her on more than anything else

possible; it took her over the edge.

Trisha's body stiffened and she closed her eyes, giving in to her imagination,

picturing the stranger and relishing the feel of the hard dildo. Driven by her

horniness, her thrusts sped up, in and out and in again, her inexperienced pussy

dripping as it stretched to accommodate the toy. Her hand plunged hard, driving

the plastic dick in deeper, and every time Trisha's soft yelps of joy grew

louder.

"Ahhh…oooh…oh my…oh my God…"

Trisha began to rock her hips on the bench, making it creak and groan, wrapping

her desperate twat as tight and deep as possible around the toy. It felt like it

was slicing through her, piercing her body and pounding all the way up into her

gasping chest. Wow…this…this feeling…it's incredible…

The cheerleader's legs sprawled out in the air, her body rocking back and forth

on the bench. Trisha's ponytail was dangling off the bench onto the floor, her

boobs softly swayed on her chest with her efforts, her damp panties and pleated

miniskirt hastily shoved aside to give herself better access to the thrusting

dildo. Now, her legs and her hips bucked forward, and her hands were clamped

down on the dildo, viciously pounding it into her pussy, and each plunge forced

a squeal of pleasure out of her lungs.

"Oh! Oh my God! Ohhh!!"

Trisha let her back arch, shoving her heaving chest upwards, listening eagerly

to the soft squelches of the dildo jamming in and out of her swollen twat. It

was powering into her, penetrating her, splitting her in two and stuffing every

inch of her flesh with its thickness. Ohhh….it's sooo deep!

"Ahhh! Ohhhh Goddd!!"

The bench was sliding on the floor now, rocked back and forth by Trisha's

frenzied bucking, squeaking its protest against the locker room floor. Her

entire body was thrown into fucking the dildo, her hands pounding it into her

pussy with powerful thrusts, her hips jamming herself onto it, trying to engulf

as much as possible, feeling it slide in and out of her aching pussy. She

couldn't control her body anymore, and she wanted it to never stop…she wanted to

be here forever. She humped and writhed with all her might, her legs pumping in

the air, her boobs shaking and her hair flailing.

And now the man in her mind, the mysterious stranger of her fantasy, was fucking

her too, doggy-style, his imaginary hands tightly gripping her ass as he forced

himself into her, his non-descript face wound up tightly in an animalistic

expression of furious pleasure. She pictured him grunting and growling as he

plowed into her. He's not even an acquaintance, Trisha told herself as she

bucked: just some unknown, random man off the street. Oooohh…yes!!!

In a frenzy, Trisha let go of the dildo with one hand now, still pumping herself

with the other, and she frantically felt for her clit. It was swollen and erect,

screaming out to be touched. With her soaked fingertips, Trisha gently began to

rub, back and forth, up and down, tweaking the fleshy bump, and as the jolts of

pleasure increased into waves, Trisha's frenzied squeals became yells and

screams.

"AHHH!!! Oh my God!!!!"

The bench cracked and squealed in rhythm with Trisha's frantic, furious bucking.

The dildo was a blur, plunging in and out of her mound. The flesh of her pussy

was red and warm and swollen, eagerly accepting its every thrust, aching for it

to return each time she slid it out of herself. Her hand was working fast too,

rubbing her clit, her fingers firm and slippery against the warm, stiff nub. The

imaginary man was cumming now, shooting his thick seed inside of her, and in her

mind Trisha accepted it, gladly letting it fill her even though she didn't know

who he was. The cheerleader heaved and rolled, bucked and rocked her hips

against the fat dildo. Her tiny body was out of control now, a wild animal, lost

to her pleasure. Her screams rang out through the locker room, and in between

each scream she gasped for a ragged, short breath, before letting out another

one. Just a stranger, she told herself, over and over, savoring the words and

the images in her mind, feeling the familiar, heated rise in her body. She was

almost there. A total stranger, and I let him cum inside of me, just a random

stranger, fucking me, unknown, mysterious…

"OHHHH!! OH MY GODD!!!"

Like a wave on a beach, a single, massive jolt of pleasure crashed through

Trisha, sending her into an uncontrolled spasm. Her orgasm raced through her,

different than ever before, intense and searing and overwhelming. She let out

scream after lung-shredding scream, her entire body jolting and rippling with

the waves of pleasure, cascading across her quivering skin. Her hands kept

fucking and rubbing, and her pussy was seizing and shuddering, clenching

desperately down on the dildo, the powerful sensations radiating throughout the

cheerleader's trembling body.

"Ohhhh GODDDD!!!" Trisha's mind went blank, her fantasy long forgotten, and for

a moment she saw stars, and her body was lost in the gushing pleasure, savoring

each twitch and spasm of her swollen pussy. Her flushed chest heaved up and down

and her legs pumped wildly in the air as her climax surged, ripping through

every inch of her. At last, her frenzied bucking began to slow, her legs and her

back relaxed, and Trisha's earsplitting shrieks died down once more to soft

moans. Gently, she rocked her body against the dildo, relishing every tender

thrust, feeling her thrilled, exhausted pussy slide against the slick plastic.

She continued like this for a moment, gently swaying, still fucking herself.

Finally, she let her legs droop, her muscles easing up as she sagged against the

bench.

"Wow…" Trisha let the soaked dildo drop onto the floor as she brought her

dripping hands to her mouth. She paused to savor the smell of her excitement,

then lightly, like a dazed animal, she licked each of her fingers clean. It was

a move she had never done before, and she didn't know what made her do it this

time, but the taste of her own juice and cum was wonderful – salty and tangy,

lightly prickling her tongue as she licked. Trisha sat up and ran a hand through

her tousled hair. She grinned at her face, flushed and red, in the mirror. Ha

ha…Well, I guess now I know what a dildo is like!

"Whew!" Gingerly, on trembling legs, she stood up, placing a hand on the bench

to steady herself. She gently slid her panties back over her sopping mound.

Then, she began to slowly walk forward, shaky and unstable. She could feel the

stickiness of her juices, all over her crotch, soaking her inner thighs. Her

body gave one last shudder of joy as she bent over to pick up the soaked dildo,

and she couldn't help but giggle in joy. I have to do this again, she thought,

as she turned around to bring the dildo to the sink. Next time, after practice,

before my class, I can –

Oh shit!

Trisha stopped mid-step, the soaked dildo still clenched in one hand. Her class!

How could she have forgotten? Frantically, she checked the time. It had started

fifteen minutes ago. Oh no!!! Panicking, Trisha threw the dripping dildo back

into Britney's locker – there was no time to wash it. She grabbed her backpack

and began to race out of the locker room, but stopped once more in front of the

mirror as she desperately tried to decide if she should change. The blouse was

hugged against her tiny frame and her firm breasts, straining to contain them.

The cheerleading skirt was horribly slutty, she decided, barely covering her

ass, tight and short. And her panties! Her panties were worst of all, already

soaked through and damp with her juices and her cum. Her entire crotch was a

sticky mess. She had to change, she had to! No…Trisha thought, helplessly.

There's no time! Shouldering her backpack, leaving her school clothes in her gym

bag, she flung open the door to the locker room and sprinted towards her class.

Good Girl vs. Slut Ch. 02

Gasping and out of breath, shivering against the cold October air, Trisha

arrived at her classroom. Taking a deep breath, she pushed open the door and

walked in.

Every pair of eyes was on the cheerleader as she hurriedly walked to her desk.

Still clad in her cheerleader's uniform, Trisha was almost certain that the

front row could see the bottom of her panties, poking out from under her

swishing skirt. She tried to tug it down a bit as she reached her desk, but it

only brought more attention to herself. Ashamed and embarrassed, she quietly

began to pull out her books, still breathing hard. As she looked down, her eyes

caught on her blouse and she blushed, mortified. It must have been colder than

she thought – her nipples were rock-hard, and were visibly poking straight

through her blouse.

"Trisha…you're very late." Mr. Braun's voice rang through the classroom. A

couple of the boys in the row next to her were staring at her – her

cheerleader's skirt barely covering her legs, her heaving breasts straining

against the thin blouse, her skin sweaty and slick. One of them grinned when she

glanced over at them.

"I…I know, Mr. Braun. I'm sorry."

"Do you have an excuse?"

"U-um…" Trisha's mind worked furiously. "Coach Pennings kept me late to do some

drills. We lost track of time."

"Do you have a note?"

"U-um…N-no…"

Mr. Braun shook his head. "Then you don't have an excuse. I trust you remember

that we have our mid-term today."

Trisha's eyes widened and her heart fell. She had completely forgotten.

Mr. Braun watched her reaction. "I see. Well, here's your copy." He

unceremoniously plopped it on her desk. "You have thirty minutes."

Trisha looked up in shock. "Thirty minutes?? But…I…"

Mr. Braun interrupted her. "No, Trisha. I will not give you extra time just

because you came in late. Now, you've already disturbed the class enough. Please

get to work."

Humiliated and close to tears, the cheerleader looked down at the test. One of

the boys was still leering at her, greedily taking in her short skirt, her bare

slender legs. Trisha's glare was returned only with a broad grin. She could

still feel the dampness in her panties from her frenzied orgasm in the locker

room. Oh God, I hope it doesn't leave a spot… She clenched her teeth and buckled

down to start on her test.

After what seemed like only seconds, the bell rang. Of course, Trisha had no

chance. Mr. Braun's AP History tests were renowned for their difficulty, and as

flustered as she was, with only half the class time, Trisha didn't even get to

the last twenty questions. As the rest of the class filed out of the room, she

stayed glued to her seat, frantically flipping through the pages. This test is a

third of my grade…I can't fail it! This can't be happening!

"Trisha, you are out of time. Please hand in your test."

The cheerleader looked up, her eyes pleading. "Please, Mr. Braun, I have a free

period next! Please, can I just have some more time?"

Mr. Braun sighed, standing up from his desk chair. "Trisha…I wouldn't expect

this from you. You've always been such a good student. You know, your grade is

already falling from the first few assignments."

Trisha hung her head. "I…I know…"

"Now, I can't give you more time, because that would be unfair to the rest of

the class. But…I will allow you to write an in-class essay as extra credit."

Trisha beamed up at him. "Thank you, Mr. Braun, thank you! Um…what should I

write it on?"

Mr. Braun thought for a moment. "How about…the Louisiana Purchase. Explain the

process by which Jefferson acquired the land."

The cheerleader's heart plummeted. Of all the topics in the world, how could he

pick one from the only chapter she hadn't read? "U-um…okay…"

"Good. Get started, then."

For the first five minutes, Trisha struggled to find something to say, but it

was hopeless. She didn't know a thing about the Louisiana Purchase. What am I

going to do? This was her most important class – if she failed this test, it

would ruin her entire transcript! Wondering if maybe she could ask to switch

topics, she glanced up at Mr. Braun, and received a huge shock.

The teacher was staring straight down her skirt! It was painfully obvious, too,

his pencil hanging limply in his hand, his mouth half open, his eyes intently

blazing down at her crotch. As soon as she looked up though, Mr. Braun quickly

caught himself.

"Ah…so…Trisha..I…trust you are doing well with your essay?" He hastily

rearranged some papers on his desk, trying to look busy.

Trisha nodded. "Yes, thanks ,Mr. Braun." She glanced down at her lap, and

realized that he could probably see her panties from his angle. Gross! Mr. Braun

was checking me out? What is he, like forty? But then, a different thought came

to her, out of nowhere. This was her most important grade, and if she failed

this test, she failed the class. So, if there was anything she could do to get

out of failing, she should do it, right? And if Mr. Braun was checking her out,

well, that meant he was attracted to her, which meant maybe if she tried to…

Trisha paused, shaking her frenzied head as she tried to think. How can I be

thinking about doing something like this? Seducing a teacher? That's so awful!

Lost in her thoughts, Trisha nervously shifted on her chair, uncrossing her legs

and crossing them again. This time, she directly saw Mr. Braun's eyes flicker

up, despite his best efforts, to watch the cheerleader's smooth legs slide under

her tiny skirt. Whoa…he's definitely checking me out. Trisha bent her head over

the test ,pretending to write but keeping an eye on her teacher. He was wiping

his brow now, looking like he was trying to concentrate very hard. Wow…I've

really gotten to him. I think if I tried to, I definitely could…No! Trisha shook

her head and closed her eyes in frustration. This has got to be a dream! I can't

believe I'm even considering something like this!

She looked up at the clock. Time was running out. There was no time to think

anymore. The panic was rising in her chest, and in her frantic desperation, she

saw her entire school career flash before her eyes – all her hard work, her

grades, her AP credit, her college applications. She had to decide.

Oh God…I've got no choice… She waited for a few seconds, nervous, her heart

pounding. Taking a deep breath, she stood up again, picked up her papers, and

walked over to Mr. Braun's desk.

The teacher looked up, his face slightly red.

"Mr. Braun, can you help me, please?"

The teacher coughed again, rearranging himself on his chair. Was he trying to

hide a hard on? "Yes, Trisha, what is it?"

"I just wanted you to look at this sentence." As she asked, Trisha leaned

forward onto his desk, letting her long brown hair cascade over her shoulders.

The cheerleading blouse was cut low, and she knew that at this angle, Mr. Braun

had a great view of her boobs. She wondered if he could see what color her bra

was. Inside, her heart was pounding, and the girl's mind whirled as she tried to

figure out how to act, what to say, what to do. And in the middle of it all was

her disbelief about the whole situation, and some desperate, half-serious hope

that this was all just a daydream.

"Ah…um…which sentence now?"

"That one." Trisha pointed randomly, leaning further now, resting her elbows on

his desk as she watched him helplessly try to concentrate on the paper, try to

ignore the petite cheerleader exposing half of her ample chest to him. She

flashed her cutest smile at him.

"Well..uh…it seems fine to me." It was clear that he hadn't read the sentence

either.

"Oh…okay. Thanks!" Trisha stayed in her position, leaned over, her chest thrust

forward, her smile sweet and innocent. Her mind was flooded with questions. How

far do I have to go to get a good grade? Second base? Third base? Should I just

come out and say it? Maybe I should be more coy…but what if he says no? What if

he doesn't take the hint?

"Ah…Trisha…is there something else I can help you with."

The cheerleader looked down in embarrassment, as she realized she had been

staring at him for several seconds without a word. She tried to think of

something to say. My uniform. I'll talk about my uniform.

"Mr. Braun, do you mind if I ask another question? What do you think of our

cheerleading outfits?"

Mr. Braun was taken aback. "Um..I'm sorry?"

"You know, our cheerleading outfits!" Trisha twirled around for him, knowing as

she turned that the pleats of her skirt were riding up with the motion,

teasingly giving him a glimpse of her ass. "What do you think of them?" She

leaned back down on his desk. "It's just that…well…I think they're a

little…slutty." Her mouth twitched involuntarily as she forced the word out of

her lips, but Mr. Braun didn't seem to notice.

"S…slutty?"

"Yeah." Trisha nodded, keeping her cool, ignoring the frenzied thumps of her

heart as it careened against her ribcage. "I mean…the blouse is so low-cut, the

skirt is so short. I mean, look, Mr. Braun! You can practically see my ass

whenever I bend over!" She hastily turned around and bent for him, thrusting her

ass forward. She couldn't help feeling a slight twinge of amusement as she

watched him desperately try to tear his gaze away from her body.

"I…Trisha…this isn't appropriate."

"Well…" Trisha turned back, and smiled sweetly at him. "I'm just kind of worried

that people are getting the wrong impression. I mean, do people think that just

because the clothes are slutty, the girl is slutty too?"

"Ah, well…no…I don't think anyone thinks that, Trisha."

"Oh…good…" That wasn't the ideal answer, she thought, a little annoyed. The

ideal answer would have been to call her a dirty slut so they could just get

down to business right away. But Trisha pressed on. It was all or nothing, now.

She knew that she would have to make the first move; Mr. Braun was way too

nervous. The cheerleader leaned back down, her eyes staring straight into his,

sexy and mischievous. "Because…I wouldn't want anyone to know the truth about

me."

"The…truth?" Mr. Braun was stunned, and his face was beet red.

"Oh yes, Mr. Braun!" Trisha flashed another sweet smile. "The truth. …That I

spend entire classes fantasizing about being having sex. …That I love sex more

than anything in the world." Her mind whirled as she came up with more lies as

she spoke. "…That I can't even wait to get home to masturbate, so I do it in the

girls' bathroom."

She watched as Mr. Braun's eyes widened with each word. He was hanging on

everything she was saying, his mouth gaping, unable to speak. What next? What

now? This was it…the moment when she finally had to go for it. Her mind went

blank as she started to panic, and she desperately opened her mouth, forcing

words out of her mouth. Say anything! Anything at all!

"And…and…that I love nothing more than sucking off a nice, big fat cock…like…I

don't know…yours?" As soon as the words burst out of her mouth, Trisha had to

stifle a gasp. What had she done?? Did I really just say that??

Mr. Braun stood up in shock. "Trisha! That's…that's not…"

Oh no… Trisha panicked; he wasn't going to say yes! She could get expelled for

this. Panic burst through Trisha's chest like a deep breath. It's too late...I

can't take it back. I have to get him to go along with me. He has to…he has to!

She frantically clambered over his desk, sinking to her knees in front of him,

grabbing his hips and guiding him towards her face.

"Please Mr. Braun…please let me suck your cock."

Mr. Braun shook his head. "Trisha, this is…fired from my…not right..you'll be

expelled."

No, please! Don't back out now! The cheerleader tried desperately to ignore the

growing lump of terror in her throat, pushing away the fear in her mind as she

began to unbuckle his belt, looking up at him with pleading eyes, continuing to

coo softly.

"No one has to know, Mr. Braun. Please…" She pouted up at him, her brown eyes

big and sweet. She slid his fly open, and triumphantly felt a growing bulge in

his boxers. He knew it was wrong, but he wanted it. He wanted her.

"I…I…"

"Don't worry about it Mr. Braun. I won't tell anyone." That's for sure, she

thought to herself, ashamed, as she gently pulled his pants and his underwear

down to his knees. I can't believe I said those things…I can't believe I'm going

to do this.

"Trisha…" It was the only word left that Mr. Braun could use in protest. The

cheerleader gently took his half-hard dick in her hand, stroking it. She had

never given a blowjob before; what was she supposed to do? Frantically, she

thought about the few pornos she had mistakenly seen on her brother's computer,

the times she had overheard girls gossiping and giggling about it in the

hallways. No teeth, she remembered. And…deepthroat…she thought. Guys like it

when you shove their cock down your throat…right?

"Oh…man that feels nice Trisha…"

"It does? Do you like it, Mr. Braun?"

"Yeah…please, call me Joe. Yeah…"

His dick was growing in her hand, and she expected it to stop, waited for it

stop, but it didn't. Oh, God. He's so huge!

"Yeah…keep stroking me Trisha, keep stroking me…"

Keep talking. Tell him what he wants. "Mmm…Joe…you like me jacking your dick

off, don't you?" She slipped her hand up and down his hard dick, feeling it

throb in her hand. What should she do? Should she just take him into her mouth

right now? Mr. Braun's eyes were wide, staring hungrily down at her. Unsure of

herself, Trisha hurriedly slipped the tip of his dick into her mouth, sucking gently.

"Ohhh, yeah, Trisha…that's a good girl…"

Trisha bobbed up and down on the head of his dick, feeling the slick softness of

his dick against her lips, her hand still stroking his shaft as she sucked. It's

not that bad, she thought to herself, as she sat on her knees, slurping, looking

up at Mr. Braun to gauge his reactions.

"Yeah…yeah…" Mr. Braun had one hand on the back of her head now, gently guiding

her in as she rocked back and forth. His shock and timidity was gone now,

replaced by a completely new hunger, a lust for this teenage cutie. He seemed

like a completely different man.

"You probably suck dicks all the time, don't you Trisha. I bet you're real good

at this, a cute little girl like you. All the boys are lining up to get their

dicks sucked by a pretty thing like you, aren't they?"

What?? Is that what people think of me? I'm not like this! I'm a good girl! But

Trisha tried her best to play along. She popped his dick out of her mouth and

smiled. "Oooh…yes, Joe, but your dick is the best of all, I like yours the

most." She inserted his meat back into her mouth, but she was suddenly overcome

by a wave of shame. How could she be saying all these things? Worst of all, the

cheerleader realized that she didn't even have to think about what to say –

somehow, she just knew the exact words Mr. Braun wanted to hear, and as soon as

she opened her mouth they effortlessly tumbled out. Why is this so easy for me?

Why is it so easy for me to act like a slut?

Mr. Braun smirked down at her, his hand gently pressing her forward, back onto

his rod. "That's right, Trisha, take me in, deeper…"

Trisha tried to obey, sliding the tip and a bit of his shaft into her lips,

continuing to jack him off. Already, her mouth felt stuffed to the brim, the

massive rod spearing into her, forcing her to stretch her jaw wide to

accommodate it.

"Deeper, Trisha, deeper…"

I can't…the cheerleader thought desperately to herself. But his hand was

pressing into her, forcing her down. She rocked her heard towards him, ignoring

the silent, instinctual protest of her tongue and her tired jaws. Her lips

smacked and drooled at the effort, slobbering loudly as she eased herself

forward. That's far enough! She bobbed back and forth, feeling her saliva

coating his dick, sliding the bottom of his shaft across her tongue. I can't

possibly take any more!

"Yeah…that's good, Trisha. Come on, take me all the way in, take me into your

throat. I know you can."

Trisha let out a muffled moan, still gently rocking back and forth. His cock was

so big, it was already too much – shoved up against her tongue, spreading her

lips. But his hand was pushing and pushing, and Trisha knew she had to obey him.

So she forced herself forward again, feeling the shaft slide even deeper, her

stretched lips on fire, the back of her mouth involuntarily fighting back

against the strange, massive invader. Come on…come on… She could feel his

hardness, his thick shaft pressing up against her lips and her tongue,

throbbing, stabbing against her throat. You can do it… Trisha forced herself

forward again, holding her breath, and then…

"Ghhhhaaagh!!" Trisha went too far. Her throat convulsed. She yanked the dick

out of her mouth, and a trail of her slobber followed it, dribbling onto the

floor. The cheerleader's chest heaved as she gagged and coughed, trying to catch

her breath, and she wiped her sloppy mouth with the back of her hand. Her

stomach felt like it was about to flip over. Mr. Braun let out a loud laugh.

"Yeah! That's it, Trisha, you nasty little girl! Gag on my big dick! Yeah…my

dick's so big that it chokes even a slutty cheerleader like you, huh?

Trisha looked up through her gagging at his excited face. Somehow, her teacher

had transformed from the stuttering, red-faced man into a horny, frenzied

creature, wild with enjoyment at getting head from a cute teenager. Egg him on,

she told herself, . Tell him what he wants to hear. "Ooo, Mr. Braun…God, your

dick is huge! I've never had trouble before, but yours is just too big for my

little mouth!" As she talked, the same, shameful thought as before crept into

her head: Why is it so easy for me to talk dirty to him? I can't believe I'm

doing this…

"Yeah, Trisha, yeah…take that cock back in."

The cheerleader did as she was told, grasping his slippery dick in her hand,

guiding him into her mouth. She felt his slobbery shaft once again against her

tongue, pressing down on it, forcing her lips open. Back and back it went, wet

and slick, deep in her mouth, up against her throat, and…

"Agghhh!!" Trisha choked again, her coughs muffled against his dick, her eyes

beginning to tear up as her gag reflex kicked in. This time, though, Mr. Braun

didn't let her pull him out. His hand was firmly on the back of her head, and he

guided her back down, forcing the cock into her mouth. Trisha let out a loud

moan of protest, but it was stifled by his dick, and her crazed teacher took it

as one of arousal.

"Yeah, you nasty girl! You just keep gagging on that cock!"

Trisha let him guide her mouth down on his dick, still jacking him off with her

hand, her lips tightly locked over his soaked shaft as he firmly drove her

forward. No, too far, she thought frantically, too far! She gagged again, her

eyes watery and red, her nostrils flaring as she desperately tried to take a

breath through her nose. But her choking only seemed to spur Mr. Braun on, and

she felt his hand tighten on her head, gripping her by the hair, pushing her

down. Her chest and her shoulders heaved as she choked again, her throat

screaming out in protest as her teacher shoved his dick down it. Gurgled,

slobbery moans slipped out of her lips as the cheerleader tried her best to

accommodate him, opening her mouth wider then she thought possible. She could

feel the heat of his throbbing meat piercing inside her, stuffed against the

insides of her cheek, fucking deep. She gasped for breath as he thrust into her.

"Yeah…yeah…"

Once again, he thrust too hard, and Trisha couldn't take it anymore. She

wrenched her head away from his grip, his cock sliding out of her lips with a

loud smack, and lowered her head as she was overtaken by a fit of coughs and

gags. A stream of drool dribbled onto the floor.

"Mmm…that's it, Trisha…gag on my cock."

Finally, as she struggled for breath, the cheerleader looked back up, her eyes

teary and red, her lips and chin covered by a thick coat of slobber, her cheeks

flushed. Her voice was soft as she looked up at him with puppy dog eyes, one

hand still on his rock-hard meat.

"Mr. Braun…Joe…please…won't you give me an A for this test?"

Mr. Braun nodded without even pausing. "Yeah, yeah no problem Trisha…just take

me back in your mouth…ooh yeah…"

Trisha nodded, and wiped her eyes with the back of her sleeve. She slipped the

tip of his dick back into her drool-coated lips, letting his hand firmly shove

her down on it. She had gotten what she wanted: an A. Now she just had to finish

him off. For some reason, that thought seemed to relax her. Her body had been

extremely tense, she realized, her adrenaline raging, her heart pumping. Every

second, she had been afraid that something would go wrong, but now…he had

promised her an A. She had gotten what she needed from him.

Mr. Braun had both hands on the back of her head now, guiding her in, gently

thrusting with his hips. Trisha kept gasping and slurping, trying her best to

keep up with Mr. Braun's massive, pistoning tool. She gagged several more times,

her eyes teary, her chest heaving as she struggled to catch her breath after

each gag, her mouth stuffed with his dick the entire time. Saliva poured out of

her lips, puddling on the floor. But Mr. Braun didn't let her stop, and Trisha

didn't resist. Back and forth, she plunged her lips down his shaft. The

cheerleader moaned, muffled and soft, locking her lips around him and letting

them slide against his slick, throbbing flesh.

"Oooh, yeah…shove it down your throat, baby, shove it down."

Trisha's wet eyes were closed as he slid into her, but a few moments later, she

opened them in shock. His dick was deep in her throat, far down, mashed against

her tongue and her lips…and she wasn't choking! She was deepthroating him!

Trisha felt like cheering, but since she couldn't, she placed her hands on Mr.

Braun's exposed thighs instead, and began to rock her head back and forth,

bobbing enthusiastically, feeling his shaft slide deep into her mouth.

"Holy shit…yeah Trisha…that's it…"

A few more times, the cheerleader gagged, but she was quickly getting the hang

of it. It was a matter of relaxing her throat; she had to open it up and let the

cock slide gently down rather than clenching it closed and trying to force it

in. Slowly, she rocked her head against his hips, taking him in, deeper and

deeper, moaning softly with the effort, her drool dribbling out of her lips and

running down his shaft onto his balls. Trisha looked up at Mr. Braun, watching

his flushed, clenched face, and couldn't help but feel a small thrill at how she

was affecting him. He's in my control, she realized. I did this to him…I made

him into this crazy, sweaty animal. Spurred on by the thought, she increased her

rocking, jamming her face into his crotch, gripping his thighs as she plunged,

watching his body tense as his dick slithered back and forth against her wet,

tender lips. She slurped and gulped at his meat, delighted at the fact that she

was no longer choking on him.

"Oh…oh, holy shit…" Mr. Braun's breathing was hoarse now, his entire body was

tense. Trisha realized what was about to happen, and she kept up her eager

bobbing, clamping down on his cock with her lips and her tongue, sucking gently.

Her hands began to pull him forward, guiding his thighs towards her, letting him

slide into her mouth and shimmy down her throat.

"Oh…oh shit! Oh fucking shit!" Like a crazed animal, Mr. Braun grabbed fistfuls

of Trisha's hair in both of his hands. The cheerleader let out a muffled squeal

of terror as he suddenly began to pound into her with vicious thrusts, using her

mouth like a cunt, fucking her hard. Her gag reflex came back with a vengeance,

and the cheerleader choked and heaved, tears streaming down her eyes, her cheeks

stuffed and flushed and red. She moaned and whimpered in protest, but Mr. Braun

didn't even hear her.

"Oh…oh fuck…oh holy shit!" Mr. Braun bucked his hips into her face, shoving his

throbbing rod down her swollen throat. His hands wrenched her head back and

forth, making her head spin and her hair helplessly flop in the air. She gurgled

and coughed, drool spilling out of her lips. Desperately, she tried to push him

off, but he was too strong. He kept plowing into her, hard and fast, choking her

with his cock. I can't breathe…she thought frantically. Oh God, I can't breathe…

"FUUUCK!" Mr. Braun growled, and he yanked Trisha's head backwards, prompting

another yelp of fright from the cheerleader. She was forced to look up at him,

and she saw that he was frantically stroking his dick with one hand, while his

other one was tightly buried in her hair, tugging her head backwards.

"Open your mouth, Trisha…" he panted. "Open your mouth…" Gasping and sputtering

for breath, the cheerleader obeyed, parting her tired lips for him, staring up

at his throbbing rod. Mr. Braun let out a loud groan and aimed, and then his cum

spewed forth.

Trisha felt the streams shoot into her mouth, impacting against her tongue and

the insides of her cheeks, sliding down her throat, thick and gooey. His cock

spasmed and twitched as it continued to spurt, load after warm load of white

semen, deep into her mouth. Trisha wasn't prepared, and the cheerleader gagged

on his cum, coughing as it slipped into her unwilling throat. She frantically

swallowed it, and she could feel the hot seed slithering down her gullet. Mr.

Braun's cum dribbled out of his dick, plopping onto her tongue and her lips. The

cheerleader swallowed again. Finally, his groans died down. He leaned back into

his chair, panting for breath. Trisha leaned forward and took the tip of his

dick, glistening with his seed, into her mouth. Her teacher let out a ragged

moan as she sucked gently, feeling his juices slide over her tongue. She leaned

back, swishing the cum in her mouth, curiously letting it linger on her taste

buds. Cum was supposed to taste bad, wasn't it? That's what all the girls always

complained about, they said it was the worst part of giving a blowjob. Hmm,

Trisha thought as she swallowed a third time. Actually…I kinda like it. It

tasted good to her – mostly salty but also slightly sweet, a rich, completely

unique taste.

Mr. Braun wiped his brow. "That's a good girl, Trisha. You've done a fantastic

job on your extra credit."

At the sound of his voice, a wave of mortification and shame swept over the

cheerleader, and she finally realized what she had just done. I just…I just gave

a teacher a blowjob. Even worse, she had done it all just to get a good grade.

Her anxieties came back, now, flooding her brain. I seduced him. I talked dirty

to him, like a slut. And worst of all…I enjoyed his cum! I can't believe it!

This isn't me! I'm a good girl…right?

Even with her mind racing, Trisha was careful to keep up the act. She

confidently stood up, wiping her mouth, smiling down at him as he panted. "Thank

you so much Mr. Braun. So do you think I'll get an A?"

Her teacher nodded wearily. "An A+, Trisha. Let me know if you ever want to do

any extra credit again."

No way! Never again! The words screamed through the cheerleader's head, but she

just smiled, winked at him, and nodded.

Good Girl vs. Slut Ch. 03

Trisha's shower the next day was extra long. As soon as she woke up, she felt

confused, and a bit ashamed and dirty. Yesterday's encounter with Mr. Braun had

been a product of panic, she had decided, panic that caused her to make a

terrible decision, and nothing more. If she hadn't been so flustered, she would

have realized that it was just a test, but now there was nothing to do but move

on. Just move on, Trisha.

Try as she might, though, she couldn't convince herself. She had worn one of her

favorite outfits to try to take her mind off of it; her comfy, lacey pink top,

and her frilled white skirt that stopped just below her knees. Her friend Mandy,

the sweet thing she was, had surprised her with a croissant and cappuccino in

between second and third period. But nothing worked. Everything felt the exact

same, and yet, somehow, it was all different. Trisha knew that nothing was wrong

with her, that she was still the good girl she had always been, just a good girl

who had made a bad decision. So why did she still have that lurching, weird

feeling in her stomach?

Just get through the day, she told herself. The worst had been saved for last;

today AP History was her final class. She quietly snuck into the class and sat

in the back, unassuming, deliberately avoiding Mr. Braun's gaze. Her teacher was

acting as if nothing was wrong, lecturing and teaching as usual, dressed in the

same suit as always. She slunk further down in her chair, and stared at the

clock. Thirty minutes left...

After what seemed like an eternity, the bell finally rang. Mr. Braun's voice was

quickly drowned out by the rising chatter of the students, eager to leave for

the day. Trisha bolted upright in her chair, grabbing her textbook with one hand

and her backpack with the other. She stood up quickly, smoothing out the hem of

her skirt, and hurried to follow the rest of the class out of the room. The

cheerleader kept her head down, looking at her feet. She was only two steps from

the door when she heard Mr. Braun's voice ring out above the clamor.

"Trisha!"

She flinched involuntarily as she felt his hand on her shoulder. He was smiling

down at her.

"Would you mind staying a little bit late? I have something I need to discuss

with you."

Trisha's stomach lurched. She looked around helplessly at the students that were

walking around her, talking happily. "Um…I really have to go, Mr. Braun, I'm

sorry…"

"Oh, it'll only take a few minutes. Please, I insist."

"Umm…o-okay…"

Trisha stepped out of the way to let the people behind her through the door. The

cheerleader's heart pounded as she watched the rest of the students file out of

the room. Mr. Braun closed the door, and with a loud clank, locked it. Trisha

gulped.

"How are you feeling, Trisha?"

The cheerleader ran a hand through her long brown hair, trying to act

nonchalant. "Um, I'm fine. No problem. What did you want to speak to me about?"

Mr. Braun slid his hands into his pockets and began to pace. "Well, Trisha…I've

been thinking."

"Yes?"

He turned to face her. "I've been thinking…that we should make your extra credit

an ongoing thing."

Trisha's heart plummeted. A hot wave of fear blazed through her body.

"Um…what…what do you mean?"

"Well, Trisha, if you'll remember, I mentioned that your grades have been

slipping for a while now. One test won't change everything. You're going to need

to do some more extra credit to get all those A's."

The cheerleader shifted her weight, her big brown eyes staring straight up at

him, shocked and frightened. "Oh…no thank you Mr. Braun…I think I'm happy with

my grades now…"

"But Trisha…you do want to pass the class, don't you?" He had stepped closer to

her now, barely a foot away. His eyes were fixed on her, and a slight, evil grin

was starting to trickle across his face. "You understand that you won't pass the

class if you don't do this extra credit."

"W…what…?" Is he threatening me??

"That's a very pretty skirt, Trisha. I'll tell you what. I'll change this F+ for

last week's homework to a C- if you take it off." His grin was wider now,

leering down at the shuddering cheerleader. Her eyes widened in protest.

"An F+! Mr. Braun, you…you posted our grades on Monday, and for that assignment

I –"

"No, no, Trisha. I have it right here, see?" He picked a sheet of paper off of

his desk and waved it in front of her. It was her homework, and clearly printed

on the top in red ink was a large F.

"But…but…"

"Now, Trisha. I am giving you a special opportunity to fix your grade. Let's get

you out of that pretty little skirt." He took a step forward now, resting a hand

on her shoulder, gently squeezing it. Instinctively, the cheerleader backed up,

wriggling out of his grasp. She jumped with a start as she bumped into the desk

behind her.

"I'm waiting, Trisha…"

The cheerleader shuddered involuntarily. Her heart was beating so fast she

thought she might collapse. Her mind was dizzy with fright. What else does he

want? Does he…does he want to…fuck me? She shuddered again at the thought. All

she wanted was to get a good grade. What would he do if she refused? Would he

fail her? Call the principal? Tell on her?

"This is your only chance to pass the class, Trisha. Take it off."

What do I do? The cheerleader remained where she was, frozen in panic, her eyes

wide and fearful. In a single instant, everything had spiraled so terribly out

of control. Why is this happening? Why is he doing this to me??

"Hurry up, Trisha. I said take it off." Mr. Braun was stepping forward now, his

arms extended, ready to pull her towards him.

"Wait!" Her voice rang out in the empty classroom, surprising even herself.

"Wait, Mr. Braun…I mean…Joe…" Her brain spun as she grasped desperately for a

way out. The door was locked, the halls outside were empty. Her teacher stopped,

but he looked impatient. She knew he wouldn't wait long. Distract him. Stall

him! It was her only hope.

"Please," she said, putting on a sweet smile, and batting her eyes. "We can…take

our time, can't we?" She hopped onto the desk behind her, facing him, and

crossed her legs, winking naughtily. Oh God…please let this work. Gently, she

thrust her chest forward, arching her head back and letting out a low moan. Out

of the corner of her eye, she saw Mr. Braun standing in the same place, his eyes

wide, his hand silently massaging his crotch. It's working, she thought. He's

staying where he is. Now she had to stall him for as long as possible.

Slowly, teasingly, Trisha ran both hands down her body, starting at her neck and

shimmying past her shoulders, up and over her firm breasts, down her torso. She

smiled sweetly as she gently began to pull her thin pink top up, ever so

slightly up. Trisha uncrossed her legs as the fabric slid up to her chest,

revealing her taut, tiny midriff. Mr. Braun's eyes were fixed on her slender

frame, still standing, not moving. Bit by bit, as slow as possible, the

cheerleader tugged her shirt over her chest, revealing her tits, round and snug

against a white cotton bra. She slipped the top over her head, shaking her long

hair back and forth to free it from the fabric. Smiling sweetly, she tossed her

blouse onto the floor and leaned back on the desk, thrusting her chest forward.

Mr. Braun's eyes widened as he stared at her breasts. Perched on the desk, the

petite cheerleader was gorgeous, thin and slight but curvaceous and full in all

the right places.

Trisha let out a soft, sensual moan as she ran her hands across her waist,

caressing her naked flesh, gently squeezing her tits through her bra. Then, she

hopped off of the desk, and turned around slowly for him, placing her hands on

the desk and arching her butt in the air, wiggling it at him. She turned around

to look, her heart thumping. It's still working. Keep going , come on…what

should I do next?

The cheerleader raised herself on her tippy-toes and bent over, running a hand

over each smooth leg, up and down, all the while smiling sweetly at her teacher.

Gently, she caught the hem of her skirt with one hand, letting it ride up her

thigh, revealing a tiny triangle of her panties. Then, teasingly, she let the

skirt flop back down her slender legs. Watching him over her shoulder, Trisha

reached behind her back to unclasp her bra. She unsnapped it slowly, letting the

straps dangle on her back. Gently, she slipped one shoulder strap, then the

other, off of her body, cupping the bra to her chest. She milked every possible

second out of the moment, smiling at him; a cute, innocent schoolgirl. Mr.

Braun's mouth was slack and open, and though he was standing still, he had

unbuckled his pants and let them drop to his ankles. A lump rose in Trisha's

throat as she saw his cock, rock-hard, bulging against his underwear. But what

could she do? She was trapped now.

Smoothly, she turned back around, her bra still clutched to her chest, the

straps dangling uselessly off her body. Just then, the moment hit her. She was

stripping for a teacher. Her! Trisha! This is insane! What am I doing? The

cheerleader knew that she had to distract him, that she had to stall him for as

long as possible, but…This is going too far! And…where did I learn to be such a

slut??? The final thought was so overwhelming that Trisha briefly closed her

eyes in shame, but Mr. Braun's voice shocked her out of her thoughts.

"Come on, Trisha…show me…show me…" Her teacher was slack-jawed, eyes wide,

staring at her as if she was not a teenager but an incredible goddess. His hand

was rubbing at his bulging crotch.

Keep stalling! "You want to see them, Joe? You want to see my titties?" She

lowered her face to hide it as it flushed with shame. I can't believe I'm doing

this…I can't believe I'm saying these things….

"Yeah…fuck yeah." Mr. Braun couldn't take his eyes away from her smooth body. "I

want to see them."

Trisha smiled as she arched her back, thrusting her chest forward for him. In

the back of her mind, a tiny flutter of confident pride slipped through her

shame and confusion. She was sexy…so sexy that her gorgeous body and striptease

had somehow made Mr. Braun lose all of his composure. Teasingly, ever-so-slowly,

Trisha lifted her hands from her chest, letting the bra fall to the floor. Her

C-cup breasts were at full attention, perfectly round and firm, bouncy and

bursting out at Mr. Braun. Trisha slid her hands over her chest, cupping each

breast in turn, squeezing them, jiggling them in each hand. She watched as Mr.

Braun slid a hand into his briefs, absentmindedly beginning to stroke his dick.

The cheerleader kept playing with her tits, pressing them together and then

apart, taking each one in a handful, then gently running her fingers around her

nipples, letting him watch as they danced to her touch. Her breasts had always

been extra-sensitive, and the feeling of her soft fingertips grazing against her

nipples sent a soft thrill through her spine.

She lazily reached a hand down to the waist of her skirt, playfully tugging it

to and fro, teasing him, making him think she was about to take it off. She

slipped a finger of her other hand into her mouth, sucking on it, looking up at

him with cute, innocent schoolgirl eyes. Then, she bent down and pulled the edge

of her skirt up, once again revealing her panties. She grinned as Mr. Braun

buried his hand deeper into his underwear, speeding up its stroking. Holding up

her skirt with one hand, giving him a full view, she gently began to tug her

panties down, sliding them over the generous lobes of her ass and down her

slender thighs and knees. Her pussy was open to her teacher now, neatly shaved

and pink, tender, looking eager for a hard pounding. Slowly, she slid the

panties down, down her legs, until they were around her ankles. Gingerly, she

lifted one foot to step out of them, and then daintily kicked with the other,

sending the panties flying into Mr. Braun's chest. She smiled at him, batting

her eyes, but inside, fear was bubbling inside of her. A panic-inducing thought

had just occurred to her; she was rapidly running out of clothes to take off.

I'm running out of things to do, she thought. And he's still rock hard…

"Yeah, yeah, Trisha…" Mr. Braun had shoved his briefs to his ankles now, his

hard cock out in the open, one hand still jacking off. "Yeah…rub that pussy for

me…"

The cheerleader smiled at him. Okay, Mr. Braun. Good idea. She hopped back on

the desk, spreading her legs, holding up her skirt to reveal her pink pussy to

him. Mr. Braun let out a groan of approval – it looked so soft and tight. Trisha

reached a hand down and began to gently knead into her pussy with one finger. Up

and down, she stroked her mound, and then pressed slightly into it, feeling the

warm flesh in her fingertips.

And then, out of nowhere, a jolt of pleasure tingled through her. Trisha was

shocked. The entire time she had been stripping, she had been concentrating only

on stalling Mr. Braun, and on trying to figure out an escape plan. She had never

even stopped to consider whether she was enjoying herself – it was all about

trying to get out of this terrible situation. But now, as she gently rubbed

against her twat, she suddenly felt a slight twinge of pleasure, deep in her

body, struggling to break through her nervousness and fright.

I'm getting turned on??? Trisha couldn't believe it. It felt so strange and

foreign, and yet for some reason she couldn't quite explain, her striptease had

excited and thrilled her. She kept pressing gently on her pussy, massaging the

lips, parting them with one finger and then squeezing them back shut. Her mind

was frazzled, but she couldn't ignore that familiar sensation in her crotch –

she was getting wet…

"Yeah, Trisha…yeah…rub that little pussy for me…"

"Oooh.." she cooed back. "Do you like watching me rub my pussy? You like

watching a little cheerleader rub her pussy?"

"Yeah…yeah, Trisha…"

Trisha pressed her hand deeper into her wet cunt, feeling her juices, hot and

pungent, ready to flow forth. She was wet now, and was losing herself to her

pleasure. Her fingers worked away at her pussy lips, gently squeezing and

tugging and rubbing. Trisha raised her other hand to her mouth, slipping the

fingers between her lips, soaking them with saliva. Then, she reached down,

spread her legs wide open, and gently slipped one of the soaked finger into her

eager twat.

"Yeah, Trisha…yeah…"

The cheerleader's pussy was soaked now, and her flesh was hot to her touch,

tender, aching for more. Gently, Trisha plunged the finger deep into her twat,

and despite her situation, despite her fear, her shame, and all of her desperate

desire to leave, she couldn't help herself…

"Ohhh…" The moan barely escaped her lips, soft and delicate. Trisha shoved the

finger deeper insider of her, rubbing at herself with her other hand, gently

working away as her cheeks began to grow rosy with excitement.

The voice in her head was growing fainter and fainter. This…isn't…right. How…can

I be getting off…at a time like this? But there was no answer – coherent thought

was quickly disappearing from Trisha's mind. She slid a second finger into her

tender pussy, feeling the walls of her canal accept it, clamping down on it, and

her other hand rubbed upwards, gently grinding her fingertips into her swollen

clit.

"Ahh…oh…oh my God…" Trisha tried her best to hide back each moan but they all

escaped from her trembling lips. The cheerleader jammed her fingers deep inside

of her, each thrust making her body stiffen and tense with pleasure. Her

fingertips at her clit were sending tiny shockwaves of pleasure through her

pussy, radiating out across her body. The cheerleader closed her eyes,

completely lost, gently rocking her body against her hands, moaning softly.

"Ohh…yesss…" She arched her back and let her head fall backward, spreading her

legs wider, her feet curling and her shoulders rigid and stiff. She continued to

finger-fuck herself, smelling her juices as they dribbled out of her cunt,

savoring her warm flesh, hearing the squelch and squash as her hand dug into her

twat. It felt so good, so unbelievably, incredibly good, and her entire body

tingled with desire. Her chest heaved with her ragged breathing. Her moans

became squeals of pleasure, erupting out of her arched head, thrown into the

empty classroom.

"Yess..yes…yes…"

And then, all of a sudden, Mr. Braun was there, between her spread legs, his

hands on her waist. Trisha raised her head and looked up at him. His eyes seemed

glazed over, as if he were possessed. His cock was rock-hard, throbbing with

anticipation.

Wait… the voice in her head cried, and Trisha opened her mouth to protest, but

no words came out. Dazed, out of her mind with horniness, the cheerleader only

waited obediently as her teacher eased forward, guiding his cock toward her

soaked pussy. The voice in her head was screaming for her to push him off, to

run away, but her thrilled, tingling body was not obeying. For a single,

hypnotic moment, Trisha felt like a spectator in a movie, yelling at the screen

for her body to move, to push him away, but it wouldn't obey, and she could only

watch in a dazed horror as her hands mindlessly slid out of the way, exposing

her twat for him, open and ready to accept his meat. It was only when the tip of

his dick was pressed into her pussy that she managed to force something out.

"Ahhh…Joe…"

Her teacher looked up to meet her gaze, and immediately smirked. Trisha's face

was red and flushed, her mouth slack and open. She was panting, and her bright

brown eyes were fixated on his throbbing cock. He gently pressed his prick into

her pussy lips, and felt the cheerleader's entire body stiffen like a board in

response. Her hands tightly gripped the edge of the desk, and she bit down on

her lip as she stared, with wide eyes, watching his prick push up against her

dripping mound.

Ever so gently, her teacher slid the tip of his dick out, and then back in,

feeling her lips engulf the head once more, slipping it just barely against her

canal, not quite inside. He watched as the cheerleader tensed a second time, her

entire body rigid as she waited for him to plunge into her. Trisha had her eyes

closed now and was holding her breath as she waited for it. Still half-horny,

still wholly confused, her mind was utterly overwhelmed, unable to digest the

situation. All she could do was grit her teeth and wait for him to finally

penetrate into her. But it never came.

Mr. Braun had pulled out, and was repeating the same move, gently rubbing the

head of his dick into her pussy lips, burrowing into them but refusing to

penetrate further. A third time, the cheerleader's body went rigid at the feel

of him, and he barely heard a quiet moan escape from her lips.

"Ah…"

Trisha was bewildered and lost, her eyes still closed. Her body was betraying

her, stiffening against her will, involuntarily responding to Mr. Braun's cock

in completely unexpected ways. Then, Mr. Braun's voice broke through her daze.

"You want my cock, Trisha? You want my cock inside of you?"

Trisha knew what he wanted – more dirty talk. He wanted her to beg for his cock.

She opened her mouth – and then something shocking happened, something

frightening and mortifying and horrible.

"Yes! Oh God, yes, Mr. Braun, I want your dick! Please! Please, Joe, please!"

Without even thinking, the words were spewing forth, flooding out of her mouth

like saliva. Trisha didn't have to will herself to talk for Mr. Braun's benefit

– the begging and pleading was gushing out by itself. Bewildered by horniness,

Trisha's brain was suddenly overcome with a realization. I…I really do want his

cock, she thought, terrified. These words are just coming out because…they're

true. I want his cock. I want his cock.

Again, words spewed out of her mouth, unintended, uncontrolled. She repeated her

thoughts out loud. "I want your cock! I want your cock!"

She didn't even have time to feel ashamed. Grunting, Mr. Braun wrapped his arms

around the cheerleader's ass, and guided his cock into Trisha's pussy. He

pressed hard and fast, plunging into her, stretching her open and ramming deep

into her cunt.

Trisha cried out, her hips and legs twitching against the impact. The pain of

her pussy being stretched was overwhelming. But then, it faded almost

immediately, and it was replaced by an incredible pleasure, something completely

new to Trisha: a ravenous, intense, hunger for more, an achingly powerful desire

to be filled and stuffed. In an instant, all her hesitations disappeared, and

she eagerly cried out for him, pushing her shame and confusion completely aside.

She spread her legs wider in the air, offering her hips to him, awaiting his

next thrust. I need it…oh God, I need his cock…

"Fuck me!" she cried, relishing the feeling of his dick sliding against her

twat. "Fuck me, Joe!"

He gladly obeyed, slamming his hips forward and into her, plunging his entire

length into her pussy. Trisha let out another cry of pain, but quickly followed

it up with a long moan of pleasure. Mr. Braun grasped her ass firmly with both

hands, pushing her towards him, making her meet his hips with her own. She could

feel his balls press against her mound as he hammered into her, his entire shaft

sliding in and out of her tight, soaking cunt.

"Oh, fuck, Trisha…fuck…"

He was bucking into her, his hips jamming into her hard, his balls slapping as

his dick plunged into her twat. He was an animal, grinding into her, his hands

tight on her ass, pulling her into him, taking her with every thrust. He's

tearing me apart, she thought to herself. He's destroying me…ohhh, he's so deep.

"Oh, God, yes! Yes, Joe!" She willingly rocked up against him, meeting his

thrusts, eagerly engulfing his shaft inside her. She shuddered in pleasure as

she felt it ram up against the back of her pussy. He met her enthusiasm with his

own, pistoning into her, his hips wild and thrusting, grunting hard as he worked

her twat.

The desk rocked on its legs with their efforts, and Trisha's body slipped and

flailed on top of it, her hair violently flopping, her tits bouncing back and

forth. She held onto the desk for dear life, and arched her body, throwing her

head back and screaming into the air.

"YES! YES! OH GOD YES!"

Mr. Braun was dripping with sweat now as he hammered into her, his cock a blur

as it pummeled her mound. Trisha's legs pumped in the air as her hips bucked,

her chest heaving, her eyes tightly shut. The desk pitched back and forth,

clanging loudly as one half of it slammed onto the floor and the other half was

lifted up. Trisha rocked with it, her ass sliding back and forth as the desk

tipped, clutching desperately to the edge so she wouldn't fall. His dick was so

deep, still thrusting into her, piercing into her, filling and stuffing and

cramming her till she thought she would burst.

"Yeah! Yeah, fuck your teacher, Trisha, fuck him!"

Trisha's eyes flew open, and Mr. Braun's words rushed through her, but this time

it was not shame that she felt, but a new, carnal excitement. There was

something dangerous and so incredibly dirty about this, bucking and fucking like

animals, in the middle of a classroom…

"OH MY GOD!! OH MY GOD!!!" Trisha panted with effort, pumping herself against

Mr. Braun's throbbing dick. Any embarrassment or humiliation she had felt before

was completely gone, and thoughts of how wrong the situation was only turned her

on more. She was a high school cheerleader, fucking a teacher for a good grade,

rocking back and forth for him on a desk, stripping for him, blowing him. It was

so dirty, so terribly naughty. Dirty, nasty…the words rang out in her head.

Naughty, filthy, so dirty…and even…slutty…

"OHHHH!!!!" Her body was flooded with pleasure, and those words pushed her over

the edge. Trisha's entire body convulsed in a single wave, and a massive burst

of ecstasy slithered through her, causing her to spasm along with it like a

shockwave. Her legs trembled and her pussy clenched and quivered on Mr. Braun's

cock. Trisha clamped her eyes shut and shuddered within her orgasm, feeling the

hot waves of pleasure drench her body, racing through her, filling every inch of

her flesh and making her rise. She rode it to the peak, climbing it, losing

herself in it, her screams hoarse and ragged, ringing out through the classroom,

and her little body jolted and shook.

"OHHH G-GODDD!!! OHHH M-MY GODDDD!!!" A single image flashed across Trisha's

dazed mind – herself, clad only in her frilly white skirt, flopping up and down

on a flimsy desk, letting a teacher pound into her. She trembled and shuddered

as she came down from her climax, and slowly, as she returned back to the world,

she opened her eyes and saw Mr. Braun grunting and groaning, driving into her,

pounding her twitching pussy with all his strength. His hands were painfully

firm on her ass, keeping her steady as he plunged into her. He was deep, so

deep, and his entire weight bucked into her, thrown behind his hips, and she

felt his ballsack press deep into her pussy lips and his entire shaft slam into

her tight canal. His groans were louder now, much louder. It was as if he was

trying to piece into her with his entire body, and suddenly, she realized what

was about to happen.

"Wait!" she cried out, desperately. "Mr. Braun, we're not using any-"

"Aghh!" His groan quickly drowned out her protests. She could feel his cock

throb and twitch inside of her, and immediately her pussy grew warm as his hot

load spurted out of him, filling her naked, unprotected canal, spewing into her

womb. He ground his hips into hers, his legs pressed against the desk, groaning

as he unloaded his seed into the cheerleader's twat. Trisha could feel every

single spurt as her pussy clenched down on him, and her cunt tingled as she felt

some of his spunk leak out of her twat, dribbling down her crotch and onto the

desk. He kept himself buried inside of her, panting, his arms firmly around the

tiny cheerleader. Finally, with a loud groan, he lifted himself off of her. His

dick slid out of her swollen twat with a loud plop, and his cum dribbled out

with it, soaking her mound. Without thinking, Trisha reached a hand down to

collect it, sloppily slathering it across her pussy, licking her fingers clean.

She tasted her own juices again, salty and strong, this time mixed with the

familiar taste of Mr. Braun. The mixture tingled on her tongue before she

swallowed it.

It wasn't until Mr. Braun let out a hoarse, wheezing laugh that she realized

what she was doing. She quickly stopped, her face blushing with shame. What was

she doing? Slurping up the cum that was dribbling out of her own twat, licking

it up, swallowing it? She had lost herself in her pleasure somehow. Something

deep inside of her, completely unknown to her, had managed to burst through and

take over her body, causing her to feel only lust when it should have been

shame. Whatever that thing was, it frightened her, badly. What is wrong with

me…?

"Mmm..just can't get enough of that cum, can you, Trisha?"

The cheerleader looked up at him. "So…Mr. Braun…am I going to pass this class?"

The teacher smirked down at her. "Well…we'll see. But I think you're well on

your way, Trisha. You just have to keep working hard."

A look of shock and panic swept across the cheerleader's face. "But…Mr. Braun,

you said…"

"Well, I changed my mind, didn't I, Trisha?"

No…oh no… Still perched on the desk, the cheerleader trembled slightly.

"Now, now, Trisha, don't you worry. You'll get you good grade, you will. But we

might have to make your extra credit a weekly assignment."

The school bell rang, making Trisha jump. Mr. Braun hastily walked over to his

desk, picking his discarded pants up off the floor. "Get dressed, Trisha. I have

to go home, now."

Overwhelmed with terror, still unable to digest what was happening, the

cheerleaded obeyed, gathering up her scattered clothes. She tugged her panties

up her soaked and trembling legs. Desperately trying to accept what he had just

said, she decided to skip the bra, stuffing it into her backpack, throwing on

her pink blouse and smoothing it out. Her breasts bulged against the material,

and her uncovered nipples were easily visible, but the cheerleader had much more

important things on her mind. Even though it just happened, the past hour felt

blurred and fuzzy in her mind. She had been so terrified when he first forced

himself on her – she had even gone through that humiliating striptease jut to

distract him. And then, suddenly, for no logical reason, she had let him fuck

her anyway – offered herself to him, cumming on his cock and letting him do the

same inside of her. What had changed? What is going on?? And even worse…he

wanted to do this every week? Regularly? Oh God… Trisha felt like a robot, going

through the motions, gathering her books and her bag.

"I'll see you tomorrow Trisha. You should be ready to stay late."

The cheerleader shuddered as she left the classroom. She was alone in the

hallway; everyone else had gone home. I'm a good girl…she thought, desperately,

trying to reassure herself. I'm a good girl…how could I have done something like

this? This can't be real…this can't be happening to me. She struggled to keep

her composure as she walked down the hall, her legs and her ass aching. Her

pussy was flooded with her own juices and with Mr. Braun's cum, soaking through

her panties, starting to dribble down her legs as she walked. If anyone had been

around to see her, they could have seen something faintly glistening, poking out

from the bottom of her swishing skirt, running down her leg –a thin trail of her

teacher's seed.

Good Girl vs. Slut Ch. 04

Two Weeks Later…

"Mmmf…ugh…yeah, Trisha…" Mr. Braun's grunts were harsh and breathless. Trisha

closed her eyes and grimaced.

The teenager was on her hands and knees, sprawled across her teacher's desk. Her

cheerleader's skirt and top were in a crumpled pile on the floor, discarded. Her

unhooked bra was hanging from her shoulders, flopping uselessly as Trisha was

rocked back and forth. Her panties had been hastily pushed to one side.

Trisha turned her head to glance behind her. Mr. Braun was sweating profusely,

his greedy eyes fixed on the naked cheerleader in front of him. Both of his

hands were painfully gripping her around the waist, rocking her back and forth,

jamming her against his tool. He continued to fuck her doggy-style, his hips

slapping as they collided with her ass.

"Uhh…yeah…fuck…"

Trisha felt one of Mr. Braun's hands on the inside of her thigh, raising her leg

sideways off of the desk, giving him more leverage. He continued to piston into

her, harder and faster with every stroke. The cheerleader's brown hair bounced

across her back and down her shoulders, her tits swayed in rhythm with her tiny

body. Mr. Braun kept a tight grip on her leg, and her raised foot flopped

helplessly about as she let him plunge in and out of her. Perched on his desk,

her legs stretched and open to him, the cheerleader closed her eyes, reluctantly

letting Mr. Braun take her.

"Oh God…ohh..I'm gonna…"

No…no, please, not inside…The words rang out in Trisha's head but she knew there

was no use in calling them out. Mr. Braun always came inside her, and refused to

wear a condom. His hands tensed now, one planted on her slim waist, the other

clenching her hoisted leg, so hard now that it was painful. Behind her, Mr.

Braun was moaning and heaving, still jamming into her, rocking the cheerleader's

body against his own. She heard his moans grow as he got closer and closer, and

she kept her eyes tightly shut, waiting for the familiar feeling of his cock

throbbing and pulsating in her, waiting for his seed…

"Trisha!"

The cheerleader awoke with a start. It took her a moment to regain her senses

and realize where she was; Mrs. Dunkel's Biology class, in the back row. The

room was darkened and the teacher was still showing her slides of plant cells.

No one had noticed that Trisha had dozed off except for her friend Mandy.

"Are you okay?" Mandy whispered from her desk, leaning over the aisle. "You were

muttering something. I was afraid everyone would hear you."

"Umm…yeah…" Trisha rubbed her eyes and ran a hand through her hair. "Yeah, I

just had a bad dream."

Mandy nodded and went back to taking notes. Dazed and still a bit sleepy, Trisha

glanced down blankly at her own desk. Each day of the past two weeks had felt

like an eternity, and yet when she thought of them now, they seemed like a blur.

Even now, as she thought of that day two weeks ago, when she had fucked Mr.

Braun for the first time, it already felt like it was in a past life. Three more

times, he had asked her to stay afterwards, always threatening her with another

bad grade or failed test. Three times, Trisha had vowed to herself that she

would put an end to it, that she would refuse to be blackmailed by a teacher.

She would just accept the grade; or maybe, she would just go and tell the whole

thing to the principal. But three times, Trisha couldn't bring herself to do it.

She had resigned to it, stripping off her clothes, not even bothering to find a

way out of it like the first time, letting her teacher spread her across the

desk or on the floor, letting him pound into her and shoot his spunk into her

twat.

The cheerleader lowered her head and closed her heavy eyes, wracking her brain

once more for a way out. But there was nothing. She felt tired, trapped, and

abused. Worst of all, though, was the slight dampness in the crotch of her

jeans, warm and sticky, indicating that her dream had done more than just make

her mutter. It was this part of her – the carnal, uncontrollable part of her,

the part that had made her cum the first time when she didn't want to have sex

at all– that scared and humiliated her most of all. She still blushed at the

thought of it. What a slut I am…Mr. Braun made me cum. I didn't even want to

fuck him, and somehow he made me cum.

The bell rang. Mrs. Dunkel turned on the lights and everyone gathered their

things to leave. Trisha and Mandy filed out with the rest of the class.

"Geez, Trisha, this is the third time this week you've fallen asleep in Bio."

Trisha nodded as the two walked down the crowded hallway. "I know, I know. It's

awful. I just…I've just been so busy…"

Mandy nodded, sympathetic. "Too much homework?"

Trisha swallowed softly, and smiled at her friend. "Yeah…that, and some

other…things."

Mandy gave her a friendly hug. "Well, get some sleep, okay? I'm getting sick of

having to wake you up every day!"

Trisha smiled. "Yeah, I will." Just then, Britney, the head cheerleader, walked

past them in the hall, her high-heeled boots clacking on the floor. She was

wearing a light pink blouse with white buttons, but all of them were undone

except for one, across her midriff. The head cheerleader's massive chest burst

out against the fabric, looking as if it might pop the button at any moment; her

lacy red bra was clearly visible through the thin blouse. Mandy's lips tightened

as she watched Britney turn the corner, then she whispered in Trisha's ear, "You

won't believe what I heard about her today."

Trisha's face perked up. She always loved gossip, even when she was feeling as

terrible as now. "What?"

"Well…you won't believe this, but…some of the Varsity cheerleaders were talking

about it. They said that she's filming herself in the boy's locker room, you

know…" Mandy made a face. "…masturbating!"

Trisha's face flinched involuntarily; Britney was probably doing it with the

exact same dildo that Trisha had stolen out of her locker a few weeks ago.

"Really??"

"Yeah! And I heard that afterwards she sells the videos to some weird guy. It's

so gross! I heard she waits until 8th period so no one will bother her. And then

– oh shoot!"

The school bell had just rang. Mandy waved at Trisha and turned to race off to

her English class. "See ya Trisha!"

Trisha waved back. "Bye!" She watched as Mandy disappeared down the hall, then

turned to face the door of the classroom they had stopped in front of. She took

a deep breath. On the front of the door, small black letters clearly read: Mr.

Braun. AP History. Slowly, dreading every second of it, Trisha opened the door.

Mr. Braun was sitting at his desk, and she could feel his gaze on her, steady

and focused, as she quietly walked to her desk. The rest of the students were

loud and animated, chatting across the room, casual, like it was any other day.

Finally, though, the cheerleader couldn't avoid it any longer; she stole a

glance at her teacher, and saw him still staring at her. His eyes were hungry

and greedy, eyeing her petite body, her sloped shoulders draped with wavy brown

hair, her firm round breasts, tight against the fabric of her T-shirt, ample and

curvy in contrast to her slender frame. Trisha could almost see his mind

whirling away, mentally undressing her, ripping off her jeans, tearing away her

bra and panties. She shamefully looked away, crossing her arms tightly over her

chest, as if somehow that could protect her from Mr. Braun's leering stare. Her

face flushed and she closed her eyes in shame. Mr. Braun was insatiable; she

knew he would make her stay after class today. And there was no way out. Nobody

could help her, because nobody…wait!

Trisha's eyes flashed open as she remembered what Mandy had said, and a thought

came to her. Of course, there was no way she could tell her parents, or any of

her friends. I would die before I'd let them know! God…what they would say about

me! But Britney…now there's a thought. If there was one girl who wouldn't judge

Trisha for sleeping with a teacher, it was definitely Britney. I mean…she's

probably slept with half the teachers at this school! And the rumor that Mandy

had just told her…Britney filmed herself during 8th period…the period after AP

History. Maybe…maybe if she went to Britney and talked to her about Mr.

Braun…maybe she could help figure out something to do…

No way! Trisha shook her head. She hardly even knew Britney; how could she

possibly ask her for help in a situation like this? Still…she's so experienced

in stuff like this, she could probably give me some advice …but I can't!

"Quiet down, class, quiet down, please." Mr. Braun had stood up. "Please open

your books and start reading Chapter 12. I trust you all did your homework."

Trisha watched as her teacher turned to return to his desk, but before he

reached it, he turned back to face the class, and announced, "Oh, and I almost

forgot. Trisha, please see me after class about your extra credit. You'll have a

new assignment."

Trisha's face turned red with humiliation, and she slunk down in her chair,

trying her best to become invisible. A couple students in the front row had

turned in their seats to stare at her. That's it…she told herself, furious and

embarrassed. I have to get out of this…no matter what it takes…

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"Well, Trisha?"

The rest of the class had gone, and it was just her and Mr. Braun, sitting

across from each other, his eyes greedy and hungry. "Aren't you going to get

started? It's time for your extra credit."

Trisha watched in horror as her teacher stood up and began to unbuckle his belt.

No…not again…this isn't what I meant to happen. I just wanted a good grade.

Desperately, she looked around the room, trying to figure out what to do, what

to say.

"Mr. Braun, please…"

Her teacher looked up. "Yes, what is it, Trisha? You're not going to try to

dissuade me again, are you?" He let out an evil laugh.

The cheerleader's eyes were fixed on the floor. She had no idea what would

happen; she didn't even know if Britney would be there. But anything was better

than this…anything…

"No, but…Mr. Braun…I mean…Joe, maybe we should go somewhere else."

"Somewhere else? What do you mean?"

"I mean…" Trisha struggled to find an excuse. "Somewhere…dirtier." She flashed

him her best attempt at a seductive smile. "Somewhere private, where we can do

whatever we want."

Mr. Braun grinned at her, then began to rebuckle his pants. "Lead the way,

Trisha. I was wrong about you, you know. I always thought you were the good

girl."

Trisha nodded as she led him out of the classroom, heading towards the boys'

locker room. I was wrong about me, too…

They arrived at the locker room a few minutes later, Trisha leading the way,

peeking her head into the door to make sure no one could see them. It appeared

empty. She motioned Mr. Braun in. His teacher was grinning at her, still finding

it hard to believe that a cute cheerleader like Trisha would really want to fuck

in the boys' locker room. The cheerleader tried to act casual as she walked past

each aisle of lockers, frantically hoping that Britney was there. Aisle after

aisle, they walked, seeing only empty benches and discarded football gear. With

each step, Trisha's heart sank and her stomach lurched. She's…not here…

"Well, Trisha, I –"

Mr. Braun stopped in mid-sentence. Trisha stopped too. They had both heard the

same thing – a soft, straining moaning. A girl's moan. The cheerleader's teacher

looked down at her, confused. Trisha shrugged up at him, pretending not to know

what it was, secretly praying that it was Britney. They tiptoed down the aisles,

stopping as they reached the last one.

And there she was. Britney's tall, beautiful body was sprawled across a bench,

her long smooth legs spread in the air, her curly blonde hair freely splashing

across the bench and onto the floor. Her taut, flat stomach was breathing in and

out as she moaned. She was massaging one of her massive tits; Trisha watched in

amazement as Britney pulled it upwards to her lips, and the head cheerleader

extended her tongue, licking her own boob, flicking at her nipple. Her other

hand was plunging a massive dildo into her pussy, and Trisha immediately

recognized it – the same dildo that she had masturbated with before, the dildo

that had made her late to AP History and gotten her into all this trouble.

Gently, the head cheerleader rocked her gorgeous body back and forth, letting

the toy thrust into her. A camera was set up on a tripod at the end of a bench,

pointed straight down at her twat, catching the entire thing. The head

cheerleader kept moaning, oblivious to the two newcomers, her enchanting blue

eyes staring straight into the camera lens.

"Mmm…oooh…fuck…" Slowly, sensually, Britney ran her hand over her body, starting

at her flushed cheeks and her moaning lips, sliding down her chest and over her

massive globes, across her thin waist and her flared hips. The dildo kept

fucking, plunging deep, and the head cheerleader's juices dribbled down her

crotch.

Trisha's jaw had dropped at the sight, and she had stared in silence as Britney

continued to fuck herself. Mr. Braun, however, was not so subtle. He stopped

mid-step and stumbled backwards, shouting in alarm.

"What the-"

At the sound, Britney whirled around, toppling off the bench, sliding the dildo

out of her pussy as she looked around to find who had spoken.

"Who the fuck…oh." The head cheerleader's eyes fell on Trisha and Mr. Braun, and

she stood up and smiled confidently at them.

"Hey there, Trisha."

Trisha was taken aback. "You…you know who I am?"

"Of course I do, hun. You're on the cheerleading team, aren't you? How's it

going?"

Trisha was amazed. Britney was standing in front of them, completely naked, her

pussy dripping and a soaked dildo in her hand. And yet, she was talking to them

like she had just met them walking down the street.

"Um…"

"What are you doing in the boys' locker room? And who's your friend?" Britney

gestured at Mr. Braun. Trisha turned to see that her teacher's face had gone

limp at the sight of Britney's unbelievable body, his mouth hanging open, his

eyes fixed on her heaving boobs, unable to look away or even to blink.

"You like 'em?" Britney asked, grinning at him. She thrust her chest forward and

wiggled it slightly, and Trisha saw Mr. Braun's eyes widen as Britney's tits

danced back and forth across her chest. The head cheerleader was much taller

than Trisha, at least 5'7", but her frame was just as slender, and her long,

smooth legs were stretched out, slightly bent, as she stood naked on the locker

room floor. Trisha couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy as she marveled at

Britney's body. How does she stay so thin?

"Yeah…yeah I like them…" Mr. Braun sputtered out, his eyes so huge that Trisha

thought they might pop.

Britney glanced at Trisha. "So what's going on, hun? I'm in the middle of a

video shoot, as you can see." She gestured lazily back towards the still-running

camera, and laughed.

Trisha glanced down at her feet. How could she explain this to Britney? "Well,

I…um…I've been doing some…extra credit with Mr. Braun, and-"

"Extra credit? In the boys' locker room?" Britney arched an eyebrow.

Still looking down, Trisha shifted her weight uncomfortably. "Well…I didn't do

so well on a test, so…"

Britney grinned at the nervous JV cheerleader. "Ohhh…I get it. Giving the

teacher a little loving so you can get some back, huh? I've been there. It's

fun." She laughed again

Trisha looked back up, a trifle insulted at Britney's insinuation. "No! It's

not…it's not like that…" But it was, she realized, it was exactly like that, and

as insulted as she felt, she knew that it wasn't justified. Britney is

completely on the mark…she's right about me.

Britney shrugged. "It's not, huh? Well, okay. Then why are you here?"

Trisha hung her head in shame. "I…well…okay, I guess you're right."

"Shit, hun, don't look so depressed. Just tell me what you need."

"I…um…well, I was wondering if you could help out."

The class slut looked confused. "Help out? What, you can't fuck him by

yourself?" Mr. Braun still seemed to be stuck in a daze, and his slackened mouth

gurgled slightly at her words.

"No, it's just…" Trisha looked up at Britney. Her mouth moved soundlessly, her

eyes pleading and close to tears. She was shifting back and forth now, nervous,

unable to explain the situation in front of Mr. Braun. Please…she silently

begged, her desperate gaze fixed on Britney's face. Please help me…

A different look swept over the head cheerleader's face, and Britney suddenly

nodded. "Hmm…let me guess…you want me to join in?" But there was a hidden note

in her voice, and Trisha immediately knew that she understood.

"Y-yes…I thought maybe you'd want to. You know, um…the more the merrier."

Britney grinned. "Yeah, the more the merrier. Sure, hun. That sounds fun. This

dildo's been getting a little boring for me, anyway." The head cheerleader

turned to Mr. Braun. "What do you think, buddy? Want to try out another pussy?"

Mr. Braun gurgled again. "Whaa…yeah….fuck yeah!"

"Well get your clothes off then. Hurry up! Let's fuck!"

Mr. Braun frantically obeyed, unbuckling his belt and ripping his pants off so

fast that he started to trip on them. Trisha looked up at Britney, watching her

laugh. Their eyes met.

"Thank you," she mouthed, her eyes bright and grateful. "Thank you so much."

As Mr. Braun desperately tugged his shirt over his head, Britney leaned down to

whisper in Trisha's ear. "No problem, hun. Cheerleaders gotta look out for each

other, don't they?" She grinned, and Trisha responded with a smile and a slight,

thankful nod.

Mr. Braun had kicked off all of his clothes, and now he was standing, staring at

Britney, his dick rock hard and at attention. The head cheerleader smirked.

"Fast little fucker, aren't you? What are you waiting for? Bring that cock over

here."

Mr. Braun did as he was told, and as soon as he reached her he grabbed her tits,

letting out a groan as he felt the soft flesh, much more than a handful, too

much to squeeze all at once. He massaged them, pushed them back and forth,

watching eagerly as they pressed against each other and bounced in his hands,

following them with his eyes, like a child with two massive pieces of candy.

Britney laughed. "Guess you approve of them, huh?"

"Yeah…yeah…"

The head cheerleader grinned at Trisha as she slowly sank to her knees. Trisha

could only stand where she was, watching in amazement as the class slut slipped

the head of Mr. Braun's dick into her full, pouty lips. Her teacher let out a

shocked, loud groan.

"Holy shit!"

Britney's bright blue eyes winked up at him as she sucked, her tongue gently

running around the tip of his cock, one hand cupping his balls. She continued

like this for a moment, sucking gently, letting him savor the feeling. Then,

without warning, the head cheerleader plunged her head forward, letting his

shaft sink so easily into her lips that it seemed to Trisha that it was

disappearing. Mr. Braun half-gasped and half-choked as Britney throated the

entire length of his rod, her slobbery lips locked around his balls, her nose

pressed against his belly. In spite of herself, Trisha's jaw dropped as she

watched Britney effortlessly slide the dribbling cock out of her mouth, then

plow back forward, gobbling the entire thing down once more, jamming her face

into Mr. Braun's stomach.

"Holy…fuck…Jesus…fuck!" Mr. Braun couldn't seem to string together a sentence as

he gasped for breath, and he reached down to press Britney's head into his hips,

shoving her lips against his balls. The head cheerleader slurped and drooled at

his meat, and Trisha watched in awe as Britney's tongue flicked out from beneath

Mr. Braun's throbbing rod, and began to lightly lick at his balls, making him

twitch as she caressed the soft flesh. Finally, with a slobbery squelch and a

loud gasp, Britney pulled her head off of Mr. Braun's dick, breathing hard.

Trisha remembered her own choking, gasping attempts at deepthroating Mr. Braun,

how it had cut off her breathing entirely. She was astonished at how easily

Britney was doing it. Mr. Braun's hands were still resting on Britney's head,

his cock coated and dribbling with the head cheerleader's drool. He wheezed as

he tried to recover, and Britney smirked up at him.

"Like that, huh?" She reached up with one hand and began to stroke his slick

meat.

"Uh…fuuuck…..yeah…." Mr. Braun closed his eyes and kept moaning as Britney

jacked him off with one hand. The head cheerleader took the chance to glance

over at Trisha, slack-jawed, still standing, frozen. Britney laughed at Trisha's

reaction, and it seemed to jolt the girl out of her daze. Trisha closed her

mouth and lowered her eyes, blushing.

"You ain't seen nothing yet, hun," Britney told Trisha, grinning. Then, she

stood up and walked back over to the bench. A moment later, Britney was on her

hands and knees on the bench, her naked ass and her pink, still-soaked pussy

raised in the air.

"Come on, buddy," she said, turning her head back to smile and wink at him.

"Make me scream."

Mr. Braun rushed forward, placing his hands on Britney's round ass, positioning

himself behind her. With Trisha, he always took his time, relishing the moment,

but now he seemed too eager to control himself. With a single motion, he plunged

his throbbing tool into Britney's cunt, and the force of it sent the head

cheerleader's body sprawling forward, before she bucked back against him and let

out a loud yell.

"FUCK yeah! Fuck me!" Britney stretched out her arms and planted her hands on

the far end of the bench, pushing against it for leverage and jamming herself

into Mr. Braun's hips. The teacher was grunting and groaning now, his hands firm

on Britney's hips, plowing into her with all his might. Each of his hard thrusts

were so powerful; and they were thrusts that Trisha knew so well; that she had

felt herself, countless time, powering into her own teenage cunt. Now, as she

watched Mr. Braun subject Britney to the same treatment, she was amazed by the

fierceness of his fucking. His face was fixed in an animalistic sneer, his gaze

focused on Britney's, round, taut ass, wiggling with the force of his dick

plunging in and out of her twat. His hands were buried deep in Britney's

asscheeks, yanking them toward him, forcing the head cheerleader's stunning,

slender body to engulf his cock.

"That's it, baby! Oh fuck, yeah!" Britney's cries were mixed with Mr. Braun's

moans and the fleshy slap of his balls smacking against her pussy. The head

cheerleader's back was rigid and arched, her ass raised to give Mr. Braun better

access to her twat. Her head was turned and she was watching him piston into

her, her long hair flopping with the force of his thrusts. Her eyes were wild

and excited, her pouty lips parted as she wailed.

"Yes! Yes! Just like that!" It occurred to Trisha, as she watched Britney throw

and buck herself against Mr. Braun's shaft, that the head cheerleader might be

faking her pleasure, simply for Mr. Braun's enjoyment. But she couldn't be sure:

Britney was so convincing, with her body stiff and squirming against him, her

eyes bright, her cheeks flushed. And either way, it seemed to have worked on Mr.

Braun. Trisha's teacher was throwing his entire weight into fucking the head

cheerleader, his hips jamming back and forth like a machine, his entire shaft

disappearing into Britney's cunt. The force of each thrust rocked the

cheerleader across the bench, but she would always catch herself and buck back

against him, and the slam! of their hips colliding reverberated through the

empty locker room.

"Ahhh…fuuuuck…" Mr. Braun groaned as he pumped into her, sweat now dripping down

his face. Britney grinned back at him and let out a loud moan of her own. The

head cheerleader had started out kneeling on the bench, but now she rearranged

herself, straddling the bench and planting both feet on the floor. She kept her

hands placed on the far end of the bench and had her knees sharply bent; now,

she was leaning into Mr. Braun, putting the entire weight of her body into

bucking against his cock, pushing with her legs and her arms, fucking with all

her might. Mr. Braun responded by bending over her, grabbing her by the

shoulders, helping Britney jam her body into his cock with even more force,

letting her impale herself on his meat. Britney's head was hanging, her hair

spilling over the bench, her entire body thrown into fucking the teacher, and

she let out a loud scream.

"Yes!!! Oh fuck yes!!!" She was leaning all of her body into Mr. Braun's hips,

her legs straining and her ass sticking out far behind her. With each thrust,

Trisha was almost certain that she would topple over, but she kept her balance,

powering her ass deep against the teacher, and his dick speared into her, thick

and hard, piercing and stretching her dripping pussy. The power of their fucking

was so strong that Trisha could see it rippling through Mr. Braun's thigh

muscles and Britney's slender legs.

All of a sudden, Trisha realized it. This is my fantasy…she thought. It was

always the same, whenever she masturbated, the same fantasy that she played over

and over in her head: some random stranger, fucking her, in some random room, in

some random encounter. No matter what, that image never failed to get her off.

It was the fantasy that she had played through her mind when she masturbated

with Britney's dildo two weeks ago…and now, Britney was re-enacting that fantasy

in real life for her, recklessly and wildly fucking a teacher that she had just

met. A stranger and a girl, fucking in a room, not even knowing each other or

what they're doing there…just a random, dirty, nasty fuck. Britney doesn't even

know who Mr. Braun is. And yet, here she was, yelling out slutty words as she

slammed her body against his dick, not even caring that Trisha was still there,

watching.

Absentmindedly, one of Trisha's hands pressed through the fabric of her jeans,

against her crotch, and the cheerleader gasped as she realized that she was

soaking wet. It was wrong, it was so wrong, but…watching them fuck had turned

her on. Just like my fantasy…she said to herself, over and over, and her pussy

was aching now, wet and tender, desperately crying out to be touched.

Britney had raised her head, and Trisha could see now that her eyes were closed,

her mouth slackened and open as she moaned her pleasure, her body powering into

Mr. Braun's hips, her pussy swollen and filled with Mr. Braun's shaft. Trisha's

hand snuck to the zipper of her jeans, and without even thinking, the

cheerleader undid the button and yanked the zipper down. Now, she slipped her

hand down her jeans, under her panties, her body flushing with anticipation as

her fingertips slowly snaked down the smooth skin of her crotch.

Ohh…ohh…right…there!

Trisha's entire body went rigid as her fingers parted her wet pussy lips, gently

massaging them. Standing off to the side against the lockers, Trisha now

slightly spread her legs, burying her hand deeper into her panties, kneading her

eager flesh. She was barely even aware of what she was doing; all she could

think about was Britney and Mr. Braun, and the way they so closely matched her

wildest fantasies, and the eager, unquenchable fire that was slowly spreading

through her pussy.

And so Trisha didn't notice when Britney, panting and red in the face, turned

her head to see the JV cheerleader standing to the side, her eyes glazed, her

legs spread and stiff, her hand gently grinding against her crotch. Mr. Braun

had forgotten about Trisha now; he was focused only on plunging into Britney's

soft, tender twat. But Britney carefully watched, with a curious glint in her

eyes, as Trisha continued to gently rock and moan

Trisha's eyes were closed now, and although she was still listening to Britney's

squeals and the loud slaps of their fucking, she was off in her own world. She

was biting down gently on her lower lip, her hand working away at her own pussy.

Her face was overcome with pleasure, but it was mixed with a kind of tense

reluctance. Britney recognized it immediately; Trisha was ashamed of it, and she

resisted it, but in the end, the girl couldn't help but give in to her own

desperate horniness. The head cheerleader grinned and watched Trisha timidly

masturbate only for a moment longer. Then, she turned her head back to Mr. Braun

and let out a scream, even louder than before.

"Come on, baby! I want your cum! Cum for me, baby!"

Trisha's eyes flew open, and she saw them still bucking furiously, Britney's

entire body bent and rigid as she plowed herself into Mr. Braun. Britney's words

raced through her, exciting and thrilling her, and her fingers dug deeper into

her own twat, kneading into her aching flesh. Her screams just grew louder…is

she about to cum?

Just then, Trisha thought she caught a flicker in Britney's eyes; the head

cheerleader had glanced over at her. Did she just…look at me? Trisha's mouth

widened in shock. She was acutely aware of what she was doing, now that someone

else's attention was focused on her, but it didn't even matter; she couldn't

stand it any longer. Her pussy was drenched and aching, and she plowed her hand

even further into her panties. Her fingers were slippery with her wetness,

sliding up and down and across the ridges of her twat, burrowing into the soft,

tender crease of her cunt, sending tiny shockwaves of pleasure racing through

her body. For an instant, each wave seemed to relax her body, to free her from

the desperate, wild lust she felt radiating through her. But the next instant,

the need, the ache, it all returned, and Trisha could only rub her hand even

harder against her soaked pussy.

"Oh FUCK yeah! Pound that pussy! Pound it hard!" Britney was screaming so loud

now, her frenzied voice echoing across the rows of lockers, her chest heaving.

Incredibly, she sped up her wild bucking, throwing her body back and forth,

plowing her dripping twat against Mr. Braun's dick. Her hair and her tits

flailed, and Trisha thought she saw, once more, the head cheerleader's eyes

flicker over in her direction. It was almost as if Britney was gauging Trisha's

reactions, as if she was putting on a show for Trisha's benefit.

"YEAH! FUCK ME!" Britney kept screaming, and as she thrashed and fucked, she

reached a hand backwards, and with a stinging SMACK, spanked her own ass, her

fingers spread wide, clutching at her own jiggling buttcheek. She did it one

more time: SMACK! Already, Trisha could see the bright red handprint forming on

the head cheerleader's ass. For some reason, Britney's move turned on her on

even more, and the JV cheerleader couldn't help digging her other hand down her

panties, fitting a second set of fingers among the first, this time gently

tweaking the swollen button of her clit. She was breathing hard now, as she

watched. Britney's entire body was sharply arched and her ass was still stuck

out, powering into Mr. Braun's dick as she continued to spank herself. Mr. Braun

was now drenched in sweat, and from the crazed look on his face, he wouldn't

last much longer against Britney's wild fucking.

SMACK! Another hard spank. "Come on, buddy! FUCK me!" SMACK! "Fuck that tight

little pussy!"

SMACK! "Ughhh…okay...I'm gonna…oh God…"

Just as with Trisha, Mr. Braun pistoned his hips deep into Britney's, burying

his throbbing dick in her twat, ready to shoot his load deep inside of her. His

hands were tight on her now-bright red ass. But the head cheerleader was faster

than him. She wriggled out of his grasp, and leaned her body forward at the same

time as she reached back and grabbed his exposed cock with one hand. Mr. Braun

didn't even have time to be shocked, because his climax had already started. As

Britney jacked him off, his cum shot forth, flying through the air and

splattering across Britney's swollen ass, gooey white against bright, fleshy

red. His seed kept coming, spurting as his cock throbbed, thick ropes of cum

that stretched across the entire globe of Britney's butt, slowly beginning to

dribble down the backs of her thighs. Finally, when Mr. Braun seemed to be out

of cum, Britney gently squeezed the tip of his dick with her thumb and her

forefinger, milking it, wiping the extra cum off and catching it in her

fingertips. Then, she raised her arm back up in the air.

SMACK! Once more, Britney spanked herself. This time, though, the sound was not

only hard and snapping; it included a wet squelch, as the head cheerleader's

hand slapped the cum that was coating her. Trisha's eyes widened as she stared.

Britney raised her hand for another spank, and Trisha could see that her

teacher's seed had been splattered all over Britney's backside; what were once

fat lines of spunk were now a sticky, gooey mess. Again, with a wet SMACK,

Britney spanked herself, and this time, she smeared her hand across her bright

red ass, spreading the white spunk everywhere. Some of it stuck to her

fingertips as she caressed her hoisted butt; more of it dribbled down her

generous curves, coating her in a thin, glistening film of cum.

Trisha didn't even know it, but both of her hands were working furiously now as

she watched, one rubbing frenziedly at her pussy lips, sliding the fingertips in

and out of her tender twat, the other massaging her clit with equal fervor, back

and forth and up and down. As one, her entire body was straining against the

pleasure radiating through her pussy; her legs and arms were painfully rigid,

her feet sharply curved as she raised herself onto her tip-toes. She was panting

now, slack-jawed, as she watched Britney oil her ass with Mr. Braun's seed. Wow…

Trisha glanced at Britney's face; she wanted to see the head cheerleader's

expression as she played with Mr. Braun's juices. But she received a huge shock.

Britney was starting right at her; her eyes focused on her body as she

masturbated, her face fixed in a curious, slightly amused expression. For a long

moment, the two cheerleaders were frozen, watching each other, Trisha's hands

still buried in her panties, Britney's hands still caressing her cum-coated

butt. Finally, Trisha tore her eyes away, and though she kept her fingertips

buried in her soaked pussy, she stopped her frantic rubbing. At last, her shame

seemed to have risen once more, overtaking her lust.

Britney stood up then, and her gorgeous, flushed body stretched out in front of

Trisha as she walked forward. Her ass was still bright red and glistening with

Mr. Braun's seed. The head cheerleader stopped in front of Trisha, looking down

at her, still looking partially curious and partially amused. Finally, she

licked her lips, grinned, and leaned down to whisper.

"You're pretty hard to read, Trisha. You're not what I expected."

Trisha blinked at her. She doesn't understand why I would try to get out of

having sex with Mr. Braun, and then would get off at watching him fuck someone

else. She opened her mouth to respond, but nothing came out. Come to think of

it…why DID I get off watching them have sex?

But she didn't have time to come up with an answer. Mr. Braun, who had sank to

the floor of the locker room in his exhaustion, had suddenly stood up, his

finger to his lips.

"Did you hear that?" he whispered. The three of them froze where they were,

listening intently. After a moment, Trisha heard it. Footsteps. They were faint

and distant, but they were unmistakable.

"Someone's coming!" she gasped, softly. Britney quickly shushed her.

A voice called out. "Hello? Is someone here?" It was the principal!

"Shit!" Britney whispered, and in a blur, she had disappeared around the corner,

grabbing the camera off the bench and sprinting into one of the locker room's

bathroom stalls. She was distinctly unconcerned with her clothes and dildo on

the floor, but for some reason, she didn't want to be seen with the camera.

More footsteps. "Hello? I thought I heard something."

Still in shock, still with both hands buried in her jeans, Trisha turned to see

Mr. Braun wrenching open the window, climbing through it with surprising

agility.

"Wait, Mr…."

"Trisha!" The principal was standing at the end of the aisle, looking completely

shocked. He could still see the figure of Mr. Braun, but the teacher was facing

away from him, running across the field, fleeing the scene. Britney had also

hidden herself well, and so it was only Trisha, alone, her jeans still

unbuttoned, standing in the middle of the scene. The two piles of clothes and

the fat, long sex toy on the floor were unmistakable.

"Principal Johnson, I…I…"

"Trisha, I…I can't believe this! That man…you and…he were…"

"Principal, no…please…"

"Let's go, Trisha. Right now. Put your clothes on. We're going to my office."

Trisha obeyed him, her lip trembling, her entire body weak with terror. Out of

the corner of her eye, she saw a flicker of feet moving behind one of the

bathroom stall doors. She could tell the principal, she realized. Britney was

trapped in one of the stalls, she could rat her out, get them both into trouble.

But could she really do that, after Britney had helped her out?

"Well, Trisha? What are you waiting for?

Trisha looked up. "…No…n-nothing, Principal Johnson. I'm sorry." She hastily

buttoned up her jeans, and followed the principal out of the locker room,

without a word.

Good Girl vs. Slut Ch. 05

Trisha sat quietly in the chair across from the principal, frozen with fear.

What was going to happen to her? To be caught in the boys' locker room like

that…and by the principal! She hadn't even been having sex – it was only Britney

and Mr. Braun – but it didn't matter. Principal Johnson was a huge man, strong

and imposing, and with a mean-looking face; he was well-suited for his job. He

was always intimidating to most of the students, and the cheerleader was no

exception. Right now he was sitting across from Trisha, staring straight at her,

his hands resting on his desk. Oh God…will he force me to tell him the entire

thing? What I've been doing with Mr. Braun? That I did it all to get a good

grade? She trembled slightly, clutching her hands together.

"Trisha, this is a very big deal. I can't believe that I caught you doing

something like this. You don't seem like that kind of a girl."

Trisha hung her head. "I…I know. I just…"

"You're a good student, you work very hard. Everyone on the cheerleading squad

seems to like you. Trisha, I would have thought that you were a very good girl."

Trisha tried to protest. "Please, Principal…I just-" But she didn't know what to

say. She couldn't tell him why they were in the locker room; she couldn't tell

him that she had been having sex with Mr. Braun. After that, what was left?

"Evidently, you are not a very good girl."

Trisha couldn't think of anything to say, so she kept still, her face red with

shame.

"I think it goes without saying that you will be punished for what I've caught

you doing. Can you think of an appropriate punishment for what you did? Hmm?"

The cheerleader looked up at the principal. He was still staring straight at

her.

"Umm…I don't…know."

"Well, speak up. Suggest something."

"I could…umm…I could go to detention, I guess."

The principal quickly shook his head, and barked out a laugh, making the

cheerleader jump in her chair. "Trisha, detention is for the students who run in

the hallways, or who talk during study hall. Detention is something very normal

for a student, and what you did is clearly not normal." He fixed his gaze on her

again, and Trisha thought for a moment that there was something strange about

his look.

"Well…um…I...mean…you could suspend me?" Trisha was too scared and frazzled to

think of anything else to say. He won't stop staring at me…he must be really

mad. What is he going to do to me…?

"Suspension isn't enough, Trisha." He shook his head a second time, still

staring at her, and the frightened cheerleader winced. "You must understand that

what you did is very, very wrong. You are going to have to be appropriately

punished. We should come up with a proper punishment for what you did, don't you

think?"

"Umm…okay." Trisha looked down at her lap. Her T-shirt was a bit wrinkled, her

jeans hastily buttoned. Even as she looked down, Trisha could feel the

principal's eyes on her, blazing right at her. Suddenly, Trisha began to feel

uncomfortable. Principal Johnson wouldn't stop staring at her…what is he

thinking about…? She risked a glance up at the principal and saw that his gaze

was still fixed on her, but now it was starting to lower, directed at her body

and not her face. There was definitely something strange about it.

Instinctively, the cheerleader straightened out her blouse, pulling it down and

making sure it covered her midriff. She crossed her legs, too, very tightly, and

looked up just in time to see the principal's gaze following her legs as they

moved.

"Maybe…I should be suspended for longer, I guess…" Her voice was strained now,

and slightly desperate.

Principal Johnson stood up, and then, for the first time, Trisha saw it. That

strange glint in his eyes, it was animalistic, carnal. A glint of evil.

"No, no, darling. You're still not understanding. I caught you having sex in the

locker room. You need a proper punishment for that."

Trisha looked up at him with a confused look on her face, but she was starting

to realize what he wanted. She saw the look again in his eyes; a desire to take

her, to fuck this young girl, who he probably thought was just the regular high

school slut. He thought he had seen her having sex with another teacher, and now

he felt entitled to the same service. Involuntarily, Trisha's hands went to her

lap, as if they could somehow shield her from Principal Johnson's lust.

Desperately, she continued to feign innocence. "What…what do you mean, Principal

Johnson?"

"What, Trisha, you're still not getting the idea?"

Trisha swallowed, hard. No…I get the idea more than you know…

"I want you to fuck me liked you fucked Mr. Braun."

Trisha gasped. He knew it was Mr. Braun?"

"Yes, dear, that's right. I saw you. Both of you. I saw what a little slut you

are. And I want you to ride up and down on my dick and tell me how much you love

it. I want you to act like the dirty little slut you are."

Trisha looked up in horror at his words. Half of her was rife with indignation

and anger at his words – she wasn't a slut! Not like Britney, anyway. Mr. Braun

forced me into it! But the other half of her was overcome with horror. Principal

Johnson was such a powerful man, and he could easily force himself upon her. She

shivered in fear at the thought; it was as if her entire body was radiating with

terror. Frazzled, she tried to think of the best way to call for help, but the

principal seemed to read her mind.

"The door is locked, Trisha. And the secretary is away on an errand. She's the

only one that could hear you."

Trisha shivered again. "Principal Johnson, I-I'm…I'm not that kind of girl. I

just…you have the wrong idea."

Principal Johnson barked out a laugh. "The wrong idea? Who are you trying to

fool, Trisha, me or you?" The principal was massaging his crotch now, eyeing the

young cheerleading up and down with hungry eyes. "Out of nowhere, your grades in

Mr. Braun's class start shooting up. I figured you were just trying harder, but

I should have known better, shouldn't I? You were really just fucking him in the

boys' locker room this entire time. Don't try to convince me, Trisha. I know

what a slut you are."

"No…no, that's not true…" Trisha closed her eyes and fiercely shook her head,

but the words pierced through her like a knife. Feelings of fear, desperation,

and humiliation bubbled up inside her, growing until she felt like she would

burst. "Please, Principal Johnson…"

"No pleading. I've already made my decision. This is your punishment. This is

the punishment of a slut."

Trisha shuddered at the word. Is he right? Am I a slut? Am I as bad as Britney?

"Please, Professor…I don't… I don't want to." Why is he doing this to me?

"All right, Trisha, that's enough. Get up." Principal Johnson was apparently

getting impatient. He walked around the desk to her chair, standing next to her,

waiting for her to obey.

Terrified, Trisha found herself glued to the seat, unable to move, her trembling

hands clutching the edge of her chair. This was so different than the first time

with Mr. Braun; he had been so hesitant, and it had been Trisha who finally had

to make the move. But Principal Johnson was so frightening, demanding sex from

her, insulting her, threatening her. She looked up at him. "Principal,

please...I'm not that kind of girl! I just want to be treated like everyone

else."

"Trisha, I told you to get up. Take off your jeans. I won't ask again."

"Please, Principal…please just let me –"

"I said GET UP!" With frightening power and speed, Principal Johnson seized

Trisha by the arm and yanked her to her feet. The petite cheerleader squealed in

terror as he grabbed her around the waist, squeezing her tender flesh, handling

her like a weightless doll. His powerful hands turned her towards his desk and

shoved her body against it, her hips painfully colliding with the front edge of

his desk. Trisha let out another cry of fear and pain as Principal Johnson

shoved her face down, forcing her to bend over the desk at the waist, leaving

her butt shamefully vulnerable to him. The cheerleader's hair spilled out across

his computer's keyboard. Her hands desperately clawed at the air as she tried to

free herself, but he had one hand firmly planted between her shoulders, pinning

her. Grinning to himself, he slid his free hand up the side of one of her

slender, trembling thighs.

"Oooh…You've got such a tight body, Trisha."

"Please, don't…please…" Trisha struggled, trying to wriggle her upper body out

from under him. She kicked her legs away from his hand, but he grabbed them and

held them still. Trisha let out a loud whimper as Principal Johnson positioned

himself behind her, feeling the rub of his bulging crotch against the seat of

her jeans. Then, she felt his hand fumbling around her waist, trying to reach

the zipper of her jeans. Whimpering, Trisha desperately twisted away from his

grasp, but he grabbed the waistband of her pants and pulled her back towards

him.

With a single motion, he snatched the button of her jeans and ripped hard, and

the cheerleader winced at the snap as it popped off. Still pinned to the desk,

she could only struggle and kick as he began to tug her jeans down to her knees.

She felt his hand slide up her bare legs and under the globes of her exposed

ass, and she shuddered in fear and disgust. Why is this happening? How could he

treat her like this? Her head spun as she desperately struggled. She had gone to

the boys' locker room to get out of having sex with Mr. Braun…now she was about

to be raped by Principal Johnson. No! She kept begging.

"Please, Principal, I want to leave!"

"Shut up, Trisha." The hand kept squeezing, massaging her tender ass.

"No, no…please…"

"Shut UP you BITCH!" The hand slid out from under her legs, and a later, Trisha

felt it grab a large handful of her hair. She yelped loudly in pain as her head

was yanked up, the rest of her body still pinned. She felt Professor Johnson's

mouth inches from her ear.

"You shut your mouth, you god damn whore, you got that? You're going to take it

like a good little slut. Don't fucking ask me to stop again. Do you understand?"

Trisha burst into tears, her cries of pain becoming sobs of humiliation. This is

really going to happen, she realized. Principal Johnson was not a man, he was an

animal, and to him Trisha was just a body to be fucked, just a pleasurable hole

to be pounded with his dick. Her lips trembled, and she let out another

frightened yelp as Principal Johnson viciously shoved her head back down onto

the desk. Whimpering and sobbing, the cheerleader let her head sag, and she

closed her eyes and grimaced as she felt his hand at her ass once more, slipping

beneath the top of her panties. He forcefully yanked them down to her knees

along with her pants, exposing her pink, tender twat. Now her legs were pinned

together, and she could only squirm her waist back and forth.

"Mmm…this looks so hot and tight. I'm gonna enjoy stretching you out, darling."

Trisha twisted at his words, but to no avail. Principal Johnson had her trapped,

the weight of his body pressing her against the desk, forcing her to bend over

for him. He slipped a finger of his free hand into her light pink twat, feeling

the soft flesh. As her cunt slowly slid open to accept him, the cheerleader's

entire body trembled with shame.

"Please, Principal…please…" Trisha kept sobbing, but now her voice was

different; softer, and more distant. She had stopped struggling too, for the

most part; her legs still twitched away from his touch, but that was it. Johnson

chuckled. The girl had given up. She knew that this was going to happen; she had

resigned to him fucking her. He let the hand on her back slide up and down her

smooth skin, savoring the feel of her. Plunging his finger in and out of her

warm, tender twat, he leaned down to whisper to the trembling girl.

"Yes, that's it, Trisha. You just lie still and let me pound you like a good

little slut. That's a good girl, no more fighting it. This is what you want,

isn't it?"

Trisha shook her head slightly, tears dribbling down her cheeks, pooling on the

surface of the Principal's desk. "No, I'm not...please…"

"Shh, Trisha. Be a good slut and let Principal Johnson give you his punishment."

His finger was speeding up, fucking her cunt, sliding in and out again. Trisha

felt the knuckles of his hand press up against the lips of her open twat, and

couldn't help but recoil away from them as best as she could, pressing her body

into the desk. She clenched her teary eyes shut.

"Mmm…what a soft little pussy."

Trisha continued to sob, silently now, her body quivering. She felt every thrust

of that terrible finger, rubbing against her love canal, thick and invading.

She felt Principal Johnson's weight shift slightly, and opened her eyes. He was

reaching over her, opening a drawer of the desk. Bent over her principal's desk,

pinned by his weight, being finger-fucked, the cheerleader watched in horror as

he pulled out a small bottle of lotion. Lube…he's lubing himself up. The

realization finally crashed home. Oh my god. The fear rose again in Trisha's

chest, bubbling into her throat. He's really going to fuck me. He really is.

And all of a sudden, her desperation came back to her. This time, she fought

even harder, her body bucking against the weight of his hand, her legs kicking

backwards, her head thrashing back and forth. The hand on her back pushed down

hard, and it was painful, but she fought back, wriggling back and forth, trying

to wrench herself free in any way possible.

"No! No, no! Please, no!"

She struggled with all her might, her entire body whipping one way and then the

other. But Principal Johnson was stronger than her; he was still holding her

down with just one hand. He's so strong… Trisha thought desperately, but she

wouldn't let this happen! Then, all of a sudden, she heard a laugh behind her.

"You stupid little slut! You think you can get away?"

"Please, stop! I don't want to!"

"You know you do, you slut. Just shut up and take it."

The finger slid out of her twat, and there was the sound of a fly unzipping.

Trisha realized he was lubing himself up. With all her might, she gave one final

buck, and for a moment, she felt the force of his hand disappear. She was free!

But then his hand was back, slamming her into the desk, harder this time, and

just like that, all of Trisha's strength melted away. It was replaced by tears,

flowing down her face, red from her desperate effort. Her hair was a mess, her

body sweaty and slick from struggling. But the cheerleader could do nothing but

lie on the desk, sobbing loudly, trembling in fear as she waited.

Principal Johnson smiled. "Good girl, Trisha. Just take it like the good little

whore you are."

"I'm not…I'm not a whore! I'm…"

But Trisha never got to finish the protest. For at that moment, Trisha felt

something large and powerful pressed up against the lips of her twat. It was hot

and smooth, throbbing. She could do nothing but gasp and clutch the desk with

her hands. No! No!

"Oh…shit that's a tight little pussy. So tight for a slut."

Trisha let out a soft squeal. Principal Johnson's dick was absolutely huge, and

if he had lubed up with any lotion, she couldn't tell – it felt like it was

ripping her tiny body apart. She clenched her teeth and eyes shut as she felt

his cock begin to push into her unwilling cunt.

"Holy shit!" Principal Johnson let out a low groan, and continued to push.

Trisha's legs twitched involuntarily as she felt him force himself deeper inside

of her.

"Ow…ow…" the cheerleader's moans came through her clenched teeth, soft and

desperate.

"Yeah…yeah…"

He kept pushing, deeper and deeper, each inch more painful. He was tearing into

her, shredding her tender pussy, splitting her in two with his meat. Each tiny

thrust made the pain even worse.

"Oww….oww…"

An evil grin crept across the principal's face, out of nowhere. Trisha's eyes

were closed, and Principal Johnson's hand was still forcing her down onto the

desk. Maybe if she had seen that grin, she would have known what was about to

happen, but all the cheerleader could do was lie resigned against the desk,

whimpering softly. And so she wasn't ready for what was about to happen, until…

"AAAAAAAHHHHHHHRGHH!!!!!"

With one vicious buck, Principal Johnson had thrust the entire length of his

shaft into the cheerleader's tiny pussy, and Trisha's scream of pain ripped

through her throat, reverberating throughout the room. She kept screaming,

feeling his entire shaft plunged inside of her, tearing into her body. Every

other thought in her mind was gone now, and she felt only the pain of his meat,

stabbing into her unwilling flesh.

"ARRRGH….AAHHHHH!!!"

Johnson kept his dick inside of the cheerleader for a couple seconds, relishing

the feeling of it; her teenage twat clenched around his dick, her body twitching

uncontrollably in pain, his balls pressed against her swollen pussy lips. He

slid out for moment, then back in. It was such a wonderful sight, this hot

teenage cheerleader bent over his desk, her jeans and her panties around her

knees, her body pinned down for him to take. Slowly, he began to fuck her.

"Ahhh! Owwww!!!"

He was going steadily now, in and out, groaning. Her unwilling twat was clamping

down on his dick, trying to accommodate this invader. Trisha's entire body was

flushed with the effort of accepting him, and she continued to squirm as he

plunged deep into her swollen canal.

"God, Trisha, you're so fucking tight."

The cheerleader continued to cry out in pain as Principal Johnson pistoned in

and out of her. With powerful strokes, he slammed against her swollen twat, his

cock stretching her flesh, the weight of his hips painfully pressing against her

slender body. In her terror and shame, the cheerleader could still feel every

inch of his tool, ramming in and out of her swollen pussy, punishing her,

forcing itself onto her tender flesh. She whimpered and cried, but he didn't

stop. Instead, his thrusts grew faster, and deeper, long and hard, plowing his

full length inside her, pounding her with such force that her entire trembling

body would be rocked forward. Then he would pull most of the way out, and her

body would begin to relax, but the next thrust would slam her back against the

desk. Pens and pencils rolled off the table and the desk creaked and groaned

with the weight of Professor Johnson's ferocious assault on Trisha's pussy.

Exhausted and defeated, the cheerleader could fight no more. She rested her body

against the hard wood of the desk, feeling the painful edge jut into her hips as

Principal Johnson continued to slam her body against it. One final, painful cry

ripped out of her.

"PLEASE! Ohhh…it hurts so much!"

And then, suddenly, he stopped. His dick was plunged deep inside of her, so deep

she could feel it throbbing, thick and pressed into her violated twat. But he

had stopped thrusting. What is going on? The desperate cries disappeared from

Trisha's throat, and she raised her head and turned to look at him. The

principal's face was red and sweaty, but his eyes were still greedy, and he was

staring straight at her.

"Talk dirty, Trisha."

Trisha only stared back, silent, partially in shock.

"Tell me how much you like it, you slut. Tell me you like my dick in your pussy.

You'll get wetter that way, you know. Tell me how much you want me to fuck your

brains out." Slowly, he was thrusting again, in and out, his painful rod

punishing her tender body. Trisha closed her eyes and rested her head back down

against the desk. No way, you asshole.

"Did you hear what I said?" His voice as strained and angry, and he was fucking

her again, with the same deep, hard thrusts. Trisha stayed quiet, clamping her

lips shut, still feeling the pain of each thrust. She ignored his question. No

way!

"I TOLD you to talk dirty!" He grabbed her hair and yanked her up again,

prompting another squeal of pain. Pain shot through her neck and her back as she

was pulled upwards, and all of a sudden, without even thinking, the words began

to spew out of the cheerleader's mouth.

"Yes! Yes! Fuck me, Principal Johnson! Fuck me hard!"

"Oh yeah!" The principal let go, obviously satisfied, and Trisha's head

collapsed back down on the desk, still yelling and shouting.

"Fuck that pussy! Fuck my tight little pussy!"

Trisha closed her eyes as the slutty words flowed out of her lips. She knew why

she was saying it; it was to end the pain, and as fast as possible. If she did

what he wanted, he wouldn't pull her hair anymore, he would fuck her faster, he

would cum more quickly. But…why is it so easy for me to say these slutty things?

She winced as the principal's hands gripped tightly on her slender hips, and she

felt him lean over her body once more. Oh God…it doesn't even matter! Just say

whatever he wants! Just get him to cum as fast as possible!

"You like my dick, you bitch? You like it, you little whore?" Principal

Johnson's voice was strained and breathless.

"Yes, yes! Ohh, I love your dick, Principal! I love it fucking in and out of me!

Don't stop! Keep pounding that pussy!"

And he did. With both hands, Principal Johnson grabbed each of Trisha's

asscheeks, and his thrusts suddenly became harder than ever, pumping his entire

length in and out of her painful, swollen cunt. His dick ripped into her, and

Trisha clenched her eyes in pain. It felt like it was about to press against her

kidneys, he was so deep, plunging into her, demolishing her pussy. His groans

were louder now, and his hands clenched down harder on her ass, forcing her to

rock back towards him, taking her with each hard thrust. The sound of his balls

slapping against her pussy rang through the room, so fast now, drowned out only

by his loud groans, and Trisha's desperate cries, egging him on, encouraging him

to pound into her. She thought of the same things that Britney had shouted at

Mr. Braun in the locker room, while she had been watching, so dirty and slutty,

so arousing. I can do that too…she thought desperately to herself. I can do

that…just let it be over!

"Oh my God, yes!" Trisha cried out, her eyes squeezed shut in pain. "Oh, you're

so fucking big, Principal!"

"Does it feel good, you slut? Does it feel good?"

"Yes! Ohh fuck yes, it feels so good! God, I love it! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

The flesh on Trisha's ass wiggled back and forth with each thrust. Her hair

flopped across the desk, a complete mess. The principal's hands were tightly

buried in her ass, his dick powering in and out of her cunt, stretching it,

ripping it, splitting her open only for him to plunge even deeper. But for some

reason, Trisha's shouting seemed to ease the pain for her; his cock in her pussy

was no longer as painful.

"Yeah! You hot little slut! You're such a little slut, aren't you Trisha? Aren't

you?"

"YES!" Trisha's entire body was being rocked back and forth by his fucking, but

she raised her head and screamed out her reply for him to hear. "Yes, I'm just a

dirty little slut! I'm your little slut, Principal, all I want is for you to

fuck me! Fuck me like I deserve!"

His hands continued to shove her ass back and forth, in rhythm with his vigorous

thrusts. The desk was squeaking against the floor – it was sliding with the

force of his pounding, now, and Trisha suddenly realized that her feet weren't

even resting on the floor; they were sliding along with the desk. The entire

weight of her body was pressed against the desk, pinned by his powerful hands

and his pistoning cock.

"Tell me, Trisha! Tell me how much of a slut you are!"

"YES, Principal! I'm such a slutty little whore, Principal! I want your cock so

bad! Fuck that little whore pussy!"

"Yeah, yeah, Trisha! Tell me!"

"I'm such a slut, Principal! I've been fucking Mr. Braun just to get a good

grade! I fucked him, and I sucked his cock, just so I wouldn't fail a test!"

The desk rocked back and forth, drawers clattering in their slots, papers

scattering everywhere, pencils and paper clips dropping to the floor. The

cheerleader was jolted with the motion, her legs swinging back and forth, her

violated body tightly jammed against the hard wood.

"Fuck yeah, you dirty little whore! You nasty girl! Tell me!"

'I came on his cock, Principal! I didn't want to, but it was so good, fucking

me, and I came! I came on his cock! And then…and then I took him to the locker

room, where he could fuck me again!"

"Yeah, yeah, Trisha! Ohhhh Goddd!" She could feel his dick throbbing inside her

swollen, shredded pussy. He was close. Let him finish…please God…let him finish…

"Yes, Principal! Cum inside me! Shoot that load into my little slut pussy! Just

like Mr. Braun! I'm a slut, and I want your cum so bad!!"

"UGHHH!" Principal Johnson's final thrust was hard, powering forward and up, so

strong that the front two legs of the desk were lifted off the ground for a

second, and Trisha's body was lifted with it, her feet dangling, her swollen

pussy filled to the brim with his cock. The desk made a loud, rattling slam as

it came back down, and the cheerleader's entire body shuddered with the impact.

She felt Principal Johnson's cock throb and twitch inside her as he began to

climax. The cum was warm inside her pussy, and it flooded through her. His dick

continued to pulsate with each spurt, and she could feel every single drop,

shooting up through his balls and his shaft and into her tiny twat. She felt

something warm on her pussy lips and realized that the cum was overflowing,

dribbling out of her twat. With a loud, wet squelch, Principal Johnson fully

plunged his dick in and out of her pussy one more time, and then, finally, he

pulled out of her.

Trisha felt his hands lift up from her ass. But the cheerleader laid still

against the desk, silent now, feeling the cum spill out of her pussy, dribbling

down her crotch and onto her thighs. Her eyes were still closed, and her body

was still trembling slightly. She couldn't move. It was over now; she had made

him cum. She had encouraged him, begged him to fuck her just like Britney had

done only an hour earlier, begged him to take her against her will and to cum

inside her unprotected pussy. Now she was free, but she couldn't move. She heard

a sound, and looked up to see that Principal Johnson had collapsed, sweaty and

exhausted, in his desk chair.

"That's a good girl, Trisha," he gasped. "You can go home now."

Slowly, Trisha found the strength to stand up. She felt as if something should

be incredibly different now, that her body should not be the same, but it was.

It was strange, how having sex with Mr. Braun and Principal Johnson was so

similar, and yet they were totally different. Why was it so horrible this time?

What happened? Slowly, carefully, in complete silence, Trisha ran a hand through

her tousled, messy hair, and straightened out her blouse. She paused for a

moment to massage her hips, painful and red from being shoved against the desk.

Then, she gently took hold of her panties and her jeans, still bunched up around

her knees, and slid them delicately back up, over her waist. She could feel the

fabric of her panties grow damp with Principal Johnson's abundant cum as she

turned to walk away, without a word. Should she yell at him? Should she scream

for help? She didn't know, so she didn't say anything, but walked to the door,

took one last moment to make sure she looked decent, and then opened it to

leave.

"I'm glad you took your punishment so well, Trisha."

The cheerleader closed her eyes in shame as she closed his door. When she opened

them, she saw the secretary, sitting at her desk, staring at her. He lied! She

was there the whole time, but from the look on her face, she hadn't heard

anything. How was that possible?

"Is anything wrong, dearie?" The secretary was smiling at her.

Trisha paused, then shook her head. "No, thank you." She started out walking

briskly, but in a moment quickly broke into a run as she fled from his office.

Good Girl vs. Slut Ch. 06

"Trisha...Trisha, wait!"

Barely seconds after practice ended, Trisha burst through the doors of the

locker room, her head down, close to tears. Mandy was half a step behind her.

The rest of the squad filed slowly behind.

"Trisha...it's okay...it's not a big deal!"

Trisha shook her head as she reached her locker and wrenched it open. She had

barely managed it through the day, memories of her encounter with Principal

Johnson still fresh, avoiding Mr. Braun at every turn, barely even able to

concentrate on her work. Now, she had tripped and fumbled her way through

cheerleading practice, so badly that the coach had ended it early.

"God...I'm so terrible at this...I should just quit."

"Trisha!" Mandy affectionately patted her shoulder. "Don't say that! Come on,

you usually nail this routine perfectly! I'm being serious," she added, as

Trisha gave her a doubtful look. "you normally do just fine! Today was just a

bad day, everyone has them! Cheer up!"

Trisha unzipped her cheerleader's blouse and pulled it off, then did the same

with her sports bra. Her breasts jiggled to attention as she bent over and

pulled her gym bag out of her locker. Mandy kept talking.

"Trisha, it'll be okay! I promise!"

Trisha took her bra and her bright green tank top out of her locker, and threw

both of them on. Finally, she turned to face her friend, and offered a smile.

"Yeah...I...I guess. Thanks, Mandy." Mandy is so sweet...and she's such a good

friend. But...if only I could tell her what was really on my mind. Mandy gave

her a smile and turned to her own locker. Trisha wriggled her slender hips back

and forth as she gently tugged her cheerleaders' miniskirt down to her ankles,

stepping delicately out of them and putting them in her locker. She pulled

another skirt out of her bag, a long, light blue one, and tugged it over her

petite legs. She shut her locker and grabbed her bag, turning back to Mandy.

"Hey, Trisha...can I ask you something?" They were walking out of the locker

room now, into the gym parking lot.

"Sure. What's up?"

"Well..." Mandy nervously fingered the belt loop of her jeans. "It's

just...you've just seemed really distant or something these last couple weeks.

Is everything okay?"

"Oh..." Trisha stopped to face her friend. "Um..."

"I mean...you can tell me anything, Trisha. I just...I just wanted to make sure

you're okay."

Trisha's heart did a somersault. She wanted to hug her friend, to thank her a

thousand times for being so sweet and supportive, for looking so worried. She

wanted to tell Mandy everything. But she couldn't. I'm...I'm sorry Mandy. I just

can't deal with you disapproving of me...

Trisha tried to come up with a good excuse. "Well...I mean, I've been getting

really worried about college. Just cause I really want to go to a good school,

but I can't afford it unless I get a good scholarship, and...well...I just don't

think I have the grades for it." She looked at her feet in shame. I can't

believe I'm lying to her like this... but I've got no choice!

Mandy gave her another hug. "Oh, Trisha. Everything will be fine! You'll find

something! You're so smart, I'm sure you'll get into a good school."

Trisha smiled. "Yeah...thanks. I hope so."

"I'm sure you will!" Mandy returned the smile. "Well...see you tomorrow. Don't

worry so much, okay?"

"Okay...thanks, Mandy. See ya." She waved at her friend and started to walk to

her car. As soon as Mandy was out of sight, the tears that had been welling for

so long in Trisha's eyes finally came forth. Dealing with Mr. Braun and

Principal Johnson was hard enough, but now she was lying about it to her best

friend. She silently sobbed, wiping her eyes as she walked. She sped up into a

quick trot now, desperate to get to her car. Finally, she reached it, and was

fumbling in her purse when she heard a voice behind her, making her jump.

"Everything okay, girl?"

It was Britney. She was leaning against the car next to Trisha's, watching with

a casual look.

"Umm...hi, Britney. Everything's fine, thanks." Trisha began to fish for her

keys again.

"What, that's it? Just 'Hi, Britney?' Shit, Trisha. I let you watch me fuck a

teacher, and that's all I get? That's cold!" Trisha looked up to see Britney

smiling at her joke. The head cheerleader was wearing a typical outfit for her –

a miniskirt and tube top. The skirt was short, checkered red-and-black and

pleated. Her legs were also clad in a sheer white pair of stockings; the sexy

schoolgirl. The tube top was tight and black, and tied up around the middle,

exposing a good portion of Britney's taut, curved midriff. Her double-D breasts

bulged out of the top of her shirt, straining to get free of the tight fabric,

and her beach blonde hair fell down to her chest, framing it perfectly. She was

also wearing a pair of black stiletto heels, and Trisha recognized them – they

were at the mall, and she had thought about buying them a few weeks ago, but had

decided not to because she didn't think she could pull off the look. Britney

definitely can, Trisha thought. Out of nowhere, a twinge of envy slid through

her.

"No, it's not that, Britney..."

"Oh, I get it. You don't want to be seen with me. You don't want to be seen with

the class slut. I get it." Britney was still smiling, but Trisha couldn't tell

if she was joking. That wasn't true, really. After all, no one would have

confused them. There was Britney, with a porn star's body, with a miniskirt so

short that her ass almost stuck out the bottom. And then there was Trisha,

petite and cute, pretty but prim, decently clad in a skirt and a tank top.

"No, it's really not that, I'm just..."

"Forget it." Britney shrugged. "I like what I am. If you don't, fuck off." She

started to walk away, her heels clacking against the parking lot's pavement.

"Britney..." Trisha hung her head. She would never be able to tell Mandy, she

knew that. But her secrets were bubbling up inside her, clawing at her insides,

threatening to burst out of her. She had to tell someone. She hardly even knew

the head cheerleader, but somehow, she thought that maybe she would understand.

Britney had stopped, waiting expectantly, still looking casual and unconcerned.

"I...have something I want to tell you." I can't take it any longer...the only

person I can tell this to is Britney. And...and then I just have to hope. So

Trisha told Britney everything – how she had sucked Mr. Braun's cock and

swallowed his cum because she wanted a good grade, how he had pressured her into

fucking him three more times, how she didn't know what to do and didn't know

what came over her when she brought Mr. Braun to the locker room to see Britney.

And how Professor Johnson had raped her after he found them, right in his

office, bending her over his desk and taking her as she whimpered.

Britney listened in silence, leaning against the car until Trisha finished. She

was silent for a long moment after Trisha stopped, so long that Trisha almost

wondered if Britney had even been listening. Finally, the head cheerleader

spoke.

"Well...I'm sorry."

Trisha nodded.

"Principal Johnson...hmm. How did it feel?"

Trisha looked up, shocked. "Wh...what??"

"The sex. How did it feel?"

Trisha was bewildered. "Um....I don't....I don't know. I wasn't even thinking

about it. The whole thing was just so terrible"

The head cheerleader nodded. "And what about with Mr. Braun?"

Trisha paused, staring at her feet as she considered the question. "Well...that

was different, I guess. It wasn't...he was forcing me into it too, but...it

wasn't as rough."

A flicker of a smile passed across Britney's face, but Trisha didn't notice.

"Interesting. So...did it ever feel good, when you were fucking Mr. Braun?"

Trisha looked up, confused. "I...I mean, I told you, Britney...I did that cause

otherwise I was going to fail my test. I..."

"Yeah, I know, I heard you. But you didn't answer my question. Did it feel

good?"

Trisha looked up to meet Britney's gaze. "Well, I mean, it's not like I wanted

to do those things with him, so..."

Britney let out a loud, exaggerated sigh. "Jesus, Trisha. Why does everything

have to be so black and white with you? You can fuck someone just for a grade

and still enjoy it. You can not expect or not want to have sex with someone and

end up enjoying it, too. What's the rule that says you can only like fucking

someone at certain times? If it feels good, then just go with it. So, I'll ask

you one more time, and be honest, hun. Did it feel good?"

Trisha closed her eyes in shame, but somehow, something that she never could

have admitted to Mandy was easy to tell Britney. "...Um...well...y-yes. Yes,

actually, it did feel good. He...he made me cum." She hung her head in shame.

Britney laughed. "Wow...I've never seen someone look so sad about having an

orgasm."

"But it's so terrible!" Trisha blurted out. "I don't understand how it

happened...I couldn't believe it even then. I don't know what came over me." Her

head was still down, embarrassed, mortified.

"I do," Britney said, casually. "It's simple. You're a slut."

Trisha's head whipped back up. "What??" In an instant, Trisha's shame had

vanished, and the cheerleader was only furious at Britney's words. She could

barely sputter out an angry retort. "How...how can you...you're...you're one to

talk!!"

Britney laughed again. "Honey, honey...you misunderstood me! I'm not insulting

you. It's a good thing. It's the truth. You love sex, Trisha, you can't get

enough of it, and even when you don't want to you end up craving it. There's

nothing wrong with that, hun, but you have to accept it, not work against it."

"That's...that's ridiculous! How dare you!"

Britney's smile faded slightly; she seemed to finally realize how angry Trisha

was. "Okay," she said, much more seriously. "Fine. Let me show you a video." She

slung her gym bag off of her shoulder and began to rummage through it. Still

livid, Trisha craned her neck over Britney's shoulder. As the head cheerleader

was pushing things aside, Trisha saw a familiar sight; the head cheerleader's

dildo, sitting unceremoniously in the bag next to her cheerleader's outfit and

tennis shoes. Finally, Britney stood up again, a video camera in her hand. She

switched it on and began scanning through, until she found the part she wanted.

"Here," she said, turning it so Trisha could see. "Remember this?"

Trisha realized that she was watching yesterday's scene from the boys' locker

room; she had forgotten that Britney' camera was on the whole time. The camera

was barely a foot away from the head cheerleader's face, so that most of the

screen was dominated by Britney's sweaty, flushed face, flailing back and forth,

moaning and screaming as she rammed her gorgeous body into Mr. Braun. Even in

the video, Trisha could hear the loud slaps and smacks of their hips colliding,

of the head cheerleader spanking her own ass.

"Look at the corner," Britney said, watching Trisha's face. The JV cheerleader

peered into the screen, and then realized that she was visible on the edge. Her

hand went to her mouth as she realized that in the video, her own eyes were

closed, her legs and her body were stiff, and both of her hands were plunged

into her jeans to the wrist, moving and squirming wildly, rubbing against her

pussy. Her own mouth was slack in an expression of wild lust, and her arms were

moving so quickly that they made Trisha's shoulders ache as she watched. Oh

God...I completely forgot about that...I was so turned on watching them. I don't

know what came over me. She blushed as she watched herself in the video, rocking

up and down on her feet, as if somehow if she stood on her tippy-toes she could

gain better access to her aching twat. Silently, she handed the camera back to

Britney.

The head cheerleader grinned at her. "I'll say it again, hun. I'm not telling

you to insult you. I'm telling you because it's the truth, and because I think

it'll help you. You're a slut, and as a slut, you shouldn't be afraid of sex.

You should be embracing it. You can't live without it, for fuck's sake!"

Trisha wildly shook her head, her brown hair flying across her shoulders.

"No...no way, Britney! Principal Johnson raped me! Mr. Braun took advantage of

me! It's terrible!"

"Of course it's terrible! Sometimes sex is good and sometimes it's not! But the

important thing is to not let it get to you! It's just sex, sweetie! A girl like

you can get it anywhere."

"No...no, you don't know what it's like! You can't imagine it!"

Britney raised an eyebrow. "Trisha...it's been years since I could count the

guys I've fucked. Are you really suggesting that after all this time, I've never

been taken advantage of? That I've never changed my mind and said no and been

pressured into fucking them anyway?"

For the first time, Trisha felt a genuine empathy for Britney, and she flushed

with shame. "I...I mean...no. I'm sorry, Britney."

The head cheerleader shrugged. "It's okay. Look, maybe I was too blunt with you.

I know this is hard to get used to. I'm just trying to help you out. Sex can be

so powerful, Trisha. And wonderful, too. You just gotta learn how to harness

it!"

Trisha nodded. "I guess...I don't know. But I just get so mad, thinking about

how Principal Johnson treated me. I mean...no matter what you say, it's still

terrible!"

"Yeah..." Britney was biting on her lip, seemingly deep in thought. "Maybe I'll

go talk to him."

Trisha looked up, confused. "What do you mean?"

"Well," Britney gave a sly grin. "The principal and I...we're 'old friends.'

I'll go have a chat with him." She picked up her bag and started to walk across

the parking lot. 'But, if I do, you have to do something for me."

"Right now?"

"Yup. Right now. Can you do it?"

"Um...okay..."

"I want you to go to the back of the school building, and find a big air duct,

next to the emergency exit door. Then, I want you to climb in it, and crawl

forward until you reach the first vent. Stop there. Can you do that?"

"Crawl...into the vent?"

"That's right."

"What...I don't understand."

"Just do it, hun. You'll see." And with that, Britney strode off.

After a moment, Trisha followed, confused, bewildered, and nervous. I'm not sure

what to make of Britney. On the one hand, it's nice of her to talk to me about

this but...what she said...I just don't know. Am I a slut? Is she right? I just

don't think I could admit to something like that. I...I'm a good girl! ...Or at

least, I think I am. She reached the back of the building and found the duct

Britney had described. For a moment, Trisha stood in front of it, staring,

unsure what to do. What does Britney have planned? What if I get in trouble? But

she shrugged off her backpack and slowly wriggled her way inside the ventilation

shaft. Once inside, she found it was surprisingly easy to crawl forward, and did

so slowly, carefully, still very nervous. Britney's so different from all of my

friends...and I can't help but admit...there's some truth to what she's saying.

She reached a vent, and stopped, peering into it. She was in the roof,

apparently, because she was looking down into a room. Immediately, she gasped.

She was directly above Principal Johnson's office! The man was sitting at his

desk, reading a stack of papers, when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," the principal called out. Trisha held her breath as Britney walked

into the room.

The principal stood up. "Britney! Ah...what a...pleasant surprise. What can I do

for you?"

Britney smiled, leaning confidently over the desk, tossing her long blonde hair,

her massive boobs bursting out at the principal. "I have something to ask you."

The principal nodded, looking nervous. Trisha was shocked – it was usually the

principal who was intimidating to his students...now, it seemed like it was the

other way around. Why is he so nervous? "Well sure, Britney...I have a meeting

with the board in a few minutes, but..."

"I want to know what you think about my friend Trisha."

Trisha gasped. What is she doing??

"Trisha? Well...ah...she's a very good student, she..."

"Oh, I know she's a good student, Principal. Anything else?"

"Uh...no, no I don't think so..."

Britney climbed onto the desk, on her knees, her chest hanging inches from the

principal's sweating face. "Really? Nothing else?"

Trisha's eyes widened in shock, and she could see that the principal's did too.

He wiped his forehead. "I...ah...well...I..."

"Tell the truth, Principal Johnson. Don't lie to me."

"I...well...uh...I may have...ah...punished her..."

"Yes, I know, Principal Johnson. You fucked her, didn't you?"

"I...ah...I mean....I...suppose..."

Trisha stifled another gasp. This is unbelievable! Somehow, Britney had some

kind of control over this man; it was as if he was being forced to obey her, as

if she had hypnotized him, somehow.

"You can't do that, Principal. You can't do that to just any pretty girl you

see. If you want sex, you come to me. I'm the slut around here, remember?"

"I...yes, well..."

"Did you forget? Should I remind you?"

The principal gave a start at Britney's words, and Trisha realized that his

breathing was short and heavy. He was shifting his weight, too, as if he was

struggling with something.

"No, Britney...last time...that video tape you took...my wife, she...she..."

"Take your pants off, Principal Johnson. Right now." Britney stood up on

Principal Johnson's desk, towering over him in her heels and her miniskirt,

commanding him like he was just a child.

"Ah...no, my meeting, it's about to..."

"No? Principal Johnson, you don't want to fuck me? You don't want to pound my

tender, wet pussy? You don't want to make me scream?"

"No, you see..." Principal Johnson's sputtering protests continued, but Trisha

watched in shock as he stood up, and his hands automatically went to his pants.

It was as if his brain was saying one thing, but his body another,

uncontrollable, unable to stop.

"That's a good boy, Principal Johnson. Take them off."

Principal Johnson gritted his teeth, pulling his pants down, unable to will

himself to stop. His face was starting to grow red with irritation. "You...you

bitch..." he stammered, softly. "You can't just-"

Britney let out a loud laugh. "Mmm..calling me a bitch, huh Principal? I'm the

one telling you what to do. I think you're my bitch."

He looked up at her, enraged. "W-What??"

"Well...if I'm the bitch, how come I'm telling you what to do, and you're

obeying me?" She laughed again.

The principal's voice rose to a shout. "You whore! Shut the fuck up!"

Britney laughed, sinking down to her knees, level with his face. "You want to

punish me then, Principal Johnson? Does my little bitch want to punish me?"

"You WHORE!" Principal Johnson grabbed Britney by the hair, turning her around

on his desk, forcing her to bend over. Britney giggled excitedly, raising her

ass in the air, on her hands and knees as the Principal frantically yanked his

pants down his legs. Trisha could see the head cheerleader's bright red thong,

sticking out of the bottom of her straining miniskirt. She couldn't tear her

eyes away, shocked as she was.

"You dirty WHORE! You piece of SHIT!" Principal Johnson clambered onto the desk

behind her, grabbing her skirt with both hands, wrenching it upwards. Like an

animal, he ferociously shoved her thong aside, exposing Britney's pink, tender

pussy.

"What's that, little bitch? Is my little bitch going to try to fuck me?"

"Shut up, you whore! Shut up!" With a primal scream of rage, the principal

plunged his dick into Britney's hoisted ass in a single stroke, his hands

grabbing her butt cheeks, slamming her back into him.

"Yeah!" Britney cried out loud, as her body shuddered with his impalement. "Fuck

me, bitch, fuck me! Take that pussy!"

"You whore! Agh...ahh!" Principal Johnson grunted with effort as he pounded

furiously into Britney's pussy, his dick plowing into her, making her entire

body rock back and forth on the desk with the force of his thrusts. His hands

were buried in the tender flesh of Britney's ass, and Trisha could see one of

the head cheerleader's hands sneaking down to her crotch, tweaking her own clit

as the Principal hammered into her. The class slut was breathing fast, and the

harder Mr. Braun treated her, the more she seemed to enjoy it.

"Come on, little bitch! Fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

"Shut up! Shut the fuck up!"

"Fuck me, you bitch! Fuck me!"

From her perch in the vent, Trisha could hear the slap of Principal Johnson's

sweaty thighs against Britney's ass, the creak of the desk as it rocked back and

forth with the weight of the two fucking people. Britney's hand was working fast

now on her clit, the head cheerleader's curly blonde hair bouncing to and fro as

the principal plowed into her.

"Is that it, Principal Johnson? Is that as hard as you can fuck me?"

"Aggghhh!" The principal grabbed a fistful of Britney's hair and pulled

viciously, his hips jamming into her, one hand still tightly clenching the head

cheerleader's ass. Britney let out a loud moan of pleasure as her head arched

back, her body slamming against the principal's to meet his thrusts. Her long,

slender legs, sprawled across the desk, powered her body into him, eager for

more.

"Harder, bitch, harder! Can't you keep up??"

Sweat poured down the principal's face as he speared into her, his entire shaft

brutally plunging deep into Britney's soaked, dripping pussy. Trisha watched

them in awe, and couldn't help feeling turned on – watching Britney manipulate

this huge man, as he plowed into her gorgeous body, her curved ass and slender

hips, her long blonde hair flailing about, her hand underneath her, rubbing

frantically at her own clit. Principal Johnson desperately pounded against

Britney with all his might, and the head cheerleader was just as eager, slamming

her hips against his, making the desk shudder with each collision and their

bodies shake with the impact.

"Fuck! You whore! You slut!"

"Come on, Principal Johnson! Fuck me!" Britney shimmied off his cock, and turned

around to face him. The Principal was gasping for breath, sweat dripping off his

body.

"Lie down, little bitch! Lie down and let me ride you!"

"Fuck YOU!" The principal's face was red with rage, but he obeyed her. Trisha

smirked as she watched the principal, infuriated but obeying the head

cheerleader's every command like a child. Britney straddled him as he laid down

on the desk, his feet dangling off the side. She eased herself down on him,

moaning as she felt his dick stab into her dripping twat.

"Mmm...yeah..." Britney bounced on top of his meat, her hair flopping and her

tits swaying back and forth. Then the Principal grabbed her around the waist

with both hands, and he forced her down, his balls slapping against Britney's

bouncing ass. Trisha watched the head cheerleader ride the principal's cock,

rolling and jamming her ass deep into his hips, slamming down hard on him,

making the desk creak in protest and his entire body crash with the impact. More

than once, Britney opened her eyes and looked up, and Trisha knew that the head

cheerleader was looking straight at her, that she knew that Trisha was watching

them fuck. But then Britney closed them again, bucking up and down, jamming the

principal's stiff tool in and out of her.

"Ahhh...fuck! You! You....slut!"

"Come on, Principal Johnson! Fuck me! Fuck me!" Britney leaned back and arched

her head, letting her hands rest on the Principal's shuddering thighs, riding

him, ferociously grinding her hips into his, burying his stiff tool deep in her

swollen twat. The force of each of the principal's wild thrusts shot her upward,

sending her bouncing into the air before she slammed back down on him. One of

the head cheerleader's hands snuck up to her chest, massaging her giant tits,

squeezing and teasing them.

"Ohhh...God...Fuck!!!" The principal's eyes were wide open, and he was gasping

for breath.

"Yeah, you bitch! Fuck me!"

"Ahhhh!!!!" The principal's mouth opened wide, and his hands grasped down hard

on Britney's bouncing, flopping body. He was about to cum, Trisha could see it

on his face. But suddenly, without warning, Britney rolled off. She slithered

her slender waist out of his grasp, sliding off the desk and landing on her feet

beside him. Her hair tousled and her body flushed red, the head cheerleader

grinned down as the gasping, flailing man.

Trisha let out a soft giggle. She hated Principal Johnson with all her being,

but this was almost too cruel. The man gasped for breath, shocked and enraged,

his stiff tool throbbing, only seconds away from climax. One hand grasped

desperately for Britney, trying to pull her back, but she was faster than him.

The other hand desperately began to jack off his cock, a blur, trying helplessly

to reach orgasm after Britney had pulled herself off of him.

"You! You...b...bitch! You dirty...f-fucking...whore..." He sputtered and gasped

as he tried desperately to cum, but Trisha could see from the angry, frantic

look on his face that it wasn't going to happen.

"Finish...finish me off...you slut! You whore! Finish me off!"

Britney was tugging her miniskirt back down over her ass, tender and red from

Principal Johnson's grabbing. She calmly watched the principal frantically

jerking at his dick, an amused look on her face. She rearranged her thong over

her swollen, soaked pussy and tossed her hair before leaning down to whisper:

"Principal...don't ever fuck with Trisha again." Then she stood back up. Before

he could answer, she said: "And don't you have a meeting to go to?"

"F...FUCK!! You...fucking whore!!" With a frustrated scream, the principal leapt

up from the desk, wrenching his pants up around his waist. Still red and

panting, he raced out the office door, slamming it behind him. Trisha laughed.

That was incredible! She opened her mouth to say something, but the head

cheerleader disappeared too, hurrying, almost running out after the principal.

Where was she going? Trisha quickly turned around in the vent, clambering

backwards to try and follow her.

As soon as Trisha slipped back out of the vent, she saw Britney, sitting against

the wall, in the shade. What is going on? Britney had thrown down her bag next

to her. Her legs were spread and her skirt was hitched back up around her waist.

As Trisha hurried over to see what she was doing, she noticed Britney's chest

was heaving, her eyes tightly, closed, her face desperate and agitated. The

class slut's hand was at her pussy, a furious blur, working up against her

swollen lips and her stiff clit at the same time. And then Trisha understood –

as cruel as it had been for Principal Johnson, stopping their fucking early

hadn't been easy for Britney either. The head cheerleader had been close to

cumming too, and she had desperately run out of the principal's office to finish

herself off.

Without even thinking, Trisha hurriedly sat down next to Britney. The head

cheerleader had done this all for her...now she could return the favor. As the

head cheerleader frantically panted, Trisha grabbed her shirt, trying to

unbutton it.

"Rip it...rip it..." Britney whispered frantically, her chest heaving, her hand

still a blur on her pussy, and Trisha obeyed. Grasping hard, she tore with all

her might at the fabric. Pieces of fabric flew across the ground as Britney's

tattered shirt fell in pieces, revealing her massive, heaving breasts. Trisha

grabbed Britney's bra and wrenched it down, watching in awe as the head

cheerleader's huge lobes burst forth, bouncing and swaying as Britney's body

bucked in effort. Gently, Trisha reached down and grasped one of the massive

tits, unsure of what to do, squeezing it and rubbing it, tweaking the nipple in

a way she knew would have thrilled her own body.

"Ohh...ohhh God..." Britney's hand came up to grasp Trisha's, forcing her to

bury her fingertips deeper into the head cheerleader's tit. Trisha felt confused

and uncertain; she didn't know what Britney wanted. As one hand rubbed the head

cheerleader's boob, she hesitantly slid the other one down to her soaking twat,

rubbing her fingertips against Britney's cunt. Immediately, the girl's body

responded, and Trisha was rewarded with a loud moan. Throwing caution to the

wind, the JV cheerleader plunged three fingers into Britney's dripping twat, and

the class slut's entire body shot upwards in reply, bucking hard, rolling and

grinding fiercely against Trisha's touch.

"Fuck! Oh God, Trisha!" Britney's body rocked upwards, her hips shoving herself

against Trisha's hand, her gasping chest thrust forward for Trisha to squeeze.

The two cheerleaders worked away at Britney's flushed body – one of Trisha's

hands plunged in her twat, one of Britney's rubbing desperately at her own clit.

Trisha still didn't know what to do, but the head cheerleader's pleasure seemed

to be growing with every second. She watched as Britney's head arched backwards,

and began to whimper and squeal at the sky. Her boobs heaved up and down as she

panted, her hips eagerly thrusting against Trisha's soaked fingers.

Then, Trisha remembered the dildo that she had seen in Britney's bag. With a

slight smile, she grabbed for the bag, one hand still buried in Britney's twat.

She impatiently wrenched it open and found the sex toy almost immediately.

Quickly, she pulled it out and positioned it under the head cheerleader's

gyrating hips, pulling her own fingertips out and spreading Britney's pussy lips

wide. Britney's eyes were closed; she didn't know what Trisha was doing. Gently,

slowly, Trisha began to slide the dildo into Britney's soaking twat

"Ahhh..oh my fucking God! Ohhh Trisha! Oh my God!!!" Trisha felt Britney's hand

grab her wrist, like a vice, almost painful. She guided Trisha's own hand,

pushing the dildo further into her own pussy, burying it in herself. Trisha

could feel Britney's juices soaking her hand, dribbling onto the ground. The JV

cheerleader's fingers plunged hard and fast, jamming the dildo deep into

Britney's twat, and she could feel Britney's pussy stretch and engulf it. The

head cheerleader's hips were bucking wildly now, her legs involuntarily

spreading wider, her ass hoisted to give Trisha better access to her hot red

cunt. Britney was gasping now, her entire body shaking and rocking with effort,

her face bright red with desire.

"Ohhhhh...fuuuuck!" One of Britney's hands was still pinching and kneading her

clit; the other was firmly burrowed in Trisha's wrist, clawing at it. Britney's

chest heaved and rocked, and her hips shot upwards, desperately engulfing as

much of the dildo as possible, burying it inside of her. Trisha pumped into

Britney's pussy with all her might, watching as the length of the dildo pierced

into the head cheerleader's red, swollen flesh. She was almost afraid that she

was hurting Britney, thrusting the dildo as hard as she was, but she was also

excited.

She looks so hot...thrusting and writhing on the ground. Deep, so deep, the

dildo plunged into Britney's twat, and her gorgeous body desperately bucked back

in response.

Britney let go of Trisha's arm, and a second later, her hand was on the back of

Trisha's head, gently but firmly pushing her down, towards the head

cheerleader's heaving tits. For a moment, Trisha resisted, confused, but then

she understood. She bent down and locked her lips on one of Britney's nipples,

suckling, biting it gently, tasting it with the tip of her tongue. She felt the

class slut's hand tighten on the back of her head, urging her on, silently

begging for more. Trisha was still powering the dildo deep into Britney with one

hand, and she began to gently squeeze the head cheerleader's tit with the other,

feeling the flesh slide along her fingers as she licked. She flicked Britney's

nipple back and forth with her tongue, teasing it, sucking it, feeling her

friend's wild excitement through the stiff nub.

Trisha was half-hypnotized by the sight of the head cheerleader, wild and lost

in her pleasure. One hand was still fucking Britney, hard and fast, piercing

into her bulging, swollen pussy, making the head cheerleader's entire body twist

and shudder in response. Her other hand was buried in Britney's tit, kneading

and squeezing it, bringing it up to her mouth to lick and suckle. Out of the

corner of her eye, she saw Britney's hand, a blur over her pussy, still

furiously grinding at her eager clit. The head cheerleader was panting so hard

and so fast that Trisha thought she might pass out, but her hips were still

thrusting back and forth, and her head was still arched back, moaning and

squealing.

Then, Trisha felt Britney's hand tighten on the back of her head, surprisingly

strong. With a final wail of joy, Britney's entire body jerked forward. Both of

her hands flew backwards, spasming, scraping and tearing at the ground. Her legs

gave out helpless kicks and twitches. Trisha watched in awe, her fingers still

plowing in and out of Britney's twat, as the head cheerleader's orgasm smashed

through her. Trisha's own orgasms were earsplitting – she knew that she had a

tendency to scream uncontrollably in the midst of her climax. But Britney –

loud, brash Britney – only panted, whimpering and gasping for breath as her body

trembled and twitched on the ground. Her climax rushed inwards, ravaging her

gorgeous, trembling body.

"Ohhh...oh...o-oh...ohhh..." The head cheerleader's spread legs squirmed

uncontrollably across the ground, her head tossed back and her mouth wide open,

her chest heaving so heavily that her tits bounced up and down along with it.

Trisha felt her pussy clenching down on the dildo, convulsing, jolting and

spasming with pleasure, and she knew that each jolt was sending a wave of

ferocious joy through her friend's quivering body.

"Ohhh...o-ohh my g-godd...ohhh..." Britney's body gave one final tremor as she

relaxed, sinking back down on the ground. The head cheerleader kept her eyes

closed, continuing to whimper and shudder for a few more seconds as she felt the

waves of pleasure die down. Finally she opened them.

"T-Trisha..." she panted. "Fuck...yes...thank you...thank you..."

Trisha couldn't help giggling as she stared down at her. Britney's shirt was in

tatters across her heaving chest, her legs still spread, her pussy juices

splattered across her crotch and her thighs and dribbling onto the ground. The

head cheerleader grinned up at her.

"Well, hun...this is the second time I've seen you with your hand in a pussy.

Maybe I bring the slut out in you." She laughed.

Trisha laughed too, but in her mind, something flickered. Maybe...maybe she's

right. She helped Britney to her feet, and the head cheerleader wobbled a bit on

her long legs, quickly catching her balance in her stiletto heels. Trisha

marveled at her skill.

"Did you enjoy my show with Principal Johnson?" Britney tossed her hair, and she

ran her hands across her naked chest; Trisha knew that she was still enjoying

the sensations of her climax.

"I..um...yeah." She giggled. "Yeah...thanks, Britney."

The head cheerleader tugged her miniskirt back down over her ass, now covered in

dirt. "No thanks needed, hun. Just showing you what I've been telling you all

along. Sex is power, Trisha. Use it, enjoy it! Don't be afraid of it!"

Trisha watched in silence as Britney tossed her panties and her torn blouse into

her bag, then pulled out a stretchy, sheer tank top and slipped it on. I

just...I don't know. I know Britney is wrong about me...at least...I think I do.

But maybe...maybe I just don't want to admit it. Britney seems so sure of

everything. Why can't I be more like her?

The head cheerleader picked up her bag and slung it over her shoulder. "What?

You still don't believe me?"

Trisha shifted nervously on her feet. I don't know what to believe anymore.

"I...I don't know, Britney. I'm not sure yet."

The head cheerleader shrugged. "Yeah, don't worry about it. Just my advice, hun.

Take it or leave it." Then, she walked away, her heels clacking loudly on the

ground. She was panty-less, and the bottom of her ass poked out from the bottom

of her miniskirt. Her braless tits swelled out of the tight tank top; the

nipples were clearly visible in the virtually see-through fabric. Her long

blonde hair cascaded down her back; her flared hips swung back and forth as she

walked. Trisha admired Britney as she walked off; she could see a bit of the

class slut's juices, overflowing out of her naked pussy and running down her

uncovered thigh.

Good Girl vs. Slut Ch. 07

Trisha threw her backpack and her gym bag into the trunk of her mother's car.

Her mom worked from home on Fridays, so she let Trisha drive herself to school.

Cheerleading practice had run longer than usual, and the sun was already dipping

down below the horizon as Trisha pulled out of the school parking lot. She

turned on the radio as she drove and began to softly hum along with the song,

but almost immediately, her mind started to drift, just as it always did these

days.

It had been three days since Britney had invited Trisha into the air duct to

watch her torture Principal Johnson. But it had been Britney's words afterwards

that had stuck so deeply in Trisha's mind. Being completely willing to be

yourself was one thing for Britney, but...Trisha had friends to consider. What

would they think of me if I started acting like Britney? If I started dressing

up in tube tops and miniskirts? They would never talk to me again! As much as

she hated their cattiness, and the way they always judged other girls for the

way they acted, she couldn't abandon her friends. She couldn't face the shame of

their disapproval.

This was the same conclusion that she came to every other day, but just like

every other day, it never seemed to satisfy her. No matter how sure she was that

she was right, she couldn't get Britney's words out of her head. Trisha turned

on her headlights; it had gotten dark pretty quickly. Something about Britney's

outlook on life was so intriguing to her. The head cheerleader seemed to live

through life completely free, open about whatever she thought. A trait like that

was something Trisha could only admire in her other people... I don't want to be

a slut, she thought to herself, but I do wish I could be a little more true to

myself like Britney. Sometimes I just can't stand all these expectations about

what's right or wrong for a girl to do. I wish none of them existed! Trisha

shook her head as she drove on in the dark. No...that's not it. It's not that

they don't exist for Britney...it's just that she doesn't care about them. I

wish I had the power to not care like she does. I wish I could just listen to

myself, and my desires, and whatever I want –

SMASH!

The car lurched forward and Trisha did as well, in her seat, her brown hair

spilling over as she jolted into the steering wheel. There was a loud, metallic

crunch as the cheerleader's foot eased on the pedal. Pulling her hair out of her

face, Trisha looked up, and gasped in terror. She had just slammed right into

the back of a car. Where did it come from??? The back bumper of the car was

completely ruined. Her mouth still open in shock, Trisha quickly shifted to

reverse and backed up, wincing at the sound of broken glass as her car rolled

backwards. Two seconds later though, she slammed to a halt, her hand at her

mouth, her eyes round and wide with fear. The blue and white stripes on the car

were unmistakable; the lights and siren on the top couldn't have been more

obvious. I just...I just ran into a police car!

"Oh no...oh no..." Near-panicked, Trisha frantically continued to back up. Were

there people in the car? It was dark, so she couldn't really see...then, a

shadow moved. Then another. The two front doors opened, and a pair of policemen

stepped out into the night. Trisha's heart plummeted.

One of them, the one who was in the driver's seat, looked incredibly angry. He

glared straight at Trisha, then gestured at her to get out of the car. Nervous

and close to tears, Trisha unsteadily opened her door and stepped out.

Immediately, she shivered in the cold night air. It had been an uncommonly warm

day, so she had worn a sundress, one of her favorites, thin and comfy, that

stopped above her knees and had a halter top, held up by a single bow-knotted

string tied around her neck. In a particularly brave move, she had bought the

same pair of heels that she had seen Britney wear, and felt proud as she

teetered her way through the halls to each class. Now, though, the night breeze

cut straight through the dress's thin fabric. She didn't have a jacket, either,

so all she could do was stand by her car in her heels, and shiver.

As she risked a tentative glance at the officers, she saw that both of their

expressions had changed. The one in the driver's seat, the smaller one, still

looked angry, but his face was mixed partially with surprise now. The one on the

right, the bigger one, didn't even look remotely unhappy. Instead, he seemed to

be admiring Trisha's body. The petite cheerleader's figure was unmistakable,

even in the darkness, cleanly framed by her silky thin dress. She was barely

over five feet, but he could see every one of her curves; her perky, ample

chest, her tiny, taut waist, her slightly flared hips, her slender legs.

"Little lady, what the hell do you think you're doing?" That was the smaller

one.

"I...I'm sorry, officer," Trisha stammered. "I must have just spaced out or..."

"Spaced out?? While driving??"

"Please...I'm so sorry!"

"Look here...this is a construction zone. You're supposed to be driving at 10

miles an hour!"

Trisha glanced around. It was nighttime...there wasn't a construction worker in

sight. "But..."

"Not only did you damage my cruiser, but I think it's pretty obvious from the

damage you've done that you were going over the limit."

With those words, the officer yanked out a notepad and a pencil from his back

pocket, and began to write.

"But, officer..."

"What's your name?"

"Trisha..."

"Well then, Trisha, I would advise you to stay quiet."

The cheerleader clamped her mouth shut, frightened and frustrated, averting her

gaze away from him. The bigger officer was eyeing her up and down, and he wasn't

even trying to hide it. Trisha blushed. The wind was strong tonight, blowing the

skirt of her dress against her slender, bare legs, the thin fabric fluttering in

the wind. As she shivered in the glare from her headlights, Trisha tucked her

hair behind her ear, out of the wind, and desperately wished she had worn

something more practical today. She hadn't ever thought until now how flimsy the

dress was, how the subtle pull of her breasts were secured only by a single

bow-tie in a single strap. The bigger officer was still staring – now right at

her chest. In the chilly evening air, the shape of Trisha's hard, round nipples

were plainly visible through the thin fabric.

"She's a pretty little thing, ain't she, Mike."

The smaller officer looked up in shock. "Jesus Christ, Todd. She's just a girl.

She's probably not even in college."

The bigger officer shrugged, looking unconcerned. "Nah, I bet she's not that

young. How old are you, Trisha?"

Trisha shifted her weight, wobbling a bit on her heels before answering. "Um,

I'm eighteen."

"There you go, Mike. She's legal."

Mike shook his head. "Stop talking like that, Jim. This isn't appropriate for

being on duty."

"Hey, I'm not saying anything inappropriate. I'm just sayin' she's pretty. I'm

not making her uncomfortable. Am I?" He directed the last question to Trisha,

and took a step forward, grinning at her.

"Cut it out, Todd."

"Hey, Mike, maybe we can cut her some slack. Let her off with a warning." This

time, both Mike and Trisha looked up in surprise. The cheerleader's heart leapt.

Yes! Please! I'll let him hit on me as much as he wants if they just let me go!

"Are you kidding me? She trashed my cruiser! Look at my bumper!"

"Well, yeah. I know. But look at her, Mike. She's shivering, she's so scared.

She must be cold."

Mike turned to look at Trisha, whose teeth were starting to chatter. Even as

cold as she was, though, she couldn't help noticing Mike eyeing her body, just

as Todd had, passing ever-so-quickly over her bare legs, the arc of her slender

hips clearly visible in her dress, the curve of her perky breasts pulling

against the dress's flimsy top. But he quickly averted his eyes in shame,

looking back down at his notepad.

"Well, give her your jacket, then. She broke the law, Todd. No warning tonight."

Todd shrugged, then took off his jacket and moved forward to drape it around

Trisha's slender shoulders. He towered over her, and the petite cheerleader felt

even smaller than usual next to his bulky frame. She didn't resist, but instead

watched him closely; as he moved forward, she saw his eyes flicker down once

more, and this time she knew that he was glancing down at her chest, at the

slightest hint of her boobs that were peeking out of the top of her dress.

Usually whenever a guy checked her out, Trisha felt indignant and annoyed, and

tried to ignore it. But Britney's words, always at the front of her mind these

days, suddenly raced into her thoughts. "Sex is power" she had said. "Use it,

enjoy it, don't be afraid of it."

Sex is power... Trisha mused over the words in her mind. And in a way, it was

true. She had a power over this policeman; he was under her influence. Even

though she knew it was shameless, Trisha couldn't help trying something out. She

said nothing, accepting his jacket, pulling it around herself and crossing her

arms. As she did it, she ever-so-slightly pressed her forearms into the sides of

her chest, and she knew that the subtle motion was pushing her boobs together,

making them plump up and bulge against the thin fabric of her dress. The effect

was immediate: Todd, who had just managed to tear his eyes away from her petite

body, had zoomed back to her chest so quickly that his head actually swung down

slightly to stare. He lingered for a moment, still in front of her, looking down

at her.

"Feel better?" he asked absently, still staring.

Trisha nodded slightly, watching him. "Yes. Thank you." At last, the policeman

seemed to gain control of himself, and he stepped backwards again, to a more

acceptable distance from Trisha. The cheerleader blinked in the glare of the

headlights, watching as Todd tried to compose himself. I've never thought about

this before, but...I really do have a power. I seduced Mr. Braun. I could

definitely seduce this Todd guy. She glanced at the other policeman, who was

still busy writing. I could probably seduce him too. Couldn't I?

"Trisha, I'll need to see your driver's license, registration, and proof of

insurance."

"Yes, sir." Trisha nodded and began to rummage through her purse for her

license, but her mind was still elsewhere. Yes...I could probably seduce them

both...but what would it be like? Would it really be like Britney said? It's so

hard to believe, but...

"Hurry up, Trisha."

The cheerleader nodded, and pulled out her wallet. What would it be like? She

asked herself the question again. The two policemen were watching as she stepped

forward to hand Mike her license, then turned back around to retrieve her other

documents. As she did it, a voice rang out in her head: It would be...it would

be...fun....

And with that, she turned back around, and walked straight towards Mike,

stopping only when she was one pace away from him. She looked up at him with her

brown eyes big and sweet, her mouth slightly pouty but confident, and she spoke

in a soft, low tone.

"Please...won't you give me a warning?"

"Excuse me?" Mike turned to look at her, his eyebrows raised. It was one thing

for his partner to suggest giving a warning, but for the person who just crashed

into his car to request it was out of line.

"No, I mean...I just meant..." Trisha stammered, but even as she spoke, she took

a step forward, her heels clacking against the pavement.

"Listen here, Ms. Trisha, if you think-"

Trisha took another step forward, and now she was right in front of Mike. She

spoke very quietly, her soft eyes looking into his angry ones, but even so he

let her interrupt him.

"I just meant I would really appreciate it."

And then, all of a sudden, without even thinking, her hand was on his crotch.

Mike let out an audible gasp, and Todd's jaw dropped open. For a moment, even

Trisha was shocked, barely believing what she had just done, but she recovered

quickly. Slowly, she began to massage him through his pants.

"Jesus, what the hell do you – "

"Please," Trisha said, interrupting him again. "Please, I would really like a

warning."

"Now look, you've got to-"

"Please," Trisha repeated, and then she sank to her knees on the pavement, still

massaging his crotch, keeping her sweet brown eyes on his bulging ones. For some

reason, he couldn't seem to tear his gaze away from hers.

"Trisha...Jesus, Trisha, I'm married..."

"Oh please, please, officer!" Trisha was laying it on thick now, in full pouting

mode, on her knees in front of him. Slowly, gently, she felt for the zipper of

his fly. "I would do anything." She pulled down the zipper and slid two fingers

into the open crotch of his pants.

"Uh...now..."

"Anything," she repeated, now smiling at him. "Anything at all." Her prowling

fingers found what they were looking for inside his pants; his dick, half-hard.

She snaked it through the slit in his boxers and out of his fly, into the open,

where she gently caressed it with her fingers, still smiling sweetly up at him.

"Hey, hey, let me in on this too." Todd had stepped forward, and was hastily,

almost clumsily, unzipping his fly as he stood to Trisha's side.

"Wait, wait a minute!" Mike held his hand up, and both Todd and Trisha froze. Oh

no...the cheerleader thought. I was wrong...He's going to back out! Still, she

kept up the act.

"Yes?" She pouted up at him, smiling sweetly. "Is something wrong?"

"Ah..." He hesitated for a moment. "Let's...let's get in my car..."

Yes! Try as he might, even the nobler policeman couldn't resist this chance, a

gorgeous little sweet eighteen-year-old, offering to do whatever they wanted. I

knew it would work! Trisha grinned up at him as she got to her feet, and

followed Mike to his cruiser, Todd behind her. Now, the cheerleader was in the

middle seat, flanked by the two policemen, both leering at her. They were both

frantically unzipping their pants, while at the same time hands roamed across

Trisha's petite body, gently squeezing her smooth, creamy thighs and her ample,

32C chest, caressing her slender waist and smoothly curved hips. They were both

staring at her figure, their eyes filled with lust, and the cheerleader knew

what they expected.

She scooted off of the middle seat, and turned around, kneeling in the cramped

foot space of the back seat, facing them both. Their cocks were both out, hard

and upright. She leaned forward, grasping each in one hand, gently stroking

them. Who should I start with? Mike was the one who was more reluctant, so maybe

she should blow him first. She leaned to her left and softly slipped the head of

Mike's meat into her lips.

"Ohhh, Jesus..."

Trisha sucked him in a little further, letting the tip push into her mouth,

rubbing against it with her tongue. She felt Todd's hand on her arm, and

realized that she had forgotten to keep jacking him off. Two guys at once isn't

easy! Now, though, she made sure to slide her hand up and down on his hard

shaft, while continuing to suck gently at Mike's meat.

"How's it feel, Mike? How's her mouth feel?"

"So good...oh man...she's so good."

Trisha kept sucking, bobbing her head up and down, soaking his shaft, letting it

slide in and out of her warm, wet mouth. Her soft slurps were the only sound in

the empty night, and Trisha knew that both of the policemen's eyes were on her,

intently watching her give Mike head. For some reason, that knowledge sent a

tiny thrill of excitement through her. She pushed a bit deeper, and listened to

him groan as more of his shaft sank into her saliva-soaked lips.

"Oh man...wow..."

"Come on, man, let me feel her."

Trisha smirked at Todd's words as she sucked; he was like a little boy,

demanding his turn. But she listened to him, slipping Mike's dick out of her

mouth with a slobbery pop, leaning over towards Todd, and gulping his dick into

her wet lips.

"Oh shit...fuck yeah..."

As soon as her mouth touched his throbbing meat, his hips jutted upwards,

pushing half of his shaft into her mouth. It was unexpected, but Trisha accepted

it, letting him slide into her mouth. Her own chest was rising with excitement

and energy, and she kept one hand on each dick, making sure to gently stroke

them. Mike's shaft was slick with her slobber, making it easier to slide her

hand up and down him, and both men were groaning now. She continued to suck on

Todd's meat, slurping softly, letting him gently jam his hips into her face. Her

tongue snuck out of her mouth, licking eagerly at the thick, muscular ridge of

his shaft, and she gently puckered her cheeks as she sucked his dick deeper into

her wet mouth. Still jacking off Mike, Trisha let her hand slip off of Todd's

cock, resting it on his thigh instead for support as she dipped up and down on

his thick rod, inhaling deeply as she tasted his meat.

She continued like this for a while, bobbing, slurping, her saliva slithering

out of her lips and coating Todd's shaft. Then, she felt Mike's hand on her

slender shoulder, tugging at her, and she knew that he wanted another turn. So

she switched back, letting Todd's meat slowly glide out of her lips, and leaning

back to her left to gulp down Mike's little soldier. She could feel his lust

throbbing through his cock as she gently thrust her lips down his shaft,

swallowing him, slurping and licking with enthusiasm. She guided his meat in and

out of her mouth several times before sliding it out completely, raising his

cock up to let her lick at his balls and run her tongue up and down his shaft.

She kept her gaze on Mike's face, and delighted in the expression of complete

ecstasy spread across it. He was breathing hard, and his eyes were fixated on

Trisha, unable to look away even if he had wanted to. The cheerleader's other

hand was firm on Todd's meat, stroking it, feeling the blood pulsating in its

hardness.

A hand snaked across Trisha's back; it was Todd's, feeling the smooth skin of

her body, the skin that had looked so gorgeous as she had stood in her dress and

her heels in the night. The cheerleader silently let him fondle her as she

continued to lick at Mike's cock. Todd's hand slowly made its way up to her

neck, and then she felt him fumbling with the knot of her dress. As the

cheerleader plunged her lips down Mike's dick, she felt the string of the

dress's halter top loosen, and the fabric silently fell. Now, Trisha's breasts

were revealed; soft, round and ample, her nipples hard in the cold, darkened

backseat of the police car. A moment later, she felt Todd's hand groping her

tit, gently squeezing the tender, round globe in the darkness. She let him feel

both her boobs as she continued to lick and suck at Mike's meat. Several more

times, she slurped her way up and down Mike's shaft before switching again,

jacking off Mike and guzzling down Todd's meat.

"Jesus Christ. Fuck, her tits are amazing."

"Yeah? Man, she can really suck some cock."

Topless, her breasts being fondled and groped by both men now, squeezed into the

foot space of the back seat, listening to them talk about her, Trisha continued

to blow the two officers. The only sounds were the groans of the two men and the

slick, slobbery smacks and pops of Trisha slurping on both of their cocks. She

was careful to jack off whoever she wasn't giving head to, and made sure to

switch back and forth to keep them both occupied.

She couldn't deny it either: the entire experience was incredibly thrilling to

her. To keep both of them in her sway, to watch them beg for a turn to plunge

into her wet lips, to see their looks of delight as she licked up and down their

meat and of disappointment as she switched back to the other one; all of this

filled her with excitement. She began to relish the feeling of their meat in her

mouth, the stiff yet soft flesh rubbing against her tongue, the hard throbbing

warmth that moved against the insides of her cheeks. She even began to let out

soft moans of her own, enjoying the feeling of them straining against her mouth,

enthusiastically thrusting her face against their hips as she sucked and

impatiently pulling her hair back from her face to get better access.

"Oh God....oh that feels so good..."

"Fuck yeah...suck it, sweetheart, suck it..."

Trisha winked up at them as she drooled. Her entire body was into it now, her

back slightly arched and her ass out, her shoulders hunched over the seat to let

her plunge even further down. She was filled with excitement and energy, and let

out another soft moan as she shoved herself deep, deep down Todd's dick. She

felt the tip pressing into her throat, and pushed even further, throating him,

cutting off her own breathing, feeling the skin of his balls just barely

tickling her lips, delighting in her own prowess. Todd let out a loud groan,

thrusting his hips towards her, and Trisha gagged slightly, pulled herself off

of him, and grinning at his excitement.

She switched back to Mike, slurping and gulping and swallowing, her eyes

twinkling with happiness. Trisha's fingers were slick and soaked now, and so

were her lips; her cheeks were flushed red from the effort of bobbing up and

down so many times. She was almost certain that a puddle had formed on the seat

of each officer from her eager drooling, but she didn't care, happily continuing

to guzzle down both of their dicks.

She was playing with them too, experimenting. She would start out with some

swift, steady bobbing, plunging their shaft into her mouth and letting it slide

against her plump lips. Then, every once and a while, she would throw in a deep,

powerful thrust, burying their shafts in her throat, locking her lips around the

base of their dicks and listening them groan out loud as she let them stay

stuffed inside of her for several seconds before pulling them back out. Or, she

would pop their meat out of her mouth completely, and jack them off as she

greedily licked at their balls. The cheerleader loved watching their different

reactions, and had just throated Mike's meat yet again when he let out a loud

groan. She felt the throbbing grow in his shaft, and his balls tightened

slightly against the strain of her slurping lips.

"Oh...ohhh...I'm so close..."

Trisha was almost disappointed that he was ready to cum, but she didn't let up.

Still jacking off Todd's cock, she eagerly continued to gulp Mike down deep,

feeling him push against her throat, stuffing her full. Her slobbery lips hugged

his shaft, sucking, milking him hard. She moaned in her enthusiasm, her hand

firm against the base of his shaft, her fingers gently massaging Mike's balls.

She slurped and slurped, feeling him throb in her throat, until...

"Okay! I'm...ugh!!"

The cheerleader could taste the saltiness splash across her tongue, spreading

through her entire mouth, hot and gooey. His cum spurted out of his cock and

deep into her throat, overwhelming her tastebuds with the flavor of his manhood.

His cock jolted in between her eager lips as she sucked, and he was gently

grinding his hips against her face, groaning loudly. She could feel each stream

as it came out, blasting across her tongue, filling her mouth. Trisha continued

to bob, sucking gently, milking every possible drop of his juices into her

excited lips.

"Aghh...holy...holy...shit..." Mike shuddered.

She felt him slowly relax, and she tenderly let his hard, swollen member slide

and pop out of her lips. Trisha swallowed his cum with a noisy gulp, feeling it

run down her throat and into her stomach. She couldn't help smiling as she did

it, watching Mike gasp as he watched. I want more... She quickly turned to Todd.

Without hesitation, the cheerleader quickly guzzled down his rod, licking with a

newfound, frantic energy, her bobbing faster, gulping and drooling as she raised

and lowered herself on him.

"Ohhh fuck!"

He responded with his own enthusiasm, his hands now harsh and hard on her tits,

his hips thrusting into her, plowing his dick into her excited mouth. Up and

down she went, thrusting her face against his crotch, feeling his cock strain

and throb against her tired lips. Drool was dribbling down her chin in her

effort, but she only sped up more, excited and eager to help Todd climax as

quickly as possible. Her slurps were much louder now, noisy and sloppy, and the

cheerleader had planted both of her wet hands on his gently grinding thighs,

pushing herself up and down on his meat. Come on! She was almost bursting with

anticipation. Cum! Cum!

He didn't disappoint her.

"Ohhhh...ahhhhh....Fuuuck!!!"

For the second time, Trisha felt a cock twitch and spurt in her mouth, and

stream after stream of Todd's cum rushed into her lips and her throat. He began

to thrust uncontrollably into her, stretching and prodding her lips as she did

it, and she thought she could feel some of his juice leak out of her, but she

eagerly slurped at his shaft, hoping to lick it all back up. The feeling was so

wonderful; her mouth full of saltiness, her chest full of excitement. As with

Mike, she let Todd finish his orgasm before she gently, slowly slid her lips off

his shaft. Then, she couldn't help herself; she began to play with Todd's jizz.

She raised two fingers to her mouth and gently parted her lips, letting his

sperm dribble onto her fingertips. Then, the cheerleader twirled her fingers in

front of her, watching the sticky, gooey mess dribble from her lips to her

fingers, before tilting her head back and raising her hand above her to let the

cum plop back into her waiting mouth, drop by drop.

Delighted and thoroughly enjoying herself, the cheerleader didn't even realize

until then that both of the policemen were watching her, their eyes as round and

big as saucers, their mouths open. In another state of mind, Trisha might have

been as shocked at herself as they were, but she was enjoying herself too much

to care. She laughed at them, and let Todd's cum bubble out of her mouth back

onto her fingers, watching the gooey mess drip everywhere. Then, she hastily

licked it all back up, sliding each finger into her mouth and sucking noisily,

running her tongue over every inch of her hand to make sure she got it all.

Finally, with a pleased smile, she swallowed the juice in a loud gulp, licking

her lips. Her eyes sparkled as she watched the policemen, and she couldn't help

laughing again.

They were staring at her, blinking, unable to speak. It was as if by swallowing

their loads, Trisha had managed to strike them dumb. Then, a thought came over

her. These looks that they're giving me...they're exactly the same as the looks

Britney gets all the time. Whenever she walks by, all those boys get slack-jawed

and can't even think. She couldn't help smiling as she thought about it.

Wait a minute...am I as hot as Britney? At that moment, the full impact of what

she had just done hit her: she had just crashed into a police car with two

policemen in it, and then seduced her way out of it! That sounded exactly like

something Britney would do. Okay...so what would Britney do now? She would just

wink at them and leave, before they could even recover. So Trisha did the same,

smiling sweetly at each of them, winking seductively before climbing her way

towards the door. Still topless, she opened it and climbed out.

"See ya later, officers," she cooed, then shut the door. As the night wind cut

through her half-stripped dress, she teetered her way back into her car. She

fingered the halter top straps that were hanging uselessly around her waist,

pulling them back around her neck and tying them. She straightened her long

brown hair in the rear-view mirror, then set her car into drive and took off,

not even glancing at the policemen still in the backseat.

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Her parents were out eating dinner with friends; they had left a note. Trisha

barely even finished reading it before bolting upstairs and into her room,

slamming the door.. For a full minute, she stared at herself in the mirror. I

thought I was such a good girl but...maybe...maybe I'm not. Her face flushed as

she examined her reflection. I just...I just gave head to two policemen. And it

was all just to get out of a ticket!

She looked down at herself, at her stiletto heels, her flimsy, thin sundress,

hastily tied before she walked into the house. From her viewpoint, she could see

her firm, round tits, braless, beneath the fabric of the dress. Then, she

remembered the look on their faces as she had swallowed each of their loads in

turn, how they had gasped and squirmed and groaned as she buried their cocks in

her face. She couldn't help smiling, and as she looked in the mirror, she

suddenly realized something. She was sexy. Her petite, slender body, framed in

the thin fabric of her skimpy dress; her round, firm tits, which the policemen

had so eagerly fondled. Every inch of her was sexy. She smiled at herself,

reliving the entire incident. They were like putty in my hands, she thought,

grinning as she turned around in front of the mirror. They were almost out of

their minds, after I sucked their cocks.

And then the feeling of their cocks in her mouth returned, and suddenly the

cheerleader's entire body flushed with a faint lust. She had never thought about

it before, but the sensation of a throbbing rod against her lips; the hot lust

pulsating in their shafts, the tender skin sliding across her lips and her

tongue, all of it, was wonderful. Trisha closed her eyes as she ran her hands

down her body, remembering the way that Mike and Todd had caressed her naked

shoulders, her back, and her tits. They were like little kids, with my

tits...they couldn't even contain themselves!

The cheerleader plopped herself on the floor in front of the mirror, eyes still

closed, legs spread, still running her hands over her firm tits and her slender

waist. She was remembering every detail now: the way Todd impatiently thrust

himself deeper into her mouth, even when she was throating him; the way Mike's

balls twitched and grew as he spurted his spunk between her lips. Oh...God...it

was so hot... Impatiently, Trisha pulled up the hem of her dress, and wrenched

her panties aside. I can still taste their cum in my mouth...

Wasting no time, the cheerleader buried her fingertips in her twat, running the

tips along the folds of her pussy, gently pressing in at the sensitive flesh in

between. Oooh...I'm soaking wet! She shuddered gently, and stretched herself out

on the floor, arching her back and raising her legs, keeping her eyes closed.

They had watched her the entire time, not only when she was blowing each of them

but when she was blowing the other one too, admiring her body as she pushed

herself up and down their rods, watching her slurp and drool as she worked.

Their groans rang through her ears, and Trisha groaned herself, and she plunged

two fingers deep into her twat, feeling her hot juices run down her knuckles.

Their hard shafts against my lips...their meat, stuffed down my throat...their

ballsacs, running across my tongue...oh God! The cheerleader couldn't help

herself – just remembering the scene was overwhelming her.

She was fucking herself in a powerful rhythm now, her body rocking against her

fingers, her hand pumping her aching twat. With her other hand, the cheerleader

began to yank viciously at the flimsy strings of the dress's top, pulling

impatiently until the knot around her neck came undone, and she could yank the

dress off of her tits. Now, Trisha began to run her hands across her boobs,

tweaking her nipples, feeling her entire body flush as she gently squeezed them.

She slipped her hand into her mouth and began to lick eagerly, as if the

policemen's cum were still on her lips and her hand, as if she could still feel

the gooeyness swishing in her mouth.

"Oh...oh God..." she moaned softly, one hand now working furiously at her twat,

the other pinching and prodding her erect, thrilled nipples. She added a third

finger into her soaked twat, whimpering as she felt it stretch and fill her even

more. What would it be like, she now wondered, if they had fucked me? She

imagined it now, in the cramped backseat of the police car. They would have

taken turns, she decided, fucking her. What position?

Her hands were a blur now, plunging and tweaking and rubbing, and she squealed

with each thrust. Maybe doggy-style! Trisha's back arched further upwards at the

thought, and she imagined it in her mind: she could be draped across the seat,

Todd behind her, one hand on the door handle for support, the other on her ass,

guiding her little pussy to engulf his cock.

"Oh...oh my God!"

...Or maybe she could ride Mike, bouncing on top of him. He could be sitting in

the carseat and she could be straddling him, facing him, bouncing up and down

like a cowgirl, letting his cock impale her. He would plunge so deep into

me...so deep...

"Oh God...Yessss! Oh my Goddd...." Her moans echoed through her room, and now

both hands were at her pussy, switching back and forth; one of them plowing into

her soaked twat, the other grinding against the nub of her clit. My tits would

be bouncing in his face...he probably wouldn't be able to keep his hands off of

them. They would be staring at me as they fucked, touching me, grabbing me,

pulling my body. They wouldn't be able to get enough of me!

"Ahhh...ahhhh!!!" Trisha was propped up on her elbows now, rigid and stiff, her

hands furiously working at her twat, her entire body gently grinding in the

rhythm of her masturbation.

They'd trade me between them, back and forth. They'd argue over me, fight over

whose turn it was, like I wasn't even a person, but just a...

"Slut..." Trisha softly moaned the word out loud. She couldn't help it, it just

felt so good to say, and now her thoughts gushed out of her lips, unbidden,

uncontrolled. "...just...a slut...sucking and fucking both of them...a dirty

little girl...ohhh God..." They'd violate me...ravage me...and all just because

I didn't want to get in trouble.

"Just...just to get out of a...ticket," Trisha panted quietly to herself, her

excitement growing as she spoke, her fingers stiff and blurry fast, shooting

searing waves of pleasure through her, wracking her petite figure with wild,

carnal lust. Her whole body was rolling and bucking up and down, like a single

wave. "I would...fuck them...just to get out of...a ticket..." She squeezed her

eyes shut. "Just like...a dirty slut..."

The words repeated in her mind, over and over. A slut...a whore...a nasty little

whore...they would fuck me so hard and so deep, they'd fuck their little slut,

just a filthy little slut, and then at the end...they'd...they'd...

"Ohhh...ohhhh GODDDDD!!!!" Her entire body rocked upwards, shuddering and

jolting, as if the whole room was shaking her back and forth. Her legs, spread

in the air, began to spasm uncontrollably, and Trisha could feel her pussy clamp

down on her fingers, convulsing in her orgasm, hot juices spilling forth and

dribbling onto the floor.

"OHHHH!!! OHHHH GOD YESSSSS!!!!!"

Her eyes were closed and her toes were curled, and she imagined the officers'

cum now, in her mouth, on her lips, running down her chin, filling her pussy,

drenching her. She continued to shudder and squirm against the floor, screaming

her joy at the ceiling in earsplitting tones.

"YES!! YES!!! OH GOD, YES!!!" Her entire body radiated with pleasure, red-hot

and thick, engulfing her, jolting through her and forcing her body to wildly

buck and thrash. She felt their cum everywhere, now, filling her twat and

overflowing, dribbling out, splattering across her perky tits and on her tongue

and down her throat, filling her heaving, gasping chest. Her fingers were still

buried to the knuckles in her pussy, three of them, and she could feel the

scorching flesh of her love canal, swollen and juicy. A ragged, soft moan raced

through her lips as the cheerleader relaxed against the floor, satiated,

thrilled and ecstatic. Trisha lay there for several minutes, panting, slowly

catching her breath, letting her little body recover, feeling her juices leak

out of her swollen pussy. At last, she stood up, and once more she glanced at

her reflection in the mirror.

Her hair was even more ruined than before, tangled and draped haphazardly across

her face and her shoulders. Her dress was wrinkled, the top half dangling around

her waist, exposing her round tits. The skin around the nipples had turned red

from her reckless pinches.

Is this who I am? Is this who I am meant to be? She didn't know the answer to

those questions, so she only stood silently in front of the mirror, still

thinking, still unsure. Then, she changed the question. I don't know who I am

but...is this...is this who I want to be? Is this what I want? She meant for

those questions to be unanswerable too, but as soon as she thought them, she

felt her own response, almost like it was bubbling up through her entire body,

only reaching her mind after every other part of her knew it.

"Yes," she said to her own reflection in the mirror. "Yes, this is what I want!"

She smiled as she said it, but she didn't know why – she didn't know what made

her answer in that way. All she knew was that she was sure it was the right

answer. In the next instant, she had leapt onto her bed. She grabbed her purse

and began impatiently rummaging through it until she found what she wanted; her

cell phone. She flipped it open and dialed the number. She hugged her knees to

her chest as she counted the rings. One...two....three...come on, pick up!

"Hello?"

Trisha's heart leapt. "Hello...Britney...?"

Good Girl vs. Slut Ch. 08

The weekend flashed by in a blur, and Trisha and Britney spent every minute

possible together. For some reason, when Trisha wasn't around her other friends,

all the things about Britney that she disapproved of didn't matter anymore.

Sure...she's a little over the top...but really, she's just comfortable with who

she is. It was amazing how at ease Trisha felt around the head cheerleader. And

yet, when Monday came, she felt more uneasy than ever. What will my friends

think if I tell them I spent the weekend with Britney? Should I keep it a

secret? What will Britney think if I do?

"Hey, Trisha." It was just before the last class of the day, and Mandy was

running to catch up to her in the hall. "I called you on Saturday night. Where

were you?"

"Oh..." The cheerleader did her best to give a casual shrug. "Sorry, Mandy, I

was busy."

"Oh. That's okay. Hey, what do you..."

"Trisha?"

The two girls turned around. Britney was walking straight towards them, her

long, curly blonde hair draped down her shoulders and her back. Her high-heeled

boots were laced up to the knee, framing her long, slender legs. The head

cheerleader's tank-top had once been a normal blouse, but Britney had modified

it, cutting a slit near the top so that her tits popped out, halfway visible,

dancing in her bra as she strode towards them. Her ass was barely covered by a

tight, red miniskirt.

Trisha could already feel Mandy's disposition grow cold and her expression turn

icy as the head cheerleader approached them. All her friends were good girls,

and they were so disapproving of Britney. Oh no...She took a deep breath.

"Hey, Trish...I wanted to show you something this afternoon. It's a really great

store, downtown. You interested?"

As soon as Britney spoke, Mandy turned to face Trisha, looking both confused and

a little hurt. Trisha shifted uneasily on her feet. I want to say yes,

but...Mandy would disapprove of me. In her head, she chided herself for being so

concerned with everyone's opinions. Why do I have to care so much what all my

friends think? If I want to be friends with Britney, then I'll do it! She braced

herself, then smiled up at the head cheerleader.

"Sure, Britney. I'll see you after school."

Mandy's face changed immediately; her jaw dropped, and she stared at Trisha in

shock. The head cheerleader smiled slightly and nodded. "Okay...see you after

school." She walked up, leaving Trisha and Mandy standing alone in the hall in

silence.

Trisha timidly turned to face her friend, wincing at the shock still etched in

Mandy's face. Finally, her friend spoke. "You...um...you're...you're friends

with Britney?" She couldn't seem to will herself to say it.

Trisha stared glumly at her feet. She hated Mandy's disapproval, but she also

hated the thought of trying to hide her friendship with the head cheerleader.

"U-um...well...I guess so..."

"When did that happen?" Now Mandy was starting to sound a little angry.

"I...well...it just..."

BRRRRRRING!!!!

It was the school bell. Trisha was both relieved and unhappy that it rang; on

the one hand, it had saved her from explaining everything to Mandy. On the other

hand, now she had to leave her friend standing in the hall, looking shocked,

confused, and hurt.

"I...I'm sorry, Mandy! I'll call you tonight!" she said over her shoulder,

hurrying away to her class.

As soon as she reached her classroom, she picked a desk in the back and flopped

into it, her feet dangling off the chair. The petite cheerleader slowly arranged

her lacy white skirt on her legs; she didn't usually wear miniskirts, but her

weekend with Britney had made her a little braver. It wasn't quite the

skin-tight minis that Britney wore, but it was short and cute, made of lacy

white frills that stopped near the tops of her thighs. The blouse she wore was

brave for her too; the V-neck plunged lower than she normally wore, revealing

just a teasing peak of her 32C breasts, perky and ample in contrast to her

slight, slender frame.

She couldn't lie to herself either; as she had examined her outfit that morning

in the mirror, she couldn't help but admire her reflection; her miniskirt

showing off her bare legs, her blouse accentuating the curves of her firm chest

and her tiny waist. This is what I like about hanging out with Britney...the way

it makes me feel! If only I could make Mandy understand that... Trisha slunk

down in her chair and wondered where Britney was taking her today.

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Less than half an hour after the final bell rang, Britney's car was pulling up

to a dingy old store, tucked in the corner of a strip mall. Trisha was in the

passenger seat, still a little glum.

"So I guess your friend Mandy doesn't like me very much, huh?"

"Oh..." Trisha blushed a little bit. "Umm...it's not that she doesn't like

you...it's just..."

Britney cut her off. "Don't worry, Trish. Trust me, I'm used to girls not liking

me. Comes with the territory, ya know?" She grinned as she got out of the car,

and Trisha did the same.

"Yeah...okay. Still...I'm sorry."

"Like I said, don't worry. Cute skirt, by the way." Britney smirked as she

watched the petite cheerleader carefully tug it down, making sure it covered her

ass.

"Thanks. So...what is this place?"

"Well," a sly grin crept across the head cheerleader's face. "You were telling

me over the weekend that you were thinking maybe I was right...how you maybe

really were a slut. And you wanted to explore it a little more?"

"Um...I guess..." Trisha shifted a bit on her feet. She still had a little

trouble hearing the word "slut" applied to her; she couldn't admit it outright

the way Britney could.

"So I thought maybe I'd help you a little bit."

The cheerleader glanced up at Britney's words. Uh oh. The grin on Britney's face

was starting to worry Trisha. What's she going to make me do? She laughed

nervously. "Umm...Britney...what's going on...?"

"Relax, hun. You'll see." The head cheerleader swung open the door. A sign in

the window said: "OPEN: You must be 18 and older to enter." The sign just below

said: "XXX! Hottest material around! Books, Magazines, and More!" It's an adult

bookstore. Britney's taking me into an adult bookstore... Her heart pounding,

the cheerleader slowly followed her friend into the store. Uh oh...

The store was small and cramped with aisles of books, but there were a

surprising number of people inside. Britney gestured Trisha to follow her.

"Umm...are you going to get me a dirty book, Britney? Cause I mostly just rely

on my imagination for...you know."

Britney laughed. "Don't worry. I just want to show you something in the back."

As she followed the class slut, threading through the shelves, Trisha glanced at

the rows of books; covers with naked, ecstatic women and muscular, hulking men.

She paused for a moment in front of a magazine rack, where a girl in a

cheerleader's outfit was on her knees, half a dozen cocks hanging in front of

her, her entire grinning face and huge chest plastered with sticky white

streaks. A caption in big red letters read: SLUTTY NICOLE'S PHOTOSHOOT! DRENCHED

IN CUM! Trisha stared at the picture for a moment before blushing and hurrying

on, her miniskirt swishing as she caught up with Britney.

The head cheerleader walked into the back, past the bathrooms, and gestured

Trisha into an unlabeled door at the end of the hallway. The two girls walked

in, and Britney shut the door. Trisha looked around, confused. The room was

completely devoid of furniture or even a bookshelf, but it was surprisingly

well-lit. The walls were blank too, the paint peeling, except for a massive

mirror, which stretched across the top half of one wall. Just below it was a row

of four round holes, each only a few inches wide. Weird. They must be for

electrical chords or...something.

"Umm...what did you want to show me?"

"Oh, you know." Britney gave a vague shrug. "Just wanted you to check out this

room." She had a strange grin on her face, and as Trisha glanced around, she

heard a door creak open out in the hallway, and footsteps that seemed just on

the other side of the wall. And she didn't miss Britney's grin grow wider at the

sound.

"Britney...what's going on?"

The head cheerleader shrugged again. "Nothing, Trish. It's no big deal.

Just...you know...get comfortable. Make yourself at home."

Britney dropped her purse in the corner and then walked to the center of the

room, her boots clicking. And then, out of nowhere, Britney tossed her head,

throwing her blonde curls forward and then back. She ran her hands sensually

through her hair, and then bent over, her ass facing the mirror. Her

cheerleaders' flexibility showed at once; Britney easily touched her toes, and

Trisha watched as the class slut's miniskirt slid up her ass, revealing a black,

lacy thong and the generous lobes of her ass. Britney stayed bent over for just

a second, and then straightened, stretching towards the sky, arching her back

and thrusting her massive chest forward. Trisha could only stare in silence,

completely confused.

'Britney...what...what the heck's going on?" As she spoke, she suddenly heard

more noises, coming from the wall; almost like rustling, or people moving.

"Just stretching. Come on, join me!" Britney bent down and touched her toes,

then straightened and stretched one more; her miniskirt was now ridden halfway

up her ass. Exasperated, Trisha walked up to Britney, stopping right in front of

her. She looked up at her friend's face– Britney was several inches taller than

the petite cheerleader, and the boots only made her even taller – and demanded:

"Britney! Tell me what's going on!"

The head cheerleader leaned down, grinning, and whispered in Trisha's ear: "What

do you think those holes are for, Trisha?"

The cheerleader glanced over Britney's shoulder. There were four of them, spaced

about a foot apart, in a row. "I...I don't know..."

"Think, hun. What would fit just perfectly in one of those holes?"

Trisha paused for a moment, staring, confused. She looked back up at Britney and

saw her grin, and then she gasped. No way! It couldn't be! "Britney!"

The head cheerleader laughed at Trisha's shock. "It's a one-way mirror,

sweetie," she whispered. "Everyone in the store knows what these rooms are for.

As soon as we walked in back, I guarantee ya, every single guy ran into the room

on the other side of that wall to watch us. And maybe more." She winked, then

straightened up again, gasped her own tank top, and ripped it off in a single

motion, tossing it in the corner. Her boobs sprung out, round and huge, in their

black, lacy bra.

Trisha blushed fiercely as she watched Britney strip. "Britney! This is...this

is weird! I'm not doing this!"

The head cheerleader gave Trisha an exasperated look. "Jesus, Trisha! You're

willing to blow two cops but you can't dance for a few lonely men? How selfish

of you!" She laughed.

"Well...I..." That was different. This is so...so...well...Trisha suddenly

realized that she couldn't explain why it was different, even just to herself.

"Come on, Trish! You told me how much fun it was to be a slut! You said you

loved how they couldn't get enough of you! So, now, every single one of those

guys in the next room are waiting and praying that you'll get your pretty little

butt out of that miniskirt! What do you think of that?"

Trisha paused, watching as Britney twirled around on the spot, thrusting her

chest at the mirror and licking her lips. It was the exact same as the policemen

last week, who had gaped and goggled at her as she sucked their cocks, who had

run their hands over her body like she was some kind of idol. That night was so

thrilling...and this...well... Maybe it was just that this was so direct;

Britney walking in here just to strip, the men in the other room just to watch

her. But even if it was strange, it was kind of empowering, in a funny sort of

way, to think that a bunch of guys were in the next room, admiring her, wanting

her, maybe even jerking off to her. That was what I heard...they really all ran

into the other room just to watch us?

Out of nowhere, she suddenly wished she had worn high heels to go along with her

skirt. I would have been even sexier...no! This is weird! They're

just...watching me! That's so...so... But she didn't know what it was. She

glanced over her shoulder at the holes in the wall, at the mirror, musing

silently. Britney was running her hands over her body, ever-so-slowly pulling

the cups of her bra off of her double-D tits. It's...so dirty! Her body flushed

at the thought of it.

"Well, Trisha?" Now, Britney's bra was in the corner too, and she was playing

with her tits, squeezing and groping them in front of the mirror.

"I...um..."

"What...still think there's something wrong with a slut?"

Maybe...I don't know... Slowly, timidly, the cheerleader leaned her petite body

forward, standing on her tip-toes and letting her miniskirt ride up to reveal a

peek of her ass in the one-way mirror. She did it only for a moment; the next

second, she flopped back down, too embarrassed and self-conscious to continue.

Britney laughed. "Come on, girl! You gotta give them a little more than that!"

Trisha glanced nervously at her friend. The cheerleader couldn't deny it; part

of her wanted to give a show, just like Britney, but...this is so weird! Still,

she tried again, bending forward and slightly spreading her legs. She uneasily

began to run her hands up and down her legs, finally easing them up her thighs

and riding up her skirt, revealing her cotton pink panties.

"Yeah, hun! That's the spirit." The head cheerleader laughed, standing topless

next to Trisha and admiring her. But Britney could tell that Trisha was still

nervous, so she raised her head and called out to the wall: "What do you think,

boys? You approve?"

Trisha jumped in shock as she heard a patter of muffled voices from the other

room, some thick and loud, others quiet.

"Yeah...yeah..."

"Nice ass!"

"Show us more, sweetheart!"

Trisha gaped up at Britney, shocked and delighted at the reactions. The head

cheerleader grinned back. "Well, hun...you asked me to teach you. Here's your

first lesson. Get every single one of our friends in the other room to cum."

The petite cheerleader couldn't help smiling. Hearing their responses through

the wall was unexpected, but on the other hand, it made her feel so confident,

knowing what they thought of her body. Her confidence bubbled into pride, and

her pride become excitement, racing through her body and filling her with eager

energy. So...seeing my ass gets you excited, huh? A mischievous grin crept

across her face, and she felt her chest rise. You ain't seen nothing yet!

Seconds later, her blouse was up around her shoulders, revealing a white bra,

and Trisha was slowly, teasingly tugging it over her head, wiggling her petite

body back and forth as she did it. She shook out her long brown hair as she

pulled the top off her body, and then began to run her hands over her slender,

dainty frame. Then, they were at her chest, tugging the cups of her bra down,

showing off her round, 32C-cup tits. The two cheerleaders were now both in front

of the mirror, dancing, bending over, running their hands over their tits, down

their legs, each giving teasing glances up their miniskirts. We're such a

contrast... Trisha thought. Britney was tall and curvy, her legs long, her

massive tits bulging. The head cheerleader was squeezing both of them now, and

raised one nipple up to her mouth, licking her own tit, flicking it with her

tongue. And then there was Trisha, barely over five feet tall, looking cute and

innocent, with perky tits and a lithe, slim body. She grinned at Britney, and

the head cheerleader winked back. Trisha reached behind her back and unclasped

her bra, letting it drop to the floor, flashing a sweet smile at the mirror,

imagining the crowd of men behind it. Then, she twirled around twice in the

spot, her eyes pouty and sweet, her hands on her gently flared hips, a petite

eighteen-year-old clad in nothing but a lacy miniskirt and tennis shoes. Her

eagerness and her excitement coursed through her as she spun, filling her with

confidence, and an almost desperate desire to show off her body as much as

possible.

Her hands clasped her skirt, and Trisha was starting to wriggle it down her hips

when Britney stopped her. The head cheerleader grinned down at her friend,

laughing at her enthusiasm. "Trish, honey. You gotta slow down a bit!"

"Huh?"

The head cheerleader tossed her hair. "First rule of exciting a man: make them

wait. Never give them everything they want at once. You have to take your time."

Britney winked at Trisha. "Then, when you finally get to the good stuff, they're

already bursting to cum." With that, the head cheerleader turned back to the

mirror, still playing with her tits, still turning and running her hands over

her legs.

Trisha nodded at Britney's words. She thought back now to her striptease for Mr.

Braun – it seems so long ago! – when she was trying to stall him as long as

possible. Then she turned back to the mirror, running her hands over her firm,

perky tits, gently squeezing them, pinching her sensitive nipples, feeling a

tiny thrill flow through her chest. She shuddered gently, feeling the pleasure

run across her skin. Trisha arched her back and raised herself on her tiptoes,

flaunting her ass at the mirror, her miniskirt just barely covering her curves.

She slipped two fingers into her mouth, licking them, coating them in her

saliva, then gently began to run them across her tits, circling her nipples,

feeling them respond to her gentle touch.

It felt like her entire body was overrun with excitement, and the cheerleader

didn't even know why. All she was doing was dancing in front of a mirror, in an

empty room; she wasn't even naked. But just the thought of those men, eyeing

every inch of her, and their voices that had called out to her; it was all she

needed. She loved the thought of them crowded around the mirror, staring at her,

admiring her perky chest and her sexy body. Maybe some of them even have their

cocks out...maybe they're jacking off, just watching me and Britney, just

imagining what it would feel like to fuck us... Trisha shuddered gently in lust,

and she knew that the thoughts were a little conceited, but she indulged herself

anyway. She imagined the entire room crowded full of men, pushing for a good

view, every single pair of eyes locked on her short, dainty frame, fixed on her

miniskirt, hoping that she would raise it up just a couple inches and show them

her panties. Her panties...which were now soaking wet...

Ooooh... Trisha wasn't even thinking about what she was doing now; her mind was

lost in her imagination, her lust had taken over her body. A hand slowly began

to sneak down her waist, towards the hem of her miniskirt. Just think about what

they're imagining now...all the ways they would fuck me, pound me, ravage every

inch of me... Eagerly, the cheerleader slid her hand under her skirt and her

panties, slowly caressing the tender skin, and then, she was at her pussy,

dripping with anticipation, and a wave of pleasure rushed through her.

"Oh..." Trisha threw back her shoulders and arched her back, thrusting her perky

chest out. Her fingertips were already soaked with her juices, and she gently

began to rub back and forth at the soft lips of her pussy, each motion making

her shudder with lust. All Trisha could think about were those men, and their

rock-hard dicks, standing at attention just for her. They're probably jacking

off now...they're trying to cum as they watch me... She suddenly realized what a

sight she must be, on her tip-toes, her hand buried in her miniskirt, her head

back, rubbing at her own twat. But the thought only turned her on more, and she

let out a soft moan as she dug her fingers deeper into her cunt.

"Ohhh..."

Her lust had completely overtaken her now, but just at that moment, she felt

Britney standing behind her, her massive tits pressed into Trisha's back. One of

the head cheerleader's hands were gently sliding over Trisha's boobs, groping

each one in turn. The other was outstretched in front of the petite cheerleader,

and Trisha couldn't take her eyes off it. Grasped in Britney's hand was the head

cheerleader's thick, 12-inch dildo.

"Brought it, just in case. Thought we might want to use it," the head

cheerleader whispered in Trisha's ear.

Trisha's lust-addled body could barely control itself. She stared down at the

dildo, her eyes big and eager, then glanced back up at Britney. "I thought we

were supposed to make them wait for the good stuff, Brit," she teased.

The head cheerleader laughed. "I think we've waited long enough, don't you

think?"

Trisha nodded. "Definitely."

She whirled around and grinned at her friend. Then the cheerleader sat down, her

miniskirt fluttering out around her as she raised and spread her legs. Britney

laughed.

"Always so selfish, Trisha," she teased. "If you don't face the mirror, all our

nice friends can't see."

"Oh." Trisha quickly rearranged, stretching herself across the floor in front of

the mirror. Her eyes were bright and excited as she watched Britney, naked

except for her heels, kneel in front of her, the dildo clasped in one hand, the

other one gently running across Trisha's bare legs. Every inch of Trisha's body

was pounding with lust now. Her mind rushed once more with the image of the

other room, full of men, staring down at the two cheerleaders. They're going to

watch me masturbate! They're going to see Britney fuck me with a dildo... Her

slender hips trembled softly as Britney slowly, teasingly raised Trisha's

miniskirt off of her legs, and gently pushed her panties aside. The head

cheerleader smirked.

"Holy shit, Trish. You're soaking wet."

The petite cheerleader nodded, her breathing harder now, her eyes still fixed on

the dildo. "I...I know. I want it, Britney...I..."

"I know you do." Britney lowered the dildo to Trisha's twat. Ever so softly, she

began to rub the head of the dildo against the petite cheerleader's pussy,

pressing gently against her tender flesh. Trisha's body flushed at the

sensation, and she gently rocked her hips up against the sex toy, letting it

slide up and down against her cunt. Britney began to rub the toy in a tiny

circle, grinding gently against Trisha's pussy lips, watching as the

cheerleader's body trembled against her touch. Trisha let out a soft moan.

"Britney...oh God...put it in...please..."

The head cheerleader grinned. "You sure, Trish?" she teased. "You sure you want

it?"

Trisha was panting, softly, her eyes wide and desperate as she watched the dildo

gently rubbing against her aching pussy. "Yes...oh God...fuck me..."

"Then tell me you're a slut, Trisha." Britney smirked as she watched the dainty

cheerleader, struggling, fighting to contain her eagerness, gently rocking

against the motion of the dildo.

"Oh...I..."

"I want to hear you say it out loud. I want to hear you admit it."

Trisha's mouth was open as she panted, but she stayed silent. As lost as she was

in her lust, she still had trouble saying the word. Maybe it's true, but...I

don't...I can't...

"Come on, Trisha." Britney slid the dildo up across Trisha's pussy, and slowly,

teasingly, began to tweak the cheerleader's clit. Trisha gasped, and the girl's

entire body jolted slightly in response.

"Ohhh my God..."

"Say it, Trisha. What are you?"

"I...oh God...oh please, Britney..."

"Tell me and all the nice men what you are, Trisha. Tell us and I'll let you

fuck it."

Trisha closed her eyes and felt the last bit of her resistance slip effortlessly

away, giving in to the lust that had conquered and overwhelmed her body.

"I...I'm a slut, Britney. A dirty slut...oh God...please...please!"

Keeping her word, Britney gently thrust the dildo into Trisha's twat, piercing

into the cheerleader's aching flesh, plunging deep. Trisha's entire body bucked

upwards, her eyes flying open and her legs twitching in response as she felt the

toy finally inside of her, stretching her wide.

"Yes! Oh my God!!!"

Britney began to fuck her gently, pumping the petite cheerleader's pussy,

plowing the dildo in and out. Trisha's body was rocking in rhythm now, her hips

thrusting up in rhythm to meet Britney's pumps. She was panting hard now, her

eyes raised to the ceiling and her head arched back as she squealed in pleasure.

"Yes...Britney...yesss!"

Her pussy was red-hot with pleasure now; it had been aching so long to be

filled, and now it finally was, stuffed full with the dildo, bursting with

pleasure at every thrust. Trisha's chest began to heave with her breathing, her

entire body grinding against the dildo, now soaked and dripping with her

excitement.

The head cheerleader's bright blue eyes were fixed on the dildo, plunging in and

out of her friend. "Yeah, Trisha...fuck that's hot..."

And then, all of a sudden, Britney was scooting forward, her own legs spread,

lowering her ass towards the dildo. She was still fucking Trisha, but as she did

it, she began to guide the other end towards her own cunt. Trisha watched as she

panted, her eyes wide.

"Britney...you..."

"Yeah Trisha...fuck yeah...bring that dildo to me."

Their legs were entangled now, as Britney carefully positioned her twat near the

other end of the dildo.

"Britney..."

"Don't stop, Trisha."

Gently, still making sure to fuck Trisha, the head cheerleader slid the opposite

end of the sex toy into her own pussy, engulfing it. She moaned softly as it

pierced into her twat.

"Oooh...fuck..."

"Ohhh...Britney..."

Trisha gaped and stared as she watched Britney gently push herself onto the

dildo, her own body quivering as she felt the pressure of Britney's movements

burying the toy even deeper into her own twat. Britney still had one hand on the

dildo, and was gently jerking it back and forth, each way working deeper into

one of the girls. A thrust one way would pierce into Trisha, making the little

cheerleader arch her back and squeal in pleasure; the other way would jam into

Britney, prompting a low moan of lust from the head cheerleader. The two girls

were gently rocking now, their legs intertwined, their hips thrusting towards

each other, sharing the dildo, moaning and whimpering in tandem as it slithered

between their soaked cunts.

Trisha's miniskirt was bunched around her waist, flopping back and forth as she

rocked, her panties scrunched to the side. Britney's clothes were in a pile in

the corner of the room; her knee-high boots clicked and scraped against the

floor of the room as she grinded against the dildo. Stronger and harder, the two

girls bucked, each hard thrust burying the dildo deeper in their own pussy and

shoving it further into the other girl's too. Trisha's legs were straining, and

she was on the balls of her feet now, her hands planted behind her on the floor

to power herself against the toy, fucking it, bathing in the pleasure of it

plunging into her and stretching her eager twat. She raised her eyes to the

ceiling and let out a loud wail of pleasure as she fucked.

"Yes, Britney! YES!"

The head cheerleader only had room on the dildo for one hand; the rest of it was

deep in one of the girls' dripping cunts. They were bucking hard now, their legs

pumping, their hair flailing, each of them panting heavily in between their

moans and screams of lust. Britney's groans were soft and sensual, but Trisha's

cries were loud, echoing through the room, her chest heaving and her perky tits

bouncing as she rocked. Britney's smooth, long legs were taut with effort, her

massive boobs bounding up and down on her chest. Trisha could feel the heat of

Britney's lust, pulsing from her pussy, plowing the dildo deep into her own

bulging cunt, fucking her with even more force.

Then, Britney pulled her hand away, and Trisha suddenly realized that the entire

length was buried in their twats, shared between them, engulfed entirely by

their eager, desperate bodies. The petite cheerleader let out a breathless gasp

as she realized it, looking down at their wild, thrashing hips, seeing nothing

but their flushed flesh. She felt Britney's pussy lips mashed against her own,

warm and wet and tender. The dildo was so big inside of her, and being right

next to Britney, feeling the head cheerleader's stretched pussy right next to

her own, it was almost too much to take. She let out a desperate scream as she

writhed, her hips furiously fucking against Britney's, her entire body sweating

with the effort.

"Yes! Oh God, Yes!"

As she panted, she saw the tip of a cock appear near one of the holes, then

another, and finally in all four of them. It was only the tips, and they seemed

to be bouncing back and forth, moving frantically. Trisha suddenly realized that

they were all jacking off, their cocks next to the wall, hoping to spray on the

two bucking cheerleaders. A grin broke across her face as her body heaved back

and forth, realizing how incredible the scene must look. Two naked, high-school

girls, stretched out in front of them, grinding and fucking with all their

might, so wild with lust that they had buried Britney's foot-long dildo deep in

between them. We must look so hot!

"Fuck yeah!" Britney had spotted the dicks too, and was grinning up at the

mirror, knowing that she was staring into four pairs of eyes, fixed on their

sweating, eager bodies. Trisha smiled up at the mirror too, her eyes wild and

eager, her entire body tingling with the knowledge that her and Britney's scene

was getting all of these men off. They're pressed up against the wall with their

cocks out, a bunch of strangers...just staring at us. We're just two dirty

girls, putting on a show. Her petite body shuddered with joy as she thrashed

wildly against Britney's hips, the dildo thrusting and jerking deep in her twat.

Ohhh...I hope they cum soon!

"Urrrgh!"

A muffled groan came from the wall, and Trisha breathed out a surprised gasp as

she felt plops of warm, wet goo sprinkle down onto her wild, flushed skin. One

of the men had reached climax, and was shooting his cum through the hole,

showering down on the two girls as they fucked. Britney laughed, arching her

head back as more globs shot forth, dribbling onto their bodies, glistening dots

of white on their eager flesh. Trisha's pussy felt stuffed to the brim, jolts of

pleasure rushing through her entire body, making her shudder and moan, buck and

beg for more. And Britney's pleasure was only turning her on further; the head

cheerleader's entire face was flushed red, and the force of her furious rocking

was so strong that Trisha had to thrust back with all her might just to keep up.

She could feel the warm cum splattered across her tits, slowly running down her

body, and every drop seemed to send a fierce, burning lust through her,

penetrating her and radiating out across her flesh. She bucked even harder,

feeling the dildo squelch and slide back and forth between the two cheerleaders'

twats.

"Ohhh...Britney!"

"Fuck! Fuck yeah!"

Out of the corner of her eye, Trisha saw another cock thrust through a hole.

Guess someone else is ready, she thought, and then felt a powerful thrill rush

through her. I don't know a single one of the guys in the next room; I don't

even know how many there are. All she knew them was their cocks, driven to

climax by her and Britney, ready to cum all over them. She arched her head back,

relishing the thought of the entire scene, and let out a wild scream.

"Yes! OH GOD YES!"

The semen came, a thick rope that splattered down near Trisha's navel, already

dribbling down towards her frantically thrusting hips. The petite cheerleader

closed her eyes as she felt more of the hot goo stream across her, another line

on her leg and a third just below her tits. The entire world was only a blur to

her now; her own frenzied screams, Britney's eager wails, the furious pounding

of the head cheerleader's hips against her own, and now all of this cum,

dribbling onto them, coating them. And the dildo, thrusting so deep into her,

impaling her, piercing into her hot little body. Ohh...it's so deep!

"God!!! Ohh....Britney!!! OH MY GOD!"

"Yeah, Trisha! Fuck!"

Trisha's eyes were still closed as she screamed and bucked. Suddenly, she felt a

splash of warm goo on her face, and realized that a third man was cumming, his

cock thrust through a hole that must be near her head. She felt the thick stream

running down her flushed cheek, and without even thinking, she opened her mouth

and thrust out her tongue, eager to taste some of the spunk for herself. The

next anonymous stream shot across the bridge of her nose, missing her mouth

completely, but the third splashed across her lips, dribbling onto her tongue,

and the petite cheerleader eagerly lapped it up, tasting it, smelling his hot

load on her face, swishing her mouthful back and forth before swallowing it.

Britney's voice rang through the room. "Yeah, Trisha! Fuck yeah!" And then, out

of nowhere, it was echoed by the shouts and whoops of several men.

"Whoa! Yeah baby!"

"Swallow that jizz!"

"You fucking slut!"

Trisha's eyes burst open at their words. As she bucked wildly, she pictured the

scene in her mind. Two cheerleaders, spread out on the floor, sharing a dildo,

burying its entire length in between them, their cunts so full that they were

just bucking against each other, their soaked, wet pussy lips mashed together.

Her swollen twat was completely stuffed and her flushed body was showered with

cum, all across her, warm and gooey. Now, she had just swallowed a random man's

seed, and all while countless others watched her lick it up...watched her buck

and fuck...watched her sexy body rock back and forth. Ohhh...yess!! It's too

much!

Barely a month ago, she would have found even the thought of this scene

revolting. Naked in a room, getting off in full knowledge that a random group of

strangers were watching her. And with another girl! She wasn't even lesbian, but

here she was, her own swollen pussy pressed up against Britney's, the two

cheerleaders thrusting hard against one another. Now, thinking about the scene

only added more to her wild lust. It was so completely wild and wrong, so

unbelievably dirty. This is beyond anything I could have ever imagined! I'm

sharing a dildo with another girl! I'm naked in a random room, letting a bunch

of strangers cum on me! Her body was completely lost to her pleasure. I've

turned into someone so nasty! So slutty!

Panting and thrusting, Britney watched Trisha, her face coated in spunk, her

glazed eyes raised to the ceiling, and knew instantly that the petite

cheerleader was just on the edge. With all her might, she jammed her hips

forward and up, powering the dildo deep into her friend's pussy with so much

force that Trisha's ass was thrust up into the air. Trisha's face burst into an

expression of pure pleasure, and her chest heaved desperately as she let out a

wild, ear-splitting scream.

"Ahhhh! OHHH G-GOD!!! OHHHH BRITNEY!!!!"

Trisha's vision spun and her mind went blank as Britney's sudden thrust plunged

the dildo deep into her pussy, so deep, and it sent a spike of red-hot pleasure

that burst through the petite cheerleader. She spasmed and bucked desperately as

her orgasm rocked her hard, ravaging every inch of her flesh, wracking her with

wave after wave of joy. Her helpless little body heaved up and down as she let

out scream after scream.

"OHHHH GODDD!!! OHHHH!!!!"

She was shuddering and trembling now, barely even able to contain the pleasure,

her orgasm ready to burst through her body, so strong and wild that she could

only let it out in screams and thrashes. At last, the waves died down, letting

her aching muscles relax, and Trisha continued to pant and whimper as she

recovered, still thrusting back against Britney. Her arms and legs were still

trembling from the effort, and Trisha let out a ragged sigh of joy as Britney

shouted out loud.

"Yeah, Trish!" she panted. "Fuck yeah, you slut!"

Britney's words rang through Trisha's frazzled brain, and she grinned. Panting

and quivering, her little body still recovering from her orgasm, she realized

that the thought of it was wonderful. She didn't know why, but for some reason

the thought of it soared through her, her happiness mixing with the pleasure

still radiating from her pussy, soaking her in it. At that moment, she couldn't

care less about what Mandy or anyone else thought. I'm a slut! She repeated the

words to herself, over and over. I'm a slut! Just like...

Her thought suddenly returned to the scene, and she realized Britney was still

bucking hard against the dildo, her wails thick and desperate, her body covered

in a thin sheen of sweat and sprinkled with cum. Trisha had stopped rocking, but

now she thrust back hard, plunging the dildo deep into the head cheerleader's

twat, and Britney responded with a loud, desperate cry.

"Oh GOD! Trisha!"

Trisha watched as the head cheerleader closed her eyes, giving in to her

pleasure, and at that moment, another dick was thrust through the wall, and it

shot a thick stream of cum across Britney's massive tits, dribbling in gooey

streams across her nipples and running down her chest. The head cheerleader

thrust her chest forward as she felt the warm semen, her cum-strewn boobs

bouncing as she bucked. Trisha leaned forward, still watching Britney's flushed,

wild body, and her fingertips found the swollen nub of her friend's clit.

"Yes! Yes, Trisha!"

"Ahhhh!" A muffled moan came from the other side of the wall, and Trisha watched

as yet another cock was thrust through a hole, already spurting its load. This

one shot just below Britney's navel, and slowly dribbled its way to her crotch.

Trisha could feel the hot white goo on her fingertips, the stream reaching

Britney's clit and lubricating it with sticky wetness. Trisha rubbed harder now,

slathering the tiny nub with the spunk, tweaking it back and forth, watching

Britney twitch and trash in pleasure. The head cheerleader threw her head back

and let out a wild, uncontrollable wail.

"Ohhhhhhh GODDDD!!!"

Trisha watched as her friend's entire body thrashed upwards, and Britney lost

herself in her own orgasm. The petite cheerleader's hand was still firm on

Britney's clit, a blur now as she worked away, and she could feel the head

cheerleader's pussy spasm and clench on the dildo. Britney's wails and whimpers

were soft but fierce, echoing through the room, her massive tits heaving as she

panted in desperation, her slender, gorgeous legs trembling with ecstasy.

"O-oh.....Oh....T-Trisha....don't stop...d-don't....please..." The brash, loud

Britney was gone now; in her place was only an eager girl overtaken by her

climax.

"O-ohhh m-my....Goddd..."

Britney's eyes were tightly closed and her body kept trembling, her arms taut

and her fingers silently clawing at the floor. Finally, Trisha slowed her

rubbing, gently circling the head cheerleader's swollen clit, watching as

Britney's entire face flushed with her after-orgasm glow. She was still panting,

and her eyes were still closed as she whispered to her friend.

"Fuck...yes...that was amazing, Trish..."

Trisha grinned. "It was my pleasure."

"Ours too!" A voice rang out from behind the mirror, and Trisha and Britney both

laughed. The two cheerleaders got to their feet, each giggling at the other as

they slowly steadied their wobbling legs. Trisha turned to study her reflection

in the one-way mirror. Her hair was a mess and her face was flushed red from

effort. Thick streams of cum were splattered across her body, coating her face,

running down her neck, splashed on her perky tits and her dainty legs. Even her

miniskirt had a few obvious splotches. But the smile in the mirror was

unmistakable. Trisha's bright brown eyes beamed back at her as she grinned

towards the mirror. Britney tossed her hair and called out to the wall.

"Till next time, boys!"

Trisha was now looking down at herself, carefully cleaning the cum spot by spot

off her petite body. "So I guess this isn't the first time you've done this,

huh?"

"Nope." Britney laughed. "By now I think they recognize me here. Still, I've

never done anything even close to – hey! What the fuck do you think you're

doing?"

Trisha looked up. "What?"

"You're wiping all that cum off!"

"Um...yeah. What, did you think I'm going to go outside like this?"

Britney's face broke into a wicked grin. "You're damn right you are!"

Trisha froze in shock. "W...what?"

"Leave that cum on, hun! We're walking out of here just like this, so everyone

will know how slutty we really are."

Trisha's jaw dropped and her face colored scarlet at the thought. "Britney! Are

you out of your mind?" Everyone would see! It's broad daylight! "You're crazy if

you think I'm going out there like this?"

"Yeah?" The head cheerleader grinned even wider. "Maybe. But you know, if I had

told you last month that you were going to fuck a teacher, blow two policemen,

and get off with a dildo in front of a bunch of strangers, you'd have called me

crazy then too."

Trisha's mouth was still open, but she was struck dumb by Britney's response.

The head cheerleader was right. Still, though...this is unbelievable! I can't

believe Britney is even considering this! She blushed even more fiercely at the

thought of walking through the store topless, splattered from head to foot in

cum, for everyone to see. Her hands went to her chest, covering herself, just

thinking about it.

Britney burst out laughing. "Okay, okay...compromise?" She bent down and picked

up Trisha's bra, dangling it in front of her. "I'll let you at least cover your

tits. But they have to see you covered in cum, hun."

"Britney...I..." Trisha took her bra, but didn't move.

Britney slipped her own bra on and gathered her things. "Come on, Trisha! This

is exactly what I've been trying to tell you this entire time! Being a slut

isn't about the sex!"

Trisha raised an eyebrow, and Britney grinned.

"Well...okay, maybe it is about the sex. But it's more than that! It's about not

giving a shit what people think! You can't just be nasty in private and then

hide it from the rest of the world. You've gotta be free, Trish! Just let you

nasty mind go!"

And with that, Britney swung open the door and strode out, her own gorgeous body

showered in cum, her massive tits covered only in her bra, bouncing slightly as

she walked.

Still holding her bra, Trisha looked down at her slender frame, at the globs of

cum that had become streams, running down her supple chest and her taut waist in

white streaks, dribbled across her legs. She couldn't imagine a sluttier scene

than this – a petite, eighteen-year-old girl coated in the spunk of countless

strangers, in nothing but a bra and a cum-stained miniskirt, striding through an

adult bookstore. It was hard to believe she was even thinking about it. But

then...she must have been thinking the same thing before she got down on her

knees back in October and sucked Mr. Braun's cock. And now...now it felt so long

ago. Is this just another thing I'm too afraid to do? Just another thing I have

to get over?

Slowly, tentatively, Trisha slipped the bra over her shoulders and her chest,

and reached behind to secure the back. She picked up her crumpled blouse, closed

her eyes, and took a deep breath. Then, slowly, nervously, she followed Britney

out into the store.

Oh God...the store's twice as crowded as when we came in... Trisha's face burned

as she slowly exited the back hallway. It felt like every eye was on the

cheerleader as she walked, staring at her gorgeous, perky tits in her bra, at

her smooth legs and lithe frame. Trisha realized that some of the customers were

probably wondering if she was even legal; this petite girl, barely over five

feet, her sole piece of clothing a little, frilly miniskirt. Several of the men

in the store gave her a grin that told her they had been in the next room, but

the petite cheerleader kept her eyes straight ahead, trotting slowly, her

stained skirt swishing. The men had subjected her to a thorough treatment; they

had gotten cum on every part of her – a thick stream on her cheek and another on

her nose, large splatters on her tits that had run down her waist, and more

streaks trailing down her thighs, past her knees and her ankles. Her skin was

cold – the jism was drying on her, now glistening in the light of the store

against her skin.

As she walked to the front of the store, she caught one more glimpse of the

magazine rack, and spotted the cover with the girl named Nicole, grinning

through a thick blanket of cum. Trisha suddenly realized that the girl's hair

and eyes were the exact same shade as her own. She hurried to the front of the

store where Britney was waiting, also only in a bra and miniskirt, chatting with

the store owner.

"Shit, Britney," the man was saying, leering at the head cheerleader. "I could

hear you two screaming from all the way out here. Which one of you was that?"

"Her," Britney responded immediately, pointing to Trisha. "Her name's Trisha.

And she always screams when she cums."

"Britney!" Trisha blushed a deep crimson as the store owner grinned at her. The

head cheerleader let out a loud laugh as she strode out the door to her car,

Trisha hurrying to follow her.

"Trisha, hun, I've got a good feeling about this." Britney grinned at her friend

as she pulled out her car keys. "We've got lots of fun waiting for us."

Ch 09

*\*\*\*All characters are over 18\*\*\*

Five Months Later...*

"So he was into face-fucking you, huh?"

"Yeah. I mean, he wasn't huge or anything, so I could definitely deepthroat him. But I figured I'd throw in a couple chokes and gags just to keep him happy."

Britney laughed at Trisha's remark. In the last five months, the two girls had become closer than ever. Trisha didn't know it at the time, but that day at the bookstore, so long ago, had changed everything. Since then, the two cheerleaders had become inseparable. Britney had given her confidence, had taught her how to tease a man and flaunt her taut, eighteen-year-old body. She had helped Trisha revamp her entire wardrobe, replacing cute, flowery blouses with skin-tight tops and miniskirts, teaching her how to walk in stiletto heels. And, of course, she had given her more than a few sex tips.

"Yeah, I think that's pretty much just a male thing. No matter who the guy is, he always loves it when a girl chokes on his dick."

Trisha laughed as the two girls walked down the school's hallway. A pair of football players were chatting by their lockers, and as the two cheerleaders passed by, they exchanged knowing smiles. Trisha grinned as the memory flashed through her mind – the four of them, in the back of one of the jock's truck, entwined in one another, rolling around in the dark, switching partners, not even knowing who was who...

A short, blonde-haired girl was walking quickly past, clutching a math book to her chest. She offered Trisha a nervous, half-smile.

"Hey Trisha..."

Trisha smiled back. "Hi Mandy." She and Mandy had been best friends for so long, but now, she knew that Mandy just couldn't deal with everything that had changed. The last straw had been when rumors flew around that Trisha had slept with the AP History teacher, Mr. Braun. Deep inside her stomach, she felt a tiny cringe as she remembered their late-night phone conversation, when Mandy had shamefully admitted to Trisha that she couldn't be friends with her anymore. It was hard to accept, but somehow, Trisha had known that it was coming. She couldn't help who she was, and neither could Mandy.

Mandy gave a weak wave and then hurried on, eager to leave, and Trisha didn't bother trying to stop her. Instead, she kept up with Britney. The head cheerleader was wearing a skintight minidress, her boobs bursting out the top and her curvaceous butt barely covered by the swishing skirt. Trisha was wearing a pair of cutoff denim shorts, so tiny that the bottom of her ass poked out. Her boobs strained against the tight fabric of a white T-shirt, and the stiletto heels of her ankle-high boots clacked against the tile floor. The two of them were almost complete opposites: Britney was tall and blonde, standing several inches over Trisha, and always loud and the center of attention. Trisha was petite and slender, barely over five feet, and her cute smile, wavy brown hair, and innocent looks could have passed her off as the sweet girl next door any day. And yet, every single person in school knew exactly who both of them were; the class sluts, the hottest and the nastiest girls that had ever walked the school's halls. The two cheerleaders were almost out of the building when a tall, burly man in a brown suit stopped them.

"Hello, girls." It was Principal Johnson, standing in the middle of the hallway, arms crossed.

"Hi there, Principal." Britney smiled up at him.

"Mr. Braun tells me you were late for class this morning. Again."

Trisha gave a casual shrug. "Oops. Were we?"

"That's the third time this week. Three late classes in a row means detention." The Principal was doing his best to keep his voice hard, but for some reason he was struggling. He seemed to be nervous, or maybe even afraid.

Britney shook her head. "Mmm...I don't think so. We don't really want to go to detention."

"Well..." Principal Johnson began sputtering, "well, no one *wants* to go to detention, but they have to, and so do you. I am the principal, after all."

Trisha stepped forward, thrusting her chest forward, pouting with puppy dog eyes. "But Principal Johnson, we really *really* don't wanna!"

"Well...I..."

Britney stepped forward too. "Do you...need some more *convincing*?"

"I..." The Principal seemed to be trying to get something out, but he couldn't do it.

Britney shrugged. "Okay...tomorrow morning then, before class. Same place. We'll be waiting."

"Damnett, girls, you can't just..."

Trisha leaned in to whisper in his ear. "And you might want to bring some pills or something this time, Principal. I mean...you didn't last very long last time, did you?"

The girls laughed and turned to walk away as the principal stood frozen, angry and speechless. "See you later, Principal!"

Britney grinned at Trisha as they walked into the parking lot. "God, I fucking love doing that."

"How'd that video tape of him turn out?"

"Perfect. You can see his fucking face turn purple and everything. Oh, that reminds me." Britney reached into her purse and fished out her camera. "I'm meeting up with that one guy from the bookstore. He said he wants to film us this time."

Trisha giggled. "That guy? I thought you were finished with him."

Britney shrugged. "Nah. He's not that big, but God, he knows how to fuck. None of this make love bullshit. Just a good hard pounding. Hey, you should come. You'd like him, Trish. He's pretty rough."

Trisha grinned, but she shook her head. "Maybe next time, Brit. My mom is picking me up today. She's probably going to give me another lecture on respecting myself."

Britney rolled her eyes. "God. I respect myself just fine. I've got so much respect for myself that I don't give a shit if other people care how many guys I've fucked."

Trisha nodded. "Yeah, I know. It's a drag. Oh, there she is." She hurried towards the car that was pulling into the parking lot. "See you later, Brit!"

"See ya, Trish."

Trisha hopped into the passenger car seat and threw her backpack in the back. Her mom was dressed in a business suit, and her disapproving gaze was sweeping over her daughter's outfit.

"Honey, that shirt is virtually see-through."

"Is it?" Trisha looked down at her shirt, confused and innocent. "I didn't notice."

Her mother sighed. "You need to be more careful. I don't know what I'm going to do with you. I see you're still hanging around with that Britney girl."

Trisha nodded, putting her feet up on the dashboard. "Yep. I like her."

"Well, I don't. I didn't get a chance to do our grocery shopping, so we have to stop off there now." She turned off the street and into a large, crowded parking lot.

"Shit, really Mom? You can't just do that tomorrow?"

"Watch your language. And if you don't want to wait, why don't you help me?" Her mother gathered up her purse and stepped out of the car.

"Okay, okay, never mind, forget it. I'll just wait out here."

Her mom sighed. "Fine...you can stay with the car. Maybe you can get started on your homework."

"Sure thing. Thanks, Mommy."

As soon as her mom disappeared into the grocery store, Trisha got out and leaned against the car, feeling the sunshine on her skin. She closed her eyes and stretched her little body in the hot afternoon, arching on her toes and raising her arms towards the sky. The sun was staring down at her, but the cheerleader got a strange feeling that something else was staring too. She opened her eyes and looked around.

She was right. A boy in a store employee's uniform was standing on the sidewalk, smoking and trying to look suave, but unable to keep his cool next to the sight of Trisha stretching in the sunlight. His mouth was slightly open, and he was blatantly staring straight at her gorgeous body, eyes wide and unblinking. Trisha smiled and waved in his direction. He jolted as if someone had hit him, briefly met her gaze, and immediately blushed and looked away.

"Hi there," Trisha said, flashing him a sweet, innocent smile. "Do I have something on my shirt?"

"Uh...no. Nope. Sorry." He hurriedly shoved the cigarette into his mouth and turned away, deliberately avoiding looking at her body. Trisha could tell that it was taking him a lot of effort. She felt a wicked, powerful thrill at how easily she could turn him on, at how obviously he was checking her out; her long, brown hair draped across her slender shoulders, her perky 32C tits thrust out in contrast to her lithe waist and her slightly flared hips, her gorgeous ass only helping to frame her smooth, athletic legs. The thrill grew and grew as she watched him, building into an eager hunger. She kept her innocent brown eyes on his, and offered another sweet smile.

"Are you sure? You were staring right at it."

She thrust her chest forward, and pretended to look down and examine herself. The boy was looking out at the parking lot now, desperately trying to keep his composure, forcing himself to avoid staring at Trisha's dainty, gorgeous frame. The cheerleader barely managed to stifle her giggle at his reaction.

"Uh..."

"You know what? I think there might be a stain. Can you see it? Right here." Trisha teasingly tugged the shirt against her chest, the outline of her tit clearly visible against the stretched fabric. She smiled again.

The boy gave in, turning his head to stare. Trisha felt another thrill as she watched his eyes greedily take in every part of her – her T-shirt, tied around the navel, exposing her smooth midriff, her perky breasts bulging out against the tight fabric. Trisha knew without looking that in the sun, the stretched fabric was see-through, and the boy was staring at her lacy white bra. He lingered around her cutoff jean shorts, her smooth ass just poking out of the bottom, teasing him, her legs slender and shapely. She crossed one boot-clad foot over the other, the sharp heel clacking against the pavement. Then, she leaned against the car, throwing her slight shoulders back, feeling his eyes on her petite body and loving every second of it. *I want more*...

"I...uh...I dunno if..."

*Ooh...I want more!* Trisha strode over to him, not waiting for him to finish. Her chest was nearly bursting with eagerness, and the same powerful hunger was now coursing through her. "Hey, do you work in here?" She gestured towards the supermarket.

"Uh...yeah, I work as –"

"You have a bathroom in the back?"

"Um...sure."

"Okay. Show me where it is."

"Uh...yeah, okay..." He discarded his cigarette and walked into the back warehouse, and Trisha followed him, running a hand through her long brown hair. It was mostly empty, although she could hear noises far off – someone talking, or loading some boxes. He was slightly hunched as he watched, and the cheerleader knew that he was trying to hide an erection. Just the thought of it sent a hot shudder through her little body. He led her to a door in the back, opening it to reveal a one-person bathroom, with a grimy toilet and a leaky sink. Trisha walked in. "Thanks."

The boy took a step back and began to close the door, but Trisha stopped him, and gave him her best pout.

"You're leaving?"

"Wha? I...uh...yeah...I thought..."

Trisha tried to offer another innocent pout, but couldn't help breaking into a wicked giggle halfway through.

"Don't do that! Stay for a while!" She winked at him, then she stepped forward, pressing her delicate body up against his, her firm, C-cup boobs mashed against him. She could feel his erection, throbbing against her stomach, as she raised herself on her tip-toes to whisper in his ear. "Maybe you can give me another stain."

The boy gasped. Without waiting for an answer, Trisha grabbed him around the collar, pulled him inside, and shut the door. The cheerleader could tell that he was utterly confused and unprepared – probably inexperienced too, but she didn't care. She was ready and eager; the moment she had felt his eyes running all over her body, her pussy had started to grow moist. Now, as she drew him towards her, she could feel her juices soaking her twat, her legs nearly trembling with anticipation. *Oh God...I need to be fucked so badly!* At barely five feet, she was much shorter than him, but she reached up and pulled him down into a kiss, shoving her tongue into his mouth. His tongue clumsily responded, flailing about, his breathing hard. A second later, she impatiently broke the kiss and whirled around, bending over and placing her hands on the toilet.

"What do you say?" she asked, turning back to flash him a smile. "Wanna make a deposit?"

"Wait...this is...crazy..." He was just staring at her, confused and overwhelmed. He was clearly rock-hard, as shown by the bulge in his pants, but he seemed frozen, too scared, or maybe just too bewildered, to act. The petite cheerleader arched her back in impatience. *Guess he's going to need some encouragement...*

"I can't wait any longer!" She moaned softly at him, ignoring his protest, her eyes pouty and begging. "Hurry up and fuck me!"

The boy jumped at the word 'fuck,' and Trisha couldn't help laughing.

"What? Don't you want to?"

"I mean...y-yeah...of course..." He couldn't seem to get the words out, his eyes still fixed on her slender body, bent over the toilet, her little ass hoisted in the air, ready for him to take her.

"Oooh," Trisha cooed, encouraging him. "Then come on! You're the only one that can satisfy me! Please! I'm so horny and I just want you inside of me!" The cheerleader began to unbutton her tiny shorts. *God...he's taking so long!*

"O...okay..."

"You can tell all your friends about the hot cheerleader you fucked. Tell them how dirty it was." She looked back at him, and saw that he was slowly unzipping his pants with a trembling hand.

"That's it!" She smiled up at him, excited, as she yanked her shorts and her thong down to her ankles. "Fuck me hard, make me call out..." Trisha paused, then peered at the nametag on his shirt. She couldn't read it. "What's your name?"

"Uh...George."

"Oh, okay." Trisha giggled, and a powerful thrill slithered through her body. *How slutty of me...not even knowing his name!* "Then make me call out your name, George! Hurry!" She wiggled her naked ass at him.

Still unsure of himself, George stepped forward, guiding his throbbing dick towards Trisha's ass. Slowly, the boy lowered his dick towards Trisha's eager cunt and tenderly began to push inside of her.

"Oooh...yeah...there you go..." Trisha's entire body shuddered in pleasure as her pussy finally got what it wanted – the hard dick pushing inside of her, stretching her and filling her needs. He continued to push, but very slowly, his cock sliding in bit by bit. *More, damnett...more!* Her body was practically bursting with lust and impatience.

"Harder..." She whimpered softly. Within seconds, she lost her patience. The cheerleader reached back to grab his thighs with both hands and forcefully thrust him forward. She heard George gasp as his entire dick plunged into her, sending a wild, powerful rush of pleasure through her aching twat.

"YEAH!" Trisha cried out loud. "That's it, baby! Fuck me!"

George began to rock in and out of her, thrusting clumsily, trying to obey her. His cock slowly slid in and out of her pussy.

"Harder!" She cried out again, begging him. "Harder! Please, harder!" Her hands clamped down on his thighs, pulling him toward her, yanking his legs back and forth, making his dick plunge in and out of her impatient cunt.

"Holy...holy shit..." George was panting, his legs jerked back and forth, his dick pushed in and out of this unknown girl's twat, piercing into her. Trisha moaned, closing her eyes and relishing the feel of her pussy being stretched and filled. That dick felt so good, opening and filling her, and the cheerleader slowly began to rock back against him, grinding into his cock, desperate for more. *Oh God...if only he would go faster!*

George gasped again. "Agh...ahh..." He tried his best.

"Deeper! Harder!" she called out, and this time her hands clamped down on his ass, jamming him inside her, and finally, George seemed to get the hang of it. She felt his hands grasp her tiny waist, and he began to thrust hard, plunging his tool deep into her swollen twat, impaling her, his balls slapping against her pussy lips with each pound. Immediately, the pleasure exploded across the cheerleader's body. She arched her back and her face flushed with joy as she felt George's dick ram hard and fast, finally fucking her with the force that she needed.

"Oh God!! YES!" Trisha planted her hands back on the filthy toilet seat, pumping her petite body against George's dick, slamming her hips into a powerful collision with his, her hair and her tits flopping. It was the only thing she could feel now, that wonderful rock-hard dick, filling her, stretching her hot, bulging pussy.

"Ahh...holy shit..." George was gasping for breath, his legs working hard, pistoning his dick in and out of the cheerleader. Trisha crouched low over the toilet, keeping her ass hoisted, gripping the toilet for support as she wildly drove herself against his thusting hips. Her boots scuffed and scraped against the floor as she bent her legs and pumped George's dick, engulfing it in her soaked twat. They were bucking so hard that the loud, fleshy *slap* of their hips colliding was echoing through the bathroom, and Trisha delighted in the sound, squealing out loud in pleasure.

"Yeah, baby! Yeah, that's it!"

*Slap slap slap!* His hands were tightly gripping her waist now, forcing her backwards, encouraging her to rock towards him even harder, and she did, putting her entire little body into meeting his every thrust with equal strength. *God, yes! This is what I'm talking about!* He was pounding her hard, and each vigorous thrust sent a spasm of joy speeding through the petite cheerleader.

*Slap slap slap!*

"Ahhh...ahhh! Holy...holy shiiiitt!!!" George's cock began to throb, and he kept fucking her, hard and fast. Trisha could feel his excitement pulsing through his cock, plunged in her pussy, swollen and throbbing deep inside of her. It spurred her on even more, and she began to buck against him with all her might, impaling herself on his rod, eager to milk his cock, eager to feel him shoot his seed deep inside of her twat. *Yesss...yes!!!*

"Ahhhh!!!" George cried out, and Trisha's face broke into a satisfied grin as she felt his cock begin to spurt inside her, unloading his cum, hot and thick, filling her eager twat to the brim. He continued to thrust as he came, and the petite cheerleader rocked too, letting his dick plunge into her flooded canal, feeling her own juices mix with his hot spunk. *That was fast,* she thought to herself, grinning. *But I guess I couldn't expect much more.*

"Ohh...yeah..." George was hunched over her body, gasping and shuddering, when the door to the bathroom suddenly slammed open.

"George, is that –" The manager of the store stopped in his tracks, his mouth open in mid-sentence. He took the sight in – a cute, petite teenager bent over a filthy toilet seat, her ass raised up in the air, and his own employee with his pants around his knees and his dick deep inside of her.

"What the HELL is going on in here???"

George turned to Trisha, and she saw genuine fear replacing his pleasure and sweeping across his face. He was going to get fired, she realized. She had to do something. Quickly, she stood up, ignoring the loud *squelch* of George's cock slipping out of her pussy, and turned to face the manager. She gave him a sweet, innocent smile; a smile that she knew could get her out of anything.

"Oh sir...I'm so glad you're here! Shut the door, will ya?"

The manager seemed ready for another outburst, but her comment caught him off guard. He stood silently in shock, staring down at her, not moving. Trisha's tight T-shirt showed off her firm tits and her bare, dainty midriff. Her panties and shorts were still around her ankles, revealing her slender legs and flared hips, her bulging, dripping pussy. The petite cheerleader felt another wicked thrill run through her as his eyes ran over her. When he still wouldn't respond, she shrugged.

"All right, then." Trisha reached behind him and gave the door a shove, closing it herself, and the loud slam seemed to awaken the manager.

"Now hold on just a minute..."

"Oh, no...I don't think I can," Trisha cooed as she sank down to her knees, her shorts and panties still around her ankles. Quickly, she began to undo the man's belt, and triumphantly she felt the growing bulge in his pants. He kept up the protest, though.

"Young lady, I..."

"Oooh...I may be young, sir, but trust me, I'm no lady." She winked at him as she unzipped his pants and slowly pulled them down, and as the expression on his face slowly changed, she knew she had him. Softly, she pulled his dick out and began to jerk him off.

"Whoa there...wow..."

"Mmm...like that?" Trisha smiled up at him, both hands around his dick, sliding up and down, across his shaft. He was getting hard now, and quickly. She turned around to see George, still with his dick hanging out, watching them, mouth open and eyes wide. "Did you enjoy yourself, Georgie? Want to stick around for Act II?"

"Sure..."

She laughed at his eagerness, then turned back to face the manager. His eyes were closed, his entire concentration fixed on this young girl jacking him off in her hand. Trisha couldn't wait any longer. Keeping her eyes on his face, eager to watch his reaction, the petite cheerleader parted her lips and slid the head of his dick into her soft mouth.

"Oh yeah...that's it." The manager's face twitched as he felt the eighteen-year-old's mouth wrap itself around his meat, and he gently thrust his hips forward, forcing Trisha to take a bit more of his cock into her lips. It was rock-hard now, and she happily accepted it, sucking him in slowly, her hand still jerking him off as she gulped, her lips softly smacking with her efforts.

"Yeah...yeah...that feels so good."

Trisha slurped a bit deeper, slobbering across his shaft, feeling the head slide up against the back of her mouth. She licked him greedily, sliding her tongue against the bottom of his cock, her slick lips gliding up and down his meat. She began to bob her head back and forth, smacking and gulping, and the manager groaned.

"Deeper...take me deeper."

Trisha felt him rest a hand on the back of her head, and she silently obeyed, relaxing her throat and letting the dick shimmy down it, ignoring her gag reflex as she buried his length deep inside of her. The manager let out a huge gasp as he felt her deepthroat him. Trisha let out a muffled giggle as she beamed up at him, her lips stuffed with cock, his pubes tickling her nose. She left his shaft shoved down her throat for a few seconds before pulling him back out to take a breath.

"Does my throat feel good around your dick?" She licked her lips and smiled.

"Yeah...fuck yeah..." His shaft was slick and wet now with her saliva, and she jerked him off with one hand as she turned around to face George. His dick was hard again, and one hand was absentmindedly stroking it as he watched her, eyes wide and mouth open.

"What do you think, Georgie? Does this look fun to you?"

"Yeah..." He almost looked hypnotized as he quickly nodded.

"C'mere then." She smiled up at him and beckoned with one finger. He stood in front of her, next to the manager in the cramped bathroom, and watched in shock as she took each of their dicks in one hand, jerking them off in a quick, smooth rhythm. Smiling up at George, Trisha slid the head of his cock into her mouth, letting her tongue run across it, relishing the involuntarily shudder of pleasure that ran through George's body. She could taste George's cum on the tip, and her own salty juices coating it, a result of their fucking just a few minutes before.

"Oh...oh yeah..." George was moaning as he looked down at her, her mouth tight around his dick, her cheeks puckered, sucking gently, her lips wet and glistening. She winked up at him and before he could figure out why, she was throating him, her lips slurping at his balls, the entire length of his stiff cock jammed down her tender throat. George let out a huge moan as he watched his meat vanish into the petite cheerleader's soft lips, just the very base of it visible as she gently bobbed against him. Trisha let out a soft, muffled moan, enjoying every moment of George's shocked pleasure. With her mouth stuffed full of George's cock, she didn't even notice that the manager, growing impatient with a simple handjob, had stepped in back of her, lowered himself to his knees, and positioned himself behind her. Then, she felt his hands on her waist, guiding her backwards.

Trisha emitted another sloppy, muffled moan as her little body tingled with joy. Immediately, her pussy was flooded with an aching, eager joy at the manager's touch. She knew what he wanted, and she wanted it even more. Without even turning around, with George's cock still buried in her throat, Trisha scooted her ass backwards, resting on her hands and knees, her butt raised in the air, ready to be pounded again. She felt the manager's hands on her thin, dainty hips, guiding her backwards. The cheerleader continued to gulp down George's cock, slurping against his shaft, feeling his balls on her lips and the tip of his dick slide up against the back of her throat. Finally, when she could take him no more, she slipped the cock back out, gasping for breath, grinning up at George.

"Holy...shit..." The boy's eyes were wide as saucers.

"Mmm..you like fucking my throat, baby? You want to keep fucking it?"

"Shit...fuck yeah I do..."

Trisha slid his dick back into her mouth and then let out a muffled groan – the manager was ready now, his dick pressed up against her pussy lips, ready to take her. She heard him groan loudly as he slid easily into her slick, soaked pussy. Immediately, the cheerleader's body was set ablaze, and she quivered in pleasure as she felt him pierce into her.

"Wow...you're soaking wet..." The manager's groan was low and thick.

Trisha slipped George's cock out of her mouth to turn around and grin at him. "What can I say? I'm an enthusiastic girl!"

"Yeah...fuck yeah you are." He slowly thrust his cock into her, feeling her twat clasp every inch of him like a sheath, warm and tender and wet. Trisha turned back to tend to George, but she let out a soft moan of approval as she felt the manager plunge the entire length of his shaft into her cunt. He was much better than George, and thank God...the boy's hurried fuck had only made her pussy ache for more. *Ohhh...this is what a real fucking should feel like!*

"Mmm...ohhh..." Trisha's muffled moans slipped between her wet lips and George's throbbing cock. The manager was pumping now, his hands wrapped around her petite waist, his hips jamming into hers. Trisha felt the lust beginning to overtake her, the powerful fucking flooding her body with uncontrollable pleasure, but she didn't want to forget George. The cheerleader took a deep breath and then plunged her head back down, throating George's cock once more and making him gasp with pleasure.

"Yeah...that's a wet cunt..." The manager's fucking was steady and hard, keeping a firm grip on her, his balls slapping against Trisha's soaking pussy lips. The cheerleader rocked against him just as she had rocked against George barely five minutes ago, engulfing his dick in her eager flesh. He responded with even more strength, bucking against her, making her entire body twitch and wiggle with his force, even as she was still busy slurping down George's meat. A muffled moan burst out of the cheerleader.

"Ohhh....gahhh yeth...fffck mahhh..."

George was moaning too, closing his eyes to concentrate on the cheerleader's wet lips, gulping down his cock, saliva dribbling down his balls. Back and forth Trisha rocked, one way engulfing the manager's dick in her pussy, the other shoving George's rod down her eager throat. Back and forth, back and forth, the two men stuffed her with their meat. As she bucked and thrust herself across the floor, the manager's hands reached across her chest, tugging her shirt up and her bra down to massage her firm tits as he banged her. Trisha's body thrilled with joy at the feeling – his hands roughly squeezing her globes, his dick plowing into her, her loud desperate moans muffled by a thick cock in her mouth.

The manager was panting now with effort, fucking her hard, and the cheerleader was meeting him with equal force, slamming her slender hips against his, stuffing herself with his meat. He grabbed onto each of her boobs, one big handful in each hand, and began to viciously yank her petite body against his, forcing her to slam into his hips at a painful speed, and each thrust plowed his dick balls-deep into her aching twat. Wrenched back and forth, her hair flying, Trisha happily subjected herself to the violation, her little body flushed with pleasure, her back arched in the air and her eager, muffled moans echoing through the cramped bathroom.

"Ohhh...mffghh....fckkk...ghhh..." Trisha threw her own weight into bucking against the manager's, relishing his rough hands on her tits, savoring the sensation of having her dainty body flung against a rock-hard cock. Her moans were getting louder and sloppier, and drool started to spill down her chin as she continued to thrust her lips up and down George's shaft. A string of slobbery gurgles poured out of her mouth along with her saliva, and Trisha wailed out her pleasure, lost to the feeling of the manager's ferocious pounding.

"Mmfff...ohhhhggodddd!!"

Trisha imagined the scene in her mind – on her hands and knees in a smelly bathroom, her chin covered and dripping with her spit, slurping on the dick of a boy she had just fucked. And another man, pounding into her at the same time, his cock filling every inch of her swollen pussy, so deep and so hard. He was crouched over her now, his breath hot on her back as she thrust herself against him. His hands were painful on her tits, clenching them tightly as he viciously forced himself onto her little body, yanking her towards him with a ferocious, wild strength, his dick powering into her like a jackhammer.

George's hands were on the back of Trisha's head now, even as she flailed back and forth on the floor, guiding her deeper, and he was thrusting gently, pumping his dick in and out of her drool-coated lips. The manager was being so rough with her, so wonderfully rough, grabbing onto her perky tits and wrenching her petite body against him, stabbing into her with all his might, forcing her to take his entire length. George was gently face-fucking her, pushing his cock into her mouth, gaining speed with each second. *They're treating me like a piece of meat...fucking me from both ends...yanking and throwing me back and forth across the floor...* Her hair was flying everywhere with the force of the manager's bucking, plastered on her face, floundering across her eager, thrashing body. Neither of them were holding back now; George was thrusting deep into her throat, sinking his entire shaft into her plump lips as she slurped, only moments away from making her gag. The manager's balls slapped loudly as they smacked against her dripping pussy, and her entire body quivered with each impact. They were so deep...Trisha felt like George's cock was plunging into her stomach, like the manager's was ripping through her twat and jamming deep into her chest. *Oh God...they're so rough...they're so good...

...And they don't even know me!* The realization came to Trisha out of nowhere, as she thrashed back and forth, her pussy and mouth stuffed full of dick. *They don't even know my name! They're just fucking some random slut...some nasty, cum-starved slut...some naughty, disgusting slut, on her hands and knees in the middle of a public bathroom...*

The dirty nature of the scene sent her over the edge. Trisha opened her mouth wide, letting out a loud, half-muffled scream around George's dick.

"Aghhhh...Oh Godd...fuuuck!!!"

George was groaning out loud too, feeling Trisha's tongue swirl across his dick, watching as her hot body bucked back and forth, taking his own dick and his manager's at the same time, writhing with all the strength the little cheerleader could muster, her petite hips jamming herself against the manager, her C-cup tits mashed in his hands, her big brown eyes wild with joy as she screamed.

"Ohhh fucckkk...fuck me...fuck me!!!" Saliva dribbled out of Trisha's mouth as she shouted, her body crazied and uncontrollable, hungering for George's dick, aching for more of the manager's vicious pounding. The two of them were thrusting in rhythm now, shoving their meat deep inside her pussy and her throat, plunging in unison into her from both sides, and every time they pulled back, her body cried out desperately to be filled again.

"Oh...oh God..."

"Yeah...yeah that's a wet little cunt..."

"Fuuuck! Aghhhh! Fuuuck!" Trisha closed her eyes as she let out one gurgled, sloppy scream after another, her drool pouring down her chin, her long brown hair stuck to her sweaty, flushed body.

The manager was much more experienced than George, and he knew what was about to happen.

"You gonna cum, little girl? You wanna cum on my cock?"

"Fuuuck! Ohhhh fuuuck yessss!!!!"

The manager bucked extra-hard against Trisha, the strength of his thrusts forcing her forward, and she gagged on George's dick as it burrowed deep in her throat. But she bucked back, grinding wildly against the manager, feeling his dick plunge and plow through her, stuffing every inch of her aching canal. George let out a huge groan as Trisha coughed and gagged on his dick, her mouth slobbery and wet. The cheerleader could barely concentrate now, throwing her entire body against the man fucking her. Her mouth was wide open, stuffed full of cock, but she didn't even notice her own desperate choking. Her chest was heaving for breath now as she alternated between wild gags and coughs and passionate screams. The two dicks were so good, violating her, taking her, impaling her from behind and jamming down her throat, ripping into her petite little body, her slutty, dirty body, stretched out on a bathroom floor between two strangers...*Ohh! It's too much!!!*

"AHHHHH!!!! Ohhh...ohhh my GODD!!!!" A single spasm rushed through Trisha's body, racing across her back and through her trembling legs. George was still thrusting into her as she opened her mouth wide, screaming again as her orgasm rushed forth. She could feel her pussy twitch and contract, and the ripples of pleasure slashed through her body, spilling across her skin, making her shudder and shake. The manager continued to fuck her, his hands wrapped hard around her waist, his dick balls-deep inside of her, watching as the cheerleader trembled and spasmed in her climax. Muffled, wet screams ripped through her throat and her lips.

"GODD!! GODDD YESS!! YESSS!!" Her crazed screams echoed through the bathroom, and the waves of pleasure crashed against her quivering, dainty frame, back and forth, over and over, flushing every inch of her. The petite cheerleader's mind went blank, and only a single image was left – her and these two strangers, fucking like wild animals, her mouth and her pussy stuffed with cock, ravaged and violated like only the nastiest of sluts could take. Her arched back was rigid, her legs and arms trembled with joy, her chest heaved in effort. Finally, Trisha let out an exhilarated sigh as she felt the last wave of her orgasm slither through her. The cheerleader felt her entire body rise with joy – that wonderful after-orgasm feeling, when every part of her felt wonderful and reborn. She suddenly realized that she was coated in her own drool; a result of trying to scream over and over with a cock in her mouth. It had soaked her chin and was starting to stream down her neck, puddling on the floor as it dripped off George's cock.

Trisha looked up at the boy. He still looked out of place, still looked in shock, this time at the sight of her out-of-control, earsplitting orgasm. She slipped his slobbery dick out of her mouth with an audible *pop*, and a long stream of her drool followed it.

The cheerleader was still panting and recovering, but she flashed a sweet smile up at George. "Mmm...oooh that felt good, George. What do you think? Think it's your turn?"

George nodded down at her. "Yeah...yeah..."

Trisha took him back in her mouth, a mischievous look in her eye. The manager was grunting now, still grinding into the cheerleader's soaked, swollen twat, his dick throbbing with effort. Trisha took a deep breath, making sure to watch George's reaction, and throated him one more time. George's eyes widened, so large she thought they would explode, as she smushed her nose against his stomach, her sloppy lips bobbing on his balls, his entire shaft buried in her soft throat.

"Ahhh...wow...too much...!!"

Trisha slurped and milked his cock, mashing her face again and again against his crotch, sliding him just a couple inches out of her throat before burying him deep. She could still hear the manager's grunts, still feel his fat dick pistoning in and out of her tender, tingling cunt.

"It's...It's too fucking much!" George's head was back, and he was gasping for air at the pleasure of feeling his dick buried in Trisha's slobbery mouth. But Trisha wouldn't let up. An eager hunger filled her chest, and she sped up her slurping, wrapping her tongue around the bottom of his meat as she jammed it yet again down her throat. She gulped as she sucked, her face pressed against his crotch, her saliva-slick lips tightly locked around the base of his shaft, her cute brown eyes fixed on his face. On her hands and knees, the cheerleader sucked and fucked, savoring the carnal pleasure of the two men; one dick jammed inside her twat, the other stuffed halfway to her stomach. She continued to rock with the manager's fucking, urging him on, feeling every inch of him thrust into her.

"Oh...oh...okay!" George was cumming again, his dick throbbing and twitching in Trisha's mouth. She could feel each spurt coming out of his shaft, the powerful spasm twitching against her lips as it shot out of him, flooding her throat and her mouth. She swallowed eagerly and continued to slurp down his cock, massaging his twitching balls with one hand, milking them, thirsty for every drop of cum he had. She let out a muffled moan of her own as she felt his hands on the back of her head, gently fucking her mouth, unloading his seed into her stomach. When he was done, he gently pulled out of her, still gasping for breath.

"Th...thank you..."

She laughed and grinned up at him. "Thank *you*, sweetie."

"Ugh...ugh..." The manager was still fucking her, hard and fast, his hands painfully tight on her dainty waist, his face dripping with sweat. *Wow...he's got some stamina,* Trisha thought to herself, impressed. *But it's been a while...what if Mom is waiting for me?* Maybe she should help him along. She turned her head around and flashed him a sexy smile.

"You like that pussy?"

"Ahh...yeah...fuck yeah...it's so wet..." He was panting so hard that he could barely respond.

"Mmhmm...it's so wet for you..." She flashed him a sweet smile.

"Fuck...yeah..." The manager's next thrust was extra hard, sending Trisha rocking forward, but she planted a hand on the floor to catch herself, and bucked back against him, listening to the slap of their hips colliding, watching the manager's body shudder with the impact.

"Oooh...I want your cum...I want your cum so bad..." Her big brown eyes were fixed on his cock, watching it pound into her slender body.

"Ohhh...fucckkk...."

Trish arched her back again, and squeezed her pussy hard, clasping his cock as she slammed her body against his.

"Where you gonna cum, baby?" She asked, encouraging him. "You wanna cum on my face?"

The man's sweaty, red face nodded vigorously, and Trisha knew she had said the right thing.

"Oooh, yeah...you wanna cum on my face, huh? You wanna shoot your hot load all over my pretty little face?"

"Fuck...yeah! Fuck!"

Trisha clenched her pussy, milking his cock, enjoying every single pound, relishing the feeling of his balls pressing against her crotch as he plunged his entire manhood inside her swollen twat. Her body was hungry once more, eager again for cum...she was almost tingling with anticipation.

"Yeah! Oooh, God that feels good! Cum, baby! Cum all over my face!" She was shouting now, encouraging him, crying out for his seed.

"Ohh...oh God..." His dick was throbbing now; she could feel it twitching and sliding inside her tender cunt, pounding wildly in and out of her. *Ohhh...yes... he's so close!*

"Yeah! Fuck yeah! Cum on me! Spray all over my little slut face!"

"Agghh...Ahhhh!!!" The manager pulled his dick out of Trisha's pussy and raced around to her front. He pushed George aside, completely ignoring his employee's protest as he fell on the ground. Trisha grinned up at him as he frantically jacked off his stiff tool with one hand, his face animalistic, his chest heaving with the effort. She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, her eyes glittering up at him, ready and waiting.

"FUUUCK!!!"

A hot stream of cum shot out of his cock, glazing her lips and dribbling onto her tongue and her chin. She reached up and took his cock in her hand, jacking him off, aiming his load across her face. She felt a second stream, even stronger then the first, splattering across her forehead and into her hair. She giggled as more came, a third line of warm, thick cum across her nose. *Wow...his load is huge!* The manager did his best to aim for her mouth, and managed to shoot a stream right across her extended tongue, but most of it missed, splattering her cheeks and her lips, her chin and her nose. Trisha flinched as a couple of stray drops even flew into her open eyes. Finally, his climax stopped, and the manager stumbled as he stepped backwards, taking in the beautiful sight – a teenage girl on her hands and knees, her shirt bunched around her shoulders, her shorts yanked to her ankles, her face coated and dripping with his cum and her hand still stroking his half-hard dick. Trisha gently wiped off the head of his dick with her fingers, making sure to catch all of the cum, then raised it to her lips and sucked, feeling the hot, tangy liquid across her tongue, savoring the texture of it in her mouth before she swallowed. Like a cat, she cleaned herself off, gently running her hand across her nose, her cheeks and her chin, her forehead, her eyelids. She stopped to lick her hands clean and gulp the gooey stuff down, feeling every bit of his juice sliding down her throat. When she was satisfied, Trisha licked her lips and swallowed one last time, then grinned at the two supermarket employees.

The manager had sunk to his knees as well, sitting next to George, panting, still trying to recover. She giggled at their exhaustion. They were probably completely different – one of them a boss, an older, more experienced man, the other just a kid, probably in high school like her. And yet right now, they were the same, sitting and breathing hard, tired out by fucking the same slut. Trisha stood up and looked at herself in the bathroom's greasy mirror. *Yes...I'm a slut!* She happily admired the sight in the mirror: an eighteen-year-old cheerleader, petite and dainty, barely over five feet, sweaty and flushed, her hair a mess. Her top was still bunched up around her shoulders, and she could see the red marks on her tits where the manager had squeezed too hard. *I'm a dirty slut, a slut who fucks two strangers at the same time in a supermarket bathroom...* Trisha bent over to tug her panties and her shorts back over her hips and her tender, swollen pussy. She rearranged her bra, tucking the cups over her boobs, and pulled her shirt back down. Then, she reached a hand up to try to comb her long brown hair, and giggled again as she felt stickiness. She must have missed some of the manager's cum that shot into her hair. *Just a dirty little slut who likes a good, rough pounding and a nice facial...* She licked her fingers clean once more, then finished running her hands through her hair. She stepped carefully over the two panting men, her boots clicking on the title floor, and put a hand on the door knob. *A dirty, filthy slut, who fucks two men when they don't even know her name...*Trisha's entire body felt like it was on fire with ecstacy.

"Thanks for the great fuck."

"Y-yeah..."

"You're...welcome..."

"I would stick around, but my mom is probably waiting for me."

The manager looked up in shock. "Your mom???"

"Yup. She was shopping in the store but she's probably done by now. I hope she's not worried." Trisha giggled at the manager's jaw dropped. "Bye!"

The petite cheerleader cheerfully walked out of the warehouse. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw two more store employees, sitting on the sidewalk taking a break. They were eyeing her for sure; a little brunette, cute and sweet enough to be the classic innocent schoolgirl, but dressed like any other slut. Their gaze lingering over her dainty body, her slender legs in her high-heeled boots, her tits thrusting out against the stretched fabric of her T-shirt, and her ass, red and tender, poking out of the bottom of her shorts, wiggling as she walked. She wondered if George's cum was dribbling out of her pussy and leaving a wet spot, or maybe some of the manager's cum was still on her face. She hoped it was. The men on the sidewalk were still watching her. As she walked by, she turned to wink at them, but didn't stop. *Sorry boys,* she thought as she grinned to herself. *Maybe next time.*

Ch 10

*\*\*\*All characters are over 18\*\*\**

Trisha's cheeks were bright red, and her hair was flopping across her face and her neck. The petite cheerleader was on her knees, a thick coat of drool blanketing her plump lips and her chin, running down her neck, dribbling onto her cheerleaders' uniform. Her pleated miniskirt was hitched up around her waist, revealing a black G-string, framing her round, firm ass. Both of her hands were pressing against the thighs of the varsity quarterback standing in front of her, and she gripped his legs hard, pulling herself into him, jutting her head hard and fast against his throbbing rod.

"Ahhh... oh shit... Jesus... Trisha... "

Trisha winked up at him, gulping and sucking, her loud slurps echoing through the empty locker room. She eagerly wrapped her tongue around the shaft of his cock as she sucked, running it along the edge, relishing the shudder that she could feel running through his body. Then, she throated him, easing his cock down as easily as if it were butter, stuffing her face with his meat and jamming her nose against his pubes. She continued to run her tongue up and down the base of his shaft as she buried it in her throat. The quarterback gasped and wheezed, his eyes ready to pop out of his head, his chest heaving as he panted. The cheerleader felt his hands on her head, lightly pushing her deep, deep down his rod. She slurped and drooled on him for a few more seconds before finally pulling him out of her throat, inhaling through her nose, still sucking on the end of his dick.

"Wow... this is... you're incredible... you're... ahhh!"

Trisha didn't even let him finish. As soon as she had caught her breath, she plunged back down for more, swallowing him deep into her throat, locking her lips around his shaft and slurping loudly. He yelled out loud then, his hands tight on her head, and Trisha felt the familiar throbbing in his meat grow fiercer and stronger, as if his cock was about to burst. *He's going to cum already?* Trisha couldn't help feeling a wave of pride rushing through her chest at her prowess, and her eyes glittered up at the quarterback, eager and excited, awaiting her prize as she slobbered.

"Ahhh... T-Trisha... I'm about to... "

She pulled his dick out of her mouth and wrapped both hands around his drool-coated shaft, jacking him off with incredible speed, her fingers a blur on his swelling dick.

"On my face!" she yelled, interrupting him in an excited voice. "Shoot it on my face!"

"Ahhh!"

A rush of joy swept through her eager body as she watched his cock shudder and jolt. A thick stream of cum spurted out of the tip, splattering across her face, one thick line that stretched from the part in her long brown hair between her bright brown eyes and down her nose and across her mouth. She couldn't help herself; her tongue snaked out and dabbed at the gooey mess strewn across her lips. Even as she licked up his seed, more came shooting forth, dribbling now all over her cheeks and her lips, a few drops splashing onto her chin and dripping onto her cheerleader's blouse. She grinned up at the quarterback as he gasped, one hand now on the locker bay behind him, trying to keep his balance. She kept jacking him off, slower now, letting him recover, before finally letting his softening cock go to run her fingers over her cum-coated face. Trisha was like a child with candy now, scooping up his cum off her face, collecting it in her fingers then greedily licking it up before running her hands back over herself for more. She saved all of his load in her mouth until she was sure she had gotten all of it, then finally swallowed it in one big, satisfying gulp.

Smacking her lips, Trisha grinned up at the panting quarterback as she stood, adjusting her skirt and her blouse. The quarterback was trying to gasp something out, but she ignored him, walking over to the mirror to look at herself. Her dainty reflection stared back at herself; barely five feet tall, with wavy brown hair down to her shoulders, and a slender, taut waist framed by flared hips and a perky, firm, 32C-cup chest. Her legs looked slender and petite in her cheerleaders' miniskirt. She had managed to clean her face pretty well, but there were several obvious spots on her blouse, where the cum had dripped down. She curiously dabbed at the spots with her finger, then shrugged. *Oh well.* She smiled at her own reflection. *It's not like it's the first stain I've gotten on this uniform!*

"Trisha... you're fucking... incredible!"

She turned to face the quarterback, and giggled. He was leaning against the locker bay, completely worn out, staring at her with his mouth open and his softening dick still hanging out of his pants. This was always one of her favorite moments, right at the end of a good blowjob or fucking, when she saw them wide-eyed and tired out, staring at her as if she was some kind of goddess, gaping at her as she eagerly wiped her face clean of their cum or dug it out of her swollen pussy. She felt a thrill rush through her body as the quarterback's eyes swept admiringly up and down her little frame, still struggling to recover from her incredible blowjob. *Maybe I'll let him fuck me next time.*

Trisha winked at him as she smoothed out her blouse and headed towards the door. "Aww... that's so sweet! See ya later, Brad!"

"W-wait... you're just gonna... leave...?" She heard him continue to sputter as she walked out, but didn't bother answering. She glanced at her watch as she headed towards the parking lot. *Eight minutes... looks like Britney owes me some money...*

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"You sure you're not just lying cause you want that twenty bucks?"

Trisha laughed. "I swear to God, Britney! I timed it. His cock was in my mouth at 3:45, and he was cumming on my face at 3:53. Which is less than ten minutes. Which means I won the bet!" She grinned as she said the last sentence extra loud into her cell phone.

"All right, all right. You don't have to fucking yell. I'll bring it tomorrow."

Trisha smiled. "Don't feel bad, Brit. You're just contributing to my college fund."

The head cheerleader's laugh rang through Trisha's earpiece. "Geez, Trish. You're really serious about going to college, huh?"

"Of course!"

"Still the good girl," the head cheerleader teased. "No matter how hard I try, I can't get it out of you. Once a good girl, always a good girl."

"Hey!" Trisha said, indignant. "Whatever, Britney! I know a certain quarterback who would beg to differ! And also a certain football coach... oh, and a certain clerk at Starbucks... "

She suddenly stopped. She had thought she heard something, high-pitched and very faint. The cheerleader didn't know what it was, but for some reason it made her stop dead in her tracks.

"Trisha? Trish, you still there, hun?"

"Yeah... yeah I'm still here... "

The sound was there, so faint that Trisha barely caught it.

"Hey Brit, I'll call you back in a minute, okay?"

"Sure, hun."

Trisha hung up her phone and slipped it into her purse, walking quickly now. She strained her ears, trying to hear the noise once more, waiting, hearing nothing but silence until... *there! That was it!*

It was a scream. She was almost sure of it, but it was so faint that she couldn't tell. It seemed to be coming from the other side of the parking lot. Trisha quickly trotted over, curious, her cheerleaders' miniskirt swishing as she walked, her hair blowing backwards in the evening wind. Finally, she reached the other side, and heard it again. It was definitely a scream, and Trisha suddenly realized that it sounded familiar.

"HELP!"

Without even thinking, Trisha broke into a run. The voice was unmistakable; it was Mandy's. Even though they barely even hung out anymore, Trisha still considered her one of her best friends, and she instinctively began to sprint towards the sound of her friend's screams.

She was in the street behind the school parking lot now, running along the sidewalk, her miniskirt flopping up and down against her thighs, her tennis shoes squeaking on the pavement. She hadn't heard any screams for a while, but as she slowed down to catch her breath, she suddenly realized that she could hear scuffling further down the street, and what seemed to be the sound of muffled moaning. More slowly now, trying to keep quiet, Trisha strode forward, peering around each alleyway in turn.

Then, she saw them. Light from a single lamppost partially illuminated the alleyway, revealing three figures, clumped together, two large and one small. Trisha slowly took a step forward, and realized that Mandy was in the middle, and that both of her arms were being held by the other two people. They were two large boys, looking around college age, and like large frat guys, tall and muscular and dressed in sleeveless muscle shirts and cargo shorts. Each of them had a firm grip on Mandy's arms, and the girl was struggling in between them. They were laughing. One of them was leaning down, grabbing at her kicking legs, trying to steady them. The other was pulling at her twisting, struggling waist, trying to grab at her skirt. Mandy's face was fixed in an expression of pure desperation and panic, and Trisha could tell that her friend was fighting with every bit possible of her strength, but the two boys were just too strong. Without even thinking, Trisha rushed forward and shouted.

"Hey! What the hell do you think you're doing??"

The three of them whirled around; for a moment, Mandy even stopped struggling in her shock. Trisha suddenly saw that Mandy's blouse was ripped and torn. It was a pretty, light green blouse that Trisha herself had picked out for her friend over a year ago, but now, there was a jagged gash torn down the middle, leaving the top hanging in shreds. Trisha could see Mandy's cotton bra, visible through the crack.

"T-Trisha!" her friend gasped, panting and pulling herself against the grips of the boys, her eyes wild with fear. "Please!"

"Well, looky here!" One of the boys said out loud, his words slurred. He was clearly drunk. "We got another one!" His eyes greedily took in Trisha's round, ample tits, and her smooth, bare legs.

"Grab her!" One of the boys, who had dark hair, grabbed hold of both of Mandy's arms, pinning them behind her back, leaving her to struggle and kick helplessly. At the same time, the other one raced forward, and before Trisha could take more than a step backwards, he had his hand around her arm, dragging her back into the alleyway.

"Shit, man... she's even hotter! A cheerleader! Check out this hot uniform. What a tight little body!" Trisha winced at the acrid smell of alcohol on their breath. A hand was running across the hem of her skirt, the fingertips brushing against the bottom of her barely-covered ass. She could almost feel Mandy's fear, as her friend panted and struggled only a few feet away.

"Please... please... " Mandy whimpered, but the other boy was talking over her, his speech slurred.

"No way, Jake... I like this one. She looks so innocent. She's probably still a virgin, man! It'll be fucking nice to pop her cherry!"

"PLEASE!" Mandy's voice was hysterical now, and Trisha realized that her friend was crying. Mandy's neat, short blonde hair was a mess across her face; her thin frame was struggling helplessly against the frat boy's grip. She was only slightly taller than Trisha, probably 5'2", and barely a hundred pounds. There was clearly no chance of either of the teenagers overpowering their captors.

"You serious, Rob? Look at this little bitch's titties, man." Trisha felt a hand harshly grabbing at her chest, roughly squeezing at her ample chest through her shirt. "Oh man... they feel so good."

The dark-haired boy named Rob gave a deep, evil laugh. "Yeah, you're a chest man. Not me. I like this girl's tiny titties. And her firm little ass."

Trisha watched as he reached one hand behind Mandy's ass, squeezing. Her friend's frightened eyes widened even more, and she reared ferociously against him, her legs kicking so hard that Rob actually stumbled back slightly. But it was no use.

"Please... please, no... " Mandy kept whimpering. Trisha was silent, though she struggled as well. Her eyes were on her friend, and though panic hadn't overtaken Trisha, she slowly began to realize that she had no plan. *I should have called for help, or called the police, or something! But instead, I just got my stupid ass captured... now they're going to rape two girls instead of one! They'll fuck us both in this alleyway!*

The words flickered through her mind, and involuntarily, Trisha felt a tiny stab of lust at the thought. *Fucking in an alleyway... actually, that sounds kind of hot.* But she quickly realized that this situation wasn't quite the same. Trisha was a slut, and proud of it. If she was in the right mood, she even might have volunteered for a gang-bang in a dark alley. *I can take it,* she told herself. *I can take whatever they want to do.* Then, she glanced at her friend, struggling and crying, kicking and squealing. *But Mandy... poor Mandy, she's so innocent... she won't be able to handle it.*

"Please, let me go!" Mandy's tears were pouring down her cheeks, and she desperately continued to twist away from her captor, eliciting only another laugh. "You scared, little girl? You crying cause you don't want me to fuck your brains out?" Rob laughed again.

Jake's hands were still all over Trisha, one tightly gripping her arm, the other squeezing her ample, firm tits through her cheerleader's blouse, testing each one in turn, two full handfuls. "Fucking awesome, man... we've got two little pussies to fuck tonight. I'm looking forward to making this one cry too."

Trisha's eyes flickered from her friend, to the guy named Rob holding her, to Jake, the blonde-haired one keeping her own body pinned and helpless. She saw the evil in their eyes, the pure lust, the reckless excitement. She had seen that look before, she realized; she had fucked guys like them. *They get off on humiliating girls... on taking them against their will and causing them pain, making them cry. They enjoy hurting them.* Actually, a couple of those guys had been some of the better ones she had fucked, rough and hard... but not now, not like this. *And not to a girl like Mandy...*

Now, Trisha understood what she needed to do, and suddenly her mind was clear. Her body relaxed against the frat boy's harsh grip. *Fucking a girl isn't enough... they want to rape one, and they want her to hate every moment of it. So... if I want to help Mandy... if I want to get my friend out of this, I have to make both of them want to rape me even more.* Trisha's determination rose in her chest even as she watched her friend – her sweet, innocent, untouched friend – cry and sob and struggle. She couldn't let this happen to Mandy. She knew what to do.

"Oh, please! Please, don't!" Trisha cried out suddenly, struggling harder now, kicking just like Mandy was, twisting back and forth. It was hopeless, of course, but she could feel Jake's hand, tightening on her arm. "Please, let me go! Oh God!" Her screams rang through the alleyway.

Another evil laugh. "Hey, bro, looks like your girl finally figured out what's gonna happen to her!"

"Yeah... I think so. About fucking time." Jake smirked, and Trisha bucked harder, screaming now at the top of her lungs, her voice cracking.

"Please... please... I've... I've never had sex! I don't want to!"

This was a lie, of course, and both Trisha and Mandy knew it. As she struggled, Trisha saw her friend glance in her direction, and now there was a bit of confusion mixed with Mandy's wild fear. Trisha glanced back, and gave a slight nod. Mandy blinked back, utterly confused. At that moment, Trisha closed her eyes and kept screaming, her voice echoing through the deserted street.

"Please...oh God, please don't hurt me! I just want to go home!"

"Yeah?" The dark-haired one was still gripping Mandy, but his eyes were on Trisha's dainty body now, eager and hungry, watching her miniskirt flop around her thighs as she kicked and her tits dance in her blouse as she struggled. "You want to go home, little girl? Maybe you should suck our cocks first, and go home with our cum in your stomach!"

His words barely shocked Trisha; after all, she had just swallowed a fresh batch of cum barely fifteen minutes ago. But she let out a convincingly frightened squeal, and lowered her head, feigning shame.

"No... no... oh please, don't!"

'Damnett, shut that bitch up!" Rob yelled. "Someone will hear her!"

"Yeah... yeah I'll shut her up. I'll give her something to put in her stupid fucking mouth." Jake roughly turned Trish around, bear hugging her and pinning her arms behind her. Her firm boobs were squashed now against his chest, her whimpering face into his shoulder. She felt one large, surprisingly strong hand on her head, the other still holding her arms. He was forcing her downward.

"Yeah, you little slut! You're gonna get to suck your first cock ever, aren't you, little bitch?"

"Oh... please, no! Please, don't! Let me go!" But Trisha couldn't have fought him off even if she wanted to; she felt her body sinking down, reluctantly falling to her knees.

"Yeah... yeah you bitch! Suck it till you puke! How old are you?"

Trisha threw a frightened look straight up at him, her eyes watery with fake tears. She even managed to make her lip tremble as she whimpered softly "I'm... I'm e-eighteen. Please... don't!"

Her answer excited the frat boy even more. "Eighteen! Shit! I'm gonna stretch you out good and hard tonight, little girl!" Trisha was on her knees now in front of him, resting on the backs of her heels, still with a frightened look on her face. His hand was at his crotch, tearing open the zipper of his pants.

"Eighteen, fuck!" That was the other one, Rob. "Maybe I need to feel her pussy too!" Trisha gave another whimper of fright; she was working hard now, doing her very best to act as much like an innocent, terrified girl as possible. If she was distracting enough, she knew that Mandy might have a chance to run away. Jake had his dick out now, and it was thick and rock-hard already. Trisha turned her head away, like a good innocent girl, too ashamed to even look at it.

"What's the matter, little girl? Didn't any of the high school boys teach you how to suck cock?" Jake sneered. "Here... let me show you." And with that, he grabbed Trisha's chin with one hand, wrenching her jaw open, and yanked her face towards his crotch. A moment later, he had shoved his shaft halfway down her throat.

The sight of Trisha's face being raped by the frat boy's dick seemed to kick Mandy's struggling into another gear. She bucked against her kidnapper, fighting and scratching, screaming as she fought.

"No! No! Leave her alone! Trisha! Oh God, Trisha! Please!!!"

Trisha's mouth was stuffed full with dick, but she glanced over at her struggling friend, trying to shoot a warning in her direction. *Damnett, Mandy! Shut up! You're just egging them on!* But Mandy was too panicked and terrified to notice. She screamed and fought, her wild voice echoing through the street.

The dark-haired one laughed. "I can't take it anymore, man. I've gotta fuck this little bitch virgin!"

*No!!* Trisha's mind flashed with fear for her friend, but she couldn't do anything else. The blonde-haired boy was fucking her mouth ferociously, his hand on her chin, his hips jutting into her cheeks, balls against her lips. Trisha drooled and slobbered as he plowed into her mouth. His cock was actually not that long, and the petite cheerleader could deepthroat his length without gagging. But she knew that wasn't what he wanted; he wanted to hurt and humiliate her. So she forced out a choke, pretending to cough and gag on his dick, her drool coating his dick and running down his balls.

"Ghaggghh!! Aggghhhh!"

The effect was exactly as Trisha expected. The blonde-haired boy grinned evilly at her and let out a low moan of excitement she choked, and he fucked her mouth harder, pounding into her, his hips slamming painfully into her cheeks, his pubes jamming into her stretched lips.

"Yeah, you dumb bitch! Gag on my rod! Choke on it!"

Trisha's lips gurgled and slobbered loudly as he fucked, and her saliva dribbled out of her mouth, running down her chin. She continued to slurp and gag, letting him think he was punishing her, pretending to gulp down his meat against her will. His thick cock was stuffing her mouth, pressing up against her lips and her tongue and shimmying in and out of her throat. Then, she heard a scream.

"NOO!!! Trisha!!! Please!!! No, leave me alone!!!" Still slurping and choking, Trisha glanced over at Mandy, and her eyes widened with fear. Rob had managed to tug off Mandy's denim skirt and had ripped her panties apart, discarding the scraps on the ground. Mandy had managed to free one arm, and Trisha's heart went out to her innocent friend as she shamefully tried to cover herself. Mandy's hand was over her pussy, trying to cover her short, curly blonde bush. She was thrashing and screaming, but Rob was much stronger, and he was forcing her down to her knees too. Trisha felt her chest rising with fury. *You asshole!*

"Don't bother watching, you bitch. Just keep sucking my dick!" Jake yelled as he wrenched her head back, forcing her to stare at his crotch as he drilled into her. But Trisha could hear Mandy's screams behind her. She had to do something!

"Ghaggghh! Oooommmpfff!" Trisha let out another loud gag, and suddenly she rose to her feet. At the same moment, she thrust her face down the frat boy's shaft, throating it in one gulp, squashing her nose against his belly. She did it slowly and gently, pretending that she was standing up simply to get better leverage to slurp down the guy's meat. But as she stood, bent sharply over, she knew that her miniskirt was riding up her ass, and that her legs looked slender and taut as she raised herself on her tiptoes. She was bending down now to service Jake's cock, so that her ass was up in the air, and she arched her back to let her ample curves jut out even more.

*Come on, big boy... look over here!* She hoped as she slurped that she was a gorgeous enough figure; a cute little cheerleader, standing on her toes, her hands on the frat boy's thighs for balance as she guzzled down his rod, her ass hoisted in the air and her ample round tits contrasting with her slender, lithe waist. She kept sucking with noisy gulps; she had to. But she hoped desperately that she had managed to distract the other boy.

"Holy... holy shit!!!" The blonde-haired guy was gasping at Trisha's deepthroating skills, his voice sounding ironically similar to the quarterback's.

"Yeah... wow... that looks nice." Rob's voice sounded distracted, and a second later, Trisha felt a large, rough hand caressing her ass. He was still dragging a crying, struggling Mandy along with one hand, but his eyes were on Trisha's petite body, on her tiptoes, her legs slight and smooth, her miniskirt riding up her firm ass to reveal her thong. Her perky tits were straining against the fabric of her cheerleading blouse, her hair hanging down her shoulders, swinging with her movements as she crouched down and slurped on Jake's meat.

"Damn, man. Maybe you're right. This girl is fucking fine. Check out this ass." Rob's hand squeezed hard, painful enough to make Trisha squeal as she throated Jake's dick. *That's it, that's it. Come on! Fuck my pussy, instead of Mandy's!* She wanted to shout that out, to just tell him directly, but she knew it wouldn't work. These guys had to think that she hated this; that was the only way it would work. So she could do nothing but slobber and gulp on this one dick, still pretending to choke and cry as she did it.

"No way, man. You picked that one and I picked this one. So I get first dibs. Fuck your own bitch." Jake was still jamming into Trisha's face, his hips pumping her mouth like a cunt, his hard rod throbbing in her slobbery lips. In the background, Mandy was still struggling and crying out, but Rob's voice drowned it out.

"Yeah... all right, fine. I'll fuck this one first. But you got to let me try out that slut's twat too."

Trisha felt the hand lift from her ass, and heard a loud scream from Mandy. *No!!!* There was nothing she could do! As long as this guy was plowing into her face, she couldn't turn around, she couldn't distract the other one. The only way she could help Mandy was if she could stop blowing this guy, and that meant that she had to make him cum, and quickly.

At that moment, she plunged herself up and down him with surprising speed, forgetting completely to act frightened, locking her tongue and her lips around his shaft and gulping down his meat like only an experienced slut could. The blonde-haired guy let out a loud gasp and Trisha felt his hands tightening on the back of her head.

"Holy... shit! This slut can suck some cock! Slow... slow down!"

But even as he said it, his body seemed to disagree; his hands were now grabbing fistfuls of her hair, and slowly rocking her head against his meat, pushing her ever further down his cock as she gulped him deep. Trisha felt his hard, throbbing shaft rubbing up against her lips, stretching them wide open, jamming against her soft, velvety tongue and deep into her throat. The cheerleader let out loud slurps and moans as she worked, still with her ass in the air, bending down to blow him. Faster and faster, she pumped her mouth onto his rod, engulfing it, letting her drool-coated lips fly over the hot skin of his dick. She felt his hands tightening even more on her hair, and knew that he wouldn't last long. She thrust herself even harder, working for his cum with her entire body, her legs pumping and her back sharply arched.

The two of them were now rocking towards each other, her captor jamming his meat into her throat, Trisha meeting him with her own thrusts, gulping him into her mouth, wrapping her tongue and her lips around his pulsating cock as he pumped.

"Oh shit... oh fuck... oh fuck I can't... hold it... "

*Come on, damnett! Cum!* Trisha went deep once more, holding her breath and gulping him down into her throat, slurping loudly as she once more pushed her lips down to the base of his throbbing shaft, burying every inch of him in her warm, wet mouth. She kept him stuffed there, licking furiously, sucking and gurgling and slobbering, drool leaking out of her lips in her effort and dribbling to the pavement.

"Ohhh... holy... shit!!" Try as he might, the frat boy's stamina was no match for Trisha's skills. The cheerleader felt his dick spasm in her throat as his cum spurted forth, and he was so deep in her mouth that she didn't even taste it; the gooey liquid instead slithered straight down her throat, into her stomach. She could almost feel the warmth bubbling in her as she swallowed his spunk, still throating him, still gurgling as she sucked. She let him finish unloading his juices in her stomach, but as soon as she felt the throbbing against her lips subside, she wrenched her head off of him. He let her go, as she knew he would, now that he had finished. Gasping for breath, she quickly whirled around and stumbled forward, pretending to trip over herself, as she turned to face the other boy.

Her face flushed with rage as she saw what he was doing. Rob had forced Mandy to her knees too, and tears streamed down her face as the dark-haired boy plunged his dick into her unwilling lips. Unlike Trisha, Mandy had probably never sucked a dick before, and she had no experience; her coughs and gags were real. She wrenched her head away from him again and again, gasping for breath, spitting out her slobber as the tears streamed, now only half in terror and half in response to her gag reflex. But then he would yank her back, and force her mouth open, shoving his dick down it, choking her yet again, prompting another fit of gagging and yelping. Mandy's lips trembled as she struggled, her tongue flailing, her cheeks red with effort.

"Please," she whimpered. "Please..noo... mmmf!"

*Let her go!* Trisha stumbled forward again, collapsing into the frat boy's arms, pushing Mandy onto the ground away from them as she fell. She heard a slobbery *pop* as his dick slipped out of Mandy's reluctant lips.

"What the fuck... bitch!" Rob yelled out as Mandy collapsed against the ground. "You don't know the first fucking thing about sucking a goddamn dick!" He shoved Trisha off of him with frightening strength, and the petite cheerleader tumbled to the pavement.

Mandy was desperately trying to crawl away, but Rob grabbed her legs and yanked her back, prompting her to squeal desperately as he dragged her towards him.

"No! No! Please!!!"

"Dude... dude... " Jake was sweaty and breathing hard, but was still standing, watching them. "Let that other bitch blow you. Man, she knows how to suck cock."

"Yeah? Fuck yeah, man. Here. Hold onto this one." Jake stepped forward and grabbed hold of the whimpering, struggling Mandy, and Rob turned towards Trisha.

"Okay, you slut. Suck my cock, bitch. Suck it good."

Trisha put on another frightened face. "I... don't want to... please... "

"Fuck you." He grabbed her and plowed his dick into her mouth, and Trisha obediently parted her lips, letting him slide easily into her warm, slobbery mouth, just as Jake had only minutes earlier.

"Ohh... fuck yeah." Rob closed his eyes and placed his hands on each side of Trisha's head, holding her steady as he fucked her mouth deep and hard. The petite cheerleader was trapped and helpless now, her face held firmly in position as Rob's thick meat stabbed into her lips, stretching and prodding her mouth open, piercing into her throat.

"No... please... please... " Mandy's cries were fainter now, and Trisha realized that her friend must be exhausted. She could hear the girl's panting and moaning behind her as she succumbed to Rob's fierce face-fucking, gulping and slobbering, letting her drool run down her already-soaked chin and neck. His dick was hard and stiff in Trisha's mouth, filling her. He was longer than Jake, and when he plunged balls deep into her mouth, forcing every inch of his shaft into her, she choked for real this time, her throat convulsing and her chest heaving involuntarily as he pumped.

Then, she heard scuffling, and she realized that Jake had brought over Mandy, still struggling as best as she could, and they were now standing to the side of them, barely a foot away. Mandy's skirt and panties were discarded in the alleyway, along with her torn blouse. Her bra had been jerked down, revealing her slim, B-cup tits. The girl's frame was thin against Jake's burly body, and he was handling her fighting and struggling like she was a child.

Jake's laugh echoed through the street. "Watch her, you bitch. Watch your friend get her mouth raped."

Mandy's tears streamed down her face as Jake grabbed hold of her chin, forcing her to look down at Trisha, in her cheerleader's uniform, kneeling on the hard pavement, her face held still by Rob as he plunged his dick into her slobbery mouth. The girl closed her eyes and looked away, whimpering softly. "Trisha... oh, Trisha... "

Rob was grunting hard as he fucked Trisha's mouth, every extra-deep thrust choking her and sending her into a fit of gags. But he ignored them completely, still plowing into her even as she coughed and her chest spasmed, stabbing into her flushed face with ferocious power. Even over his low grunts, Trisha could hear Jake's laughs.

"Yeah, you like that? You want me to do the same to you?"

Mandy shook her head, terrified, and cried out in fright as she felt Jake's hands roam over her naked body, grabbing at her small tits, pinching her hips and her ass. "Please, no, please!"

Trisha tried to look up, but Rob's hands were vice-like on her head, keeping her still for his use, steady as a jackhammer, working her mouth with deep, powerful strokes. The petite cheerleader fought against his grip, but his strength overpowered hers.

Jake's hand was now at Mandy's pussy, his palm pressed against the curls of Mandy's bush, his fingers rubbing the girl's virgin twat. Mandy's eyes were wider than ever now, filled with a wild mix of shame and terror and shock, as his fingers gently slid over the lips of her tiny cunt. He grinned, staring down at the girl as she trembled and struggled in his grip, fighting against his fingers roaming across her twat.

"Ohh... fuck... her mouth is so good... " Rob's eyes were closed, his lips pursed tight as he jammed his throbbing cock deep into Trisha's throat. The petite cheerleader was struggling for real now, fighting against his powerful grip on her head, squirming as she kneeled in front of him. But it was no use. He probably weighed twice as much as her, easily, and he was going to have his way with her mouth and her body as long as he wanted.

"Yeah... feels good, right?" Jake laughed as Mandy's body bucked wearily against his, fighting with what little strength she had left. His hand was still tight on the girl's pussy, cupping and squeezing it, and Mandy was almost gasping as she cried and sobbed, helpless against his touch.

*Stop! Please, stop!* Trisha's heart was pounding, and for the first time she was starting to feel real terror stirring in her chest, forced to kneel only feet away from her friend as Jake was getting ready to rape her, her own face submitted to Rob's fierce face fucking, impaling her throat and sending her into yet another spasm of choking and gagging. *They can't do this to Mandy! They can't!*

" Nooo... please... .please!!!" Mandy's body involuntarily bucked against Jake's as the tips of his fingers parted her pussy lips, rubbing at the tender flesh in between. The girl's face was tight in an expression of pain and humilation, her eyes clenched shut and her mouth open as she pleaded and begged. *Mandy... oh God, Mandy...*

Jake's laugh was drowned out by a loud groan from Rob. "Oh fuck! Fuck... this bitch's mouth... is so good... "

"Yeah man, I told you," Jake said. "Busted my nut in her cause it felt so good."

"Oh, fuck... me too... fuck she's so good... "

Mandy's body was sagging against Jake's, twitching and shuddering as she desperately, helplessly tried to escape his prying fingers. Trisha could see Mandy's legs, weaving back and forth, stretching open and back closed, trying to find any position possible that could prevent him from caressing her twat.

"Hey, man... I got an idea... shoot your load on this bitch's face." Jake grabbed hold of Mandy by the hair and forced her down, so that her face was only inches away from Trisha's. His hand was still gently rubbing her twat, grinning as he did it, enjoying her struggling, enjoying her terror and fear of what was yet to come.

Trisha's own eyes were filled with tears now too, from her gag reflex and Rob's vicious fucking, and she heard the frat boy grunt out his approval, as his cock began to throb and swell in her lips. *No! Don't do that to Mandy! Cum in my mouth!* She wanted to shout it out, but she couldn't, so instead she tried to grab him around the thighs, forcing him down as far as she could, gagging as she went but plunging deep anyway.

But Rob was too strong. He shoved her aside, throwing her down so hard that Trisha sprawled across the pavement, his drool-coated cock slipping out of her mouth as the cheerleader fell. Gasping for breath, wiping her mouth and her eyes, Trisha hauled herself back up, and shouted out loud at the sight: "Stop! No!"

Mandy was bent over at the waist, her legs still squirming, her head held steady by Jake. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. One of Jake's hands was buried in her hair, painfully holding her steady as she squirmed; the other was still on her pussy, stretching her open with two fingers and caressing her. Rob was standing in front of her, jacking off his throbbing meat, and even as Trisha struggled to stand he was cumming, shooting thick ropes of cum across Mandy's face.

*No!!* Mandy's expression was one of shame and mortification, her eyes and her lips squeezed shut and her nose scrunched in disgust. Rob's cum plopped across her nose and her cheeks, her lips and her closed eyelids, each stream sending an involuntarily spasm across Mandy's face as it landed, dribbling down her face and her chin in long white lines. Her face was now a sloppy mess of cum and tears, covered in gooey globs. Rob let out a loud, satisfied gasp, then turned around and grabbed Trisha by the arm, dragging the cheerleader forward.

"Lick it off, slut! Lick my cum off your friend!"

Jake laughed as Rob grabbed Trisha by the hair, forcing her forward, facing Mandy, only inches away from her cum-splattered face, staring at her friend's tightly shut eyes and trembling lips.

"Do it, bitch!"

Reluctantly, Trisha slowly leaned forward, still staring at Mandy's mortified face.

"I'm so sorry," she whispered, gently and softly. "Mandy... I'm so sorry... "

Her friend was silent as Trisha unwillingly parted her lips and extended her tongue. Steeling herself, she slowly leaned forward and began to lightly lick up the streams of cum that were running across Mandy's mouth and her chin. Her tongue tingled as she felt the saltiness drench her tastebuds, a combination of Mandy's frightened tears and Rob's thick jism, but she kept licking, sucking the liquid into her mouth as she went. Mandy's cheeks were soft against her lips, red and flushed and soggy.

Halfway through, she paused, gulping the cum down quickly, and took the opportunity to whisper again, so quiet that it was barely audible. "Stay calm, Mandy... just stay calm."

Her friend was still silent, so ashamed that she was unable to speak, and Trisha quickly finished licking Mandy's face clean, lapping up the cum from her nose and her eyelids with her tongue, going gently as her friend's face twitched in response.

"Fuck yeah... that was hot... " Jake laughed, and Rob grinned and nodded. Apparently satisfied, their grips on the girls' hair sagged, and they let them stand. As Mandy straightened, she reluctantly opened her eyes, her face still full of shame, and saw her friend staring right at her. Trisha's own mouth and chin was covered in drool, and her long brown hair was a mess around her face.

Trisha took one look at the humiliation in Mandy's face, and then sunk back down to her knees. The cheerleader reached up with both hands and grabbed onto each of the frat boys' dicks, both flaccid and soft, and began to gently caress them. As she did it, she stared up, her eyes pleading and desperate. This was her last attempt. *This is all I have left... I can't think of anything else to do. I have to find a way to get Mandy out of this!*

"Please... " she whimpered, her voice soft as she looked up at Rob and Jake, still gently stroking their half-hard cocks. "Please... let my friend go. Just fuck me. You can both fuck me... just let my friend go."

She watched as all three of their faces went blank. Rob and Jake were already caught off guard by her hands on their dicks, but now they were completely shocked. Mandy's too, was blank with surprise as she stared down at her friend, in her cheerleading uniform, once more on her knees, voluntarily jacking off the two guys that had just raped her mouth while she looked up at them with pleading, begging eyes.

Rob spoke first. "You want us to let her go?"

Trisha nodded, still stroking them gently, and she noticed that they were starting to grow in her hands. "Please... just fuck me all you want... I'm begging you... "

Jake's face broke into a grin. "No way, slut." Rob let out a sharp, barking laugh.

"Yeah, we're keeping you for the night. Both of you."

But even as he said that, Mandy was slowly, quietly wriggling out of Jake's grip. She had listened to Trisha's whisper, and she wasn't fighting wildly anymore, but more gently slipping away from him. The frat boys hadn't noticed yet; they were too distracted by Trisha's hands on their cocks, gently stroking and encouraging them back to hardness, unable to take their eyes off of her as she looked up at them with pleading eyes.

As soon as the boys had first seen her; a cute eighteen-year-old, dressed in a skimpy cheerleader's blouse and miniskirt, barely five feet tall and with sweet brown eyes and a pouty innocent face, they thought they knew what to expect. They had expected a naïve little girl, who would panic just like Mandy had, at their first touch. What they hadn't expected was a girl who could throat both of their rods, slurping and milking the cum out of their balls like water. Now, as she looked up at them, sitting on her knees on the pavement, her perky tits bulging out of her blouse, with her hands on their cocks and her face in a desperate pout, all they could think about was stuffing their dicks back in her warm, wet mouth. Or pumping into her sweet, tight pussy...

Trisha tightened her grip slightly on their hard shafts, stroking them both in rhythm, and both boys groaned softly. Out of the corner of her eye, she had seen Mandy slowly creeping out of their reach, and immediately, she kept talking, her voice as soft and begging as she could possibly make it. "But... but... please, can't you just fuck my pussy? Don't you want to?"

Rob burst out laughing, in between groans; and his eyes were fixed on Trisha's, hypnotized, thinking only of the feeling of her lips wrapped around his shaft. "Listen to this slut, Jake! She's *asking* us to fuck her! What a dumb bitch!"

"Ohhh... " Jake's eyes were half-closed, enjoying Trisha's soft fingers on his dick, still slick and wet from the cheerleader's slobber. He seemed hypnotized too, unable to look away from the pleading cheerleader. "Yeah... dumb slut... fuck that feels good... "

Mandy took a tiny, half-step back, and Trisha suddenly realized that she had slipped out of Jake's grip. The frat boy didn't even notice; his eyes were fixated on Trisha, kneeling in front of him, his arms at his side, concentrating only on her handjob. The petite cheerleader kept pleading: "You... you could fuck me doggy-style... " The boys both groaned at the thought of it. "Or... or you could double penetrate me... one in my pussy... one in my mouth. Or... "

She was ferociously jacking them off now, using her own drool on their cocks as lubricant, quickly sliding from the base of their shaft up to the tip, watching them shudder as she caressed the heads and then glided back down. Mandy was still backing away, naked except for her useless bra, her stained face wild with fright and confusion.

*Run! Run, you idiot! Damnett, Mandy!* At any moment, one of the frat boys might recover. It had to be now. For a moment, Mandy seemed unable to move, as if she couldn't possibly leave her friend to go through this alone, even after all the hell she had been through. She was still in the alleyway, silent, still terrified, her eyes fixed on Trisha. As she watched Mandy back away, both hands gripping a cock, Trisha gave a slight nod. *It's okay, Mandy. Just go!* Mandy stared at Trisha for only a moment longer, then turned on her heels and fled, sprinting away with all the strength she had left.

"Fuck!" Trisha heard one of them say. "She's getting away! Fuck! Grab her!"

Trisha felt Jake begin to move away from her hand, ready to follow Mandy. She sprang into action, grabbing his hips and plunging his dick into her mouth, sucking and slurping, still jacking off the other dick with her other hand. It worked; the blonde-haired frat boy completely forgot about chasing Mandy, staying where he was and groaning. Trisha felt his hands slide into her hair, grabbing fistfuls as he gently began to rock himself into her wet lips, the full length of his shaft buried in her mouth in one long, deep gulp.

Mandy was gone.

"You fucking idiot!" Rob yelled. "You let her get away!"

"Ohhh fuck... " Jake was moaning, staring down at Trisha as she slobbered her way down his dick. "Sorry man... she's just so... fucking good. Holy shit... her mouth... "

Now it was only the three of them; the two drunk guys and Trisha, on her knees between them. *Mandy's gone,* she kept telling herself, again and again. *She got away... I did it. I did it!*

"Shit... that stupid little bitch."

Trisha squealed in pain as Rob suddenly grabbed a fistful of her hair, pulling her to her feet, forcing her to pop Jake's dick out of her wet lips. Jake moaned in disappointment as Trisha stumbled, leaning on Rob for support, looking up at his face as he glared down at her.

"Guess we'll just be fucking you after all. Now we're just gonna have to bang you twice as hard!"

And with that, he shoved Trisha back down. The petite cheerleader let out another squeal as she tumbled to the ground, her miniskirt flopping around her legs as she collapsed on the pavement. Before she could recover, she felt powerful, strong hands on her, grabbing at her blouse, ripping it off her dainty frame and discarding it on the floor. She gave a pained whimper as one of them viciously grabbed her thong, yanking it down to her knees to reveal her pink pussy. They had tugged her bra off too, revealing the firm, ample mounds beneath, and Trisha shuddered softly as both of her tits were ferociously groped, squeezed and massaged as she struggled to stand up.

"Damn... her tits feel nice... "

"Check out her tight pussy, man... fuck this slut has a hot little body."

Trisha had barely managed to stand, on wobbly legs, when one of them grabbed her, forcing her body against his. She was pinned to him now, her hands clawing helplessly, strong arms wrapped around her little waist, a throbbing erection pressed against her back. At the same time, she was pressed forward, standing only a few feet from a wall, so that she was looking only at bricks, unable to see the two boys behind her.

Trisha closed her eyes as she heard them laughing behind her. She couldn't see what was going on. In truth, she had had sex rougher than this before, so she shouldn't be scared... *right? But they're about to take me against my will... I know I should be terrified...but...* For some reason, Trisha's mind was blank. She didn't know if she was scared or not scared... she didn't seem to feel either.

Someone had just grabbed her cheerleading miniskirt and wrenched it up to her waist, revealing her firm butt. A second later, a pair of hands was on her hips, and she could tell, as she was roughly shoved to and fro, that someone was positioning themselves behind her, ready to pound into her twat.

"Hey!" That was Rob's voice. "Why do you get to go first?"

Trisha's entire body stiffened, her legs twitching and her face tightening as she felt something thick and hard press up against her pussy lips.

"Ohh... it's cool man... you'll get your turn... .fuck, she's so tight... " Jake was easing into her now, the head of his cock gently parting the cheerleader's pussy lips open to stab inside. Trisha wasn't wet, but his dick was slick and soaked with her slobber, and she could feel her twat stretching to accommodate him as he slowly slid inside of her. He was groaning as he did it, relishing every inch of her tight cunt as it clasped down on his cock.

"Damnett... fine." Rob was clearly annoyed. A few seconds later, Trisha felt him slide in front of her, leaning against the wall. As she looked up at him, he grabbed a fistful of her hair. Even as Jake kept his arms wrapped around her waist, forcing her to stand, Rob pushed her head down hard, towards his rock-hard meat. The petite cheerleader yelped in surprise as she tipped forward, losing her balance, and she was forced to grab onto Rob's hips to keep from falling on her face. Her vision blurred and then steadied, and she saw the tip of his dick, hovering inches from her face. "Suck it, you slut."

Trisha opened her mouth and obeyed without a word, letting him sink his shaft once more into her tired mouth. She felt him stretching open and stabbing against her tongue, just as Jake was slowly impaling her pussy, plunging deep inside, her soft cunt yielding to his powerful thrusts. The two boys were both groaning as they fucked Trisha from both ends, pumping her soft lips and her tight twat.

Trisha closed her eyes, helpless to their fucking, feeling her body violated and subjected by their lust. *Just get through it,* she told herself, trying her best to ignore the slobbery smacks from her lips and the soft slaps of Jake's hips colliding with her ass as he plowed into her. The full length of his dick was plunging into her, hot and throbbing. *Find a way to get through it.*

With her thong around her knees and her miniskirt scrunched uselessly around her waist, the petite cheerleader was now sandwiched between the two boys, forced to stand by Jake, her legs pressed against his and her hips held steady as he pumped into her. Rob's hand in her hair was making her bend over at the waist, and she kept her grip on his hips to keep from sprawling forward. *Just... think of something else. Pretend you're not here... you're not with them...* Jake was much taller than her, and as he yanked her ass up to meet his dick, Trisha felt her legs rise and her heels leave the ground. He was forcing her to stand on her tip-toes to meet the level of his throbbing cock.

*Yes... pretend they're not raping me. Pretend this is just a great hook-up.* She concentrated on the thought, trying to close her mind off from the scene by imagining another one. *These are just two guys, banging me like I want, giving me exactly what I need. Like two football players... Brad and his friend Dan, fucking me in the boys' locker room... dirty and nasty, just the way I like it.* Her petite body was being rocked back and forth by the boys, their cocks pounding her body, pumping her lips and her cunt. *Brad and Dan are going to shoot their cum all over me, that hot, delicious cum... that's exactly what I want... just like a slut... a dirty slut...*

And then, something shocking, something completely unexpected happened. As Jake plunged extra hard, pounding balls-deep into her little pussy, Trisha suddenly felt a stab of lustful pleasure slip through her hips and her legs. The cheerleader's eyes flew open in shock, even as her lips were stretched and stuffed full by Rob's meat. Then, another hard thrust by Jake, and another twinge of pleasure flushed through her as she stumbled a half-step forward to keep her balance.

*What??* Apparently, trying to imagine another scene had worked better than she expected. Her body was reacting... *I... I can't believe I'm enjoying this...*

"Ohhhh fuck... " Jake was groaning as he pounded into her, his hips slamming against hers, his balls slapping as they jammed against her pussy lips. "She's so fucking tight... " His strokes were impacting through Trisha's entire little body, her long hair flailing around her face and her tits flopping as she was forced to plunge up and down Rob's meat. Jake's hands, tight on her ass, were still yanking her dainty body against his, fiercely pulling her up as he drove into her. Rob's hand was tight on her head, keeping her bent over.

*No!* A voice rang through her head. *I can't possibly enjoy this... I can't let them think they're giving me pleasure... not after what they did to Mandy! Never!* She closed her eyes again and steeled herself, willing her body not to enjoy it, not to respond to the vicious pounding of Jake's cock. And it *was* vicious, so deep and so hard, pumping his entire length into her tight twat, drilling her petite body, roughly holding her, tugging her so hard that he was practically lifting her off the ground, raising her on her tip-toes as he took her... *ohhh... God... no, I can't!*

But the pleasure was growing inside of her, spreading inside the cheerleader's body, flooding her pussy and flushing her skin. Trisha kept her eyes closed, fighting her body's lust, refusing to give in. *I can't give them that satisfaction! I can't!* It was so good, though, that rock-hard cock pistoning into her, filling every inch. *No... I can't... I can't...*

"Yeah, you slut!" Rob grinned as he stared down at the petite cheerleader, her body rocked back and forth as both boys plowed into her, her gorgeous, slender frame on display, her slender legs taught and straining as she stood on her toes, her back sharply arched as she bent over for him, her tits and her long brown hair swinging back and forth in rhythm as they pumped into her. Jake's groans were loud and breathless, and his hands tightened on Trisha's ass as he thrust, his strokes long and steady now, piercing deep into Trisha's twat, burying his entire cock in her canal.

The cheerleader's body was rigid with effort now, as she desperately fought the pleasure that was creeping up, threatening at any moment to overwhelm her. The voice was screaming in her head – *No! No, I can't!* – but each second, the cheerleader realized that it was growing dimmer, being overtaken by the lust filling her body. And just then, Jake thrust extra hard, his hips colliding with Trisha's ass with a loud *SLAP,* and the cheerleader reeled forward with the force of it, feeling every inch of his shaft, hard and throbbing in her pussy.

"Ohhhh... " The cheerleader couldn't help it. A muffled moan escaped her lips even as she plunged down on Rob's cock. Fortunately, Jake was speaking over her, and they didn't hear her. *Thank God!*

"Shit... she's so tight... I'm gonna... I'm gonna cum soon, man!"

"Don't cum inside her! I wanna fuck that twat too!"

Jake grabbed Trisha by the hips, forcing her ass to jam against his dick, engulfing his shaft with each pump, slamming into Trisha with all his might. *It's like he's filling up my body with his cock... every inch of my little, violated body...* Trisha suddenly realized that she was pressing and straining her little body against Jake's of her own accord, voluntarily standing on her tip-toes to offer herself to his assaults, gently straining and thrusting with her legs to rock into his meat. She couldn't help it; her body was crying out for more, and it was silently, reluctantly encouraging Jake as he slammed into her.

*Nooo!!!* One last cry echoed in Trisha's mind as Jake's ferocious fucking kicked Trisha's lust into another drive, and it overwhelmed her body. The cheerleader tried to hide it as best as she could, but she was whimpering softly against Rob's dick, her body slowly rocking along with Jake's grip. His dick was just so good, roughly pounding her twat, forcing her body against him.

"Ahhh... fuck!!!" Jake's strength was amazing, his thrusts so deep and hard that Trisha felt like he was lifting her off the ground, jamming her little body back and forth on his throbbing meat. *Yes... oh God yes...* She squealed gently as he pumped her, unable to stay silent but trying her best to be as quiet as she could.

Just then, Jake let go of her and quickly pulled his dick out of her pussy. Trisha heard scuffling behind her, and a moment later Jake had pushed Rob out of the way, his swelling, throbbing dick hanging in front of her face. Surprised, she tumbled forward, grabbing onto Jake for support. She was still bent over at the waist, her back sharply arched, still straining on her tip-toes as she stumbled. The frat boy was too preoccupied to notice, but as Trisha looked up at him, her eyes were pleading, against her will, begging silently for more. The cheerleader's pussy was still tingling with his harsh fucking, and her body wanted more of the same, still unsatisfied, aching for a hard pounding.

"No... " she protested, in a small, whimpering voice. Rob laughed as he looked down at her; he thought she was trying to say no to Jake cumming in her mouth. But Trisha was really protesting her empty pussy – she was saying no to Jake withdrawing from her, to the fact that she wanted his cock back deep inside her canal. *Oh God... I can't help it... more... more!*

"Urgh!" Jake shoved his dick deep into Trisha's mouth, prompting a loud gurgle from the petite cheerleader as she clung to the frat boy's legs for balance. For the fourth time that evening, Trisha accepted a load of cum, feeling the salty goo spurt across her tongue, filling her mouth with that distinctive taste. He kept thrusting into her mouth as he came, his cock spasming against her lips as he spurted into her. When he was finished, he pulled back out and looked down at Trisha, admiring the naked cheerleader as she stood in the alleyway, bent over and holding onto his legs, gulping down his seed for the second time.

"That's good little slut," he sneered.

"My turn!" Rob was already behind her, his cock positioned, and he grabbed hold of her ass and forced her down. Trisha's knees buckled and she gasped in shock as Rob shoved her to the ground, one hand on her back, driving her face and her shoulders into the hard pavement. She was on her knees now, her hands clawing helplessly at the pavement, her ass raised and vulnerable. Rob quickly lowered himself to his knees as well, stroking his drool-coated cock as he began to ease into the cheerleader. Trisha kept her lips tightly shut, fighting with all her strength to bottle up the yelp of pleasure as her body flushed with lust, feeling Rob's cock plow deep into her swollen cunt, giving her aching canal exactly what it wanted. *Oh God, yes... he's even rougher than Jake...*

"Ohhh... fuck yeah!" Rob groaned as Trisha's twat wrapped around his meat, soft and wet on his shaft as he buried himself inside of her. The cheerleader lowered her head to the pavement, hiding her face as she tried to conceal her soft moans of pleasure. *It's so good... God... oh...*

"Yeah, you slut!" Jake yanked her head back up, and she saw his face, tired but satisfied, grinning down at her as Rob rocked her little body against his. "How's that cock feel, you little bitch? Does it feel good?" He was taunting her.

"No... " Trisha whimpered, knowing that it was the right answer, trying to make it the right answer, but her body just wouldn't listen. Her flesh was tingling with pleasure, her little legs quivering as Rob plowed hard and deep into her, his hips colliding painfully with Trisha's as he forced himself into her twat. His hands were tight and firm on Trisha's waist, and he was jamming her body backwards, forcing the petite cheerleader's entire body to engulf his meat.

Jake laughed. "How's that feel, you slut? Like it? Are you still glad you asked us both to fuck you?"

Trisha shook her head. "N-no... I... I... " It was all she could come up with. She was working so hard to conceal her moans, fighting so hard against the pleasure that was coursing through her body. Rob's dick was thick and hard in her twat, filling her up, sending wave after wave of carnal lust through the cheerleader's trembling body. He was so strong, his hands wrapped around Trisha's tiny waist, his hips powering into her like a machine.

"Oh... oh... oh... " Trisha's whimpers were barely audible, and she wrenched her head away so Jake couldn't see as she struggled against the pleasure. *Maybe... maybe he'll think I'm moaning in pain...* But there was no pain; only carnal pleasure, building up, bubbling through her, taking over her entire body so that each time Rob plunged into her twat, the sensation radiated across every inch of her flesh and sent spasms of joy into every limb. He was grunting and groaning as he worked her cunt, and each thrust was reeling through Trisha, sending the cheerleader's little body forward, driving her into the ground before he yanked her back up against him. Hard and fast and deep... just the way Trisha liked it... *no... no...*

Jake laughed again and kept taunting her. "Take it, you whore! Take it!"

A fierce shudder ran through Trisha's body as the pleasure kept rising, and her hands gripped at the pebbly pavement in her effort to contain herself. *Oh no... oh no!* Rob's fucking was so incredible, so rough and powerful, and it was sending Trisha up a wild peak of pleasure, each thrust pushing her farther and higher, and she was close to the top now... so close. *No... he can't make me cum... he can't!* Trisha knew from experience that her orgasms were uncontainable – her loud, earsplitting screams, her uncontrollable writhing and thrashing. If she climaxed, there was no way she could hide it. *No way,* she thought, but even as she did, she felt his meat pumping into her, punishing her, each thrust sending her body forward and her tits flailing, spilling her hair onto the street and her legs twitching and wobbling with lust.

"Fuck... she's so tight... " He was gasping and heaving, and his hips were blurry fast, thrusting him balls-deep into Trisha's little body. Even as each pound was drilling Trisha's desperate body into the asphalt, it was also pushing her up over the peak, tipping her further and further, and she teetered on the edge for what felt like an eternity. She fought with all her strength, panting with the effort, clawing and quaking, every muscle tensed. But there was no ignoring that cock drilling her, plowing into her, filling her body just the way she liked it, the way she wanted to be filled forever...

*No! No! NO!!!*

Trisha's quivering body gave in. She felt her orgasm building in her pussy, convulsing and spasming on Rob's cock, and then the waves rushed through her body, setting every inch of her on fire with lust, conquering what little resistance the cheerleader had left and tossing it aside. Trisha lowered her head and her entire body quaked with the effort of containing it, but before she even tried, she knew she couldn't do it.

"Ohhhh GOD!!!" The scream of pleasure burst free of her lungs, and it broke the dam inside of her, sending the wave flushing through her, each jolt from her pussy sending her petite body into a whirl of squirming and spasming on the pavement, her eyes squeezed shut and her mouth open and rigid in an expression of pure joy.

"OH MY GOD!" The cheerleader screamed again, unable to contain it, and it echoed through the alleyway as her body trembled within her climax, jolting and shuddering back and forth, the pleasure overpowering her unwilling body.

A third time, she screamed, completely out of control now. "OH FUCK YES!!" She was still squirming and twisting in her climax, even as she silently cursed at herself for doing it, unable to stop the surges of carnal pleasure from wracking her little body. At last, her reluctant orgasm died down, and Trisha was able to relax. Even as her arms and legs tingled with joy, she clamped her lips shut, ashamed and mortified. It was several seconds before she could will herself to look up at the two boys.

Jake was staring down at her in shock. Trisha closed her eyes in shame. *No... I can't believe it... how could they make me cum?? How could I let them do that?*

"Holy shit!" Jake shouted, at last. "Are you seeing this, Rob? Are you seeing this slut?? She just fucking came!!!"

"I... I know... " Rob wheezed out from behind Trisha. "Fuck... oh man... me too... "

Trisha's body was still shuddering as she recovered from her orgasm, but she felt the heat in her twat as Rob came, his thick shaft throbbing and pulsating deep inside of her, filling her soaked cunt with jism. She could feel every spurt bursting through his cock, tight and hard inside her pussy, rumbling through her.

His cum was flooding her, and with each gush of his seed, she felt like it was washing through her body, corrupting her, flooding her with the white hot liquid of her shame. *I can't believe it...* Her body sagged against Rob's as he shuddered in his climax, unloading in her teenage pussy, and the cheerleader lowered her head once more in disgrace. *They tried to rape Mandy... poor Mandy... and now I let them give me an orgasm! I can't believe I gave them that satisfaction... I can't believe my body betrayed me like that...*

"Fuck... holy shit Rob! You made that slut cum!"

"Huh? Oh... hell yeah bro! Fuck yeah I did... " Rob was gasping for breath, recovering from unloading his seed in Trisha's twat, his dick still buried inside of her.

Trisha's mind returned to reality as she heard them laughing above her. She was still on her hands and knees, the hard pavement grinding into her soft skin, her petite, stripped body in between them. A second later, she felt Rob's hands lift from her dainty waist, and heard the sound of the two frat boys high-fiving over her. *This is it...* she realized. *Go, Trisha! Now!*

Quick as a cat and without a word, Trisha rolled to her side, slipping out from between the boys, and jumped to her feet. She heard them yelling behind her as she started to run, but almost immediately, she stumbled. She had forgotten that they had only yanked her thong down to her knees, and now it was tangled on her legs. Jumping and skipping, she wrenched it down her ankles and kicked it off, not looking back, refusing to see if they were following, sprinting into the darkness.

Each second, her heart burned with fear that she would feel one of their hands on her shoulder, dragging her back. But it never came. Half a block later, she chanced a glimpse over a shoulder, and saw them a dozen yards away, yelling and running after her but clearly without a chance of catching up. The cheerleader kept running, naked except for her miniskirt, flopping around her waist, her tennis shoes scuffling on the pavement, her tits bounding and dancing in the cool night air as she fled.

Even after several blocks, she was still running, panting and gasping as she went, her mind whirling with fear and dread at the thought of being caught again. But the worst part was what she was really afraid of. It wasn't the physical part of being raped. It was the way her body had betrayed her; the way she had quivered and quaked in her effort to stop herself from cumming, but in the end had lost. Her two captors – Mandy's captors – had made her cum, and she had been helpless against them. *I fought it so hard... but my body just wouldn't listen. What's going on? Why did that happen??* The last few months had felt like breaking free of a cage; they had been nothing but wild, sexual bliss for Trisha. But for the first time in a long while, she felt uneasy.

Ch 11

*\*\*\*All characters are over 18\*\*\**

"Okay, Mandy. I'll talk to you later. No, don't worry about it. Okay, bye." Trisha hung up the phone, and sighed. It had been only a few days since she had found Mandy in the alleyway after cheerleading practice, after she had rescued her from her kidnappers by offering herself instead. Mandy had called her the next day only to thank her, but Trisha quickly realized in the days that followed that it was more than that; she was the only person that Mandy could talk to about it. The cheerleader shook her head as she stood by the window, thinking. *Poor Mandy…she's so innocent…*

Trisha wanted someone to talk to as well, but for her it wasn't Mandy. The cheerleader flipped her cell phone back open, went to her recently dialed numbers, and called Britney. Just like the last several times, the phone rang several times, then went to the head cheerleader's voicemail. Frustrated, Trisha hung up. She couldn't stop thinking about the scene…trading herself for her virgin friend, thinking that she could handle it better than Mandy could. But that wasn't even the worst part. The worst was that they had made her cum…even when she was trying so hard to resist, even when her entire petite body was quivering with the effort, the orgasm had burst through her. She had never felt so ashamed. *How could I let myself cum to the same guys who were trying to do that to Mandy?*

Trisha picked up her cell phone again, but didn't bother dialing. Britney wasn't there two minutes ago…why would she be there now? *But I need to talk to her now…more than ever.* For the past few months, Trisha had believed in Britney's words, that the lust that always overtook her body was simply just a part of her – that she shouldn't be ashamed how insatiable she was. She was just a slut, like Britney, and it was a part of her to be enjoyed rather than bottled up, to be embraced rather than avoided. But now, she wasn't so sure. *Britney's always so carefree about this…what's her secret? How does she find a way to not worry about any of this?*

Trisha sighed, and dialed the head cheerleader once more. Britney would have an answer for her…she always did. Now she just had to find her. She got Britney's voicemail again and took a deep breath, trying to sound casual. "Hey Brit, it's Trisha again. Just wanted to talk to you. Call me!"

Finally, the cheerleader flopped onto her bed, her long brown hair spilling across the blanket. *I'm so sick of thinking about all of this…I just have to wait for Britney to call back. Just wait for her advice, and forget about it until then. Distract yourself, Trisha.* She sat up on the bed, and shook her head. *There's no way I can think about anything else here…I have to get out of the house! But where can I go?* Trisha glanced out the window as she thought, staring at the brilliant sunshine outside, when the thought hit her. *The beach!* Immediately, the cheerleader's face broke into a smile, as she imagined the soothing waves around her feet, the hot sun on her body as she snoozed in the sand. *Perfect!*

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Less than an hour later, the cheerleader was getting out of her car, the sounds of crashing waves and people shouting already clear in her ears. It had taken a full ten minutes to convince her mother that it was okay for her to go out, that what she really needed was to get out of the house instead of stay cooped up in it. As soon as she stepped out of the car, she knew it was the right decisions. She stretched her petite body in the sunlight, scrunching her toes in her flip-flops. Her plump, 32C breasts bulged out of her cotton sundress, thin and nearly sheer in the sunlight. The sea wind pressed the fabric against her, outlining her slender, dainty frame and her perky chest. The hem of the dress was fluttering around her knees, the shape of her smooth thighs visible through the cotton. Trisha smiled as the cool breeze washed over her, and headed towards the beach.

Barely seconds after her feet touched the sand, the cheerleader reached down and peeled the dress off her body, revealing the light blue string bikini beneath. The cups of the triangle top were just wide enough to cover Trisha's tits, two perky mounds spilling out of the thin fabric, bouncing slightly as she walked in the sand, straining against the flimsy suit. The top connected around her neck and her back, two thin strings tied in single bows, dangling down and tickling the small of Trisha's bare, slender back. The petite cheerleader's chest was accentuated by her slim waist, curving in and then back out into a pair of round hips and a firm ass. They were covered only by Trisha's bikini bottom, two triangles of thin cloth, barely six inches wide and stretching only to the middle of her hips, connected by another flimsy string tied in a bow. Trisha could feel the ties swaying against her thighs as she headed towards the water.

"Hey. Didn't you read the sign? You can't go in the water without adult supervision."

Trisha stopped and turned to look, shielding her eyes from the sun with her hand. The voice had come from the lifeguard's station, standing near the edge of the beach. A tall, shirtless guy was leaning against the railing, his chest firm and muscular, a gorgeous dark tan; looking like an ideal lifeguard. He had short, curly blonde hair and was wearing a pair of dark sunglasses.

"Huh?" The cheerleader gave him a confused look.

"I'm just kidding around. But seriously, how old are you? Seventeen?"

Trisha stuck her tongue out at him. "I'm eighteen, thank you very much. *And* I'll be nineteen in a few months."

"Yeah?" The lifeguard hopped easily over the railing, landing in the soft sand as he walked to her. "You're coming to the beach all by yourself? Shouldn't you be at home doing homework or something?"

Trisha shrugged. "I didn't feel like it."

"Good." The lifeguard nodded. "School isn't worth it. Teachers are just there to punish you."

Trisha giggled. *Yep…in more ways than one.* "I think so, too."

"I'm Dan." The lifeguard extended a hand, and Trisha shook it. His hands were huge…probably twice the size of hers. The cheerleader smiled up at him. His eyes were hidden behind his sunglasses, but he was looking down at her with a grin, and she wondered if he was checking her out. For some reason, her body thrilled at the thought of it, filling her with a strange excitement. *I really hope he is…I hope he likes what he sees…*

"Trisha."

"Have fun on the beach, Trisha. Come back if you need someone to supervise you."

Trisha laughed again. "Thanks. You still think I need it, huh?"

The lifeguard shrugged. "You might."

The cheerleader flashed him a sweet smile. "Only if I do something naughty. And I don't plan on doing anything naughty today. At least, not yet." She turned and kept walking towards the beach, the ties of her string bikini swinging in rhythm with her hips, and she grinned. *Well…if he wasn't checking me out before, he definitely is now!*

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She found an empty patch of sand and spread her towel out across it, pulling out her magazine. Then she lay face down, stretching her little body across the sand, pulling out her sunglasses. Her perky tits were now pressed against the sand, her round ass curvy against the rest of her slender frame and legs. As soon as she was settled, Trisha reached behind her, fingering the bows around her neck and chest. Two light pulls, and her bikini top came undone, and the cheerleader swept the strings off her back to prevent tan lines. She opened the magazine and started to read, but barely a few minutes later, a Frisbee sailed across the sand, landing only a few inches in front of her.

"Sorry about that, I'll just…oh. Hey, Trisha."

The cheerleader looked up. It was Brad, the varsity quarterback.

"Hiya, Brad." Trisha rolled halfway over to face him, raising herself on her elbow, holding one hand to her chest to keep the untied bikini top across her tits. Even so, she could feel the fabric of her top falling against her arm, revealing an even more generous view of her perky chest, plumped and bulging against her lone, little hand,. The loose strings dangled across her slim, bare waist. She barely suppressed a giggle as the quarterback's eyes immediately swept over her petite body, taking in the sight of her frame, clad in only a few inches of fabric and a handful of strings. The cheerleader still remembered how much she had enjoyed blowing him in the boys' locker room, the taste of his cum on her lips…and it was clear from the way he was staring at her that he hadn't forgotten either.

"Um…funny seeing you here. How are you?" Brad bent down to pick up the Frisbee. This time, Trisha couldn't hold in her giggle as she watched his gaze stay fixed on her, his head steady as the rest of his body bent forward. Brad ran a hand through his hair, looking nervous. "You know, uh…we need another Frisbee player. You want to play?"

"Really?" Trisha tuned all the way over, lying flat on her back. She removed her hand, using it to shield her eyes instead. Now her untied bikini top was resting on top of her tits, completely unsecured, ready to fly away in a single strong breeze. Brad's eyes were fixed on her slender body, and Trisha watched as he attempted to subtly adjust his swimsuit. It didn't work; she could see the bulge of his erection, slowly growing as he took in the sight of the petite cheerleader.

"Brad? Brad, what are you doing?" A blonde-haired girl came walking up behind the quarterback. It was Amanda, another member of the cheerleading squad. "Oh…hi, Trisha."

"Hey, Amanda," Trisha said, smiling. Amanda glanced at Brad, still staring at Trisha's barely-covered tits, then offered a half-smile at Trisha before very purposefully sliding an arm around Brad's.

"Let's get back, okay, honey?"

"Yeah, yeah, sure. See you, Trisha." Brad was now actively adjusting his swimsuit, but from her vantage point, Trisha could see that he had a full hard-on. She grinned and waved as they walked away. *He's probably imagining my lips wrapped around his cock, pushing his shaft down my throat, halfway to my stomach…imagining me swallowing his cum once more. Too bad he's going out with Amanda. Unless she wants to join in…*

The cheerleader shuddered then, and she felt a familiar, eager sensation in her pussy. Her lips parted slightly, as if Brad's meat was there right then for her to gulp down, and she felt a heat in her body, rising slightly. Just the thought of Brad's cock in her mouth was turning her on, and she was ready to jump up and follow them, to take up Brad's offer to join their game just for a chance to seduce him. But then, suddenly, she realized what she was thinking. *I can't do that! Amanda's a fellow cheerleader!* She shook her head. *This is exactly what I was worrying about…my body just gets carried away!* She couldn't deny it…her pussy was tingling with the thought of sucking the quarterback's dick. *I'm…I'm just oversexed. That must be it. Ugh…why is this happening??*

Frustrated, the cheerleader hastily retied her bikini top, pulled off her sunglasses, then grabbed her towel and her magazine, and began walking once more. She didn't know what she was doing or where she was going; she was just annoyed, so she headed towards the parking lot.

"Leaving already?" It was Dan again, leaning against the lifeguard's station, smiling at her.

Trisha nodded, raising a hand to shade her eyes as she stared at him. His chest was so hard and chiseled…he looked like he was straight out of a Baywatch episode. "Yeah. I guess so."

"You okay?" Dan was walking towards her, and as soon as he reached her, he rested a hand on her shoulder, bending down to examine her face more closely. "You look kinda troubled."

The cheerleader was surprised to find that she had to suppress a shudder of pleasure. Trisha's pussy was hot again, her body responding to Dan's touch. Without even thinking, the cheerleader's eyes flicked up and down Dan's body, taking in his impressive physique, his face. She found herself suddenly wondering what his cock looked like, how thick it was. Trisha started as she realized that she had been staring straight at his crotch, and quickly looked away.

"Um…" Distracted, the cheerleader nodded. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

"You know what helps me when I've got some trouble?" The lifeguard continued. "A nice, long, hot shower. There's some public showers down by the snack stand. I'll show you them, if you want." He took a step closer then, so that he was just inches away from her, her tits nearly pressed against his six-pack stomach.

The closeness of his body to hers sent a strange twinge through Trisha's body…a twinge of…something. Excitement? Nervousness? She couldn't tell. *It's probably just that I'm kinda turned on…but it feels like something else than that.* Was he was inviting her to the public bathroom for more than just a shower? Excitement flickered through her at the thought, and she glanced down at his swimsuit, and thought that she could see a faint bulge there, but he was much better at concealing it than Brad. *Can he tell that I'm turned on? Am I that transparent?*

"Um…" Trisha shifted her weight, confused, unsure.

"Come on. It'll help you, I guarantee it." Dan took her hand, and immediately began walking towards the large building near the edge of the parking lot, the cheerleader in tow. He wasn't pulling or dragging her or anything like that, because Trisha was walking along with him. But for some reason, it felt to her like this wasn't exactly her choice either; that Dan had made the decision for the both of them that they were going to the showers, and now the only thing she could do was follow him.

"So…what's going on?" Dan had let go of her hand, and they were now walking side by side on the sand. "Let me guess. Guy trouble?"

Trisha shrugged. "Umm…kind of."

Dan nodded, and laughed; a low, mysterious tone. "Not surprising, with a pretty girl like you. Here we are." Dan stopped in front of the building. It was surprisingly large, and had three entrances; a men's locker room on the left, a women's on the right, and a third in the center.

"That's the lifeguard's locker room," Dan said, noticing that Trisha was staring curiously at it. "Want to see? It's pretty nice."

He started forward, and once again, Trisha followed, with the feeling that she didn't have a choice in the matter. The lifeguard swung open the door, gesturing her in first. Dan was right. The locker room was nice; at least, much nicer than the one the cheerleaders used at school. The floors were clean, and the rows of lockers looked fairly new; no broken locks or door hinges. Piles of clean towels were stacked in shelves on one side, and further behind, Trisha could see two rows of shower stalls, lining both walls. She wandered over towards them, exploring. The sound of spraying water echoed through the bathroom; a couple of the stalls were occupied.

"You're not allowed in here, you know. Better be quiet, or you'll get caught."

Trisha giggled, and nodded, still wandering past the shower stalls.

"Does this count as your naughty thing for the day?"

The cheerleader stopped, and turned around. The word *naughty* rang through her mind, like a command, summoning her to attention. She took in Dan's body once more; tall and chiseled, shirtless, a dark tan from working out in the sun. He was standing near the edge of the rows of showers, watching her. The cheerleader felt the familiar tinge again in her pussy; that carnal desire that first came with Brad. *Dan's not dating any of my fellow cheerleaders…*

"Maybe." She whispered back, and smiled before wandering into one of the open stalls, examining the inside. A moment later, she felt Dan behind her, barely a foot between them. He wasn't touching her, but she could feel the heat of his body, could feel the fact that his cock was only inches away from her butt. When she didn't move away, the lifeguard reached forward, wrapping both arms around the cheerleader's tiny waist, easily encircling her. Trisha said nothing, but she sank back into him, and her hands went to his thighs, gripping lightly, silently urging him closer. *I was right…* Dan had suggested the trip to the public bathroom for much more than just a shower. *He could tell…he could tell that I was turned on…how did he know?* It didn't even matter; her pussy was growing wetter by the second.

"I guess it needs to be a little more naughty to count, doesn't it?"

Trisha turned around in his arms, her body against his, her perky tits now pressed against his chest, and she felt his hands sneaking down her slender back, towards the hem of her tiny bikini bottom. "Yep…more than a little." The words came out of her mouth before she had even thought about it; it was her lust talking, instead of her mind.

Dan grinned down at her. "Okay, then. Pick a stall." He gestured with one hand around him. The cheerleader's face burst into a wicked grin as she realized what he wanted to do. She slipped out of his arms, back into the center of the room, examining her choices. The stalls were tiny and cramped, probably barely able to fit two people inside. They weren't divided by solid walls, either, but only the thin dividers that were in most public bathrooms, attached by hinges with cracks in between. Two of the stalls were occupied right now, on the other side of the room, and there was one in between them. A mischievous twinge of excitement ran through the cheerleader, and she quickly walked towards the empty stall in between the two occupied ones.

Dan gave a knowing smile as he followed her. "I figured." The cheerleader grinned at him as she walked in, staring at the cramped, blank walls. Barely an hour ago, Trisha had been stuck in her room, worrying and fretting, wondering out loud why Britney wasn't answering her cell phone. Now, all of that anxiety seemed miles away; the excitement of being in a public shower stall, with a strange, enticing lifeguard like Dan distracted her completely.

She shuddered with anticipation as Dan shut the shower stall's door behind her. A second later, he had pressed her up against it, his tan body hard against her little frame, his fingers on her chin, tipping her mouth upwards to meet his. Trisha could hear the spray and splashing of water in the two occupied stalls on either side of them, and then out of nowhere, one of their neighbors began to sing. Even as she was still kissing the lifeguard, Trisha couldn't help giggling with eagerness. *They're going to be right next to us while we fuck! If it weren't for this stall, they could literally reach out and touch us!*

That nasty thought, the dirty fun in having sex in a public shower, while two strangers were standing only feet away, it was too much for the cheerleader. She broke the kiss and quickly sank to her knees, feeling the wet, hard tiles on her legs as she reached up for Dan's swimsuit. She flashed him an admiring smile as her fingers teasingly glided over a massive bulge, pressing up against the fabric. But just as she was about to pull them down, Dan stopped her. His hands grabbed hers, holding them still. Trisha looked up at him, her eyes brimming with lust, her face confused.

"Not yet." Dan shook his head, grinning down at her.

"Huh?" Trisha raised an eyebrow, looking both confused and disappointed. "Why not?"

Dan laughed. "Come on, you have to work for it." He was teasing her, but still, Trisha couldn't help feeling surprised. Usually, by the time she got to this point, the guy was practically begging for her to gulp his dick into her mouth. They were never able to resist Trisha's charm; they were always hypnotized by it, their lust for her petite body controlling their every move. She was usually the one teasing them…not the other way around. *And no one's ever stopped me from taking off their pants before!* She played along with the lifeguard, giving him one of her best pouts in response, but a strange feeling came over her, completely new. *This guy's different. He's so cool-headed…he probably would even be able to resist Britney!*

"So…" She said, still on her knees, stroking his erection through his shorts and pouting up at him. "How do I prove myself worthy?"

Dan didn't answer. Instead, he reached down, grabbed the petite cheerleader around the waist, and easily picked her up. She squealed in surprise as he turned around with her in tow. Then, he pushed her up against the wall, directly under the shower head, prompting another loud squeal, and then a giggle. *I hope no one heard that!*

Still without a word, Dan reached above her and switched on the shower. Trisha gasped as she felt hot water burst across her body, cascading down her slender shoulders and her perky tits, running down her smooth legs. She reached a hand up to wipe the water from her eyes and saw Dan looking down at her, also soaked, the water running down his tan chest in streams. She felt his hands on her body, running across her tits and her back, sliding down her dainty frame. The cheerleader closed her eyes, and stretched against the wall, letting him caress her skin, filling her with an eager lust. *Oooh God…what does he want? …Why won't he just let me fuck him?*

She got her answer a second later. Dan had sank to his knees in front of her, the shower still streaming down both of them, and his hands were now sliding up and down her thighs, catching the water as it streamed down, so slight that the cheerleader squirmed slightly in his hands. Trisha's eyes popped open as she felt his fingers on the insides of her thighs, slowly running up, inching closer to the soaked, tiny triangle of her bikini bottom. Then he was barely a fingernail's length from her pussy, brushing against the fabric of her suit, teasing her with the faintest of touches. *Oh…oh my God…*

A whimper escaped from the cheerleader's lips. "Ohhh…"

Dan chuckled softly, his hands still wrapped around Trisha's trembling thighs, watching the cheerleader, pressed up against the wall, squirming in her lust as the water showered down onto her. His fingers were so achingly close to her twat, and without even thinking, Trisha scooted slightly down on the wall, hoping to press her eager cunt against his hand. Dan smiled and did even better, raising his hands up to cup her soaked pussy through her bikini's fabric, pressing tenderly against her tender flesh. The cheerleader jolted in pleasure as he did it, her petite body shuddering against the wall.

"Yess…yes," she whispered, closing her eyes once more. She could feel his fingers against her twat through the cloth of her suit, pressing into her pussy lips, sending delicious twinges of pleasure through her hips and her squirming legs. Slowly, Dan began to rub his hand up and down against her cunt, kneading into the fabric, massaging her twat through the bikini. As his fingers rubbed up and down, Trisha began to slide up and down too in her eagerness, lost in the feeling of his hand working her pussy. For some reason, Dan's touch had a power over her. The way he had so curtly refused to give her access to his cock…somehow, it made her want it even more, and her body wildly lusted for his.

She felt him standing up, one hand still tight on her pussy, massaging it up and down, making her quiver with pleasure as she pressed herself against the wall. Her eyes still closed, she felt him towering over her, his head next to hers, watching as she whimpered and rocked against his fingers.

She heard Dan, only inches from her ear. "Tell me what you want next." At that moment, the lifeguard's hand pressed extra hard against her twat, burying in the fabric, with so much force that Trisha's hips were jammed against the wall. The cheerleader's entire body jolted in response, and she let out an uncontrolled moan. *Oh…oh God…I have to be quiet or the other people will hear!* Her lust was flooding through her body, overwhelming her.

"Your cock…" she whimpered, letting her pleasure overtake her. "I want it..oh God…I want you inside me …"

"Not yet." Dan said again, in the same low, commanding tone.

"Yes…please…I want your cock…please…" Trisha was rocking against his hand now, back and forth, her hips gently pumping her soaked twat into his fingers. *God…why won't he let me fuck him??*

Dan's voice was firm as he spoke only one word. "No."

Trisha shuddered with frustration, still whimpering, trying as hard as she could to keep her neighbors in the next stalls from hearing her. She could hear the water splashing on them, their feet scuffing the tiles, barely an arm's length away and separated only by the stall's thin wall. Out of her mind with lust, the thought of it thrilled her; the chance to get fucked in a cramped public shower stall, in between two other occupied ones; the excitement of keeping quiet for as long as possible, even as Dan's fingers slid across the fabric of her suit, grinding into her pussy with delicious, tender strokes.

Even as she pressed her little body against the wall, squirming against his hand on her twat, she reached out for his hips, hoping to find his cock, to defy his refusal and have her way with his meat. But at that moment, he slid back down, back on his knees, his fingers still firm against the soaked crotch of her bikini bottom. At that second, Trisha couldn't think of anything she hated more than that bikini bottom; she wanted to rip it off her body, the way it was preventing Dan's fingers from sinking deeper into her swollen, dripping twat. Her hands went to her gently rocking hips, fingering the tied strings, ready to yank them down her soaked legs. Dan smiled, and instead he did it for her, grasping the flimsy ties on each of Trisha's legs and slowly sliding them down her smooth skin. As he did it, Trisha reached up behind her and felt for the ends of the two bows, around her neck and her chest, that dangled down her back. With a single motion, she pulled, and her triangle top fluttered to the floor, revealing her perky, round tits, the water streaming over the soft mounds and her stiff nipples.

Trisha's eyes were still closed, her head titled up to let the water pour down her face and through her long brown hair, down her slender body. Naked and wild with lust, the petite cheerleader pressed herself against the wall and gently spread her legs for Dan, opening her bare, red pussy for him, desperately, silently begging for his fingers to return once more. *Please! Please!* Trisha could barely contain herself; something about this lifeguard was driving her body crazy with anticipation, and she shuddered under the hot stream of water as her hips danced slightly forward.

She felt his hands snaking up her bare chest, meeting the water that ran down her slim waist, and then they were on her bare tits, gently squeezing and groping them, the soft palm of his hand grinding against her swollen nipples. Trisha felt his warm breath against her pussy, and then a second later, his mouth was there, wrapping around her desperate twat; his tongue, warm and wet and soft, gliding across her swollen pussy lips.

"Ohhhhhh….." The moan burst out of the petite cheerleader as her entire body jerked and pushed against him. His tongue was unbelievable, pressing against her thrilled cunt, sliding and kneading into the soft folds. The pleasure was so powerful, it was nearly overwhelming her. *This…this is incredible…he's so amazing!* Another moan escaped her lips, wild and desperate. Trisha's chest was thrust forward for Dan to grope and massage, her slender waist trembling, her butt against the wall and her legs spread for him, her hands pressed on the wall to steady herself as she gently grinded down onto his lips. His tongue was skimming up and down her bulging pussy now, pressing so perfectly into her skin, rubbing against every fold and firing electric jolts of pleasure through her body.

"Ohhh…oh my God…ohhhh my God…" Trisha moaned again and again, feeling only the hot water streaming down her naked, dainty body, Dan's large, strong hands on her tits, kneading into her nipples, his mouth buried in between her quivering thighs. And that tongue, dipping into her twat, gently fucking her, gliding and skating across the dripping, flushed lips of her eager pussy. His lips slid slightly upward, and his tongue reached the nub of her clit, sliding tenderly, tantalizingly over it, and the cheerleader's eyes popped open as she felt him grind gently into it, driving a wave of pleasure coursing through her overwhelmed body. It was all she could do to rest against the wall, gripping it for dear life as the rest of her trembled and rocked against Dan, her hips dancing and rolling as she pressed herself forward.

"Dan…ahh…you're so…oh God…" Trisha could barely form words. The cheerleader's hands went to the back of Dan's head, tangling in his short curly hair, pressing him even deeper between her thighs, whimpering and squirming and rocking as he lapped at her clit and her twat. She was completely lost to her lust; her body was his, in his control, wanting nothing but for him to stay buried between her legs, his mouth wrapped around her twat as she squealed.

Then, without warning, Dan's mouth slid off her twat and he stood up. Still moaning and trembling, Trisha looked up at him in desperation, wanting more. His eyes had changed, and Trisha suddenly saw a fierce, dangerous hunger in him, almost frightening, a lust for her so strong that she knew she wouldn't be able to stop him even if she wanted to. He didn't say anything, only stared down at her, but Trisha already knew what he wanted. Her legs still spread, she smiled eagerly up at him, and in the same instant her hands were at his suit, yanking them to his ankles. His dick popped out, thick and hard and ready, pulsing with lust after watching a petite, teenage cheerleader squirm and whimper . Trisha's eyes were feasting on the sight of it, hypnotized by the thought of it, her pussy still throbbing with lust as her body ached to be filled.

"Dan…" she whimpered.

She didn't have time to say anything else. Faster than Trisha could fathom, Dan had wrapped his hands under and around the backs of her bare thighs, and a second later he had picked the dainty cheerleader up, cradling her in his arms as she leaned back against the wall. She squealed in surprise and wrapped her legs around his waist, suspended in the air, helpless in his arms. The lifeguard's erect cock was now just inches below Trisha's hips, her body held up by him, sandwiched and hanging in the air between his body and the wall. Only a few feet to each side of her, two other lifeguards were washing themselves, unaware that of the naked teenager pressed against the wall between them. Trisha turned her head to one side and realized that she could see the blur of one of them moving in the crack between the stall's divider and the wall. Her mind whirled with excitement as she watched the blurred motion. *They don't even know! Dan just ate out my pussy and they don't even know!*

She was still watching and thinking about it when Dan eased forward, driving his hips upward, and at that moment Trisha let out a wild squeal as all thoughts disappeared from her mind. Dan's massive shaft sank into Trisha's soaked pussy, easing into her as he gently lowered her hips, in his arms, to meet his own. The cheerleader's tight, eager twat engulfed his cock like a soft sheath, wrapping around it as he gently bucked forward into her.

"YES!" Trisha's entire body met Dan's, hugging his waist tighter with her slender legs, pressing against the wall, raising herself in his arms as she felt his shaft push deep inside of her. The cheerleader's cry of pleasure was too loud, but it was unbidden and uncontrolled, and she repeated it again as Dan began to thrust in and out of her swollen cunt.

"YES! Ohhh…God…YES!" Pinned against the wall, suspended in the air, Trisha began to rock herself against the lifeguard's hips, thrusting her ass down and into his cock, and the motion buried the full length of Dan's dick deep into her soaking twat. Dan groaned out loud, for the first time, as he felt the cheerleader's canal wrap tightly around the base of his meat, and Trisha responded with a moan of her own, loud and desperate. That sound from Dan was music to her ears, hearing him enjoying her body, approving of her tight twat, feeling his cock plunge deep into her cunt.

"YES!!!" Trisha wrapped her arms around his neck and began to buck herself against him, her hips rolling and bouncing in his arms, plowing herself down on his cock, feeling it slide in and out of her. Dan was hoisting her petite body up and down with his arms, panting with effort, thrusting at the same time, so that the entire weight of Trisha's body plunged down onto his meat just as he was stabbing into her. The cheerleader's wails were too loud, and both of them knew it; the people in the other stalls had to have heard. But Trisha was too lost in the feeling of Dan's pumping cock to even remember them.

"YES! OHHH YES!!" The cheerleader's hair was soaked with water and plastered against her shoulders and her face as she bounced on Dan's rod. Her legs and her arms were wrapped around him, her body pressed against the wall, his hands tight on her ass cheeks as he pumped her up and down on his shaft. Dan was sweaty and panting, his throbbing rod plunging into her, the full weight of Trisha's body bucking, rocking, bouncing in his arms and thrusting down to engulf his shaft even more. His balls slapped against the cheerleader's twat with each pound.

Sandwiched in between the wall and his grinding body, with hot shower water pouring down them both, Trisha pressed her cheek against the cool tiles. As she squealed and shouted, she opened her eyes and saw, to her shock, another eye in the crack between the stall and the wall. It was the person in the next stall! He had finally heard her, and now he was peeking through, watching them.

*Oh my God!* Trisha's body was ramming down on Dan's thick rod, her tits jiggling up and down, her twat filled and stretched by his girth, radiating with lust and pleasure. Now, she realized that she was staring straight at a complete stranger, watching her fuck. He had to know that she had seen him, but he was still there, saying nothing, peering through the crack. *Ohhh…I must look like such a nasty slut!* Trisha imagined what the stranger was seeing; a naked teenage girl, barely five feet tall, petite and innocent-looking, pushed up against the wall and dangling in the air, her legs and arms wrapped around Dan as he jammed and pumped his meat deep into her swollen pussy. The hot shower water sprayed down on them as they bucked, splashing onto the tile floor next to the cheerleader's discarded bikini. And even though she knew someone was watching, she was still rolling and thrusting herself against Dan's cock, still shouting and moaning in pleasure as she felt his cock stuff her full. Trisha turned her head to peer through the crack of the opposite wall. Sure enough, there was another pair of eyes; the other lifeguard had heard too, and was peeping, trying to watch. *They both know I can see them…they know that I'm still letting Dan plow into me even though they're watching…and they're still watching too, even though they saw me catch them!*

"Ohhh…YES!" For some reason, the thought drove Trisha wild with lust. The cheerleader was pressed up against the wall of a public bathroom, her little body helpless in Dan's arms, rocking up and down with the force of his shaft pumping into her twat. And she was surrounded on both sides by two secret watchers, staring at her petite frame as it was pounded and violated by the lifeguard's meat. They were naked too, Trisha realized, and she imagined the moment that they had first heard her whimpers and wails. *They must have peeked through the stall because they were confused…and then seen me, pressed up against the wall as Dan plunged into me.* The cheerleader imagined their limp dicks growing harder as they suddenly realized they were watching a teenage girl fuck a lifeguard in the stall next to them. *Maybe they're even jacking off now...at the sight of me thrusting myself onto Dan's cock. Maybe they're masturbating while they imagine what it would be like to be Dan, plowing into me, stretching me open with that big cock…that big, thick, pumping cock…*

"Ohhh…ohhhh…ohhh!!!" Trisha's lust was rising, her body thrashing between the wall and Dan's sweaty body, pumping her cunt on his dick with all her might, the full weight of her petite frame thrown into jamming his meat deep, so deep inside of her. Her dangling body flopped up and down against the wall as she thrust, her twat swollen and full, her body flushing and quivering with pleasure. The cheerleader arched her back and dug her nails into Dan's neck as she let out a wild scream of pleasure.

"YESS!! DAN!!! OH GOD!!!" Trisha's body was a blur against the wall now, out of control, thrashing and flailing as she lost herself to her desire, desperate to pump herself deeper and deeper on Dan's cock, to let him fill her completely, and her lust was so strong that the lifeguard had to brace himself just to hold up the wild, bucking cheerleader. All Trisha could think about was how dirty the scene was, how nasty and naughty… *Dan's plowing into me so hard…holding me up and pinning me so he can pound me even harder…and two other strangers are jacking off as they watch me! Three hard cocks, just for me…yess!!* Trisha let out another wild scream of lust, as Dan kept plunging into her, so deep and so hard, filling every inch of her twat, giving her exactly what she needed, and in the nastiest way possible. *So nasty, so filthy…so slutty!!*

"YESSSS!!!" Trisha's toes curled and her legs kicked furiously in the air as a powerful shudder of pleasure ripped through her petite body. The cheerleader grabbed Dan around the neck and lifted herself off the wall, wrapping herself around him, flopping and writhing in the air as her orgasm powered through her. Waves of pleasure sailed through her, sparking in her swollen pussy like electric bolts, then bursting through the rest of her trembling body. The cheerleader was helpless in Dan's arms, her body beyond her control, unable to do anything but cling to him for dear life. She was on fire, her twat hot and tingling, pulsing around Dan's meat, soothed by the hot water streaming down her. Trisha's eyes were wide and her mouth open, her nails deep in Dan's skin; this orgasm was like nothing she had ever experienced, and all she could do was tremble against him, writhing and screaming in the throes.

"YES!!! OHHH G-GOD….F-FUCK!!! YESSS!!!"

"URGH!" Dan grunted out loud, and he swayed forward, slamming Trisha's trembling body back against the wall, his arms tight around her ass cheeks, his dick buried in her convulsing cunt and his balls tight against her. Trisha gasped in shock as she felt his dick grow and throb; and then he was spurting his cum in her, spasming through his shaft, flooding into her soaked, thrilled canal, filling her with his seed even as she was still shuddering within her own climax. She could feel every throb and pump, snug and deep inside her twat, and the cheerleader wrapped her legs as tight around his waist as she could, drawing him in even further, taking all of him, letting him unload his sperm deep inside of her. She was still lost in the fiery pleasure of her own orgasm, and her body flushed and quivered with the feeling of accepting his cum.

"Ohhhhhh…" *This isn't like anything I've ever felt!* It was like he was filling her entire body with his cum, every inch of it, and his spunk was flowing through her along with her climax, riding the waves of pleasure that savaged her, sending fierce, electric jolts that left her both thrilled and exhausted. She sagged against him, unable to even move.

"Wow…" she whispered, into Dan's ear. *That was…unbelievable!* Dan laughed, deep and loud.

"I think you've proved you're worthy," he whispered back, and slowly bent forward until he was resting the petite cheerleader on the floor, letting her lean against the wall. "Hope we meet again, Trisha." He picked up his swimsuit and pulled them on. Then, he reached up above the exhausted cheerleader, and switched off the shower. Without another word, he unlocked the stall door and walked out, leaving the panting girl sitting by herself against the wall.

Trisha relaxed against the wall in her exhaustion, still recovering from her orgasm. The crack of her swollen pussy was wet and hot…Dan's cum was dribbling out of it. She knew without looking. Usually sex gave the cheerleader more energy, but this time…this time the pleasure was almost too much. Her mind was frazzled; she could barely even think about anything except the incredible feeling of Dan's cock plunging into her; of the sensation of his cum spilling out, filling her with his seed. Her climax had paralyzed her body and turned her brains to mush. *Ha ha…I guess he literally fucked my brains out!* Trisha giggled softly.

The panting cheerleader sagged against the wall, feeling the hot, wet tiles against her naked ass and back, the water dripping off her thrilled, trembling body. She relaxed there, leaning her head back, recovering from Dan's assault on her twat and her mind-blowing orgasm. But then, she suddenly remembered her neighbors, and turned to see if they were still there. They were, and as Trisha sat against the wall, peering through the crack, she saw a blur of motion right around the level of her eyes. It was flesh colored…it looked like a hand and a hard cock. *I was right…they were jacking off to me!* Without even thinking, without even considering it in her exhausted, over-sexed brain, the cheerleader raised a hand, visible through the crack, and beckoned each of them over in turn, with one finger. Still panting, still collapsed on the floor, she watched as the eyes widened for a moment, then disappeared.

A moment later, two naked boys appeared in front of the open stall; two scrawny, pimply teenagers, much more inexperienced than Trisha, and probably the same age as her. *I didn't know lifeguards could be as young as me…* Their cocks were hard, their eyes wide and their mouths left open. The sight was incredible; a petite cheerleader, naked and wet, sprawled across the floor of the public bathroom, her body flushed and exhausted by a wild fuck, her pussy swollen, her face red from the effort. A few minutes ago, they had been peeping through the stalls, watching this cute cheerleader screaming and writhing against the wall, cumming on some stranger's cock; one of the most arousing sights they had even seen. Now, after letting them watch even after she caught them, she had just invited them over to get a full view of her naked, gorgeous body. They both thought they were dreaming.

As soon as they appeared, Trisha's eyes had zoomed their hard dicks, but she wasn't even thinking about them. It was hard to even think about anything. *Wow…Dan was amazing.* That was the only thought she could muster; the incredible pleasure of her orgasm, of feeling her little body pressed against the wall, scream after scream thrust out of her just as the lifeguard's cum pumped in. Still speechless, the boys kept walking forward, feasting on the sight of the naked cheerleader. Seated on the floor, Trisha was eye-level with their waists, and now their rock-hard cocks were on either side of her, as they stared down, taking in her petite frame, her perky tits and her red, dripping cunt. Again, without even thinking, without saying a word, the cheerleader raised both her hands and wrapped them around each of their cocks. It was instinct, she realized; it was as if Dan's cock had pumped so much lust into her that now all she could think about was sex.

The two boys gasped together as the cheerleader's soft fingers slipped over their shafts, gently rubbing up and down, tender and gentle as she jacked them both off in rhythm. Trisha could see pre-cum already oozing out, their cocks bobbing up and down as each of her hands slid up and down their lengths. The cheerleader straightened slightly as she worked, her back flat against the wall, and watched as both of the boys' eyes immediately flocked to her tits, perky and ample against her slender waist. They were like saucers, admiring the firm, round mounds, as if hypnotized by the sight of the petite girl's chest.

*Wow…they look really amazed. I wonder if they've even seen a pair of tits before…* Trisha laughed to herself at the thought. *Oh…what the hell! They helped me to cum, didn't they? Seeing them watching me was such a turn-on…the least I can do is return the favor.*

The cheerleader thrust her chest forward with a wink. "Go ahead," she offered, her first words to them. "They won't bite."

The two boys gasped as they leaned down, their hands running over the cheerleader's perky, soft tits, gently squeezing them, flicking the nipple, gliding over her smooth, wet skin. As they fondled and groped her chest, Trisha knew from the looks on their faces that they wouldn't last long. She tightened her grip on their cocks, soft but firm, and began to slide up and down right around the tip, gliding over the frenulum, watching their rock hard shafts jolt in her fingers.

Barely seconds later, she got her reward. The one on her left came first, a powerful, strong spurt of white jism that shot over her head and splattered through her hair. More cum followed; short, thick ropes that dribbled down Trisha's nose and cheeks, dripping off her face and landing on her slender thighs. The sight of the petite cheerleader being showered in cum was too much for the other one, and he came too, his first stream impacting on Trisha's tits, a long stream that stretched across her chest, dribbling down around her nipples. More of his spunk splattered across her thighs, in white streaks across the cheerleader's body. The two of them gasped and grunted as they shot their cum onto the cheerleader, coating her face, her tits and her legs with the warm liquid. Trisha kept jacking them off, grinning up at them as they sprayed onto her, feeling the spunk throb through their cocks, pulsing out and all over her flushed body.

Slowly, the two of them caught their breath, cum still dribbling out of their half-hard cocks, running down Trisha's fingers. She wiped them off with her thumb, catching the last few precious drips, then lifted her hands to her mouth and licked the salty jism up, like a thirsty cat, lapping up every bit of their spunk before swallowing both their loads together with loud gulps. Trisha then smiled up at them, her face covered in streams of spunk, her tits and her legs coated, and Dan's still dribbling out of her pussy.

"Did you enjoy the show?"

One of them couldn't even speak, still apparently in shock at the sight of her. The other one barely managed to string a couple words together. "Uh…y-yeah…"

"Good." Trisha laughed at their responses, then reached out her hands. "Help me up, please."

They obeyed, pulling her up, watching the gorgeous cheerleader stand, her slender legs stretching out, her round tits bobbing.

Trisha slowly straightened, her legs wobbling, and bent to pick up her discarded bikini from the floor. Even standing, the petite cheerleader was much shorter than both of them, and she looked up to flash them a smile.

"Thank you. Now, if you boys will excuse me, I have to get dressed."

The two of them didn't say anything, but only stared. Trisha was still coated in their spunk, a long stream in her hair, more dribbling down her cheeks and her nose and splattered across her dainty, slender body. But she was acting like it was perfectly normal, acting like she wasn't standing in front of them completely naked, like they hadn't just watched her orgasm on Dan's dick. After all that, she was shooing them out of her stall so she could dress privately.

Trisha grinned to herself as they obeyed, listening to them walk away, still silent. The pleasure of Dan's fucking was still ringing through her, and she found that it was impossible to think or feel anything else. *Geez…I should still be traumatized or something…I should be freaked out like Mandy is, but…I just can't.* She ran a hand across her body, feeling the stickiness of their cum on her fingertips, remembering the feeling of Dan's harsh, firm grip around her thighs as he held her up and pinned her to the wall. *I just…can't remember why I was so worried earlier.*

The cheerleader bent over to begin re-tying the bikini bottom around her slim hips. *All in all…I guess it was a pretty good day!*

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It was late that night, when Trisha's cell phone finally rang. The cheerleader was back in her bedroom, reading for English, barely able to concentrate, still thinking about Dan's cock.

"Hey, Trisha. It's me." It was Britney.

"Oh, hey Britney!" Trisha perked up at the sound of her friend's voice.

"Sorry hun, I lost my cell phone for a bit. My room's a fucking mess. Anyway, you left me a bunch of messages. What's up?"

"Oh…" Trisha paused. The cheerleader considered whether or not she wanted to ask Britney for help. "It's…oh, forget it Britney. It's nothing."

"You sure? You sounded pretty worried."

"Well…I mean, yeah, there was some stuff I wanted to talk to you about." Trisha shrugged. "But I went to the beach today, and had a great time, and now I…well, you know, I feel a lot better."

The head cheerleader's laugh rang through the telephone. "Sounds to me like someone got laid."

Trisha giggled. "Well…"

Britney laughed again. "Wow…he was that good, huh? Give him my number, hun. Unless you want to keep him all to yourself."

"Yeah…I might hog this guy, Brit. He was this lifeguard…just pushed me up against the wall and pounded my brains out…God, it was incredible." Trisha grinned as she thought about it.

But then, there was a long pause in the telephone. *That wasn't the reaction I expected from Britney…* Trisha sat up, confused. "Britney?"

After a few seconds, the head cheerleader's voice came back. "Yeah. I'm here."

"Um…is something wrong?"

"No, no, nothing. A lifeguard, huh?"

"Yeah…" Trisha still had the feeling that something wasn't right. "Are you sure – "

"Was his name Dan?"

"Yeah!" Trisha said, right away. "It was! Curly blonde hair, pretty tall. Do you know him? Oh God, Brit, he was incredible!"

"Yeah. Yeah, I know him." Britney's voice sounded different somehow, and immediately, Trisha's excitement died away. She was starting to get uneasy. *What is going on?* Knowing Britney, the head cheerleader probably knew how good Dan was, too.

"Brit...have you fucked him too?"

"Yeah." Britney's voice still sounded different. "A long time ago."

"And…it wasn't good?"

"No, it was. It was really fucking great, like you said. Ah…shit, Trisha, it's complicated."

*Uh oh.* Now Trisha was definitely uneasy. She had never heard Britney like this before: uncomfortable, unhappy. At that moment, the cheerleader's call waiting beeped, and she glanced at her phone. It was Mandy. *Damn.*

"Hey Britney…Mandy's calling me. I'm really sorry, but I should probably answer it."

"Okay, no problem. I'll just talk to you at school on Monday."

Trisha chewed her bottom lip, worried now. "Are you sure, Britney? Something's definitely wrong, I can tell."

"No, honestly, hun, nothing's wrong." Britney's voice started to sound a little more like herself. "It's just something in the past, you know. Mandy needs you."

Trisha agreed, but she wasn't convinced. "Um…okay. I guess I'll see you on Monday then."

"Hey Trish?"

"Yeah?"

"Can you do me a favor?" The head cheerleader's voice was serious again. "Just…um…stay away from that Dan guy, okay? Please?"

Trisha was lost in thought as she heard Britney hang up the phone. She listened to the silence for a few seconds, taking a moment before answering Mandy's call. *What now…?*