Just a Little Peek

by Charles PetersunnÂ©

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Sally Andrews had to smile when she saw her little blue plaid skirt. She was

digging deep down into her dresser drawer to find something nice to wear to

classes that day, and then she found it: her blue plaid skirt that she had worn

in junior high. It had been her favorite, at least back then. She didn't really

know why, but she had always felt so feminine, so girlish, when she wore it. She

smiled fondly as she remembered skipping along the halls of Middleton Junior

High, her skirt swinging and dancing as she pranced through the halls.

She hadn't thought about it in years. She in fact never even wore it once

through her years in high school. She considered it then to be too childish, or

at least she had felt childish wearing it. Her mother had at times laid it out

for her. Mother thought it looked cute on her. Sally, however, always put it

away, feeling that she had really outgrown it and that this was just her mother,

once again, denying the fact that she was becoming a young lady. She eventually

even tucked it away deep down within her dresser drawer to discourage her mother

from trying again.

But, those days in high school were also now long gone. She was in college now.

She was eighteen. She was now in fact, in truth, a young lady.

And, a very pretty one at that. She had long straight blonde hair that she split

down the middle, a very engaging and sweet smile, hazel eyes behind large, round

spectacles, a perky nose and red cheeks, both sprinkled with freckles,

accentuated with very cute little dimples.

As a young lady, she now made her own decisions over what to wear, although she

was in fact still living at home. A lot of the students of Templeton College

still lived at home. Templeton was a very conservative college, enrolling

students from equally conservative and strict families. Sally might be eighteen

and could legally live on her own, but her parents preferred that she stay at

home, at least until she graduated. And, besides, they did save a lot of money

on room and board by having her at home.

Sally pulled the skirt out from the bottom of the drawer. It didn't really look

so childish anymore. Instead, it looked kind of cute. And, besides, she didn't

have to avoid youngish looking clothing anymore to feel like a grown up. She

was, after all, eighteen.

She wondered if it still fit. She giggled as she dropped her flannel pj bottoms

and stepped into her memory of those days at Middleton, and she was grinned

broadly when she realized that it did, indeed, still fit. It was a bit tight in

the waist. A frown replaced her grin with the recognition that she had indeed

put on some weight. But, other than that, it was actually quite fine. She

considered wearing it to classes today, once she let it out a little bit in the

waist. Plaid skirts were in fact part of the dress code of Templeton. It would

be fine, if not perfectly appropriate. Although, there might be one problem. She

scampered over to her full length mirror to see how it looked.

It was a bit short. She had grown taller since junior high. No, this would be

fine, if not even cute. She did feel awfully pretty in it, even a bit sexy.

She turned her back to the mirror and bent over, placing her hands on her knees,

and then turned back to look.

Well, she would have to be careful about that. The curves of her lower fanny and

the outline of her cunnie pouch were very clearly visible. It was though kind of

cute. Not much different, after all, than what a cheerleader might show. But, it

was probably shorter than was recommended, or actually required, by Templeton.

If she was just careful when picking something up or bending over, or being

careful that it doesn't slide up too much when she sat down, it would be fine.

She could feel her face even flush a bit though at the thought of wearing this

on campus. You could see quite a bit of her young, white thighs. She spun to see

if it would twirl up to reveal anything else.

Yea, she would have to avoid that as well, as her white pantied bottom came into

view as the skirt swung up with her twirl. Well, that wouldn't be a problem. She

couldn't recall any need to twirl as she attended classes, nor would she likely

do that without thinking. And, she was always generally careful to bend at the

knees when she had to pick something up.

Yes, she had made her mind up. She was going to wear her little blue plaid

skirt, and just the thought of it made her feel all happy and girlish, just like

when she was a little girl.

She slipped out of her skirt and ran to the bathroom, actually looking very

forward tp going to classes.

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When she arrived on campus, she could tell that it was a good idea. The heads of

quite a number of boys were turning as she walked across the commons. She never

felt so pretty, so desirable. It was kind of neat!

She decided to go to the Student Center and perhaps hang out in the game room.

To do so, she had to cross by the Health Sciences Center, which was an unusually

tall building on campus, tucked in between three much smaller buildings. As you

walked through the promenade facing the building you would invariably be hit

with gusts of wind. Even on days in which there was apparently no wind, the

drafts around the Health Sciences Center were nevertheless very active. Nobody

liked walking past there in winter. Everyone referred to the spot as "the little

Chicago," the severe blasts of bitter cold were so blistering. It was sometimes

even hard to get the doors open, the wind could be so rough and hard.

Sally hadn't anticipated this problem. As soon as she entered the promenade a

gust of wind swept up her thighs and under her skirt, lifting it up well past

her bottom to give a good view of her blue panties and round little tush to

anyone who might be walking behind her.

"Oh my!" she squealed as she felt the cool breeze expose her panties. She had

decided to wear one of her more sexy panties. It was her compromise between

dressing so young yet also dressing her age. White cotton panties were worn by

little girls. She wanted to wear her sheer silk light blue hipsters. And,

besides, they matched her blue plaid skirt quite well, not that anyone was going

to notice, although for a brief second the persons behind her did certainly

indeed notice.

She reached behind her with her left hand to hold the back of her skirt down as

she made her way past the Health Sciences Building. Her face feeling a little

flush, with the cool breezes as well as the embarrassing mishap.

But, another gust blew up the front of her skirt, which was frankly even worse.

At least, it seemed much worse to be showing off the front of your panties than

the back. These panties were really quite snug and sheer, and you could very

clearly see the outline of her young mound. There was even evident camel toe.

"Goodness!" she yipped and shifted her left hand to the front of her skirt,

pulling down on it to keep it from lifting up, which it clearly seemed to want

to do.

She now wished that she had brought her back pack, as she had to use one of her

hands to carry her books, notepad, and purse, yet she needed both hands to keep

her skirt down.

"Hey!" she complained as another gust tossed the back of her skirt up once

again. She returned her hand to the back of her skirt, looking behind to see if

anyone saw.

She could see that a number of boys walking behind her were enjoying the free

show. She quickly looked forward, not wanting them to realize how embarrassed

she was. That only made it worse. Her face was now getting quite warm, despite

the cool breeze.

But, just as she got the back of her skirt to behave, the front was twirling up.

She considered just ignoring the front of her skirt. There seemed to be a lot

more boys behind her than in front of her, it didn't seem to be twirling up that

badly in front, and those in front were not so continuously entertained, as they

would soon walk past her. Those behind her would just naturally follow along,

being continually treated to a nice pleasant diversion on the way to class. But,

by the looks on the faces of the boys coming toward her, they were perhaps

equally, if not more, delighted by the free show. She knew that the sight of her

camel toe was probably much more of a spectacle than her panty-clad fanny.

She tried dropping down the books in front of her with her right hand, holding

down her skirt in front as she held onto her books and purse. This did help a

great deal, but it was a terribly awkward way to walk and her gait itself drew

considerable attention to her: scampering across the promenade, one hand pushing

down on her skirt in back, the other fumbling with her purse, books and skirt in

front, and all the time parts of her skirt flitting up and way, revealing brief

glimpses of sheer light blue silk panties.

Her hair was also getting a beating by this breeze, but frankly that would just

have to wait until she cleared the Health Sciences Building, which she

eventually did. As soon as she rounded the corner and got away from the gusts of

wind, she dropped her books, brushed her skirt, and did her best to fix her

hair, all the time scowling at the guys who been trailing along behind and now

walked past her and looked back, hoping for an additional peek, or at least

delighting in her predicament and obvious embarrassment.

But, as she was picking up her books, being careful to bend her knees to squat

down rather than bend over, she could not help but smile. Just as she had

enjoyed the turning of the heads of the guys prior to her troubles with the

skirt, a part of her had also enjoyed her unintended but nevertheless still sexy

flirtation. She could feel her heart racing, and there was even a bit of warmth

between her legs.

A smile crossed her lips. So what if some boys saw her panties? It was just a

bit of harmless fun. She knew she had worn this skirt in part to be flirtatious.

The wind just allowed her to take it to an unanticipated level.

As she was stacking up her books she looked up to see guys and girls walking

toward her, the eyes of many of whom seemed to be looking at her books, but she

quickly realized that they were looking at what was just beyond them. Squatting

down was good in keeping her bottom covered by her skirt, but the skirt had

fallen back down her thighs and anyone walking toward her was treated to a very

nice peek in between her thighs. She looked down and gasped at the sight of the

curved pouch of sheer fabric. If she looked closely, she wondered if she could

even see a bit through the fabric, the image of her feminine lips behind the

sheer fabric. She quickly squeezed her thighs shut, her face once again becoming

flushed with embarrassment. She finished gathering her books and rushed to the

Student Center, using her left hand to hold her skirt down, just in case.

However, it wasn't too long that she gathered herself as well, slowed the pace

of her walking, and let go of her skirt. It had been a little shocking to

realize that her pouty little pussy was open for guys to see but, after all, it

wasn't really. All they saw was her panties and, besides, in hindsight it was an

innocent display. She didn't know them, and they didn't know her, at least she

didn't think so. Why not let guys have just a little peek. You let them peek at

your brassiere when you're wearing a see-through blouse. Why not let them have

an occasional peek at your panties? Tara Conner and Katie Blair had shown off

their panties, and they had been Miss Teen USA!

Sally stopped before she got to the Student Center and leaned forward, as if she

was looking at her shoe. She knew her skirt was riding up a bit in the back.

Based on her testing this morning in front of the mirror, she was probably

showing just a couple of inches of her bottom.

Well, it was a bit more than just that. Anyone behind her did see her behind, or

at least the beginning soft curves of her lower behind, which were very cute to

see indeed, particularly clothed in such snug sexy panties. But, you could also

see a nice rear view of her pouch, poking out between her thighs, equally

tightly encased in the sheer silk panties.

Sally didn't pose like that for long. After only a few seconds she stood back up

straight and turned around to see the effect. She pretended that she was just

turning back to look for someone, as if she was entirely unaware of what she had

just done. And, she did indeed apparently have quite an effect. A number of boys

were quickly turning their heads away, not wanting to be caught sneaking a peek.

This was quite ironic and funny to Sally. They were now the ones who were

apparently embarrassed and uncomfortable. She clenched her thighs together and

wiggled her bottom back and forth, enjoying the warm feeling that was growing

between them as she wondered if perhaps she might do something else, something

more. She again rushed to the Student Center, but this time hurrying for a

different reason, her heart pounding with anticipation.

When she entered the Starbucks cafe she formulated her strategy, a mischievous

grin on her face. She was thinking of being a bit naughty, but that was what

made it so much fun, even exciting.

She saw Chris, Bobby, and Ronnie sitting on a couch toward the back. They were

close friends, members of the Templeton Chess Club, and the same age as her.

They might make for a good audience, or perhaps more accurately, victims. She

didn't really want to do this for guys who might be equally bold, perhaps even

scary. Chris, Bobby, and Ronnie were far from threatening. They were rather

nerdy guys who probably had never even seen under a girl's skirt before. She did

hear that Bobby was dating Emma (see "The boys are caught peeping"), but she

doubted that Emma would let him look under her skirt. Emma was not that kind of

girl. Yes, this would be a tremendous thrill for all of them, including herself.

Her heart was fluttering at the thought of what she was about to do.

She smiled with mounting excitement as she purchased a coffee and went over to

sit down at a small table that was across from them. 'I can't believe I'm going

to do this!' she thought, grinning ear to ear at her private thoughts and

naughty plans. She placed the coffee, purse, and books on the table, turned her

back to the three boys, and then bent all the way over, keeping her legs as

straight as possible, pretending to be redoing the clasps of her Mary Janes.

She knew that she was giving them a very extra special show. Her skirt must be

riding at least half way up her bottom, and bent over like this her panties were

being pulled very tight along the curves of her fanny, and perhaps even across

her cunnie. She wondered if you could get a good camel toe from this angle. She

found herself hoping that she was in fact showing the outline of her feminine

slit. She blushed profusely, in part because her head was so down low close to

the ground, but obviously for a much different reason as well, yet she also

grinned with naughty pleasure at her shameless exposure.

The boys were indeed getting a very good, unexpected show. All three mouths

opened wide with shock as Sally's bottom came into view, and it was a very

pretty little bottom at that. Sally was a petite girl with a cute little elfish

fanny, but it didn't look so innocent now, thrust up into the air and encased in

tight silk, sexy panties. They were pulled tight across her taught apple; in

fact, they rose up so high that the bottom curves of the white, virgin skin of

her derriere was being exposed. And, the boys eyes were also treated by the

small pouch of her femininity poking out between her thighs. Erections quickly

began to form.

Sally did not stay in this position for too long. She wanted to see the reaction

she was having. She stood back up, feeling a little light headed with all the

blood having rushed to her head, and turned around. "Hi boys," she gayly greeted

them.

They nervously coughed and mumbled replies, not being at all sure whether she

knew what she had just done, and whether they should acknowledge it.

Sally walked up to Ronald, who was sitting in the middle of the couch. "Do you

like my new skirt, Ronnie?" she innocently asked, drawing their attention to it

by smoothing the fabric with her hands.

"Uh, yea, sure, Sally," Ronald cautiously replied.

"It's not really new. I used to wear this when I was a little girl. I liked it

ever so much. I just had to wear it to classes today." She lifted up the hem on

the sides with each of her hands, like she was going to curtsy. "Do you think it

looks pretty on me?"

She had not lifted it up so high as to expose her panties, but plenty of white

soft curved thigh came into view, and the pose was itself quite provocative.

They all nodded affirmatively. "Yea, I think you look really cool in it," Ronald

spoke up.

'Really cool' wasn't the way she would describe it, or frankly the boys if they

were being honest, but she could tell by their shocked and nervous expressions

that she really had them going. "Don't you like the fabric, Ronnie? Here, look

at the stitching," she said as dropped the sides and lifted up the front to show

him the stitching that was only evident on the underside. She of course knew

though that their eyes would not go to the stitching, but would instead be fixed

tightly on the front of her panties.

She was smiling broadly, as if she was very happy about her skirt, but she was

instead grinning about the fact that she was now standing in front of three

innocent boys, showing them her sexy undies, and it was the front part, where

her little cunnie mound was. She could feel the excitement coursing through her

veins. Her heart was pounding as she looked at their eyes feasting on the sight

of her cunnie, or at least all that they could see through her panties, which

was frankly quite a bit. Sally's panties were quite sheer, and this close up one

could make out a hazy view of what did appear to be feminine lips.

"Ronnie!" she said, in a mock scolding. "I don't think you're looking at the

stitching at all, are you."

"Uh, no, yes, I mean, yes, I was."

"Now don't you be a liar as well as a pervie, Ron. You're looking at my panties,

aren't you."

Ronald wasn't at all sure what he should say. The natural response would be

denial. No boy should really admit to a girl that he was looking at her undies,

particularly when she seemed to be so offended by it. On the other hand, Sally

was not lowering her skirt. "Well, maybe, just a bit. I mean, they're kind of

pretty too."

Sally smiled at the compliment, raised her skirt even higher and looked down at

her panties as well. "You really think so, Ronnie? I hadn't really thought about

that, although I did think that they would go well with my skirt. They're kind

of both the same color, you know."

Bobby shifted in his seat, trying to get a more comfortable position for his

hardening cock. He even used his hand to adjust its position in his slacks,

figuring that nobody would notice, as it was clear where all eyes were now

focused. "Yea, they look really good on you, Sally." Another rather understated

compliment, but he didn't want to scare her away saying how so darn hot she

looked, showing them her sheer, sexy panties.

Continuing to hold up the skirt with her left hand, she used her right hand to

feel, to caress, the fabric of her panties. "It's real silk, you know, Ronnie.

It's like so soft and smooth, and everything."

The boys watched with tremendous delight, and envy, as her fingers traced little

circles across the silk, slowly making their way to the little blue cup between

her thighs.

Sally had to touch herself. She was feeling so excited, so aroused. She just had

to do it. She slowly brought her fingers to her cunnie and, in full view of the

three boys, softly felt and caressed her mound, exploring the silk slope with

the tips of her fingers, bringing them even to her girlish slit. She could feel

her moisture working its way through the silk. She wondered if the boys could in

fact see her wetness. That might be a bit too embarrassing, too naughty, but

then, maybe not. She drew her fingers right along the full length of her

crevice, following along from the lowest point up to the button of her clit, on

which she stopped to more forcefully press and rub. She was gasping with

excitement, with lust, as she played with herself right in front of the guys.

Who were now sporting quite prominent erections, wondering if perhaps they

should, or could, play with themselves as well. However, to do so might be

easily noticed by others within the coffee room. Sally was at least facing only

them, although anyone looking back at them might wonder what that girl was doing

with her skirt raised up. No, they really couldn't touch themselves so openly,

so boldly. Imagine being thrown out of Starbucks for masturbating. No, no, they

couldn't do that.

Chris, however, did shift an open book into his slap and tried to

surreptitiously place his hand on his cock beneath the book. This did not,

however, go unnoticed by Sally. In fact, the sight of Chris starting to play

with himself snapped her out of her reverie. This was perhaps going a bit too

far. She pulled her own hand away and let go of her skirt, letting the curtain

go down on her little show. "Well, um, I better be going boys," she suddenly and

inexplicably exclaimed. "It was really nice seeing you, Ronnie," she said.

Ronald was still rather dumbstruck. "It was nice seeing you, Sally," he said,

with considerable honesty.

"I really do have to go," she said, as she turned around to fetch her coffee,

books, and purse and quickly dash out of the coffee room. She did in fact feel a

strong urge to pee, which she wondered might in fact be in large part her own

sexual arousal and the wetness within her panties. She was in any case feeling

quite confused and flustered. She had never imagined that she would ever do

anything like that, but with each step of exposure the next step didn't seem to

be that bad. Yet, she now realized what she had in fact done. She had openly

played with herself, her skirt upraised, right in front of three boys. That was

a terribly naughty, perhaps even dangerous, thing to do. But, it had been so

much fun, so exciting. She couldn't deny how excited, how aroused, she felt.

She made a dash for the women's room.

She got into a private stall, quickly pulled down her panties, and sat down to

pee and think. And, perhaps to do more.

As she wiped off the pee from her cunnie, she could still feel her excited

state. Her heart was going a mile a minute. She considered masturbating herself

to orgasm within the stall. She certainly did feel an urge to do that. Her

button was so inflamed, her cunnie leaking so much moisture. She had never felt

this excited before.

She had to do more. This was just too much fun. She kicked her panties off of

her ankles and stuffed them into her purse.

She returned to the coffee room, intent on raising the stakes even higher.

But, much to her dismay, the boys were gone. "Pooh!" she exclaimed with

considerable disappointment and frustration. She was planning on doing so much

more with them. Perhaps even sneaking some squeezes of their erect willies. She

had fantasied about sitting on their laps, letting them put their hands under

her skirt, letting them touch her naked cunnie as she played with their willies,

perhaps even making them cum in their pants. That would have been terribly fun,

getting them so excited that they blew their stuff into their own underwear, and

then having to go clean themselves up. She smiled to herself as she thought

about that.

But, nothing like that was going to happen. They had apparently also left soon

after she had. She figured that perhaps they had taken off to take care of

themselves, just as she had felt the urge. That brought back a smile to her

face, realizing that they were probably, right now, pounding on their hard

penises at the memory of her lifting up her skirt. Yes, they had to be doing

that, and that did make her feel better.

'Oh well,' she thought.

As she proceeded down the hallway she wondered if perhaps she should risk

another trek across the promenade. That would be taking this to a much higher

level: letting her skirt fly up when she wasn't even wearing any panties at all!

Blood ran to her face as she imagined doing that. Wow. No girl had probably ever

done that before. Her heart was pounding just at the thought of doing it. Her

legs even felt a bit weak, a bit wobbly.

And then, her notepad fell from her hand. She was carrying quite a bit of stuff:

the notepad, books, purse, and now coffee. That would have been very difficult

to handle, along with the wind blowing her skirt. She smiled to herself at the

thought of possibly even just letting the wind do its stuff, pretending to not

even notice the fact that her skirt was flying, pretending that perhaps she had

just forgotten to wear panties that day and didn't know that she was showing

everybody her stuff.

With all this distraction in her mind she did not realize that she probably

shouldn't bend over to pick up her notepad. She was now, this time

unintentionally, providing quite a good show to everyone behind her. In fact, a

really, really good show of her naked, white fanny, the curves of her cunnie

mound pushing out in between her soft thighs, and her delicate, feminine slit

that was glistening in the morning light with wet girlish dew.

"Sally Andrews!"

"What?!" Sally yelped. She looked behind her. There, standing in the hallway,

was Miss Harding, along with Mr. Peters, and they, or at least she, looked very

upset. Mr. Peters was actually smiling, the dirty old man. "Sally Andrews, what

on earth are you doing?"

"Excuse me, Miss Harding?" she innocently replied, now getting down on a knee to

pick up her notepad.

Miss Harding walked up to her, took her by the arm, and raised her up. "Don't

play innocent with me, little girl. I can't imagine what you were thinking,

coming to class today without wearing any panties and in such a short skirt,

besides."

Her little fun didn't seem so fun anymore. She wondered if she was in fact in

considerable trouble. It was actually against the law to expose yourself in

public. Fears of being arrested and going to jail swept over her. "I'm sorry,

Miss Harding," she sincerely exclaimed.

"I don't imagine so, Sally, but I will teach you to be sorry. If you want to

show your little white fanny to everyone, then let's do just that." She took her

books and coffee from her hands and laid them on the floor.

"What?!" Sally exclaimed, in confusion and fright, as Miss Harding turned her

around so that her backside faced Mr. Peters and everyone else down the hall.

She pushed down on her shoulder to force her to bend over from the waist, and

then she lifted up her skirt so everyone could see her little pale derriere and

even whiter cunnie mound.

If Miss Harding was so upset at her exposing herself, why was she now make her

do just that, and even more so. But, the answer quickly came when she felt the

slap of Miss Harding's hand on her naked, exposed fanny. "Yikes!" she yelped as

she felt the sting of the teacher's hand.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

Heads immediately turned at the sound of the public spanking, and jaws dropped

at the sight of the pretty young coed bent over at the waist, skirt tossed over

her back, and the little white bottom being subjected to a lengthy and loud

smacking, the virginal whiteness slowly taking on a pink hue.

Blow after blow rained down upon the cute little derriere. "Miss Harding!

Please! I'm so sorry!" she repeatedly yelled, imploring Miss Harding to please

show some mercy, some forgiveness, but Miss Harding would not be denied. "Not in

front of everyone, please, not like this, this is so embarrassing."

"I would certainly hope so, young lady," she sternly replied.

Sally's legs were dancing and jumping, and her bottom was wiggling and

squirming, trying to escape from the steady rain of spanks. Her efforts to

escape were to no avail, and they in fact just increased the pleasure of the

growing audience with her exhibitionistic display, as she was occasionally

providing quite a number of good peeks at her deliciously little cunnie, itself

seeming to prancing about between her thighs. It was such a delectably

attractive mound, graced with such a tender slit.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Oh, yes, now we are embarrassed, are we? Isn't this precisely what you wanted?

Having everybody see your precious little private parts?"

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Please stop! No! Wait!"

No, this is not precisely what she wanted. This was pretty much very different.

It wasn't so much the embarrassment of what she was showing everyone, it was

just the way she was being treated, like she was just a little girl getting a

public spanking. This had in fact once happened to her when she was a girl,

dressed in this very skirt. Apparently, the full range of her experiences with

this skirt were being recalled.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Yeeeoowww!" she squealed as her bottom continued to be punished, but that did

not deter Miss Harding.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

Quite a few boys had gathered around, as Sally was putting on quite a show. A

few of them, those directly behind her, were even entertained by occasionally

peeks at her red little rose bud, which provided a nice little flower against

the background of her reddened cheeks.

Miss Harding finally stopped and pulled Sally back up straight, her skirt

falling back down over her bottom. Most of the audience quickly scattered. They

were uncertain whether Miss Harding might turn her wrath on them, accusing them

of obtaining voyeuristic pleasure at the expense of the disciplined girl. They

knew Miss Harding could be quite the disciplinarian (see "Miss Harding teaches

the boys a lesson"). A few, however, bravely stuck around, hoping that perhaps

the show was not quite finished.

Sally stood meekly before Miss Harding, her eyes a bit misty. She was clearly

feeling very chastened and remorseful. "I'm so sorry, Miss Harding. I promise I

won't do it again. I do, I do promise. I won't do it again." It's embarrassing

to be so contrite, so repentant, in front of your classmates, but she really

didn't have any choice, unless she wanted the spanking to resume.

Miss Harding kept hold of her arm as she continued to lecture her. "Well, I

imagine not. You were being a very naughty girl, Sally. I am sorry for having to

spank you in front of everyone, but I believe it was for your own good."

"Oh yes, Miss Harding, I understand. I know I deserved a spanking." Her face

reddened at such an admission in front of so many boys.

"Yes, well, I think you should go home right now and put on a pair of panties."

"Oh yes, absolutely, Miss Harding." She could have told Miss Harding that she

did in fact already have a pair of panties in her purse, but they were far from

regulation panties, and she wasn't about to get into trouble for that as well.

Miss Harding let go of her arm. "Yes, well, I have to attend a meeting with Mr.

Peters now, otherwise we would speak some more about this, but I will let you go

for now. And, while you're at home, I think it would be best to get into another

skirt."

Sally's hands went to her bottom, which stung so terribly much. "Oh, thank you

so much, Miss Harding. I will go home right away. Thank you, ma'am."

"Alright then, that's a good girl." Miss Harding turned and left. She was now in

a bit of hurry herself. She was feeling quite enthusiastic about her meeting

with Mr. Peters. Mr. Peters was the primary disciplinarian of the college and

she considering consulting with him about this episode, perhaps even

demonstrating the experience with him with the aid of his pillory, as she had so

much previously enjoyed (see "The pillory").

Sally picked up her books, purse, and coffee, being careful this time to crouch

down, with knees bent, and took off in the other direction.

"Wait, wait," Ronald called.

Sally turned around. It was Ronnie. He hadn't left after all. Her face flushed

with embarrassment as their eyes met.

"Oh no, Ronald, you didn't just see that, did you?"

Ronald considered denying it. It was clear that she was embarrassed about it.

But, he doubted that she would believe him if he lied. His voiced lowered as he

confessed, "Yea, yea, I did."

Sally so much wanted to cover her face with her hands, but with all that she was

holding she was unable to hide her shame. It is one thing to willfully display

yourself to someone, it is something entirely different to be forced to do so

against your will, and in such an infantile manner. She looked down and away

from Ron. "Oh Ronnie, I'm so embarrassed."

Ron gently laid his hand on her arm. "Oh no, Sally, please, don't feel that way.

You don't need to be embarrassed."

Sally looked into his eyes. "Ronald, I was spanked in front of everyone! On my

bare bottom!" She quickly looked around to see if there was anyone else around

that she recognized. Who else had witness this humiliation? Those who had

remained behind now turned away and walked off, feeling rather self-conscious

about their own voyeurism. Sally didn't recognize any of their faces. That did

help; at least somewhat.

Ronald tried to reassure her. "Most everybody has been spanked before, Sally."

He really didn't know if that was actually true, but it did seem like a nice

thing to say.

"Yea, but not in public and not at my age."

He didn't have a compelling rejoinder to that. "Here, come on, let's get away

from here."

He didn't have to provide that suggestion twice. Sally didn't want to stay there

a second longer. They moved around the corner, down the stairs toward the

lounges, and found a relatively secluded alcove where there were some leather

benches, cushioned chairs, and couches. Ronald sat down on one of the couches.

Sally wanted to sit down beside him but, frankly, her bottom was still stinging.

It would just be too uncomfortable. She instead climbed onto the couch to his

right and sat down on her knees, which allowed her bottom to remain off the

cushion.

Ronald asked, sympathetically, "Does it hurt, Sally?"

"Oh yes, so terribly much." She spoked very quietly, not wanting anyone sitting

in the chairs or benches to hear. "I don't think I have ever been spanked so

hard before."

Ron could see the discomfort in her face, as her teeth were clenched, eyes were

squinting, and her brow was so furrowed. "I wish I could do something to help,

Sally."

Sally bent over to place her coffee down on the floor. Ron gently placed his

hand on her back to help steady her. As she leaned over, her skirt rose up, and

he could see how red her bottom had become. It seemed even redder now than

before, as if the blood was still flowing in to try to help ease the pain. The

only part that wasn't so red was down into the crack, that sweet white crack

splitting such a soft plush round apple bottom.

"Wow," he whispered, "It is really red, Sally."

"Ronnie!" she complained. She was now regretting her decision to wear such a

short skirt. "You shouldn't look at it."

That was kind of an odd remark, he thought. After all, just a few minutes ago

she had raised up her skirt to show him her cunnie. Although, at that time, she

did have on her panties. He wondered for a moment what did in fact happen to her

panties. "Sorry, Sally. It just kind of popped into view."

After carefully placing her coffee on the floor, Sally laid her books on the

couch, to her right. She then sat back on her haunches. "Oh, that's okay,

Ronnie. It's really my fault for wearing such a short skirt." Sally's thoughts

were in fact consumed by the stinging. She briefly brought her hand back to try

to rub her bottom. That did always help when she was spanked as a little girl.

But, it would just be too noticeable to those sitting near them and, in fact,

she would have to lift up her skit if she wanted to really sooth her bottom. She

quickly pulled her hand back. "Oh my, it just stings so bad."

Ronald saw what she had wanted to do. He hesitated, knowing that this was a very

risky step. But, he just couldn't sit back and ignore her discomfort and pain.

He moved even closer beside her and slid his right hand along the cushions of

the couch, under her skirt, and up her skirt to gently rest his hand on the

smooth, round, soft, warm skin of her derriere.

"Ronnie!" Sally squealed, bringing her hand to her mouth in shock. She had never

had a boy place his bare hand on her butt before. It was rather shocking,

indeed.

Sally's squeal turned the heads of everyone sitting near them. Ronald froze his

hand against Sally's bottom. Moving it away now would only reveal where it was.

If he kept his hand still they really couldn't see where it was placed. His arm

was well hid by his and Sally's bodies, and he didn't actually have to lift up

her skit to get under it.

Sally, however, was quite self-conscious over the fact that everyone was now

looking at them, obviously wondering what the squeal was all about. Of course,

she was even more self-conscious over the fact that Ronnie had his hand on her

bare bottom, but she certainly didn't want everyone around them to know about

it. Thinking fast, she turned her head to Ronald and said, almost as loudly, "I

never said anything like that! You know me better than that."

Ronald was at first confused by this nonsensical remark but he recovered quickly

and replied, "Yeah, yeah, I know, you're right, I'm sorry," as his hand began to

softly caress her smooth, soft skin.

Sally said in a more normal tone of voice, "Well, okay, it's okay. I'm sorry I

got mad," her eyes widening at him, looking rather consternated as she felt his

hand move across her naked derriere. She said more softly, "Ronnie, what do you

think you're doing."

"Doesn't this help? My mother used to rub my bottom after I got a spanking."

Actually, she was still doing that (see "Ron gets a lesson from his mother"),

but he knew it was best not to tell her that.

"Well, yes, it does." She had to admit that it did actually feel rather nice.

The soft, caressing touch of his hand was very soothing. She could feel the

stinging slowly but surely dissipating.

Ron smiled. "It feels nice for me too." It was indeed a very cute little bottom,

and one which brought considerable pleasure to fondle, caress, and explore.

There is something so delicately delicious about a tender sweet behind in your

hand, exploring those candy-coated curves, flirting with that inviting crack

that hid such luscious treasures.

Sally sighed with relief and pleasure as she felt Ron's masculine, yet tender

and affectionate hand sooth her behind. Her father had never done this when she

was spanked as a little girl, and now she so wished he had, although frankly

that would probably have been inappropriate, as Ron's caresses were as sexual as

they were nursing. The stinging was being replaced with a warmth that was not

within the cheeks of her bottom.

Sally turned her face toward Ron, feeling a little discomfitted, confused, about

the fact that he was so openly fondling her bare bottom. She could feel her face

getting as warm as he cunnie. "Now, don't you take advantage of this Ronald,"

she playfully scolded him.

"How could I do anything like that," he assertively declared, as the tips of his

fingers momentarily slid down the length of the crack of her bottom.

"Just like that!" she exclaimed, giving him a mock look of annoyance and a

little wiggle of protest with her behind. More seriously, she whispered,

"Ronnie, now be careful. I don't want anybody to see what you're doing," which

was also clearly indicating that she wanted him to continue.

"You didn't mind showing yourself off earlier today."

"That was different," she argued.

"It was different, but maybe this is even better?"

Sally could feel her heart pattering with excitement at the feel of Ronald's

hand fondling her derriere, right in front of people talking and studying,

apparently completely unaware that she had her bottom fully exposed under her

skirt and a boy's hand was softly caressing it. The stinging had now gone,

replaced with just a warm glow, matched only by a gradually increasing warmth

building between her thighs.

Ronald as well could feel his cock swelling as he enjoyed the feel of her sweet

little bubble butt. He recalled how cute it was when she was bent over in the

hall, dancing away like a little puppet's bottom trying to escape the smacking

hand of Miss Harding, her puppeteer. And now he basked in the delight of slowly

but thoroughly exploring its innocent curves and valleys. She leaned against him

as he explored her tushy, allowing even more protection from being caught, as

well as better access.

"Ronnie, you're being a very bad boy."

"You think maybe I should be spanked?"

Sally lifted her chin in defiant pride and said, "Maybe you should. If Miss

Harding caught you doing that, you would be in big trouble." The mention of Miss

Harding aroused a realistic apprehension, but actually further excitement as

well. Sally had a vivid, concrete, reminder for knowing, feeling, how risky and

dangerous this was, and so therefore it was even more thrilling and exciting.

Ronald slid his fingers down into her crack, gripped her left cheek and gave her

bottom a little squeeze. "You heard her. She has a meeting with Mr. Peters.

She'll probably be gone a full hour and even when she is done with Mr. Peters

there is no reason to expect her to come back here."

Sally's heart was pounding with the danger, the fun, of what they were doing.

She felt entirely at his mercy. He had complete access to her private stuff and

could do just about anything with her, and all she could do was just sit there

and let him do it, right in front of everyone, perhaps even right in front of

Miss Harding, if she came back. She knew she shouldn't let a boy do such things

to her. No boy in fact done such things to her. She could, of course, just

leave, but what fun would there be in that. Besides, there was something very

titillating, very arousing, about feeling like you were at the mercy of some

boy, making you let him do things to you.

"Yip!" she squeaked as she felt Ronnie's fingers slide past her big crack to

sweep down her bottom and rest on an even more personal, feminine, crack.

"Sally, are you alright?" It was Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson was Sally's English

professor.

Sally froze in panic. She was sitting back on her haunches, with Ronnie's hand

up her skirt, and his finger now on the lips of her cunnie. She knew that there

was no way she should let a boy do that. They weren't even on a date or anything

and he had his finger right on her cunnie lips and Mr. Johnson was standing

right there! Frankly, if Mr. Johnson wasn't there she would have pushed him

away, or at least probably would have, or maybe would have, but she knew if she

did now they would get caught.

Ronald froze as well. He knew full well that if he tried to withdraw his hand

that would only draw the attention of Mr. Johnson. If he kept his arm still, it

was quite possible, maybe even likely, that he would never notice it. From Mr.

Johnson's perspective, it just looked like he had it resting against the back of

the couch, or at worst might be around Sally's waist. There was nothing wrong

with that. But, Ron didn't think that Mr. Johnson could even see that. No, if he

just kept it still, it will be fine. If he pulled it away, Mr. Johnson might

then notice what was going on.

"Oh, yes, hello Mr. Johnson!" She hoped that he had not noticed the panic in her

eyes. She tried to gather herself, to appear as if nothing at all was going on,

although you often appeared most guilty when you actually tried to appear

innocent.

Mr. Johnson repeated his question. "Are you okay, dear?"

Sally smiled. "Oh, yes sir. Really, it was just a hiccup. I just had a hiccup.

I'm fine, really." "Well, good. Gosh, it just startled me. I was just about to

sit down to read the paper here and I thought maybe you had swallowed something

funny or, something. You looked a little upset."

Sally laughed. "I know, I know. I get these weird hiccups sometimes, and they

can even startle myself. OH!" she exclaimed, as she felt the mischievous finger

of Ronnie lightly caress her lips. "Goodness, yes, my, my, there it goes again."

"Perhaps you should have a sip of your coffee. Drinking something often helps

with the hiccups."

It was a reasonable suggestion, but Sally knew that if she leaned down to pick

up the coffee, Mr. Johnson would very easily see Ronnie's hand under skirt and,

even worse, her skirt would ride up to reveal her naked fanny. "No, no, I'm

fine, really. Don't worry about it."

"Well, alright then. Take care, Sally," he said, as he stepped back to sit down

in the easy chair across from them to enjoy his own morning coffee.

"Thank you, sir, nice to see you, Mr. Johnson" Sally replied.

Once Mr. Johnson's attention was focused on his paper, Sally turned to Ron and

gave him a glare. It wasn't clear if this was a mock or a real glare. She

whispered to him, "What is the matter with you!"

"I didn't know he was there."

She put her own hand on his thigh and gave him a painful squeeze to let him know

she was truly upset. "Well, alright, but then to finger me while he was talking

to me!"

"I wasn't doing anything. It just got tired and I wanted to move it."

She cocked her head and gave him a look that indicated that she was not buying

that bit of malarkey. "Yea, right."

Ronnie noticed though that she did not demand, nor even ask, that he remove his

finger. She apparently was not that upset. He tested the waters by lightly

wiggling his finger back and forth across her watering lips.

"Ronnie," she whispered, first looking over at Mr. Johnson and then back at him.

"Now stop that. I mean it."

She could easily stop it by just getting up. She didn't.

He whispered back, "Sally, you probably should be more quiet."

He was right about that. Their whispering might at some point be overheard.

Sally looked around the alcove. Everybody did appear to be entirely unaware of

them. Some of them were reading. Mr. Johnson was engrossed in his newspaper.

Others were talking to each other. Sally smiled as she felt Ronnie's finger

slide up and down her slit. "Hmmm," she softly moaned, for a moment her eyes

half closing.

Ronnie continued to slide his finger up and down her crevice, at times feeling

around a bit, poking his finger every so slightly in between her lips, but never

very far at all. And, then, returning to just a tender exploration of her

femininity. He did tend to linger on her little bud, giving it a bit more

attention, and being a bit harder in how he explored its hardening.

Sally let her head hang down. She knew her face was getting quite flushed. She

wasn't at all sure if it was a self-conscious embarrassment at being fingered

liked this by Ronnie, or it was simply and fundamentally her sexual arousal. In

any case, she felt like he was really taking quite of bit liberty with her. 'My

goodness, I hardly know him. We have never even dated, and I'm letting him

finger me!' And, besides, she was letting him do it to her in such a public

place. However, she also knew that was precisely why she was letting him do it.

She would never have let him do it if it was their first date, in the privacy of

a car. She would never let a guy finger her on the first date. Actually, she had

never even let a guy finger her at all! The fact that this naturally developed

out of her exhibitionistic play was why she was tolerating it. No, she wasn't

just tolerating it. She was fully enjoying it. She felt so terribly naughty, and

so terribly excited. She brought her head down so that whatever excitement would

be noticeable in her face, was more difficult to notice.

Ronnie was fully cognizant of her excitement. When he slid his finger up and

down her slit he was acutely aware of her moisture, which made his petting and

caressing all the easier, and all the more pleasurable. He slowly began to work

his index finger deeper and deeper up into her hole. He was not terribly

experienced at doing this. It in fact took some time for him to even find it,

but neither of them were in any particular hurry. The longer it took, the more

fun and exciting it became.

Sally was now fully surrendered to Ronnie's exploration. She wanted to wiggle

his finger with her bottom, to encourage him to push it up inside by humping her

bottom against it. But, she had to resist the temptation. She had to remain

perfectly still, to remain passively submissive to his finger, and this added an

additional layer of eroticism. She had to fight the desire, the intensely

lustful urge, to give her body entirely over to her arousal, yet at the same

time allow herself to fully experience the mounting, growing pressure to do just

that.

She imagined sitting on the toilet and having to pee so badly, as if she had

been drinking soda all day long, but there had never been a bathroom break. She

had to keep holding it in, and not even let anyone notice by her squirming that

she had to pee so bad. But, it just kept getting worse and worse, as time just

kept passing by. Her bladder getting fuller and fuller as she drank more and

more soda. Yet, she couldn't do anything about it. It was impossible to leave.

There was no place to pee. She certainly couldn't just pee in her panties. But,

she just kept drinking more and more soda, while squirming in her seat, ever so

slightly, she couldn't keep entirely perfectly still. What girl could do that?

She shifted a bit, trying to find some way to get comfortable, trying to ignore

the increasingly agonizing pressure to get relief, while at the same time not

wanting to reveal to anyone around her how terribly uncomfortable she was, how

she wanted to pee so very badly. Finally, the class was over and she dashed for

the first restroom she could find, not wanting to waste another second and so

pulling down her panties even as she was entering the restroom, wondering and

worrying if she was going to in fact make it there, whether she might actually

finally lose control before she got to the toilet. She just had to go so, so, so

bad! She was clenching tightly to hold it in. She even clamped a hand onto her

exposed pussy as she stumbled to the toilet, her feet getting caught in her

lowered panties. She exploded into a stall, sat down, gasped, and then, she

decided to wait, to wait even longer. Yes, she had to go real, real, real bad.

The intense relief was now at hand. But, there was something so delectably and

horribly pleasurable about that pressure. She didn't really understand it.

Perhaps it was the knowledge of how intensely pleasurable the relief would be

when she finally did let go. She wanted to wait, to enjoy this moment, to sit on

the cusp of relief. There was something so enjoyable about the pressure itself,

it felt so urgent, so intense, so exciting. So, she just sat there for awhile,

knowing that she could now finally pee, but not letting herself do it.

It wasn't quite like that, but it did remind of her of it. Wanting so much to

give herself over to her lust, but not allowing herself to do it. She had to

keep still, remain quiet and passive, yet allow her sexual tension, her lustful

arousal, slowly and continually build as Ronnie worked his fingers all over her

cunnie, the wetness growing, the arousal building, the desire to squirm,

whimper, and moan mounting.

Ronnie's fingers were now getting considerably wet, and he made further effort

to push a finger farther up into her young, tight hole. It wasn't easy, as very

little had ever entered there before. He would push up a bit, feel as if he

could go no further, and so just circle, wiggle, and slide his finger around and

around, feeling her hot, soft, wetness. And, then, after awhile, he would push

on a bit further.

Sally could feel Ronnie trying to work his finger up her cunnie. She had

fingered herself quite a number of times before, and at times with the fantasy

that she was actually doing it in front of someone: perhaps some guy in her

neighborhood who was peeking through her window, or maybe even in front of one

of her professors, particularly Mr. Peters. But, this was so much cooler. It

felt so much better for it to be someone else's finger, to be fingered by a guy,

and it was even in front of one of her professors, Mr. Johnson. She pushed back

a little bit with her rump to encourage Ronnie to get up even farther, her eyes

sneaking a peek at Mr. Johnson to be sure he didn't notice her movement. She

wanted to feel Ronnie's finger all the way up inside, and she closed her eyes

and sighed with pleasure as she felt it finally slide all the way up.

Ronnie paused for a moment, his finger now fully sucked up inside the snug, wet,

hole, enjoying how her cunnie seemed to be so tightly wrapped around every inch

of his finger, like it was the finger of a slippery wet silk glove. He could

imagine how good this would feel for his cock. He then slowly began to fuck her

cunnie with his finger, sliding it out, although never all the way out, only to

where just the tip of his finger was left inside, and then shoving it back up

while at the same time circling it around and around, screwing it around and

around her wet, cramped hole, and then when fully inside, flickering it, like he

was trying to wiggle something off just the tip of his finger.

Sally gently squeezed Ronnie's leg, just above the knee, letting him know how

good this felt, how much she was enjoying it. She wanted so much to meet his

thrusts, but she knew she had to keep still, lest anyone discover what a

terribly nasty thing they were doing. Imagine if Miss Harding did in fact come

back, discovering that Ronnie was doing it to her cunnie with his finger! The

danger made her heart beat harder.

Ronnie knew that he was neglecting her clit. This was one terrible disadvantage

of having to get to her from behind. If he was doing this from the front, he

could finger her cunnie hole while at the same time using his thumb on her clit.

There was no way to do this from behind.

He slid his finger entirely out. A soft moan of complaint escaped Sally's lips.

She lifted up her head and turned back to Ron, her face awash with a plaintive,

pleading expression.

Ronnie smiled at her and pushed his thumb up her cunnie.

Sally's eyes closed with gratitude.

He could not go up far with his thumb, but it did have some advantage over his

finger in being somewhat thicker. Sally had never herself used her thumb to

"finger" herself. It felt in fact a little odd, but still very, very good. She

squeezed his thigh with her hand as she felt him work his thumb up into her

cunnie.

"Splursch."

He paused at the noise. He hadn't thought about that. Sally's face flushed with

embarrassment, and anxiety. But, nobody looked at them.

He pushed again and once it was firmly lodged, he slowly circled it around and

around. And, most importantly, with it pushed up as far as it would go, Ronnie

could now reach her clit as well with his fingers and Sally gasped with approval

at their first touch on her little hard button, as she liked to call it.

"Ronnie," she quietly whispered.

Ronnie pressed down firmly on her clit, moist with the juices flowing from her

pussy, and slowly began to massage it with slow, circular strokes, grinding his

fingers around and around on her hardness as his thumb circled around and around

in her tight, wet hole.

Sally squinched her eyes and gritted her teeth as she felt Ronnie working on her

cunnie. She just couldn't remain entirely still. Ronnie could hear her making

little whimpering moans and squeaks. Ronnie's fingers and thumb just felt so, so

good. Her heart was now beating terribly fast, her face was getting so flush.

She wanted so much to match his torturously delicious movements with her own,

but she held firm. All that she could really do was to clench and squeeze his

thumb with the muscles of her cunnie, letting him know how much he was driving

her crazy.

"Sally, what's wrong?"

Sally looked up to see Mr. Johnson looking worriedly at her. He had heard her

making funny little noises. Her face looked so flush. He could see some

perspiration on her brow, she seemed to be breathing so rapidly, and the

expression on her face looked so distressed.

"Oh my! Oh my!" was all that Sally said.

Mr. Johnson put down the paper and approached her. There did appear to be

something terribly wrong. "Sally, please, what is the matter?"

Ronnie, however, did not stop playing with Sally's cunt. On the contrary, he

smiled and stepped up the grinding, pressing, and driving of his fingers on and

thumb in her twitching pussy. Sally gasped, "Oh, no, it's nothing, nothing, Mr.

Johnson. I think, I just get, um, these anxiety attacks sometimes, it'll stop

soon. I, uh, I just, have to wait them out."

Mr. Johnson moved around the coffee table and gently placed a hand on her

shoulder. "You poor thing, do you want to lie down?"

Sally could hardly speak through her mounting excitement. "No, no, in fact, uh,

it helps, it helps, sir, if I move fast, up and down, like this." Sally began to

pound her cunt up and down on Ronnie's thumb and hand, grinding her cunt into

his thumb, openly fucking his hand on the couch.

"Yes, yes, that helps so much." She reached out with her right hand to steady

herself, grabbing hold of Mr. Johnson's hip, then suddenly feeling a sudden rush

of adrenaline through her body as her orgasm swept over her. "OH!" she loudly

exclaimed, her head lifting up, her mouth opening up, her eyes widening with

shock and excitement.

"Yes! That's it! Yes, yes!" She exclaimed as the waves of pleasure coursed

through her body. The orgasm was so intense, so powerful. She gripped tightly on

Ronnie's thumb as her body, her cunt, twitched and spasmed with pleasure. Her

head dropped down, feeling faint with an orgasmic rapture, her hand tightly

grasping Mr. Johnson's hip to avoid falling over.

Mr. Johnson's eyes were wide with concern for the girl. He once had a friend who

suffered from panic attacks, and he knew that once one started it was at times

best to just ride it out. He could see that it was very disturbing for the girl,

her body quaking and jerking with the waves of anxiety sweeping her body. But,

he could also see that she was well familiar herself with these attacks, even

proclaiming the fact that she could tell that the worst was over.

"Yes, finally, so good, oh yes, thank you!" Sally gasped as the final orgasmic

spasms swept over her. She leaned forward and rested her head against Mr.

Johnson, not realizing in her exhausted and spent state of mind that she was

actually resting her face right in his crotch.

Mr. Johnson gulped with confusion. He felt a bit awkward having Sally's face

pressing into the crotch of his pants, but he could see that she was thoroughly

spent from the anxiety attack and she needed a moment to gather herself. He also

imagined that she might feel a little embarrassed. One of the more difficult

aspects of panic attacks was simply the humiliation of losing control of oneself

in public. He suspected that she wanted to hide her face, at least for a moment.

He placed his hand on her hair and comforted her. "It's okay, Sally. You take a

moment to recover."

With Mr. Johnson being so clearly distracted, Ronnie took the opportunity to

carefully slide his own hand out from underneath Sally's dress. "She'll be okay

in a second, Mr. Johnson. I've been with her before when she gets one of these.

She just needs to catch her breath."

Sally buried her face deep into the pants of Mr. Johnson. She even moved her

face around a bit, using his slacks to wipe her perspiration. But, with this

movement she felt what she was pressing against. 'Oops!' she thought. 'I've got

my face against Mr. Johnson's penis.' She was feeling so randy, so naughty, that

she gave him a little peck with her lips.

Mr. Johnson eyes widened with shock when he felt her lips on his penis, and his

cock instantly began to swell. "Um, yes, well, Sally, are you fine now?" He

could not imagine that she had actually given him a kiss on his dick

intentionally. It was probably just a gasping for air, or something, and he

wanted her to remove her face before she could tell that he was actually

becoming aroused.

Sally gave one last press of her lips against his hardening cock and then pulled

away. She looked up at Mr. Johnson with a sweet, innocent smile, a bulge in his

pants just inches from her large round, pretty eyes. "Oh, thank you, Mr.

Johnson. I'm all fine now. I'm just a little out of breath." She sat down on her

haunches. "It's kind of hard isn't it."

"What?" he exclaimed, placing his hands to cover himself up. It was a rather

awkward thing to do with one's hands, but better to look funny than to look

excited.

"Having an anxiety attack. It's kind of hard sometimes."

"Yes, well, I'm just glad you're better now. Um, listen, I need to myself get

moving. Can't be late for my own class."

"Oh yes, certainly sir. See you tomorrow though, okay?"

"Oh yes, yes, certainly, Sally," Mr. Johnson nervously replied, as he quickly

extricated himself from around the cover table, grabbed his newspaper and used

it to hide himself as he dashed off.

Sally turned to Ronnie, a big grin on her face. "Did you see it?"

"See what?" Ronnie asked.

"His thing, silly, his thing. It got all hard in his pants."

"What?"

"I kissed it."

"Sally!"

"I bet your thing is hard too," she gaily asserted, noticing that Ronnie had his

math book covering his crotch. He surely must have become excited himself while

playing with her.

And, he certainly had. He lifted up the book, but kept it open and resting on

his lap to keep himself still hidden from anybody sitting or standing in front

of him. He did not though mind showing it to Sally. On the contrary, he was

quite glad that she wanted to see it.

"Oh my," she exclaimed. Ronnie did not have a large cock, but what he did have

was clearly straining to break out of his slacks. She could even see the

roundness of the head of his cock pushing hard against his loose trousers.

Ronnie was clearly wearing his boxers today as there was little tightness of his

dress to help keep his erection held down. "Ronnie, you have a woodie, don't

you, and goodness gracious, it's so big."

"Yea, well, thanks," he proudly and gratefully replied. This was actually the

first time a girl had ever complimented him about his cock. He did have quite a

bit of sexual experience but unfortunately, or fortunately, depending on your

perspective, it was with women much older than himself (e.g., see "Miss Harding

teaches the boys a lesson") and one of them was quite biased when it came to his

physical attributes (see "Ron gets a lesson from his mother").

"Is it okay if I touch it?" Sally asked.

Ron looked around. As soon as Mr. Johnson had left, everybody else sitting in

the alcove had returned to their own books or conversations. Nobody seemed to be

paying much attention to them. But, it did seem kind of risky to actually have

Sally reach into his crotch.

Sally, though, had a plan. She shifted her position so that she was sitting down

on the couch in the more usual fashion, being careful to pull down her skirt as

far as it would go, which wasn't too far. A couple of the boys in the alcove

were stealing glances at her thighs. She was indeed wearing a very, very short

skirt, and they knew that at some point she would likely show off her panties.

"Ronnie, what about that problem, there? Do you know how to solve that one?" She

leaned against his shoulder and pretending to be pointing to one of the problems

on the page, when in fact she was grabbing hold of his erection through his

pants. "Oh my, Ronnie, that is a real hard one," she mischievously exclaimed,

and quite loudly so that everyone would hear it. She squeezed hard on the

straining bulb in his pants. This was the first time she touched a boy there. It

wasn't that she hadn't had prior opportunities, but she had always been so

anxious and fearful of doing so. It was much more playful and innocent now. "Do

you really think I can handle it?" She released her grip, but continued to

lightly trace it's hard, firm outline, lightly dancing her fingers along its

length or firmly scratching its hardness with her fingernails. "Maybe if I get a

closer look."

Ron's eyes widened as she bent her face down into his lap, ostensibly to look

closely at the problem, but instead wrapping her lips around the round bulb of

his bulging cock head.

She couldn't believe it. She actually had her lips around a hard penis. She

wasn't actually blowing him of course, as this was through his pants. It was

just a pretend blow job. They were just playing. And besides, she knew that her

girl friends, Julie in particular, have given guys blow jobs. It wasn't such a

real, bad terrible thing to do, was it?

All of the boys' eyes turned with her movement, but they weren't looking at her

head. They were instead looking at her thighs, as her skirt lifted up with her

shifting position, and their eyes widened as the soft, white lips of her cunnie,

split by the delicate slit, came into view.

"Sally!" Ronnie responded, both at the feel of her lips and the sight of her

skirt rising up.

"Oops!" Sally exclaimed as she felt her skirt rise up. She quickly sat back up

straight and pulled her skirt back down. Her face flushed as she noticed the

eyes, and even some smiles, on the guys stealing a quick peek. She hadn't minded

showing off her cunnie on purpose to a guy, but it was rather embarrassing to

have it happen by accident. She realized that these guys must be wondering why

she wasn't wearing any panties and her face got even redder. "C'mon Ronnie,

let's go."

Ron, however, didn't want to go, at least not yet. Contrary to Sally, his secret

was well hidden but only if he stayed sitting down. He whispered back, "Sally, I

can't go walking around like this."

Sally appreciated his problem, perhaps more than he imagined. She was getting in

the mood to play again, but this time with him. "C'mon Ronnie, it could be fun!"

"What are you talking about?"

She smiled coquettishly at him and whispered, "If you walk down to the other end

of the hall with me, holding my hand and the other holding your book, and to the

side, not in front of you, I will play with it some more."

"Are you crazy? Everybody will see it."

"No they won't." She knew that was a lie. "And besides, they won't know what it

is. They couldn't believe you would really do that. They'll just think it's some

big tool in your pocket." Her choice of words wasn't the best.

"Sally, you really can't be serious."

"Why not? They did it on that MTV show once, you know. They would go into stores

with a big thing sticking out the front of their pants. It wasn't a real

erection and you could tell that a lot people either ignored it or didn't really

think it was real."

Ron had not seen that show, and didn't really know what she was talking about.

He did know that you would have to be a jackass to do it.

Sally reached over with her left hand and softly felt his hardness behind the

book. She did this not only to make sure he stayed hard, but also to provide

some encouragement. "Don't you want me to play with it some more? Don't you like my hand on your big hard penis?"

Her hand did feel so good on him. A boy will do just about anything for a girl

when she is stroking, handling his cock. He may even do some real jackass

things.

Sally withdrew her hand from his lap. "It's up to you, Ronnie. The couch, or my

fingers on your thingie." Ron looked down the hall. There really wasn't a lot of

people going up and down the hall. If they walked fast it would be over soon,

and he so much wanted Sally to keep going.

"Alright, let's get this over with." Ron did use his book to hide himself from

the rest of the persons sitting in the alcove, but once he turned to walk down

the hall Sally warned him, "If the book is not at your side, my hand is staying

on my side."

Ron really couldn't believe he was doing this. He dropped his hand with the book

to his side and bravely strode forward, trying to ignore the fact, and hoping

everybody else would as well, that his cock was jutting out the front of his

pants like a tent pole.

Sally looked down at it and giggled.

"Don't look at it, Sally! You'll just draw more attention to it."

"But it looks so big and manly," she giggled. She did though turn her head to

look straight ahead, a big smile on her face. It didn't really need any help to

draw attention to itself. It was so blatantly obvious. He might as well hung a

flag on the end. As they walked down the hall, a lot of eyes turned and widened

as they passed by. They really weren't sure what they were seeing. There was no

way this guy would just walk down a hallway with a big boner jutting out his

pants. They could understand being so aroused with a girlfriend as cute as

Sally, particularly when she wearing such a short skirt. But, if it really was

an erection, wouldn't she have noticed it and have been offended, and quite

justifiably so?

Ron was mortified. He could tell that most everybody was noticing his hard-on.

Some of them even pointed, whispered, and laughed. Even if they didn't know that

it really was an erection, the fact that it looked so terribly much like an

erection poking out his pants was still pretty darn humiliating. Well, at least

this wouldn't last long, and there really wasn't that many people. Ron stared

straight ahead, avoiding all eye contact, a steely expression on his face, and

keeping his eyes on the end of the hall, which approached closer and closer with

every step, but seeming to approach so terribly slowly, like in a bad dream when

you are trying to run away but the hallway keeps receding in front of you.

"Sally! Hello, what's up with you!" He was just about at the end when Sally's

friends arrived.

It was Julie and Lisa, two of Sally's closest friends. They just rounded the

corner at the end of the hall.

"Oh, hi, hi Julie, Lisa. Wow, good to see you. Hey, do you know Ronnie?"

It didn't take long for Julie and Lisa to notice the very prominent bulge in

Ron's pants, but they really weren't sure, at first, how to react. They reached

out with their hands to shake his.

Ron let go of Sally's hand to greet her friends. He said awkwardly as he shook

their hands, "No, no, we've never met. Hello, yes, it's good to meet you."

Julie was the first to acknowledge the elephant in the room. She considered

making the old joke about having a gun in his pocket or being real glad to see

her, but she opted for a more considerate, polite remark. "Well, Ronnie, I

really have to say, do you realize you have something really big in your pocket

there?"

Sally feigned shock and outrage at Ron's state. "Ronald Theale! How could you,

how so very embarrassing! Can't you control yourself, and right in front of my

two bestest of friends!"

Julie and Lisa couldn't help but laugh as they saw Ron's flustered expression

and Sally's outraged embarrassment.

"What? Hey, c'mon!" Ronnie protested, clearly not appreciating the fact that

Sally was pretending that she had absolutely nothing to do with this. He quickly

covered his embarrassment. "Seriously now, yes, you should cover that thing up.

How long has that been out there?" The three of them circled around Ron, his

back to the wall, effectively hiding him from any further view or attention.

Ron was grateful for being allowed to cover himself up but he wasn't about to

take the full blame for this. "You know this was all your idea, Sally. Don't you

pretend otherwise."

Sally had no real intention of denying her responsibility. On the contrary, she

was rather pleased with herself, and looked forward to having her friends see

what she in fact made Ronnie do. They had often teased her about being so

inexperienced. She bet they had never done anything like this before! "I know,

that's true." She turned to her friends. "I told Ronnie that if he walked down

the hall with a boner I would touch it for him."

Julie and Lisa's reactions were as expected. They both smiled at the thought of

making a guy do something like that. Julie was in fact herself quite experienced

with guys, having already gone all the way. However, neither of them could

imagine Sally ever doing something like this. They knew that she was relatively

inexperienced, to say the least. "Wow, Sally," Julie exclaimed, "I'm impressed."

Lisa added, "So, has he been a good boy?"

Ronnie found it a little demeaning to be talked about like this, as if he was in

fact a little boy. He didn't like it one bit, but he knew that he would go a lot

further than this to have a girl like Sally play with his erect cock.

"Oh yes," Sally replied. "He walked all the way down the hall, never trying to

hide it once. He was putting on a pretty good show. I was very proud of him."

"Well," Julie said, smiling mischievously, "I guess Ronnie has been a good boy."

She reached out, pulled Ron's hand away, and lightly stroked her finger around

and around the round bulb that was poking through his slacks.

Ron flinched at the touch and Lisa glanced around, double checking to see that

nobody could see into their little circle tightly surrounding Ronnie. Sally was

to the right of the erection, Julie directly in front, and Lisa to the left.

Nobody could really see in between them.

Julie continued, "You wouldn't mind, Ronnie, perhaps giving us a little peek?"

"What?! Right here, now? In the hallway?"

"We promise we won't look long. We have to go to class soon and we just want to

have a quick peek." She continued to lightly play with the head of his dick, so

clearly straining to push through his boxers and slacks. "Goodness gracious,

Sally, I mean, he looks so awfully big and strong." Sally wasn't entirely sure

if she wanted to share Ronnie with her friends,

Lisa joined in. "Oh yes, Ronnie, I've never see a boy's hard thing before." That

was actually a lie. She was just being flirtatious. Lisa had never gone all the

way, but she had certainly given a couple of guys hand jobs and had even given

Billy Johnson a blow job, but neither Julie nor Sally knew about that, at least

she didn't think they knew.

Sally really didn't like the idea of Julie touching Ronnie's hard penis. She was

feeling a little possessive about it. As far as she was concerned, this was her

penis and if Julie wanted to play with one she should really find her own. In

fact, it was clear that Julie had touched quite a few of them before. She really

should let Sally have this one. But, Julie had always been this way. It was like

when they were little kids. Julie would have pretty much all the dolls but she

would still want the one Sally was playing with. "Girls, I don't know. I think

it's too risky."

Ron was surprised that Sally had come to his defense. He was himself terribly

ambivalent about this. On the one hand, he really, really didn't want to get

caught in the hallway of the Student Center with a boner sticking out of his

pants. It was bad enough walking down the hall with one clearly poking out from

his pants. Now actually exposing himself in public? What if his parents found

out? On the other hand, Julie's finger was awfully hard to resist, and what guy

wouldn't want to have three girls admire his erect cock. Lisa said that she

hadn't even seen one before! What boy doesn't want to be the first one for a

girl to see.

Julie had not been lying when she said that they had to go to class soon and so

didn't wait for Ron to make up his mind. She grasped the zipper of his slacks

and quickly pulled it down and reached inside.

"Julie!" gasped Sally.

Ron backed up against the wall, bracing himself as Julie fumbled around inside

his fly. His heart was pounding madly as he couldn't belief this was happening.

Julie actually had her hand inside his pants. He was himself looking up and down

the hall, scanning to see if there was any indication that anyone could tell

what she was doing, trying to himself maintain a straight face but having

considerable difficulty due to the fear of being detected, as well as the

arousal being experienced.

Julie probably could have pulled him out quickly, as his boxers were pretty

loose and she soon found the opening. However, she somehow managed to take her time, as if she was in fact having some difficulty finding her way about. She

kind of liked feeling him up inside his pants. She could see both the panic and

arousal in his eyes, and she enjoyed being the daring one of the three. She

could see the big grin on Lisa's face and the shock in Sally's as she handled

and fondled Ronnie's hard-on through his loose cotton underwear.

Ron protested her effort, her intention, but he didn't walk away. He grasped her

wrist with his hand but didn't actually pull her out of his pants. He instead

enjoyed the feel of her fingers through his boxers, groping his hard dick. He

was in fact somewhat frustrated with the difficulty she was apparently having.

He considered pulling it out himself. The sooner he got it out, the sooner it

would be over. However, if this did all go wrong he did at least want to be able

to say that he wasn't the one who pulled it out.

And then he felt the touch of her fingers directly on his hard cock. There was

no better feeling than that, a girl's feminine fingers on the naked skin of your

hard dick. She had found her way inside her boxers and was firmly grasping his

shaft. He looked into her eyes.

She was smiling with her success, and with her power over him. She knew she had

him, almost literally, by the balls, or at least a good close second to having

him by the balls. She had him by his cock, and he did seem to be close to

squirming as she fondled his dick within his boxers as if she did in fact have

him by the balls.

She grinned more broadly as she shoved her hand down deeper into his pants to

actually, truly, have him by the balls.

"Julie!" Ron protested as he felt her fingers reach his testicles. There wasn't

a lot to grip, as they were pulled in rather closely due to his level of

arousal. He reflexively pushed up against the wall, trying to escape her

fingers.

Julie did not though grasp his balls. She didn't really want to hurt him, or

risk, too severely, a cry of alarm or pain from him that would draw attention to

their tight little circle. She instead just lightly danced her fingers along his

wrinkled, soft, tender sack.

Ron, however, did grip more firmly on her wrist. It wasn't that she was hurting

him. On the contrary, she was actually tickling him. "Julie, please, please,

c'mon, that tickles."

Julie quickly relented. She did not in fact want to stay there long. To reach

his balls she had straighten her arm and reached down in a manner that might

attract someone's curiosity. In any case, she had a more important prize in

mind. She pulled back and once again, got a firm grip on the shaft of his dick,

and with one quick pull, yanked him free of his boxers and pants.

The eyes of Lisa and Sally opened in shock and wonder at the sight of the stiff

naked cock jutting out from Ronnie's pants. It was not a hugely impressive

sight, at least to Julie This was the smallest one she had seen, so far. But, it

did look rather remarkable, or at least incongruous, sticking out from his

pants, right in the hallway of the Student Center.

It was difficult for Julie and Lisa to control themselves. They wanted to burst

out laughing. Here was Ronnie Theale, exposing his boner to them right in

public. Students were walking right by them. If not for their own bodies forming

a tight circle around Ron, anyone walking by would have to see his naked woodie

sticking out of his pants. They knew that there was no way he would get over

this if they just suddenly walked away, leaving him to stand there with his

hard, naked boner all exposed. They just stood there awhile, dumbstruck over the

fact that a naked guy's cock was sticking out in all its glory right there in

the hallway. Lisa was very nervous about getting caught, but she could feel a

little warmth developing between her thighs and her nipples stiffening up, as

she gazed at the sight of this hard, stiff dick, with its purplish swollen head.

Sally was more impressed with it than Julie, perhaps though because it was her

toy, her doll, her penis, and her very first one. The first one always looks so

big. "Wow," Sally exclaimed, "that's real cool, Ronnie." She particularly liked

how the hard shaft was topped by such a bulbous purplish crown. It looked like

some sort of battering ram. "Can I touch it?"

It was an odd question, as she had quite assertively touched it before. However,

she was feeling more ambivalent, more uncertain now that it would be right on

his naked skin. It appeared considerably more bold, more commanding, in its

naked presence.

Ron was himself quite ambivalent, to say the least. It was tremendously

pleasurable to have three girls staring wide eyed at your naked cock, at least

one of whom wanting to play with it. However, his pleasurable excitement was

more than offset by his nervous excitement over getting caught exposing himself

in general public. He whispered, "Yea, Sally, sure, but let's make this quick."

Sally reached out and at first just touched the tip with the tips of a couple of

fingers. "It's kind of soft at the end, isn't it?"

"Haven't you ever touched one before?" Julie asked. She wasn't trying to be mean

to Sally, but it was difficult not to at least tease her a bit. Julie and Lisa

could see the fascination in Sally's eyes. They were themselves more amused than

fascinated.

"Shut up," Sally responded. She grasped the shaft tightly with her hand and

suppressed any further acknowledgment of her wonder at its sight and feel.

The feel of a girlish hand gripping his cock felt so good to Ronnie, but he knew

that he needed to control himself if he was not to get caught. He slid up closer

to her, to provide more cover, as well as simply to get closer. He also thrust

out his hips a bit to encourage her further. Sally slowly stroked her hand up

and down the shaft. "Is this how you like it, Ronnie?"

Ronnie would like it any way she would want to do it. He nodded his approval.

Julie's and Lisa's feelings turned from amusement to shock as they watched Sally

jack Ronnie off right in the hallway, with people walking by behind them. Julie

had only intended to just let it out for awhile, a few seconds at most, just

enough time to get a quick peek and embarrass Ronnie. She had no intention of

actually playing with it. "Sally," Julie warned, "Be careful. You know, like,

there are people all around here." She glanced over her shoulder, worried that

they might have already been caught.

Sally though was having way too much fun. She liked terribly much the feel of

the hard cock in her hand. She never imagined how much fun it would be to feel

one. Warmth was returning to her thighs. And, besides, it was the risk of

getting caught, of doing it in public, that made it all the more fun and

exciting. "Nobody can see it, Julie. And, don't you think it looks so much

happier outdoors?"

Lisa spoke up. "We're indoors, Sally. Right in a public hallway. Now, put it

away before we get caught." Lisa was also glancing around, worried that she

would get into trouble even though she hadn't actually yet done anything at all

with Ronnie.

Sally gave Ron a very coquettish frown. "You don't want me to put him back, do

you, Ronnie?"

He certainly did not. His level of arousal had now overwhelmed his anxiety. He

wasn't thinking about the crowds walking by, Mr. Johnson coming back, or even

Miss Harding coming back. He was thinking how much fun it would be to explode in

Sally's hand, as Sally had exploded on his finger. He wanted to just let it go,

knowing that it would shoot out straight and splash all over Julie's skirt and

sweater.

Julie, however, could see the likely end result as well, and she would have none

of that. Besides, it was indeed true that they were now running quite late for

class, having been understandably distracted. "Have it any way you want, Sally,

but we have to get going. C'mon Lisa, let's go." She then took Lisa by the arm

and pulled her away.

Lisa needed no encouragement, as she was getting more and more nervous about

getting into trouble. "Sure, yea, sorry Sally, we really do gotta go."

"Guys!" Sally squealed, as she realized that they were just pulling away,

letting Ronnie's hard cock, gripped in her hand, come into full view of anyone

and everyone walking about. She quickly let go.

Ron, just as quickly, shifted his book in front of his crotch, providing

emergency cover.

Julie and Lisa only giggled at their predicament or, more accurately, Ronnie's

predicament.

This time Ron didn't glance around. He just looked with annoyance at Julie and

Lisa for what they had almost, or in fact, had done. Ron didn't look around in

part because, frankly, he didn't want to know if someone had in fact seen his

erect cock. If someone had, he would prefer that they would just walk away and

forget about it. Catching their eye would only provide a public confirmation

that he was exposing himself, and if he ever saw that person again he would feel

terribly guilty and ashamed.

Ron though didn't actually look too terribly suspicious. A guy leaning against

the wall could be carrying his books with arms relaxed, stretched out in front

of him, the books then lying against his crotch. But, Julie and Lisa knew full

what the book was hiding. Julie smiled at Ron as she walked off. "It was really

good seeing you, Sally, and, of course, Ronnie," the double entendre not going

unnoticed by any one of them.

Sally had been taken by surprise by their sudden departure but, unlike Ron, she

wasn't annoyed. She was smiling along with them, enjoying immensely the very

awkward situation in which Ron was placed. "C'mon, Ronnie," she said, taking

hold of his arm, "let's go sit down over there," pointing to another

semi-private alcove of the Student Center.

That was fine with Ron. It was terribly awkward to walk with his hard cock

outside of his pants, hidden only by a book pressed firmly against his crotch.

However, he knew that he really couldn't get it back inside right there in the

hallway. He would have much more privacy within the benches, couches, and seats

of the alcove.

He followed along, somewhat clumsily, as Sally pulled his arm. Hoping against

hope that nobody he knew would come upon them in the few seconds it took to get

to the empty couch. What if Chris and Bobby returned?

When he sat down he quickly but carefully shifted the book so that it was, once

again, open in front of him. It now provided very good cover as the couch was

against the wall and the open binder effectively hid the erection from the front

and from both sides.

The sight of his naked hard penis towering across the page of math formulae was

rather incongruous and very striking. Sally leaned against Ron's shoulder. While

holding down her skirt with her right hand, she gently laid her left hand across

his hardness. "I can't quite figure out how to do this one, Ronnie," she said,

pretending to be tracing along the page of figures when she was in fact tracing

her fingers along his hard shaft.

"Just keep working it, Sally," he suggested. He added, "It'll eventually come,

to you."

Sally glanced at him, smiling at his joke. "I sure hope so." She ran her fingers

around and around the soft head. She really liked playing with that part. It was

so smooth, so purplish, so sexy.

A bit of precum leaked out. "Oh my, I think I'm getting it now." She gently

worked the moisture along his crown, making it all the more shiny and slippery.

Ron was staring hard at his hardness. A part of him wanted to just lean his head

back and enjoy her titillating fondling, but he knew that would be highly

suspicious to anyone looking over at them. She was trying to keep her shoulder

and elbow still as she played with his cock, not revealing any tell-tale

movements with her arm, but she wasn't entirely successful and he knew that it

was largely up to him to keep secret their little game.

Sally added, "I wonder if it needs a more forceful approach." She got a firm

grip on his shaft and began to stroke her fist up and down its length.

"Sometimes with tough, hard, big problems like this you really have to grab hold

of them." Ron was not circumcised and they both enjoyed the sight of his crown

sliding in and out of the hooding of his foreskin.

Ron could feel the sensation building with his loins. It wouldn't be much

longer. He was frankly surprised that he had lasted this long. He had been

sporting a hard-on for quite some time this morning. Besides, he wanted to cum

quickly, as the sooner he did the less likely they would be caught. However,

Sally's hard stroking and the precum were becoming a bit noisy. He wished they

had chosen a spot where a radio was playing, or there was at least some noise,

other than the sound of a hand sliding up and down a cock, with slippery moist

foreskin slipping on and off the engorged head.

Sally was herself getting quite excited. She had never seen a guy shoot his load

before. She knew what was going to happen but to actually see it for the first

time was going to be really cool.

She felt an impulse to bring her right hand into the action, but she knew that

would risk her skirt rising up, plus it would look awfully suspicious. What

would be the explanation for both her fists to be rising and falling in the

boy's lap. However, she didn't think it was so easy to beat him off this way,

using her left hand while keeping her arm still. She was, after all,

right-handed, and her inexperience didn't help. Although, she was not herself in

a terrible hurry. She liked the feel of its hardness in her hand, the

realization that she was pleasuring him so intensely to the point that he would

in fact lose control and spray all over the place.

'Oh my,' she thought. 'What if he really did shoot all over the place? Would he

actually clear the top part of the book? Of course he would!'

"Ronnie," she asked, "Do you think the answer will be a bit messy?"

Ron knew what was about to happen. He could feel himself getting close, real

close. It was a feeling that was so very nice, so very intense, that he just

wanted to revel in it, luxuriate in it, relish it. He intended to either capture

his spunk with his book or, at worse, with his own hand. He wanted to cum so

bad. He gasped, "I think you're real close, Sally, just a bit more work and

it'll all come out."

That was what she was now worried about.

"Oh yes, I think you've got it," he exclaimed, feeling his balls tighten up and

a surging within his loins.

Sally had to think fast, and move even faster. "Let me get a closer look," she

said as she pulled tight on her skirt to keep it down and laid her face right

down in his lap, opening her mouth as soon as it cleared the book to swallow the

head of his cock

She got there just in time to be greeted by a thick wad of gooey cum that

splatted against the room of her mouth. She stuck her tongue up to wipe it off

but was then met with another shot that coated the bottom of her tongue. A boy

was actually squirting his load into her mouth. She couldn't be happier. In

fact, it was so prurient, perhaps even obscene, that she was inspired. She had

an even more wicked thought.

Just as quickly as she had put her head down into Ron's lap she pulled it away,

squealing loudly, "Ronnie, not in my mouth!" as another shot of gism chased

after her departing face, connecting with her cheek before she could fully

escape.

She added, "Oh my goodness, you bad, bad boy! Look at what you're doing," as she pulled away his book.

"Sally!" Ron loudly exclaimed, with as much apparent appalling surprise as

Sally's pretending. "What?!" he protested as he quickly covered his twitching,

spurting dick with has hands, but not before everybody within the alcove, and a

couple of persons walking by, were treated to the sight of a boy openly

ejaculating in the Student Center and then desperately trying to hide his

obscene display with his hands.

Shock and outrage could hardly describe their reaction to the atrocious,

disgusting sight. They hardly knew what to say. They said nothing. They were

just dumfounded, stupefied. What could you say?

Ron was perhaps equally shocked, and was certainly mortified. His body was awash

with the overwhelming, captivating pleasure of his orgasm, but his mind was

absorbed with the panic, the mortification, of the moment. Before he finished

cumming he leaped to his feet, his legs wobbly, his dick squirting, and he

grabbed his book and dashed off, heading as fast as he could to the bathroom,

his legs weak, his thoughts, his mind, confused with both extreme rapturous,

orgasmic pleasure and intense fear.

Sally took off after him, although taking her time as she headed around the

corner and down the hall toward the restroom.

She could feel the wad of cum dripping down her cheek. She didn't bother to wipe

it off. She concentrated instead on exploring the texture and the taste of the

cum within her mouth. She found that she liked it. Besides, if Ronnie could walk

down the hall with his stiffie, she supposed that she could do as well with his

mark, his tattoo, on her cheek. In fact, as she looked at her reflection in a

display case, she thought it looked kind of cute.

She waited patiently for Ron while he was in the bathroom. He was cleaning off

any signs of his "accident," and worrying about getting into trouble. He didn't

want to stay there long. Perhaps one of the witnesses had already contacted

campus security. This was bad. This was really bad.

When he left the restroom he was surprised to see Sally waiting for him. He was

at first a bit upset; actually, really quite a bit upset. But, it wasn't too

long before Sally settled him down. How do you remain angry at a pretty girl

when she is still wearing your cum on her cheek. She even convinced him to go

off to the mall. She had a few ideas of what to do next.

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I hope you enjoyed it. If you have any suggestions please do pass them on. I

would love to hear ideas and suggestions, as well as words of encouragement, if

you wish. In any case, please do take the time to vote!