**May 15, 2000 How to Be Popular in High School**

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**Chapter 1: Just One of the Herd**

I wonder how many people really understand what it’s like to be a young teenage girl in high school? Like I mean, there are times I don’t think even my own mother remembers and she use to be one, albeit long time ago! Oh sure, if you’re a cheerleader or one of the “popular” girls then all you have to do is worry about which guy you’re going to choose. The rest of use in the “herd” are left on the sidelines to watch and dream.

Life really does suck sometimes. I mean like it’s just so unfair! Like for instance, why do some people grow up so much faster than others? We’re all the same species so shouldn’t we all mature at the same rate? Obviously that’s not God’s plan as I was fourteen before I even truly qualified for a training bra - and barely at that. In contrast, years before my best friend Beth already had a set of boobs some college girls would be proud to own. By the time we got to high school she already looked more like she could vote, at least if you only looked at her chest which is about as high as most guys ever got.

Personally I don’t think guys have a clue as to how totally embarrassing it is to be forced to undress in the locker room or even at a sleepover and have to hide the fact that you’ve got the smallest boobs in the room. Yeah, I know some girls try the tissue thing but everyone knows they’re doing it and that just makes it all the more humiliating. As for me, I resorted to deception and misdirection. The way that works is first you have to avoid tight tops so you don’t draw attention to the little bumps on your chest where real breasts should be. That’s the deception part - staying away from anything that drew attention to my boobs, or should I say lack of them.

For misdirection I relied on the only part of my anatomy I was proud of - my butt. My dad started telling me before I hit double digits that I had the cutest bottom of all my friends. Needless to say I loved to show it off to him, fishing for all the compliments I could get. Oh sure, he’s my dad and dads are SUPPOSE to say those sort of things about their daughters but what girl doesn’t crave a compliments regardless of who they come from? So my wardrobe entering high school consisted primarily of short shorts, bikini bottoms, tights, painted on jeans, basically anything that drew attention to my behind and away from anything higher up.

For example I found that walking around the city pool in a loose T-shirt was fine so long as it was short and let me show off my ass clad in nothing more than a skimpy bikini bottom. I mean most girls never actually goes IN the pool anyway so it worked most of the time at least. The only time my scheme failed was when some jerk immature boy splashed water on me and got the T-shirt soaking wet. Let’s just say that wet T-shirt contest are for girls WITH boobs, not for those of us still wishing for them and leave it at that.

Not only were my boobs failing to keep up with my hormones, it didn’t help that when I looked in the mirror it seemed to me like I was staring at a little 6th grader. Much to my never ending chagrin, it’s like anyone who doesn’t know me always thinks I’m at least two or three grades younger than I actually am. I’ve learned that this means either the desirable boys think you’re still just a kid and keep clear or they’re future pedophiles who are already getting off by hitting on younger girls in hopes of being their “first”. It’s like they just want another notch in their belts so that wasn’t for me.

No ... I badly wanted a boy to ask me out but not just so he could run to his friends and brag about his latest conquest and never date me again. True, Steve didn’t waste any time bragging to his friends about him being my first but at least he stayed true to me afterwards. If anything I enjoyed my new notoriety, especially the way the “popular” girls were jealous that one of the hottest guys in school was doing me and not them!

Another of my best friends was Sharon who was about the same age as me. She had two brothers - one older and the other younger. Jim, her younger brother, was just a snotty brat. On the other hand her older brother Steve was two years older than us and the dream date of every girl in school. I remember going to Sharon’s house and practically stuttering when Steve would enter the room. Unfortunately he hardly even glanced at me and when he did, I could tell from the way he quickly looked away that he wasn’t interested in someone as young as me, or at least not a girl with such small boobs. No, his rep was going for the “popular” big boob girls, cheerleaders and the whores - all group of which I most definitely was NOT a member.

Then a miracle happened. Sharon invited me and a bunch of her friends to a weekend campout at a sportsman club where parents had a membership. It was located alongside a small lake, nothing fancy. Her jerk of a father had dumped her mom a couple years back in favor of some twenty year-old bimbo blonde secretary at work so the only guys with us were Jim and Steve and neither of them was along by choice - a point which they reiterated many times over. For Jim it was just lack of maturity but for Steve it was a result of being TOO mature - at least from his perspective. It was like being seen hanging around with a bunch of soon-to0-be freshman girls was going to somehow damage his reputation.

Of course none of us were interested in Jim who was a little pervert. He kept trying to spy on us all weekend so we the thing he hated the most - we ignored him. No ... ALL of us were competing for Steve’s attention! During the entire weekend we pretty much wore nothing but bikinis of which most were quite revealing. Alas, not even Beth, whose boobs were the largest of any of us and practically spilled out of her top several times, could get Steve’s attention, at least not for long. You can imagine how I felt wearing a T-shirt half the time so my tiny boobs wouldn’t look even smaller standing next to girls like Beth who may as well gone topless for all their bikini tops covered.

With Steve barely even acknowledging our existence the entire weekend you can imagine my surprise when a week or so later he called me out of the blue to ask me out for a date. I mean like I was stunned!

Of course I said yes. Finally, this was my chance to break from the herd!

**Chapter 2: Steve Changes My Life**

For me to be asked out by a guy like Steve was one of the biggest thrills of my fourteen years of life. No, make that THE biggest thrill! Until then I’d never even been asked out on a date by ANY boy and to have one of the most sought-after hunks in high school call me and ask me out ... it was literally mind boggling. Not even Sharon could explain it but I wasn’t about to look the proverbial gift horse in the mouth. If Steve wanted to take me out then I wasn’t about to question his motives.

Naturally I was so star-struck that I would’ve done just about anything he asked so it should goes without saying that when Steve made it clear that he expected me to suck his dick our first night out I never hesitated. Steve had quite a rep for having had sex with half the girls in his class if you believed the rumors which his own sister confirmed to me privately. Thus I can’t say I was at all surprised that he asked me to blow him on the first date. Heck, if anything I would’ve been disappointed if he hadn’t as that would’ve told me he didn’t think I was mature enough to do it.

So while I may have been expecting it, at the same time I can’t say I was totally ready. After he asked me out I’d asked my mom for some tips and pointers about blowjobs - she’s always been my best friend and I can discuss just about anything with her without worry. It was like my mom was as excited about Steve asking me out as I was. Not only did she give me some much-needed advice but she even let me practice a bit using one of her dildos from the extensive collection she kept in the nightstand next to her bed.

Trust me on this ... you can read about it, talk about it, even watch it on a porn video but there’s nothing that can truly prepare you for sucking a REAL cock for the first time. Fortunately it turned out to be something I enjoyed and I’ve been told that I have a natural talent. Admittedly that first load of cum took a bit of resolve to swallow down but I think that was more because I wasn’t ready for it when he suddenly burst into my mouth. The next time I knew what was coming (no pun intended) so it went down a lot easier.

Wow, I never cease to be amazed as to how fast rumors can fly through school. It wasn’t even second period the day after I sucked Steve for the first time when one of my friends came up and congratulated me. I was a little surprised and asked her what she was talking about. When she answered saying something about how I apparently was giving the best BJs in school you could have pushed me over with a feather!

Once I was able to close my mouth again after that jaw-dropping revelation, I asked her where she’d heard THAT. Apparently Steve had bragged to his friends about what he got me to do to him the previous night and that was all it took to spread the news like fleas on a dog. Fortunately for my reputation he ALSO told them that I’d done a great job for my first time so at least I didn’t have to face the embarrassment and ridicule of being cast as a loser like I’ve seen happen to some girls who really didn’t enjoy it as much as I had. I have to say that rather than being upset at Steve’s total lack of discretion, I was quite proud that he thought I’d done so well that he’d bragged about me to his friends, especially considering how many other girls he had to compare me against.

As you might imagine, almost immediately my life changed - permanently. It wasn’t even lunch period before guys who wouldn’t give me the time of day before were now practically begging me for a date. Of course I knew why the change in hearts was taking place but hey, I wasn’t complaining. I was suddenly popular!

Unfortunately for all the late comers (no pun intended) I was so infatuated with Steve and grateful for the wonderful opportunity he’d given me that I turned down every offer. I wanted Steve to keep asking me out and I wasn’t about to endanger that possibility by abusing my newfound popularity.

While not as drastic as when I first blew him, things REALLY picked up not long after when Steve fucked me for the first time and my new?non-virginal? status was broadcast throughout the school rumor mill. Suddenly it was like I was finally one of the “popular” girls. It made me wonder if I’d been missing something all these years. Were they popular because they were so good looking and rich or was it they just put out? Judging by my new status I started to suspect it was more the latter than anything else. Apparently I’d been too naive to figure it out earlier on my own.

It didn’t many refusals for the boys to figure out that I was Steve’s and his alone. Then things got REALLY interesting. At first I think everyone thought I was easy and ready to put out for anyone just because I did it for one guy. When they learned that it was more a case of me being in love with Steve and he was the only one I would allow to do me, it was like the pack turned on me. Now I was a cockteaser, even a whore if you believed some of the nastier notes that magically appeared in my locker. The cockteaser label stung but being called a whore REALLY hurt. The ironic thing was here I was only having sex with one guy yet some of the same girls now calling me a whore were on their backs every night with someone new.

Personally I thought it was more than just a little unfair. It wasn’t like I was putting out for everyone and then suddenly stopped. Just because I wouldn’t let anyone else fuck me shouldn’t be grounds for anyone to be mad at me. As I said, the most frustrating part was that so far as the rest of the male population at school was concerned nothing had really changed. The only thing different now was I was having sex most every day with Steve! It wasn’t my fault he told everyone about it.

Eventually everything calmed down and my life has pretty much returned to normal - normal that is except for now I was getting laid just about every day after school by Steve. I was totally in love with Steve and while he never actually said it to my face, I knew he loved me as well. I mean like why else would a guy like him go exclusive with me when so many other opportunities were there for him to choose from if he wanted them?

The more I dated Steve and continued to have sex with him, the more I knew he was “the one”. I’d it all planned out for years with just one missing element - the guy ... our dating, the eventual engagement and finally our wedding. Of course it wouldn’t all happen right away - I was just fourteen after all! Still, in my heart I knew that someday I was going to marry Steve and have his children.

**Chapter 3: Changing Strategy After Steve Leaves**

Yep, life really is unfair.

Just when I thought my life was perfect a bombshell dropped. Talk about being blindsided! One night after Steve and I had finished having sex we were laying in my bed when Steve casually mentioned to me that his mother’s job was being transferred to southern California and that they would all be leaving in a just a couple of weeks. At first I thought he was joking as he was so nonchalant about it. I mean like how could he love me so much as he had just done and then act like it was no big deal to move 3,000 miles away from me? OK, to be fair he’d never actually SAID he loved me but after the way he’d just fucked me I knew he did.

Well, he was serious. As I lay naked next to him I pulled myself in tightly to him so I could feel his strong nude body against mine as if somehow I could bond myself to him permanently if I only pressed hard enough. I truly felt like my entire life was collapsing. All more dreams, all my hopes just suddenly imploded. There would be no engagement, no wedding, no children ... nothing!

Once the initial shock passed we spoke about staying in touch after he left but I couldn’t help but wonder how it would work with us being thousands of miles apart. After he left my dad came in to check on me as he always does when I bring Steve home. He must have been surprised that I was so distressed that it didn’t matter to me that I was still naked and draining Steve’s cum. Any such thoughts never crossed my mind as I just hugged him and cried into his chest as my loving father caressed me all over trying to soothe my despair.

For the two weeks we had left I was determined to ensure that Steve would never forget me. It was a pretty simple strategy in that mostly I just tried have sex with him as often as possible. Wow, we must have fucked at least twice a day, even more on weekends. Through it all I took what little consolation I could knowing that after two weeks of the most intense sex that there was no way he wouldn’t remember who he was leaving behind.

I’ll never forget the last time Steve fucked me the night before they left. As usual when we wanted to be comfortable we did it in my bedroom. Of course Steve’s mom knew we were doing it but it’s not like she rolled out the red carpet. Then there was always his brother and sister to deal with his brother just acting like a perv and Sharon all jealous because I was getting fucked by her brother and she wasn’t. At least my parents had the discretion and good taste to leave us alone when I would lead Steve up the stairs by the hand and wink at them as they sat in the living room and smiled at me.

If there was any doubt in my mind as to how much Steve loved me it was dispelled that night. OMG, he came THREE times - twice in my pussy and then the last time in my mouth. I would’ve loved to have had all three inside of me but I figured if he was going to be good for three times then he deserved a little self-satisfaction. The best part was that as soon as he finished shooting he pushed it back in me again and we just laid there for the longest times, joined together for what might be the last time. His was the only dick that had ever been in me or even in my mouth! I couldn’t even imagine someone else’s taking his place after the dozens (hundreds?) of times he’d put it in me. All these thoughts went through my mind as he held me tight against him with his dick imbedded in my pussy. God, it was like I never wanted him to pull out of me!

Unfortunately eventually he did. My pussy ached as I tried to comprehend that I would probably never feel his wonderful hard dick inside of me again. When you’re not even fifteen yet, that’s not all that easy to accept.

After Steve got dressed and left my mom came to my bedroom and gave me a back rub as I laid outstretched on my bed. She kept teasing me about having such a mess between my legs but I knew she just meant it all in fun to try and get me to stop crying. She always loved it when I would come home or when Steve would leave and then I told her about everything we did and I do mean everything. As her hands run up along the inside of my thighs I almost got the feeling she was going to miss Steve as much as me. Well, not ever as much as me as he’d never fucked her but you get the idea.

The fateful day arrived and I tearfully waved goodbye to Steve as his mom drove them all out of sight. Returning back to my bedroom to sob into my pillow, I couldn’t even find the will to masturbate as I was convinced that I would never have sex again. Like, who else could ever compare to Steve? Who could even come close to making me feel the way he did when he fucked me? I’d never felt another dick before and at that moment, his was the only one I wanted.

Well you don’t go from having sex just about every day, sometimes twice or even more, for over six months and then suddenly shut it off completely. As heartbroken as I was I also grew horny as heck more and more each day until without even thinking about it I was suddenly masturbating furiously several times a day. It was actually a few days later when my mom saw me and commented on how I must be feeling better that I even realized I was doing it. Before that it was like I was on autopilot, doing it without even thinking what I was doing out of sheer habit and lust.

Well, Steve was gone but that didn’t mean I was out of options. Heck, he was barely out of sight when the boys started calling. At first I turned them all away, foolishly convinced that somehow Steve and I would find a way to be together. Then the phone calls went from hourly to daily to every other day to once a week. One day I suddenly came to the realization that Steve was going to be out of my life forever. It was a heartbreaking revelation but inevitable I guess. Still, that didn’t mean I liked it. My mom had told me this would happen and I remember being so angry at her at the time. As usual her sage advice turned out to be like from an oracle even though I hated to admit it. Why are moms always right?

With the encouragement of both of my parents I finally started dating again but this time I followed a new strategy. I’d just turned fifteen and it dawned on me that I’d wasted a good portion of my freshman year of high school on a guy who was no longer even calling me, let alone fucking me and marrying me someday. Why limit myself to one guy if the risks were that high?

For almost eight months from the time I gave my virginity to Steve I’d never even touched another dick. For that matter if it hadn’t been for seeing my dad naked with me in the hot tub I wouldn’t have even SEEN one. My mom kept telling me that these would be the days I looked back on as being the best of my life so why not enjoy them as best as I could?

At first memories of being called a slut and a whore held me back but then I started to think that what was the problem with being a slut? Becoming a whore was unthinkable but being a slut sounded like fun. Besides, it wasn’t like I didn’t already have a bit of a rep, even if it was for being with just one guy, so why not earn it and reap the benefits?

**Chapter 4: How to be Popular in High School**

It’s only been a few months since I decided to become the class slut but I’m already reaping the benefits. Unlike most of my friends I didn’t have a “real” job but then again I didn’t really need one. My parents made me babysit a little just to have some pocket money but otherwise guys now but me most everything I needed. If nothing else there’s always my dad who never could resist a little flirting without handing over some cash. The cool thing is I never pay for a meal or a movie unless I am out with my friends - hence the need for the pocket money. Overall it’s like everything is free - at least for me.

I learned VETY quickly that the key to being popular as a slut is to know what lines to set and what boundaries to honor. It’s s slippery slope to going from being a slut to a whore and I’m always conscious of that line. There are a few girls in my school who definitely fit the whore category. Even if they weren’t taking money they still qualify as they would do about anything a guy asked without any morals or ethics. It’s one thing to dress a little naughty and tease the boys in school, hinting at what they might get to see but never did. It’s quite another to all but strip and do whatever it takes to get laid without caring what people thought of you or who saw you. Whores aren’t popular, they are just used by guys to get what they want. Sluts use their bodies to get what THEY want, not what the guy wants. OK, so my mom gave me that line but it still holds true.

As part of my slut strategy in high school I’m not giving EVERY guy a blowjob just for taking me out although I would say the number who haven’t gotten one is quite small. Usually there were some mitigating circumstances rather than me just saying no to sucking dick. Besides, blowjobs are quick and easy and didn’t require much to get results, especially when you’re talking about horny teenage boys! I usually don’t even have to undress.

Sex, on the other hand, is entirely different for me. I may already have a rep for being a slut but nobody can accuse me of being a whore. So far I’ve already suck quite a few and am already having a hard time keeping track of them. On the other hand I know exactly how many guys have fucked me so far - their names and when and how it happened. Sex I reserved for real boyfriends - guys who actually wanted to go out with me for more than just get my mouth on their dick.

The funny thing I’ve learned already is that to be popular in high school doesn’t mean getting laid the most. My mom, of course, had predicted as much but like most teenagers I had to learn it for myself. While being a serial cocksucker DOES get attention from the boys, being known as a skank or a whore actually turns off many of them. For some reason they don’t seem to care how many cocks were in my mouth ahead of theirs but when it comes to my pussy, THEN it matters. Go figure.

So bottom line, if a girl really wants to be popular in high school then EVERY girl has the means available - right between her legs. There’s really no excuse for ANY girl not being popular so long as she is willing to do what it takes. Even then it’s not like she’s being asked to sacrifice anything. I get so fed up with girls whining about not getting a date but then complaining that all boys want is sex. Well duh! Of course they do so why not use that to your advantage?

**Chapter 5: The Dangers of Being Popular**

In the interest of full disclosure, being popular by being the class slut isn’t always fun and games. In fact, sometimes it can become quite a chore and hard work. The situation is like you’re sitting on the tip of a needle where one false move and you’re plummeting down from the top.

Take for instance the need to put out on dates. Once you have the rep guys EXPECT it and they demand it. Really though, can anyone blame them? Face it, it’s probably 99% of the reason they asked me out in the first place. All the other crap - the meal, maybe a movie, or who knows what else is all done with one thought in his mind - what’s the minimum he has to do to get me to suck his dick? The sooner he gets THAT the better so far as he’s concerned. I could probably just suck his dick in the driveway when he picks me up and he’d be happy. Thus the key from my perspective is to ensure that I get something out of it as well.

The funny part of all this is that if guys had any sense at all they would realize that I WANT sex just as badly as they want it! It’s not like giving a BJ is some sort of chore or penance I have to perform to get a night out. OMG, some of the horrible movies and bad conversations I’ve had to suffer through when in all fairness if he’d just pulled over I would’ve sucked his dick right then and there and we could’ve called it a night.

The last thing I want is to get the reputation a number of girls like me have branded on their foreheads - cockteaser. That was like kryptonite when it came to getting boys to ask you out. Personally I have zero respect for the little bitches and they have everything coming to them that they deserve. I mean it’s just not fair to lead a guy on and then snatch the ball away like Lucy with a football.

I like to think that most boys know my boundaries and limits and respect them, even if they don’t necessarily like them. Oh sure as guys they always want to push the envelope a little. They kiss me and then they think they can feel up my boobs. If I were to let them under my blouse then they Would want in MY pants ... and so forth. Sometimes it’s a fun game to play but mostly I just wish they would respect me as person.

Perhaps the biggest potential danger is dealing with your friends. After Steve it was like I went from being just one of the crowd to being the headliner act and not all my friends are as open-minded as others.

It isn’t just my friends but their parents that sometimes create a scene. As I mentioned earlier, my wardrobe pretty much consists of short skirts, tight jeans, and revealing tops. Pretty much the only time I wear a bra is when I am wearing something so sheer I have to wear one in order to keep from being arrested. It’s not like I have one set of clothes for school and dating and another for when I go to a friend’s home.

In general it isn’t the father that said anything - as you might imagine most of them are quite appreciative if anything. It’s almost always the mother, sometimes a sister, that’s the one to criticize my outfits. I pretty must just ignore any criticism except for those few that call my mom and bitch to her that I am somehow causing a problem at their house or event. My mom is GREAT - she just tells them to deal with their husbands and if they were looking at teenage girls then maybe they should be taking care of them better! Like, my mom’s was the one that buys half my clothes anyway! Some of my more risqué outfits come courtesy of my dad but most of those I can’t wear in public, LOL.

**Chapter 6: A Final Word**

Speaking of my parents, I wanted to take this opportunity to publicly thank both of my parents for all the love and support they have given me over the years. Without their guidance and support I would never have become the person I am today.

First I want to thank my mom. How many girls can say their mother is their best friend and confidante? If my friends are any sort of statistical sample, then the answer is, “not many”. She has always been there for me in the good times and the bad. She provides the guidance of a mother yet at the same time the intimacy of a best friend. It’s like I want to tell her everything and share everything. Indeed, who was the first person to see my masturbate? Who was the first person I told after Steve took my virginity? Who buys me sexy outfits and encourages me to flirt whenever we’re out together? Who gave me tips the day before my first real date on how to please a guy with my mouth? Who else but my mom!

Then there’s my father. Whereas my mom is my “friend”, dad’s my “cheerleader”. He’s the one to build my ego when I’m feeling down. He’s the one that tells me I’m cute and sexy when I look in the mirror and hate what I see. Mom buys me sexy outfits but they are still suitable for public consumption. My dad, on the other hand, loves me buying outfits that are only worn at home for him to see. You can just imagine how good it makes me feel about myself to wear a sheer negligee in front of my dad and have him tell me I’m the hottest girl in school. Of course I know he’s saying that because he’s my dad but that doesn’t mean I don’t love it just as much.

Sometimes I wonder how other girls handle it with parents that are close minded and don’t support them the way my parents do me. I can’t picture having to sneak around trying to have sex with a boy when my parents even encourage me to bring them home so we don’t have to do just that. How many other parents allow their daughter to disappear on the deck in the hot tub to be naked with their boyfriend without feeling compelled to check on them now and then to ensure nothing is happening? Of course something is happening, duh!

People sometimes ask me if I worry about being a slut and possibly being taken advantage of by guys. Well, they don’t know that while the guy may think he has me all alone in my bedroom when we’re doing it, what he doesn’t know is that my dad is keeping an eye on him, ready to throw him out on his bare butt if he so much as even threatens to hurt me. You can’t ask for more security than your own father!

So now my sophomore year is coming to an end. In a few short months I’ve managed to firmly establish myself as a slut and well towards my ultimate goal of being the class slut. Yes, I’m VERY popular right now, just as any girl COULD be if she was willing to do what it takes.